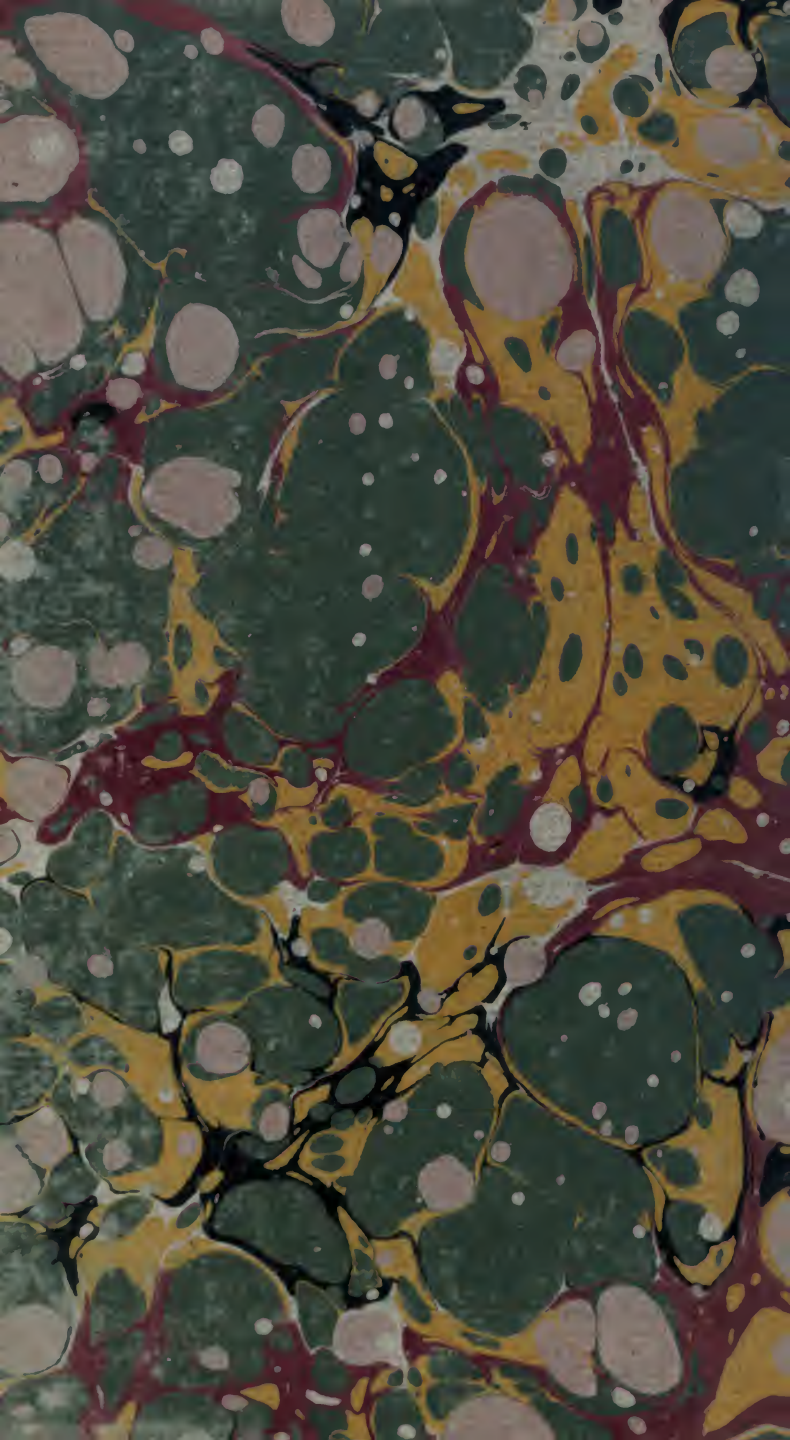

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THE
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VOL. XVII.

CONTAINING

Telemachus,

Henrietta, Countess Ofenvor.

Jenny and Jenny Jessamy.

LONDON:

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

THE

SON OF ULYSSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MESSIRE FRANCOIS SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FENELON,

ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoſter Row.
M DCC LXXXIV.

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

THE

SON OF ULYSSES.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SHELBURNE,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

MY LORD,

HAVING been accidentally acquainted with your Lordſhip's ſituation and character, before you became conſpicuous to the public eye, it was impoſſible that you ſhould not occur to my mind, while I was endeavouring to introduce TELEMACHUS to my countrymen, as an example of early virtue and noble views. There was a time, when, like him, you took the field as a volunteer, to qualify yourſelf for command in defence of your country; and, though a youth, diſtinguiſhed yourſelf in arms upon a foreign ſhore: but the parallel, however ſtriking, is rather general than particular, rather in character than ſituation; it conſiſts in the ſteady purſuit of the great purpoſes of life, at an age when diſſipation is ſcarcely ſuppoſed to deſerve cenſure.

As the friend of man, jealous of public liberty; as honoured by the beſt of princes, with the adminiſtration of the beſt government; as having not talents only, but paſſions, directed to the community as their object; as a citizen from whom, when time ſhall have ingrafted experience upon ability, your country may expect yet more important ſervice; I offer you, without apology, this public teſtimony of my reſpect. There is a natural equality among mankind, which ſhould never be forgotten amidſt all the differences of circumſtance and ſituation; and he who, without party views or ſiniſter intereſt, pays the tribute of praiſe where his heart acknowledges merit, can never be diſappointed in the event, but when he is miſtaken in the character.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's faithful,

And moſt obedient humble Servant,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, KENT;
12th April 1768.

THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE Telemachus of the celebrated Archbiſhop of Cambray is a work of ſuch reputation, that it would be ſcarce leſs abſurd to recommend it than to recommend the writings of Homer and Virgil; it holds the firſt claſs among the moral works of imagination in France; it has paſſed through innumerable editions; art has been exhauſted to adorn it, and learning to illuſtrate it's beauties: it has been tranſlated into every language in Europe, the Turkiſh not excepted; and there are no leſs than five tranſlations of it in our own. To tranſlate it, indeed, is eaſy; but to tranſlate it ſo as to give it the ſame rank in a foreign language that it holds in the original is difficult. It has generally been thought, that a perfect knowledge of the correſponding words through all their inflections, in two languages, is a ſufficient qualification to tranſlate one into the other; and conſequently that a fine book in one language will, in the hands of a tranſlator ſo qualified, neceſſarily become a fine book in another: this, however, is ſo far from being true, that a book which has any merit, beſides that of truth and ſentiment in the abſtract, will be bad in the verſion in proportion as it is good in the original, if the tranſlator is qualified only for verbal interpretation.

To tranſlate a work of fancy, which owes great part of it's power to poetical beauties and elegance of compoſition, ſome taſte for poetry, and ſome ſkill in writing, is certainly neceſſary; of which all who have hitherto tranſlated Fenelon's Telemachus into Engliſh were totally deſtitute: their verſions, indeed, are, in general, ſo much the ſame, that, one having failed, it is difficult to conceive what encouraged the hope that another would ſucceed. My tranſlation is, at leaſt, very different from all others; and yet I have ſcrupulouſly preſerved, not only every incident and every ſentiment, but even every metaphor, as far as the different genius of the two languages would admit.

To thoſe who have read this work only as an exerciſe at ſchool, it's beauties are wholly unknown; and among them that have learned French in this country, there is not probably above one in fifty who can now read it in the original with more advantage than a native of France would read Pope's Rape of the Lock in a proſe tranſlation.

To both theſe, therefore, as well as to perſons who are wholly unacquainted with the French language, this verſion, if I have been able to accompliſh my purpoſe, may be acceptable: it may alſo facilitate and ſweeten the labour of thoſe that are learning it; it may give them a reliſh for a book that will probably be put into their hands; and, though it may not much aſſiſt them in a mere verbal conſtruction, it may, perhaps, ſhew them it's inſufficiency, and excite an attempt to tranſfuſe the ſpirit with the ſenſe.

My principal view, however, was much more extenſive than to aſſiſt learners of the French language. I have attempted to render a work, full of ingenious fiction, juſt reaſoning, important precepts, and poetical imagery, as pleaſing in Engliſh as it is in French, to thoſe who read it as their native tongue: if I have ſucceeded, I have not only made a valuable addition to our polite literature, but rendered my country a much more important ſervice, by putting into the hands of our youth one of the few books which genius and learning have dedicated to virtue; which at once captivate the imagination, inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will.

The arguments, which have been hitherto placed at the head of the ſeveral books, where they could only anticipate the events, and leſſen the pleaſure that ariſes from the gradual progreſs of the action, are now preſixed as a table of contents.

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CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

TELEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, under the likeneſs of Mentor, lands, after having ſuffered ſhipwreck, upon the Iſland of the Goddeſs Calypſo, who was ſtill regretting the departure of Ulyſſes. The goddeſs receives him favourably, conceives a paſſion for him, offers him immortality, and enquires his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedemon; his ſhipwreck upon the coaſt of Sicily; the danger he was in of being offered as a ſacrifice to the manes of Anchiſes; the aſſiſtance which Mentor and he gave to Aceſtes againſt an incurſion of Barbarians; and the gratitude of the king, who, to reward their ſervices, gave them a Tyrian veſſel, that they might return to their country.

BOOK II.

TELEMACHUS relates his being taken in the Tyrian veſſel by the fleet of Seſoſtris, and carried captive into Egypt. He deſcribes the beauty of the country, and the wiſe government of it's king. He relates alſo that Mentor was ſent a ſlave into Ethiopia, and that he was reduced himſelf to keep ſheep in the deſart of Oaſis; that, in this ſtate, he was comforted by Termoſiris, a prieſt of Apollo, who taught him to imitate the god who had once been the ſhepherd of Admetus; that Seſoſtris, having at length heard with aſtoniſhment what his influence and example had effected among the ſhepherds, determined to ſee him; and, being convinced of his innocence, promiſed to ſend him to Ithaca; but that the death of Seſoſtris overwhelmed him with new calamities: that he was impriſoned in a tower which overlooked the ſea, from whence he ſaw Bocchoris, the new king, ſlain in a battle againſt part of his ſubjects, who had revolted, and called in the Tyrians to their aſſiſtance.

BOOK III.

TELEMACHUS relates, that the ſucceſſor of Bocchoris releaſing all the Tyrian priſoners, he was himſelf ſent to Tyre, on board the veſſel of Narbal, who had commanded the Tyrian fleet: that Narbal gave him a deſcription of Pygmalion their king, and expreſſed apprehenſions of danger from the cruelty of his avarice; that he afterwards inſtructed him in the commercial regulations of Tyre; and that, being about to embark in a Cyprian veſſel, in order to proceed by the Iſle of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion diſcovered that he was a ſtranger, and ordered him to be ſeized; that his life was thus brought into the moſt imminent danger; but that he had been preſerved by the tyrant's miſtreſs Aſtarbe, that ſhe might, in his ſtead, deſtroy a young Lydian of whom ſhe had been enamoured, but who rejected her for another.

BOOK IV.

CALYPSO interrupts Telemachus in his relation, that he may retire to reſt. Mentor privately reproves him for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but, as he has begun, adviſes him to proceed. Telemachus relates, that, during his voyage from Tyre to Cyprus, he dreamed that he was protected from Venus and Cupid by Minerva; and that he afterwards imagined he ſaw Mentor, who exhorted him to fly from the Iſle of Cyprus; that when he awaked,

the Cyprians being all intoxicated with wine; that when he arrived at the island, he saw, with horror, the most contagious examples of debauchery, but that Hazael the Syrian, to whom Mentor had been sold, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, brought the two friends together, and took them on board his vessel that was bound to Crete; that, during the voyage, he had seen Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses, a sight infinitely entertaining and magnificent.

BOOK V.

TELEMACHUS relates, that when he arrived at Crete, he learned that Idomeneus, the king of that island, had, in consequence of a rash vow, sacrificed his only son; that the Cretans, to revenge the murder, had driven him out of the country; and that, after long uncertainty, they were then assembled to elect a new sovereign; that he was admitted into the assembly; that he obtained the prize in various exercises; and having also resolved the questions that had been recorded by Minos in the book of his laws, the sages, who were judges of the contest, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him king.

BOOK VI.

TELEMACHUS relates, that he refused the royalty of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he proposed Mentor, but that Mentor also refused to be king; that the Cretans then pressing Mentor to appoint a king for them, he related to them what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, whom they immediately proclaimed; that Mentor and Telemachus having then embarked for Italy, Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, shipwrecked them upon the Island of Calypso, where the goddess received them with hospitality and kindness.

BOOK VII.

CALYPSO admires Telemachus for his adventures, and exerts all her power to detain him in her island, by inciting him to return her passion; but he is sustained by the wisdom and friendship of Mentor, as well against her artifices as the power of Cupid, whom Venus sends to her assistance. Telemachus, however, and Eucharis become mutually enamoured of each other, which provokes Calypso, first to jealousy, and then to rage; and she swears by the Styx that Telemachus shall leave her island: she is consoled by Cupid, who excites the nymphs to burn the vessel which had been built by Mentor, while Mentor was labouring to get Telemachus on board. Telemachus is touched with a secret joy at this event; Mentor, who perceives it, throws him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him, that they may swim to another vessel which appeared not far distant from the shore.

BOOK VIII.

THE vessel appears to be a Tyrian, commanded by Adoam the brother of Narbal, by whom the adventurers are kindly received. Adoam recollects Telemachus, and relates the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the accession of Baleazar, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at her instigation. During a banquet, which he prepares for his guests, Achitoas entertains them with musick, which brings the Tritons, the Nereids, and other divinities of the sea, in crowds round the vessel; Mentor, taking up a lyre, plays much better than Achitoas. Adoam relates the wonders of Bœtica; he describes the soft temperament of the air, and the beauties of the country, where the utmost simplicity of manners secures to the people uninterrupted tranquillity.

BOOK IX.

VENUS, still incensed against Telemachus, requests of Jupiter that he may perish; but this not being permitted by the Fates, the goddess consults with Neptune how his return to Ithaca, whither Adoam is conducting him, may be prevented.

They

They employ an illuſive divinity to deceive Achamas the pilot, who, ſuppoſing the land before him to be Ithaca, enters full-ſail into the Port of Salentum. Telemachus is kindly received by Idomeneus in his new city, where he is preparing a ſacrifice to Jupiter, that he may be ſucceſsful in a war againſt the Mandarians. The entrails of the victims being conſulted by the prieſt, he the veſſel would have periſhed in a ſtorm if he had not himſelf taken the helm, perceives the omens to be happy; but declares that Idomeneus will owe his good fortune to his gueſts.

BOOK X.

IDOMENEUS acquaints Mentor with the cauſe of the war: he tells him that the Mandarians ceded to him the coaſt of Heſperia, where he had founded his new city, as ſoon as he arrived; that they withdrew to the neighbouring mountains, where, having been ill-treated by ſome of his people, they had ſent deputies, with whom he had ſettled articles of peace; and that, after a breach of that treaty on the part of Idomeneus by ſome hunters who knew nothing of it, the Mandarians prepared to attack him. During this recital, the Mandarians having already taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, whom Idomeneus ſuppoſed to be neuter, appear to have joined them with their forces. Mentor goes out of Salentum alone, and propoſes new conditions of peace.

BOOK XI.

TELEMACHUS, ſeeing Mentor in the midſt of the Allies, is impatient to know what paſſes between them; he cauſes the gates of Salentum to be opened, and joins his friend; his preſence inclines the allies to accept the terms that Mentor has offered on the part of Idomeneus; the allies enter Salentum as friends; Idomeneus confirms the propoſitions of Mentor, hoſtages are reciprocally given, and all parties aſſiſt at a ſacrifice between the city and the camp, as a ſolemn ratification of the treaty.

BOOK XII.

NESTOR, in the name of the Allies, demands ſuccours of Idomeneus againſt their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who is deſirous to eſtabliſh proper regulations for the internal government of Salentum, and to employ the people in agriculture, finds means to ſatisfy them with a hundred noble Cretans, under the command of Telemachus. After their departure, Mentor proceeds to a minute examination of the city and the port; and having acquainted himſelf with every particular, he prevails upon Idomeneus to inſtitute new principles of government and commerce; to divide his people into ſeven claſſes, diſtinguiſhing them with reſpect to their rank and quality by different habits; to retrench luxury and unneceſſary arts; and to employ the artificers in huſbandry, which he brings into juſt reputation.

BOOK XIII.

IDOMENEUS relates to Mentor his confidence in Proteſilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him, and deſtroy Philocles. He confeſſes that, being prejudiced againſt him by theſe confederates, he ſent Timocrates to kill him, while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition; that Timocrates having failed in the attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himſelf by taking his life; but reſigning the command of the fleet to Philomenes, who had been appointed to ſucceed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the Iſle of Samos. Idomeneus adds, that he at length diſcovered the perfidy of Proteſilaus; but that even then he could not ſhake off his influence.

BOOK

BOOK XIV.

MENTOR prevails upon Idomeneus to baniſh Proteſilaus and Timocrates to the Iſle of Samos, and recal Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegeſippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his priſoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obſcurity, but content: he at firſt refuſes to return; but the gods having ſignified it to be their pleaſure, he embarks with Hegeſippus, and arrives at Salentum; where Idomeneus, who now ſuſtains a new character, receives him with great friendſhip.

BOOK XV.

TELEMACHUS, in the camp of the Allies, gains the friendſhip of Philoctetes, who was not at firſt favourably diſpoſed to him on his father's account. Philoctetes relates his adventures; and introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules, by the poiſoned garment which the Centaur Neſſus had given to Deianira: he relates how he obtained from that hero his poiſoned arrows, without which the city of Troy could not be taken; how he was puniſhed for betraying his ſecret, by various ſufferings in the Iſland of Lemnos; and how Ulyſſes employed Neoptolemus to engage him in the expedition againſt Troy, where he was cured of his wound.

BOOK XVI.

TELEMACHUS quarrels with Phalanthus about ſome priſoners, to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquiſhes Hippias, who, deſpiſing his youth, had ſeized the priſoners in queſtion for his brother; but being afterwards aſhamed of his victory, he laments in ſecret his raſhneſs and indiſcretion, for which he is very deſirous to atone. At the ſame time, Adraſtus, King of the Daunians, being informed that the Allies were wholly taken up in reconciling Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them by ſurprize. After having ſeized an hundred of their veſſels, to tranſport his own troops to their camp, he firſt ſets it on fire, and then falls upon Phalanthus's quarters: Phalanthus himſelf is deſperately wounded, and his brother Hippias ſlain.

BOOK XVII.

TELEMACHUS, having put on his divine armour, runs to the aſſiſtance of Phalanthus. He kills Iphicles, the ſon of Adraſtus; repulſes the victorious enemy; and would have put an end to the war, if a tempeſt had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them; particularly of Phalanthus. He performs the ſolemnities, at the funeral of Hippias himſelf; and, having collected his aſhes in a golden urn, preſents them to his brother.

BOOK XVIII.

TELEMACHUS, being perſuaded, by ſeveral dreams, that his father Ulyſſes was no longer alive, executes his deſign of ſeeking him among the dead. He retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia. He enters it; and deſcends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat. He preſents himſelf before Pluto; who, in obedience to ſuperior powers, permits him to ſeek his father. He paſſes through Tartarus; and is witneſs to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocriſy, and, above all, upon bad kings.

BOOK XIX.

TELEMACHUS enters the fields of Elyſium, where he is known by his great grandfather Arceſius, who aſſures him that Ulyſſes is ſtill alive; that he ſhall ſee him in Ithaca, and ſucceed to his throne. Arceſius deſcribes the felicity of the juſt, eſpecially of good kings, who have reverenced the gods, and have given

given happineſs to their people. He makes Telemachus obſerve, that heroes, thoſe who have excelled only in the arts of deſtruction, have a much leſs glorious reward, and are allotted a ſeparate diſtrict by themſelves. Telemachus receives ſome general inſtructions, and then returns back to the camp.

BOOK XX.

VENUSIUM, having been left as a depoſit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians, Telemachus declares againſt ſeizing it, in an aſſembly of the chiefs, and perſuades them to be of his opinion. He diſcovers great penetration and ſagacity with reſpect to two deſerters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poiſon him; and the other, Dioſcorus, had offered to bring him Adraſtus's head. In the battle, which ſoon follows, Telemachus ſtrews the field with dead in ſearch of Adraſtus. Adraſtus, who is alſo in ſearch of Telemachus, engages and kills Piſiſtratus the ſon of Neſtor. Philoctetes comes up; and, at the moment when he is about to pierce Adraſtus, is himſelf wounded and obliged to retire. Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adraſtus is making a terrible ſlaughter, ruſhes to their aſſiſtance. He engages Adraſtus, and preſcribes conditions, upon which he gives him his life. Adraſtus, riſing from the ground, attempts treacherouſly to kill his conqueror by ſurprize, who engages him a ſecond time, and kills him.

BOOK XXI.

ADRASTUS being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the Allies in token of peace, and requeſt that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Neſtor, being inconſolable for the loſs of his ſon, abſents himſelf from the aſſembly of the chiefs, where ſome are of opinion that the conquered lands ſhould be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common intereſt to appoint Polydamus king of the Daunians, and leave them in poſſeſſion of their country. He afterwards perſuades the Daunians to beſtow Arpi upon Diomede, who had accidently landed upon their coaſt. Hoſtilities being now at an end, the Allies ſeparate, and every one returns to his country.

BOOK XXII.

TELEMACHUS, at his return to Salentum, is ſurprized to ſee the country ſo well cultivated, and ſo little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for theſe alterations, and points out the principal cauſes that prevent national proſperity. He propoſes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus diſcovers to Mentor his deſire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope. Mentor approves of his choice; and aſſures him that ſhe is deſigned for him by the gods; but that at preſent he ſhould think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her ſuitors.

BOOK XXIII.

IDOMENEUS, fearing the departure of his gueſts, propoſes ſeveral embarraſſing affairs to Mentor; and aſſures him that, without his aſſiſtance, they cannot be adjuſted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues ſteady to his purpoſe of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another experiment to detain them. He encourages the paſſion of Telemachus for Antiope; and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter. She is in the utmoſt danger from a wild-boar, but is delivered by Telemachus. He feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewel. Being encouraged by Mentor, he ſurmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country.

BOOK XXIV.

TELEMACHUS, during the voyage, prevails with Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government; particularly that of diſtinguiſhing the character

racter of men, ſo as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. During this converſation, a calm obliges them to put in at a little iſland where Ulyſſes had juſt gone aſhore. Telemachus ſees and ſpeaks to him without knowing who he is; but, after having ſeen him embark, feels a ſecret uneaſineſs, of which he cannot imagine the cauſe. Mentor explains it, and comforts him; aſſuring him that he ſhall ſoon meet with his father again. He puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to ſacrifice to Minerva. The goddeſs, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, reſumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus. She gives him her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the houſe of his faithful ſervant Eumenes.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

THE grief of Calypso, for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the musick of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and, while her eyes were fixed upon that part of the horizon where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears. Here she was one day surprized with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck; broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage, were floating near the shore: soon after, she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be ancient; and in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses; the same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect; his stature was equally tall, and his port majestick. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son: she advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him—'How hast thou presumed,' said she, 'to land on this island? Knowest thou 'not, that from my dominions no 'daring intruder departs unpunished?' By this menace, she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance. 'Whoever thou art,' replied Telemachus; 'whether thou art, indeed, a goddess, 'or whether, with all the appearance 'of divinity, thou art yet a mortal; 'canst thou regard with insensibility 'the misfortunes of a son, who, com'mitting his life to the caprice of the 'winds and waves in search of a fa-

'ther, has suffered shipwreck against 'these rocks?'—'Who, then, is that 'father whom thou seekest?' replied the goddess. 'He is one of the con-'federate kings,' answered Telemachus, 'who, after a siege of ten years, 'laid Troy in ashes; and his name is 'Ulysses: a name which he has ren-'dered famous by his prowess, and yet 'more by his wisdom, not only through 'all Greece, but to the remotest boun-'daries of Asia. This Ulysses, the 'mighty and the wise, is now a wan-'derer on the deep, the sport of tempests 'which no force can resist, and the 'prey of dangers which no sagacity 'can elude: his country seems to fly 'before him; Penelope, his wife, de-'spairs at Ithaca of his return; and I, 'though equally destitute of hope, pur-'sue him through all the perils that he 'has passed, and seek him upon every 'coast. I seek him; but, alas! perhaps 'the sea has already closed over him 'for ever! O goddess! compassionate 'our distress; and, if thou knowest 'what the Fates have wrought, either 'to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe 'this knowledge to Telemachus his 'son!'

Such force of eloquence, such matu-rity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said—'We will acquaint Telema-'chus with the adventures of his fa-'ther; but the story will be long: it 'is now time that you should repair 'that strength by rest which has been 'exhausted by labour. I will receive 'you to my dwelling as my son; you 'shall be my comfort in this solitude; 'and, if you are not voluntarily wretch-'ed, I will be your felicity.'

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs; among whom she was distin-guished by the superiority of her sta-ture, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Tele-machus, modestly silent, and looking downward. When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprized to discover, under the appear-ance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, in-deed, neither gold nor silver, nor mar-ble; no decorated columns, no paint-ings, no statues, were to be seen: but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuri-ance of a young vine, which extended it's branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the ri-vulets that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of inter-mingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths, that were pure and transparent as crystal: the verdant car-pet which Nature had spread round the grotto was adorned with a thousand flowers; and, at a small distance, there was a wood of those trees that, in every season, unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adja-cent meadows by an agreeable oppos-ition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below; where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the mea-dow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of an hill, and com-manded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; some-times swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore. At another view a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were co-vered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds: the streams which formed these islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolled along in transluscent waves with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence with a motion that was scarce perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished

Plate I.

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wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapours that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that were equally pleasing and romantick. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines; the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons: the grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain; so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden of infinite variety and boundless extent.

The goddess having displayed this profusion of beauty to Telemachus, dismissed him. 'Go, now,' said she, 'and refresh yourself; and change your 'apparel, which is wet: I will afterwards see you again, and relate such 'things as shall not amuse your ear 'only, but affect your heart.' She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining to her own: here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar, which perfumed the place; and had left change of apparel for the new guests. Telemachus perceiving that a tunick of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe richly embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with a pleasure to which young minds are easily betrayed.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it. 'Are these, then,' said he, 'O Telemachus! such thoughts as become the son of Ulysses? Be rather 'studious to appropriate the character 'of thy father, and to surmount the 'persecutions of Fortune. The youth 'who, like a woman, loves to adorn 'his person, has renounced all claim 'to wisdom and to glory: glory is due 'to those only who dare to associate 'with Pain, and have trampled Pleasure under their feet.'

Telemachus answered with a sigh—'May the gods destroy me, rather than 'suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy! No; the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the 'charms of enervating and inglorious 'ease! But how gracious is Heaven to 'have directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this 'mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!'—'Fear rather,' replied Mentor, 'lest her wiles should overwhelm 'thee with ruin: fear her deceitful 'blandishments more than the rocks 'on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are 'less dreadful than those pleasures by 'which virtue is subverted. Believe 'not the tales which she shall relate: 'the presumption of youth hopes all 'things from itself; and, however impotent, believes it has power over 'every event; it dreams of security in 'the midst of danger, and listens to 'subtlety without suspicion. Beware 'of the seducing eloquence of Calypso; 'that mischief which, like a serpent, is 'concealed by the flowers under which 'it approaches: dread the latent poison! Trust not thyself; but confide 'implicitly in my counsel.'

They then returned to Calypso, who waited for them; and her nymphs, who were dressed in white, and had their hair braided, set before them a repast; which, though it was simple, and consisted only of such game as they had either taken with their nets, or killed in the chace, was yet of exquisite taste, and served up with the utmost elegance: wine, more richly flavoured than nectar, was poured from large silver vases, and sparkled in cups of gold that were wreathed with flowers; and baskets were heaped with all the variety of fruit that is promised by spring, and bestowed by autumn. In the mean time, four of the attendant nymphs began to sing: their first theme was the battle of the Gods and Titans; then they celebrated the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta with Hippomanes, whom she conquered with golden apples that were gathered in the garden of the Hesperides: the wars of Troy were reserved to the last; the prowess and the wisdom of Ulysses were extolled with all the hyperbole of praise; and the principal nymph, whose name was Leucothoe, to the harmonious

voices of the chorus, joined the muſick of her lyre. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which ſtole down his cheeks added new luſtre to his beauty: but Calypſo, perceiving that he was too ſenſibly touched, and neglected to eat, made a ſignal to her nymphs, and they immediately changed the ſubject to the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the deſcent of Orpheus to bring back his Eurydice from hell.

When the repaſt was ended, Calypſo took Telemachus aſide, and addreſſed him thus—'Thou ſeeſt, O ſon of the 'great Ulyſſes! with what favour I 'have received thee: know, that I am 'immortal; no human foot profanes 'this iſland unpuniſhed; nor would 'even ſhipwreck have averted my in-'dignation from thee, if my heart were 'not touched with more than thy miſ-'fortunes. Thy father was equally 'diſtinguiſhed by my favour; but, 'alas! he knew not how to improve 'the advantage. I detained him long 'in this aſylum; and here he might 'have lived for ever in a ſtate of im-'mortality with me: but a fond deſire 'of returning to his wretched iſland 'blinded him to the proſpect of ſupe-'rior felicity. Thou ſeeſt what he has 'loſt for Ithaca; a country to which 'he can never return. He reſolved to 'leave me; and departed: but a tempeſt 'revenged the inſult; and the veſſel in 'which he was embarked, having been 'long the ſport of the ſtorm, was at 'laſt ſwallowed up in the deep. Let 'this example influence thy conduct: 'all hopes of again ſeeing thy father, 'and of ſucceeding to his throne, are 'now at an end; but do not too deeply 'regret this loſs, ſince thou haſt found 'a goddeſs who offers thee ſuperior 'dominion, and more permanent fe-'licity.' Calypſo, after this declaration, exerted all her eloquence to diſplay the happineſs ſhe had conferred upon Ulyſſes: ſhe alſo related his adventure in the cave of Polepheme the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates King of the Leſtrygones; ſhe forgot neither what happened to him in the Iſland of Circe, the daughter of the Sun; nor the dangers of his paſſage between Scylla and Charibdis. She deſcribed the laſt tempeſt that had been raiſed againſt him by Neptune, after his departure from her; in which ſhe inſinuated that he had periſhed, concealing his arrival in the Iſland of the Phœnicians. Telemachus, who had too haſtily congratulated himſelf upon the bounty of Calypſo, now perceived the miſchief of her deſigns, and the wiſdom of that counſel which had been juſt given him by Mentor; he therefore anſwered, in few words—'For-'give, O goddeſs! involuntary ſor-'row: my heart is now ſuſceptible 'only of regret; but I may hereafter 'be again capable of felicity. Suffer 'me now to pay, at leaſt, a few tears 'to the memory of my father; ſince 'thou knoweſt, better than his ſon, 'how well he deſerves the tribute.'

Calypſo, perceiving that it was not now her intereſt to preſs him farther, feigned to participate his ſorrow, and to regret the fate of Ulyſſes: but, that ſhe might gain a more perfect knowledge of the means by which his affections were to be engaged, ſhe enquired the particulars of his ſhipwreck, and by what accidents he had been thrown upon her coaſt. 'The ſtory of my 'misfortunes,' ſaid he, 'will be too 'long.'—'However long,' ſaid Calypſo, 'I am impatient to hear it; in-'dulge me, therefore, without delay.' Telemachus often refuſed; but ſhe continued her ſolicitation, and at length he complied.

'I ſet out from Ithaca to enquire af-'ter my father of thoſe princes who 'had returned from the ſiege of Troy. 'The ſuitors of Penelope, my mother, 'were ſurprized at my departure; be-'cauſe from them, whom I knew to be 'perfidious, I had concealed my pur-'poſe: but neither Neſtor, whom I 'ſaw at Pylos; nor Menelaus, who 'received me with affection at Lacede-'mon; knew whether my father was 'among the living or the dead. I was 'at length impatient of perpetual ſu-'ſpenſe and uncertainty; and there-'fore formed a reſolution to go into 'Sicily, whither my father was ſaid 'to have been driven by contrary 'winds: but the prudence of Mentor, 'who is here the companion of my 'fortunes, oppoſed the execution of 'ſo raſh a deſign, by repreſenting my 'danger, on the one hand, from the 'Cyclops, the gigantick monſters who 'riot upon human fleſh; and, on the 'other, from the fleet of Æneas and 'the Trojans, who were hovering

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Plate V.

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'about those coasts. "The Trojans," 'said he, "are irritated against all the "Greeks; but, above all, against Ulysses; whose son, therefore, they "would rejoice to destroy: return, "then, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is beloved of the gods, "may be returned already. But if "Heaven has decreed his death, if he "shall see Ithaca no more, it is fit that "you return to avenge him, and to "deliver your mother; to display your "wisdom to attending nations; and "to let all Greece behold, in Telemachus, a sovereign not less worthy of "the throne than Ulysses." This 'counsel, which was the voice of Reason, I rejected, and listened only to 'the suggestions of my passions: but 'such was the affection of my friend, 'that he embarked with me for that 'voyage, which, in the folly of my 'presumption, I undertook contrary 'to his advice; and the gods, perhaps, 'permitted the fault, that the calamity which it drew upon me might 'teach me wisdom.'

While Telemachus had been speaking, Calypso had attentively considered Mentor, and was suddenly chilled with astonishment: she imagined that she perceived in him something more than human; and, not being able to resolve the perplexity of her thoughts into any probable determination, the presence of this inscrutable being continued to agitate her mind with suspicion and dread. But fearing yet more that her confusion should be perceived—'Proceed,' said she to Telemachus, 'to 'gratify my curiosity:' and Telemachus accordingly continued his story.

'We steered some time with a favourable wind for Sicily; but, at 'length, a tempest overcast the sky, and 'involved us in sudden darkness. By 'the transient gleams of the lightning 'we perceived other vessels that were 'exposed to the same danger; and were 'soon convinced that they were part of 'the Trojan fleet, which were not less 'to be dreaded by us than shoals and 'rocks. Then, but it was too late, I 'perfectly comprehended what the ardour of youth had before prevented 'me from considering with sufficient 'attention. In this dreadful exigence 'Mentor appeared not only fearless and 'calm, but more than usually chearful: 'he encouraged me to hope; and, as he 'spoke, I perceived myself inspired with 'invincible fortitude. While he was 'directing the navigation of the vessel 'with the utmost tranquillity, the pilot 'being incapacitated by terror and confusion—"My dear Mentor," said I, "why did I reject your advice? What "greater evil can befal me than a confidence in my own opinion, at an age "which can form no judgment of the "future, has gained no experience from "the past, and knows not how to employ the present? If we survive this "tempest, I will distrust myself as my "most dangerous enemy, and confide "only in Mentor as my friend." 'Mentor replied, with a smile—"I "have no desire to reproach you with "the fault which you have committed; "if you have such a sense of it as will "enable you to repress the violence of "desire hereafter, I am satisfied: but, "when danger shall be past, perhaps "presumption may return; it is, however, by courage only that we can "now escape. Before we incur danger, we should consider it as formidable; but when it is present, we "should treat it with contempt: now, "therefore, shew thyself worthy of "Ulysses, and discover a mind superior to all the evils which combine "against thee." The candour and 'magnanimity of Mentor gave me great 'pleasure; but I was transported with 'wonder and delight at the stratagem 'by which he delivered us. Just as 'the clouds broke, and the light must 'in a few minutes have discovered us 'to the Trojans, who were very near, 'he remarked, that one of their vessels, 'which greatly resembled ours, except 'that the stern was decorated with garlands of flowers, had been separated 'from the rest of the fleet in the storm: 'he immediately placed ornaments of 'the same kind at the stern of our vessel; and made them fast himself with 'bandages of the same colour as those of 'the Trojans; he also ordered the rowers to stoop over their seats as low as 'possible, that our enemies might not 'discover them to be Greeks. In this 'manner he proceeded through the 'midst of their fleet; and the Trojans, 'mistaking us for their vessel which 'had been missing, shouted as we passed: we were sometimes forced irresistibly along with them; but, at length, 'found means to linger behind; and,

'while

'while they were driven, by the impetuosity of the wind, towards Africa, 'we laboured at the oar, and made our 'utmost effort to land on the neighbouring coast of Sicily. Our labour, 'indeed, succeeded: but the port which 'we sought was scarce less to be dreaded than the fleet which we had endeavoured to avoid; for, on the coast of 'Sicily we found other fugitives from 'Troy, who had settled there under 'the government of Acestes, who was 'himself of Trojan extraction. We 'had no sooner landed, than these people, imagining either that we were 'inhabitants of some other part of the 'island, who had taken arms to surprize them; or a foreign enemy, who 'had invaded the country; burnt our 'vessel in the first tumult of their rage, 'and put all our companions to the 'sword: Mentor and myself were spared only that we might be presented 'to Acestes, and that he might learn 'from us what were our designs, and 'whence we came. We entered the 'city, with our hands bound behind 'us; and had nothing to expect from 'this respite, but that our death would 'be made the spectacle of a cruel people as soon as they should discover us 'to be Greeks.

'We were brought before Acestes, 'who was sitting with a sceptre of gold 'in his hand, administering justice to 'his people, and preparing to assist at a 'solemn sacrifice. He asked us, with 'a stern voice, the name of our country, and the purpose of our voyage: 'Mentor instantly replied—"We come "from the coast of the greater Hesperia; and our country is not far from "thence." He thus avoided a declaration that we were Greeks. But Acestes would hear no more; and concluding that we were strangers, who 'had formed some evil design, which 'we were, therefore, solicitous to conceal, he commanded that we should 'be sent into the neighbouring forests, 'to serve as slaves under those who had 'the care of his cattle. To live upon 'this condition was to me less eligible 'than to die; and I cried out—"O "king! punish us rather with death "than infamy. Know, that I am Telemachus, son of the wise Ulysses, "King of Ithaca: in search of my father I am bound to every shore; but, "in this search, if I am not permitted "to succeed, if I must never more re"turn to my country, and if I can no "longer live but as a slave, put an end "to my life, and relieve me from a "burden which I cannot support." 'This exclamation enflamed the multitude; and they immediately demanded that the son of Ulysses, by 'whose inhuman subtlety Troy had 'been subverted, should be put to death. 'Acestes then turning to me, cried out —"I cannot refuse thy blood, O son "of Ulysses! to the manes of those "Trojans with whom thy father crowded the banks of Acheron: thou must "die; and thy conductor shall perish "with thee." At the same instant, 'an old man proposed to the king that 'we should be offered up upon the tomb 'of Anchises: "The shade of that "hero," said he, "will be gratified "with their blood; and even the great "Æneas, when he shall be told of such "a sacrifice, will be touched with joy "at the zeal of your affection for the "supreme object of his own." This 'proposition was received with a shout 'of applause; and the execution of it 'was immediately begun. We were 'conducted to the tomb of Anchises; 'where two altars had been prepared: 'the hallowed fire was kindled; and the 'sacrificial knife lay before us. They 'had adorned us, as victims, with garlands of flowers; and the pleadings 'of compassion were overborne by the 'impetuosity of zeal. But, just at this 'dreadful crisis, Mentor, with all the 'calmness of security, demanded audience of the king; and addressed him 'thus: "O Acestes! if the misfor"tunes of Telemachus, who is yet a "youth, and has never borne arms "against the Trojans, can excite no "pity in thy breast, at least let thy own "danger awaken thy attention. The "skill that I have acquired in omens, "by which the will of the gods is discovered, enables me to foretel, that, "within three days, a nation of Barbarians will rush upon thee from the "mountains, like a flood, to spoil thy "city, and overspread thy country "with desolation: make haste, therefore, to avert the torrent; arm thy "people, and secure, within the walls "of the city, whatever is valuable in "the field. If, when three days are "elapsed, my predictions shall appear "to have been false, let these altars be

"stained

" ſtained with our blood; but, on the " contrary, if it ſhall be confirmed by " the event, let Aceſtes remember, that " he ought not to take away the life of " thoſe to whom he will be indebted for " his own." At theſe words, which ' were pronounced, not with the diffi- ' dence of conjecture, but the aſſurance ' of certain knowledge, Aceſtes was ' aſtoniſhed: " I perceive, O ſtranger!" ' ſaid he, " that the gods, who have " allotted thee ſo ſmall a portion of the " gifts of Fortune, have enriched thee " with the more valuable treaſures of " wiſdom." He then commanded the ' ſolemnities of the ſacrifice to be ſu- ' ſpended, and immediately prepared ' againſt the invaſion which had been ' predicted by Mentor. Multitudes of ' women, trembling with fear, and ' men decrepid with age, followed by ' children, whom the alarm had terri- ' fied into tears, were ſeen on every ſide, ' crouding to the city; the ſheep and ' cattle came in ſuch droves from the ' paſtures, that they were obliged to ' ſtand without covert in the ſtreets; ' and a confuſed noiſe was every where ' to be heard, of multitudes that joſtled ' each other with tumultuous and un- ' diſtinguiſhed outcries; miſtook a ' ſtranger for a friend; and preſſed for- ' ward with the utmoſt eagerneſs, though ' they knew not whither they were go- ' ing. The principal citizens, indeed, ' imagining themſelves to be wiſer than ' the reſt, regarded Mentor as an im- ' poſtor, who had invented a falſhood ' to prolong his life: but, before the ' end of the third day, while they were ' yet applauding their own ſagacity, a ' cloud of duſt was perceived upon the ' declivity of the neighbouring moun- ' tains, and an innumerable multitude ' of armed Barbarians were ſoon after ' diſtinguiſhed. Theſe were the Hy- ' merians, and other ſavages, that in- ' habit the Nebrodian mountains, and ' the ſummit of Agragas; regions in ' which the ſeverity of winter is never ' ſoftened by the breezes of ſpring. ' Thoſe who had deſpiſed the predic- ' tion of Mentor were now puniſhed ' by the loſs of their ſlaves and their ' cattle; and the king addreſſed him to ' this effect: " From henceforth I for- " get that you are Greeks, ſince you are " no more enemies, but friends; and, " as you were, doubtleſs, ſent by the " gods for our deliverance, I hope not " leſs from your valour than I have " experienced from your wiſdom: de- " lay not, therefore, to afford us your " aſſiſtance."

' At this moment there appeared in ' the eyes of Mentor ſomewhat that in- ' timidated the fierce, and over-awed the ' proud: he ſnatched a ſhield and an ' helmet, girded on a ſword, and poiſed ' a lance in his hand; he drew up the ' ſoldiers of Aceſtes, and advanced to- ' wards the enemy at their head. A- ' ceſtes, whoſe courage was ſtill high, ' but whoſe body was enfeebled by age, ' could only follow him at a diſtance; ' I approached nearer to his perſon, but ' not to his valour. In the battle, his ' cuiraſs reſembled the immortal ægis ' of Minerva; and death, watching his ' ſword as a ſignal, followed him from ' rank to rank. Thus a lion of Numi- ' dia, that hunger has made yet more ' furious, ruſhes among the flock; he ' kills and tears to pieces without re- ' ſiſtance; and the ſhepherds, inſtead of ' attempting to defend their ſheep, fly ' with terror and trepidation to preſerve ' themſelves.

' The Barbarians, who hoped to have ' ſurprized the city, were themſelves ' ſurprized and diſconcerted; and the ' ſubjects of Aceſtes, animated by the ' example and the voice of Mentor, ex- ' erted a power which they knew not ' that they poſſeſſed. The ſon of the ' king who commanded the invaſion ' fell by my hand; our ages were equal, ' but he greatly exceeded me in ſtature; ' for theſe ſavages are deſcended from ' a race of giants, whoſe origin was the ' ſame with that of the Cyclops. I per- ' ceived that he deſpiſed me as a feeble ' enemy; but, regarding neither the ' fierceneſs of his demeanor, nor the ' ſuperiority of his ſtrength, I made a ' thruſt at his breaſt with my lance; ' the weapon entering deeply, he vo- ' mited a torrent of blood, and expired: ' but I was in danger of being cruſhed ' by his weight as he fell, and the diſ- ' tant mountains echoed with the claſh ' of his armour. After I had ſtripped ' the body of the ſpoils, I returned to ' ſeek Aceſtes; and Mentor, having com- ' pleated the diſorder of the enemy, cut ' to pieces all that made a ſhew of re- ' ſiſtance, and purſued the fugitives to ' the woods.

' This ſucceſs, of which every one ' had ſo lately deſpaired, fixed all eyes ' upon

'upon Mentor, as a favourite of the 'gods, and distinguished by divine in-'spiration; and Acestes, in gratitude 'to his deliverers, acquainted us, that 'it would no longer be in his power to 'protect us, if the fleet of Æneas 'should put back to Sicily: he there-'fore furnished us with a vessel, that we 'might return to our country; and, 'having loaded us with presents, he 'urged our immediate departure, as 'the only means by which the ap-'proaching danger could be avoided. 'He would not, however, supply us 'either with rowers or a pilot from a-'mong his own subjects, because he 'was unwilling to trust them upon the 'Grecian coasts; but he sent on board 'some Phœnician merchants, who, as 'they are a commercial people, and 'trade to every port, had nothing to 'fear. These men were to have re-'turned with the vessel to Acestes, af-'ter they had put us on shore at Itha-'ca; but the gods, who sport with the 'designs of men, devoted us to other 'evils.'

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK II.

'THE pride of the Tyrians ' had offended Seſoſtris, ' the King of Egypt, ' who had extended his ' dominion by the con- ' queſt of many ſtates. ' The wealth which they had acquired ' by commerce, and the impregnable ' ſtrength of their city, which ſtood in ' the ſea, had rendered them ſo inſolent ' and preſumptuous, that they refuſed ' to pay the tribute which had been im- ' poſed by Seſoſtris on his return to ' Egypt; and had ſent troops to the aſ- ' ſiſtance of his brother, who had at- ' tempted to aſſaſſinate him at a feaſt, ' in the midſt of the rejoicings that ' had been made for his return.

' Seſoſtris had determined to humble ' them, by interrupting their trade: ' he therefore ſent out a great num- ' ber of armed veſſels, with orders to ' take or ſink the Phœnician ſhips ' wherever they ſhould be found; and, ' juſt as we loſt ſight of Sicily, we fell ' in with an Egyptian fleet. The port ' and the land ſeemed to retreat behind ' us, and loſe themſelves in the clouds; ' and we ſaw the fleet approach like a ' floating city. The Phœnicians im- ' mediately perceived their danger, and ' would have avoided it, but it was too ' late; the Egyptian veſſels ſailed bet- ' ter than ours; the wind was in their ' favour, and they had a greater num- ' ber of oars: they boarded, took us ' without reſiſtance, and carried us pri- ' ſoners into Egypt. I told them, in- ' deed, that neither Mentor, nor my- ' ſelf, was a Phœnician; but they ' heard me with contempt; and, ima- ' gining that we were ſlaves, a mer- ' chandize in which they knew the ' Phœnicians traded, thought only ' how to diſpoſe of us to the greateſt ad- ' vantage. We ſoon perceived the ſea ' to be whitened by the waters of the ' Nile, and the coaſt of Egypt ap- ' peared in the horizon like a cloud: ' we then arrived at the Iſland of Pha- ' ros, near the city of No, and thence ' proceeded up the Nile to Memphis.

' If the ſorrows of captivity had not ' rendered us inſenſible to pleaſure, ' we muſt have been delighted with the ' proſpect of this fertile country, which ' had the appearance of a vaſt garden, ' watered with an infinite number of ' canals. Each ſide of the river was ' diverſified with opulent cities, de- ' lightful villas, fields that produced ' every year a golden harveſt, and mea- ' dows that were covered with flocks: ' Earth laviſhed her fruits upon the ' huſbandman, till he ſtooped under the ' burden; and Echo ſeemed pleaſed to ' repeat the ruſtick muſick of the ſhep- ' herds. " Happy are the people," ' ſaid Mentor, " who are governed by " ſo wiſe a king! They flouriſh in

" perpetual plenty, and love him by " whom that plenty is beſtowed. Thus, " O Telemachus! ought thy govern- " ment to ſecure the happineſs of thy " people, if the gods ſhall at length " exalt thee to the throne of thy fa- " ther. Love thy ſubjects as thy " children; and learn, from their love " of thee, to derive the happineſs of a " parent: teach them to connect the " idea of happineſs with that of their " king; that, whenever they rejoice " in the bleſſings of peace, they may " remember their benefactor, and ho- " nour thee with the tribute of grati- " tude. The tyrants, who are only " ſolicitous to be feared, and teach " their ſubjects humility by oppreſſion, " are the ſcourges of mankind: they " are, indeed, objects of terror; but, " as they are alſo objects of hatred " and deteſtation, they have more to " fear from their ſubjects than their " ſubjects can have to fear from " them."

' I replied—" Alas! what have we " now to do with maxims of govern- " ment? With reſpect to us, Ithaca is " no more; we ſhall never again be- " hold Penelope, or our country: with " whatever glory Ulyſſes may at length " return, to meet his ſon is a joy that " he ſhall never taſte; and to obey him " till I ſhall learn to govern, is a plea- " ſure that will be for ever witheld " from me. Let us die, then, my dear " Mentor; all thoughts, but of death, " are idle ſpeculations: let us die, " ſince the gods have ceaſed to regard " us with compaſſion!" I was ſo de- ' preſſed by grief, that this ſpeech was ' rendered almoſt unintelligible by the ' ſighs with which it was interrupted: ' but Mentor, though he was not pre- ' ſumptuous with reſpect to future ' evils, was yet fearleſs of the preſent. " Unworthy ſon of the great Ulyſſes!" ' ſaid he, " doſt thou yield to misfor- " tune without reſiſtance? Know, that " the day approaches, in which thou " ſhalt again behold thy mother and " thy country: thou ſhalt behold, in " the meridian of his glory, him whom " thou haſt never known, the invinci- " ble Ulyſſes; whom Fortune can never " ſubdue; and whoſe example, in more " dreadful calamity than thine, may " teach thee never to deſpair. Should " he learn, in the remote countries on " which the tempeſt has caſt him, that " his ſon emulates neither his patience " nor his valour, the dreadful tidings " would cover him with confuſion, and " afflict him more than all the evils of " his life."

' Mentor then called my attention to ' the chearfulneſs and plenty which ' were diffuſed over all Egypt; a coun- ' try which contained twenty-two ' thouſand cities. He admired the po- ' licy with which they were governed; ' the juſtice which prevented the op- ' preſſion of the poor by the rich; the ' education of the youth, which ren- ' dered obedience, labour, tempe- ' rance, and the love of arts, or of ' literature, habitual; the punctuality ' in all the ſolemnities of religion; the ' publick ſpirit; the deſire of honour; ' the integrity to man, and the reverence ' to the gods, which were implanted ' by every parent in every child. He ' long contemplated this beautiful or- ' der with increaſing delight, and fre- ' quently repeated his exclamations of ' praiſe. " Happy are the people," ' ſaid he, " who are thus wiſely go- " verned! but yet more happy the " king whoſe bounty is ſo extenſively " the felicity of others, and whoſe " virtue is the ſource of yet nobler en- " joyment to himſelf: his dominion is " ſecured, not by terror, but by love; " and his commands are received, not " only with obedience, but with joy. " He reigns in the hearts of his peo- " ple; who are ſo far from wiſhing his " government at an end, that they " conſider mortality with regret, and " every man would rejoice to redeem " the life of his ſovereign with his " own."

' I liſtened attentively to this diſ- ' courſe of Mentor; and, while he ſpoke, ' I perceived new courage kindle in my ' boſom. As ſoon as we arrived at ' Memphis, a city diſtinguiſhed by ' it's opulence and ſplendor, the go- ' vernor ſent us forward to Thebes, ' that we might be queſtioned by Se- ' ſoſtris; who, if he had been leſs at- ' tentive to adminiſter his own go- ' vernment, would yet have examined ' us himſelf, as he was extremely in- ' cenſed againſt the Tyrians: we ' therefore proceeded up the Nile to ' the celebrated city with an hundred ' gates, the reſidence of this mighty ' prince. Thebes appeared to be of ' vaſt extent, and more populous than

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'the moſt flouriſhing city of Greece. 'The regulations that are eſtabliſhed 'for keeping the avenues free from 'incumbrances, maintaining the aque-'ducts, and rendering the baths con-'venient, for the cultivation of arts, 'and for the ſecurity of the publick, 'are the moſt excellent that can be 'imagined. The ſquares are deco-'rated with fountains and obeliſks; 'the temples are of marble; and the 'architecture, though it is ſimple, is 'majeſtick: the palace itſelf is almoſt 'as extenſive as a town; and abounds 'with columns of marble, pyramids 'and obeliſks, ſtatues of a prodigious 'magnitude, and furniture of ſilver 'and gold.

'The king was informed, by thoſe 'who took us, that we were found on 'board a Phœnician veſſel: it was his 'cuſtom to give audience, at a certain 'hour every day, to all who had any 'complaint to make, or intelligence to 'communicate; nor was any man ei-'ther deſpiſed or rejected by Seſoſtris; 'he conſidered himſelf as poſſeſſing 'the regal authority only that he 'might be the inſtrument of good to 'his people, whom he regarded with 'the affection of a father; and ſtran-'gers, whom he treated with great 'kindneſs, he was very ſolicitous to 'ſee, becauſe he believed that ſome uſe-'ful knowledge might always be ac-'quired by an acquaintance with the 'manners and cuſtoms of remote 'countries. For this reaſon, we were 'brought before him. He was ſeated 'upon a throne of ivory, and held a 'golden ſceptre in his hand: though 'he was advanced in years, his perſon 'was ſtill graceful, and his counte-'nance was full of ſweetneſs and ma-'jeſty. He ſat every day to adminiſ-'ter juſtice to his people; and his pa-'tience and ſagacity as a judge would 'have vindicated the boldeſt panegyriſt 'from the imputation of flattery. 'Such were the labours of the day: 'and to hear a declamation on ſome 'queſtion of ſcience, or to converſe 'with thoſe whom he knew to be wor-'thy of his familiarity, was the en-'tertainment of the evening. Nor 'was the luſtre of his life ſullied by 'any fault but that of having tri-'umphed over the princes whom he 'had conquered with too much often-'tation, and confided too much in one 'of his officers, whoſe character I 'ſhall preſently deſcribe. When he 'ſaw me, my youth moved him to 'compaſſion; and he enquired my 'country and my name. We were 'ſtruck with the dignity and propriety 'of his expreſſion; and I anſwered— "Moſt illuſtrious prince! thou art not "ignorant of the ſiege of Troy, which "endured ten years; nor of it's de-"ſtruction, which exhauſted Greece of "her nobleſt blood: Ulyſſes, the King "of Ithaca, who is my father, was "one of the principal inſtruments of "that great event; but is now, in "ſearch of his kingdom, a fugitive on "the deep; and, in ſearch of him, I "am, by a like misfortune, a captive "in Egypt. Reſtore me once more to "my father and my country; ſo may "the gods preſerve thee to thy chil-"dren; and may they rejoice under the "protection of ſo good a parent!" 'Seſoſtris ſtill regarded me with com-'paſſion; but, doubting whether what 'I had told him was true, he gave 'charge of us to one of his officers, 'with orders to enquire of the perſons 'who had taken our veſſel, whether we 'were indeed Greeks or Phœnicians. "If they are Phœnicians," ſaid he, "they will deſerve puniſhment, not "only as our enemies, but as wretches "who have baſely attempted to deceive "us by a falſhood; but, on the con-"trary, if they are Greeks, it is my "pleaſure that they be treated with "kindneſs, and ſent back to their "country in one of my veſſels: for I "love Greece; a country which has de-"rived many of it's laws from the wiſ-"dom of Egypt. I am not unac-"quainted with the virtue of Her-"cules; the glory of Achilles has "reached us, however remote; I ad-"mire the wiſdom that is related of "the unfortunate Ulyſſes: and I re-"joice to alleviate the diſtreſs of vir-"tue."

'Metophis, the officer to whom the 'king had referred the examination of 'our affair, was as corrupt and ſelfiſh 'as Seſoſtris was generous and ſin-'cere: he attempted to perplex us by 'enſnaring queſtions; and, as he per-'ceived that Mentor's anſwers were 'more prudent than mine, he regard-'ed him with malevolence and ſuſpi-'cion; for, to the unworthy, there is 'no inſult ſo intolerable as merit. He

'therefore caused us to be separated; 'and from that time I knew not what 'was become of Mentor. This separation was, to me, sudden and 'dreadful as a stroke of thunder; but 'Metophis hoped that, by interrogating us apart, he should be able to 'discover some inconsistency in our 'account; and yet more, that he 'might allure me, by promises, to discover that which Mentor had concealed. To discover truth was not, 'indeed, his principal view; but to 'find some pretence to tell the king we 'were Phœnicians, that, as slaves, we 'might become his property; and, 'notwithstanding our innocence, and 'the king's sagacity, he succeeded. 'How dangerous a situation is royalty, 'in which the wisest are often the tools 'of deceit! A throne is surrounded by 'the train of subtlety and self-interest; 'Integrity retires, because she will not 'be introduced by Importunity or Flattery: Virtue, conscious of her own 'dignity, waits at a distance till she is 'sought, and princes seldom know 'where she may be found; but Vice, 'and her dependants, are impudent and 'fraudful, insinuating and officious, 'skilful in dissimulation, and ready to 'renounce all principles, and to violate 'every tie, when it becomes necessary, 'to the gratification of the appetites of 'a prince. How wretched is the man 'who is thus perpetually exposed to 'the attempts of guilt! by which he 'must inevitably perish, if he does not 'renounce the musick of adulation, 'and learn not to be offended by the 'plainness of truth. Such were the 'reflections which I made in my distress; and I revolved in my mind all 'that had been said to me by Mentor.

'While my thoughts were thus employed, I was sent by Metophis towards the mountains of the desart 'Oasis, that I might assist his slaves in 'looking after his flocks, which were 'almost without number.' Calypso here interrupted Telemachus. 'And 'what did you then?' said she. 'In 'Sicily you chose death rather than 'slavery.'—'I was then,' said Telemachus, 'become yet more wretched, 'and had no longer the sad consolation 'of such a choice. Slavery was irresistibly forced upon me, and I was 'compelled by Fortune to exhaust the 'dregs of her cup: I was excluded even 'from hope, and every avenue to liberty was barred against me. In the 'mean time, Mentor, as he has since 'told me, was carried into Ethiopia, by 'certain natives of that country, to 'whom he had been sold.

'The scene of my captivity was a desart, where the plain is a burning sand, 'and the mountains are covered with 'snow; below was intolerable heat, 'and above was perpetual winter; the 'pasturage was thinly scattered among 'the rocks, the mountains were steep 'and craggy, and the vallies between 'them were almost inaccessible to the 'rays of the sun: nor had I any society, in this dreadful situation, but 'that of the shepherds, who are as rude 'and uncultivated as the country. 'Here I spent the night in bewailing 'my misfortunes, and the day in following my flocks, that I might avoid 'the brutal insolence of the principal 'slave, whose name was Butis; and 'who, having conceived hopes of obtaining his freedom, was perpetually accusing the rest, as a testimony 'of his zeal and attachment to the interest of his master. This complication of distress almost overwhelmed 'me; and, in the anguish of my 'mind, I one day forgot my flock, 'and threw myself on the ground near 'a cave, expecting that death would 'deliver me from a calamity which I 'was no longer able to sustain: but, 'just in the moment of despair, I perceived the mountain tremble; the 'oaks and pines seemed to bow from 'the summit; the breeze itself was 'hushed; and a deep voice, which 'seemed to issue from the cave, pronounced these words. "Son of the "wise Ulysses! thou must, like him, "become great by patience. Princes "who have not known adversity are "unworthy of happiness; they are "enervated by luxury, and intoxicated with pride. Surmount, and "remember these misfortunes, and "thou art happy. Thou shalt return "to Ithaca; and thy glory shall fill "the world. When thou shalt have "dominion over others, forget not that "thou hast been, like them, weak, "destitute, and afflicted: be it thy "happiness, therefore, to afford them "comfort; love thy people; detest "flattery; and remember that no man "is great, but in proportion as he re-

"strains

" ſtrains and ſubdues his paſſions." ' Theſe words inſpired me as the voice ' of Heaven; joy immediately throb- ' bed in my veins, and courage glowed ' in my boſom: nor was I ſeized with ' that horror which ſo often cauſes the ' hair to ſtand upright, and the blood ' to ſtagnate, when the gods reveal ' themſelves to men. I roſe in tran- ' quillity; and, kneeling on the ground, ' I lifted up my hands to Heaven, and ' paid my adorations to Minerva, to ' whom I believed myſelf indebted for ' this oracle. At the ſame time I per- ' ceived my mind illuminated with wiſ- ' dom; and was conſcious to a gentle, ' yet prevailing, influence, which over- ' ruled all my paſſions, and reſtrained ' the ardour of my youth: I acquired ' the friendſhip of all the ſhepherds of ' the deſart; and my meekneſs, pa- ' tience, and diligence, at length ob- ' tained the good-will even of Butis ' himſelf, who was at firſt diſpoſed to ' treat me with inhumanity.

' To ſhorten the tedious hours of ' captivity and ſolitude, I endeavoured ' to procure ſome books; for I ſunk ' under the ſenſe of my condition, ' merely becauſe I had nothing either ' to recreate or to fortify my mind. " Happy," ſaid I, " are thoſe who " have loſt their reliſh for tumultuous " pleaſure, and are content with the " ſoothing quiet of innocence and re- " tirement! Happy are they whoſe " amuſement is knowledge, and whoſe " ſupreme delight the cultivation of " the mind! Wherever they ſhall be " driven by the perſecution of Fortune, " the means of enjoyment are ſtill " with them; and that weary liſtleſs- " neſs, which renders life unſupport- " able to the voluptuous and the lazy, " is unknown to thoſe who can em- " ploy themſelves by reading. Happy " are thoſe to whom this employment " is pleaſing; and who are not, like " me, compelled to be idle!" While ' my mind was agitated by theſe ' thoughts, I had wandered into a ' thick foreſt; and ſuddenly, looking ' up, I perceived before me an old man ' with a book in his hand; his fore- ' head was ſomewhat wrinkled, and ' he was bald to the crown; a beard, ' white as ſnow, hung down to his ' girdle; his ſtature was tall; his cheeks ' were ſtill florid, and his eyes pierc- ' ing: there was a great ſweetneſs in ' his voice; his addreſs, though it was ' plain, was engaging; and I had ne- ' ver ſeen any perſon whoſe manner ' and appearance ſo ſtrongly excited ' veneration and eſteem. His name ' was Termoſiris; he was prieſt of ' Apollo, and officiated in a temple of ' marble which the kings of Egypt ' had conſecrated to that deity in the ' foreſt. The book which he held in ' his hand was a collection of hymns ' that had been compoſed to the ho- ' nour of the gods. He accoſted me ' with an air of friendſhip; and we en- ' tered into converſation. He related ' paſt events with ſuch force of expreſ- ' ſion, that they ſeemed to be preſent; ' and with ſuch comprehenſive brevity, ' that attention was not wearied; and ' he foreſaw the future, by a ſaga- ' city that diſcovered the true cha- ' racters and diſpoſitions of mankind, ' and the events which they would ' produce. But with all this intel- ' lectual ſuperiority, he was chearful ' and condeſcending: there is no grace ' in the utmoſt gaiety of youth that ' was not exceeded by Termoſiris in ' his age; and he regarded young per- ' ſons with a kind of parental affection, ' when he perceived that they had a ' diſpoſition to be inſtructed, and a love ' for virtue.

' He ſoon diſcovered a tender regard ' for me; and gave me books to relieve ' the anxiety of my mind. He called ' me his ſon; and I frequently addreſ- ' ſed him as a father. " The gods," ' ſaid I, " who have deprived me of " Mentor, have, in pity, ſuſtained me " with thy friendſhip." He was, with- ' out doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, ' irradiated by the immediate inſpira- ' tion of the gods. He often repeated ' verſes of his own, and gave me thoſe ' of many others who had been the fa- ' vourites of the Muſes. When he ' was habited in his long white robe, ' and played upon his ivory lyre, the ' bears, lions, and tygers of the foreſt, ' fawned upon him, and licked his ' feet; the ſatyrs came from their re- ' ceſſes, and danced round him: and it ' might almoſt have been believed, that ' even the trees and rocks were influ- ' enced by the magick of his ſong, in ' which he celebrated the majeſty of the ' gods, the virtue of heroes, and the

' wiſdom

'wisdom of those who prefer glory to
'pleasure.

'Termosiris often excited me to
'courage. He told me that the gods
'would never abandon either Ulysses
'or his son; and that I ought, after
'the example of Apollo, to introduce
'the shepherds to the acquaintance of
'the Muses. "Apollo," says he,
"displeased that Jupiter frequently in-
"terrupted the serenity of the brightest
"days with thunder, turned his re-
"sentment against the Cyclops who
"forged the bolts, and destroyed them
"with his arrows. Immediately the
"fiery explosions of Mount Etna
"ceased; and the strokes of those enor-
"mous hammers, which had shaken
"the earth to the centre, were heard
"no more; iron and brass, which the
"Cyclops had been used to polish, be-
"gan now to rust and canker: and
"Vulcan, quitting his forge, in the
"fury of his resentment, hastily climb-
"ed Olympus, notwithstanding his
"lameness; and, rushing into the as-
"sembly of the gods, covered with
"dust and sweat, complained of the
"injury with all the bitterness of in-
"vective. Jupiter, being thus in-
"censed against Apollo, expelled him
"from Heaven, and threw him down
"headlong to the earth: but his cha-
"riot, though it was empty, still per-
"formed it's usual course; and, by
"an invisible impulse, continued the
"succession of day and night, and the
"regular change of seasons to man-
"kind. Apollo, divested of his rays,
"was compelled to become a shep-
"herd, and kept the flocks of Ad-
"metus, King of Thessaly.

"While he was thus disgraced, and
"in exile, he used to soothe his mind
"with musick, under the shade of some
"elms that flourished upon the bor-
"ders of a limpid stream. This drew
"about him all the neighbouring shep-
"herds, whose life till then had been
"rude and brutal; whose knowledge
"had been confined to the manage-
"ment of their sheep; and whose
"country had the appearance of a de-
"sart. To these savages Apollo, va-
"rying the subject of his song, taught
"all the arts by which existence is im-
"proved into felicity. Sometimes he
"celebrated the flowers which improve
"the graces of Spring, the fragrance
"which she diffuses, and the verdure
"that rises under her feet; sometimes
"the delightful evenings of summer,
"her zephyrs that refresh mankind,
"and her dews that allay the thirst of
"the earth: nor were the golden fruits
"of Autumn forgotten, with which she
"rewards the labour of the husband-
"man; nor the chearful idleness of
"Winter, who piles his fires till they
"emulate the sun, and invites the
"youth to dancing and festivity: he
"described also the gloomy forests
"with which the mountains are over-
"shadowed, and the rivers that wind
"with a pleasing intricacy through the
"luxuriant meadows of the valley.
"Thus were the shepherds of Thessaly
"made acquainted with the happiness
"that is to be found in a rural life, by
"those to whom Nature is not bounti-
"ful in vain: their pipes now render-
"ed them more happy than kings; and
"those uncorrupted pleasures which
"fly from the palace, were invited to
"the cottage. The shepherdesses were
"followed by the Sports, the Smiles,
"and the Graces; and adorned by
"simplicity and innocence: every day
"was devoted to joy; and nothing was
"to be heard but the chirping of birds,
"the whispers of the zephyrs that
"sported among the branches of the
"trees, the murmurs of water falling
"from a rock, or the songs with which
"the Muses inspired the shepherds who
"followed Apollo; they were taught
"also to conquer in the race, and to
"shoot with the bow. The gods
"themselves became jealous of their
"happiness; they now thought the ob-
"scurity of a shepherd better than the
"splendor of a deity, and recalled
"Apollo to Olympus.

"By this story, my son, be thou in-
"structed. Thou art now in the same
"state with that of Apollo in his
"exile: like him, therefore, fertilize
"an uncultivated soil, and call plenty
"to a desart; teach these rusticks the
"power of musick, soften the obdu-
"rate heart to sensibility, and capti-
"vate the savage with the charms of
"virtue. Let them taste the pleasures
"of innocence and retirement; and
"heighten this felicity with the tran-
"sporting knowledge, that it is not
"dependent upon the caprice of For-
"tune. The day approaches, my
"son, in which the pains and cares
"that surround a throne will teach
"thee

Stothard del.

Angus sculp.

Plate III.

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" thee to remember these wilds with " regret."

' Termosiris then gave me a flute, ' the tone of which was so melodious, ' that the echoes of the mountains, ' which propagated the sound, imme- ' diately brought the neighbouring ' shepherds, in crowds, about me: a ' divine melody was communicated to ' my voice; I perceived myself to be ' under a supernatural influence, and ' I celebrated the beauties of Nature ' with all the rapture of enthusiasm. ' We frequently sung all the day in ' concert; and sometimes encroached ' upon the night. The shepherds, for- ' getting their cottages and their flocks, ' were fixed motionless as statues about ' me, while I delivered my instructions; ' the desart became insensibly less wild ' and rude; every thing assumed a more ' pleasing appearance; and the country ' itself seemed to be improved by the ' manners of the people.

' We often assembled to sacrifice in ' the temple of Apollo, at which Ter- ' mosiris officiated as priest: the shep- ' herds wore wreaths of laurel in ho- ' nour of the god; and the shepherdesses ' were adorned with garlands of flow- ' ers, and came dancing with baskets ' of consecrated gifts upon their heads. ' After the sacrifice, we made a rural ' feast: the greatest delicacies were the ' milk of our goats and sheep, and some ' dates, figs, grapes, and other fruits, ' which were fresh gathered by our ' own hands; the green turf was our ' seat; and the foliage of the trees af- ' forded us a more pleasing shade than ' the gilded roofs of a palace. But ' my reputation among the shepherds ' was compleated by an accident: an ' hungry lion happened to break in ' among my flock, and began a dread- ' ful slaughter. I ran towards him, ' though I had nothing in my hand ' but my sheep-hook. When he saw ' me, he erected his mane; he began to ' grind his teeth, and to extend his ' claws; his mouth appeared dry and ' enflamed, and his eyes were red and ' fiery. I did not wait for his attack; ' but rushed in upon him, and threw ' him to the ground: nor did I receive ' any hurt; for a small coat of mail ' that I wore, as an Egyptian shepherd, ' defended me against his claws. Three ' times I threw him; and he rose three ' times against me, roaring so loud that ' the utmost recesses of the forest echoed; ' but, at last, I grasped him till he ' was strangled: and the shepherds, ' who were witnesses of my conquest, ' insisted that I should wear his skin as ' a trophy.

' This action, and the change of ' manners among our shepherds, was ' rumoured through all Egypt, and ' came at length to the ears of Sesostris: ' he learnt, that one of the two cap- ' tives, who had been taken for Phœ- ' nicians, had restored the golden age ' in the midst of deserts which were ' scarce habitable, and desired to see ' me; for he was a friend to the Muses, ' and regarded, with attention and ' complacency, whatever appeared to ' be the means of instruction. I was ' accordingly brought before him: he ' listened to my story with pleasure; ' and soon discovered that he had been ' abused by the avarice of Metophis. ' Metophis he therefore condemned to ' perpetual imprisonment; and took ' into his own possession the wealth ' which his rapacity and injustice had ' heaped together. " How unhappy," ' said he, " are those whom the gods " have exalted above the rest of man- " kind! They see no object but through " a medium which distorts it: they " are surrounded by wretches who in- " tercept truth in it's approaches; eve- " ry one imagines that it is his interest " to deceive them, and every one con- " ceals his own ambition under the " appearance of zeal for their service: " that regard is professed for the prince, " of which the wealth and honours " that he dispenses are indeed the ob- " jects; and so flagitious is the neg- " lect of his interest, that for these " he is flattered and betrayed."

' From this time Sesostris treated me ' with a tender friendship, and resolved ' to send me back to Ithaca, in a fleet ' that should carry troops sufficient to ' deliver Penelope from all her suitors. ' This fleet was at length ready to sail, ' and waited only for our embarkation. ' I reflected, with wonder, upon the ' caprice of Fortune, who frequently ' most exalts those whom, the moment ' before, she had most depressed: and ' the experience of this inconstancy en- ' couraged me to hope that Ulysses, ' whatever he should suffer, might at ' last return to his kingdom. My ' thoughts also suggested, that I might

' again

'again meet with Mentor, even though 'he should have been carried into the 'remotest parts of Ethiopia. I there- 'fore delayed my departure a few 'days, that I might make some en- 'quiry after him: but in this interval, 'Sesostris, who was very old, died 'suddenly; and by his death I was in- 'volved in new calamities.

'This event filled all Egypt with 'grief and despair; every family la- 'mented Sesostris as it's most valuable 'friend, it's protector, it's father. 'The old, lifting up their hands to 'Heaven, uttered the most passionate 'exclamations: "O Egypt! thou hast "known no king like Sesostris in the "times that are past; nor shalt thou "know any like him in those that are "to come! Ye gods! ye should not "have given Sesostris to mankind; or "ye should not have taken him away! "O wherefore do we survive Se- "sostris?" The young cried out— "The hope of Egypt is cut off! Our "fathers were long happy under the "government of a king whom we have "known only to regret!" His do- 'mesticks wept incessantly; and, dur- 'ing forty days, the inhabitants of 'the remotest provinces came in crowds 'to his funeral. Every one was eagerly 'solicitous yet once more to gaze upon 'the body of his prince: all desired to 'preserve the idea in their memory; 'and some requested to be shut up with 'him in the tomb.

'The loss of Sesostris was more 'sensibly felt, as Bocchorus his son 'was destitute of humanity to stran- 'gers, and of curiosity for science; of 'esteem for merit, and love of glory. 'The greatness of the father contri- 'buted to degrade the son: his educa- 'tion had rendered him effeminately 'voluptuous, and brutally proud; he 'looked down upon mankind as crea- 'tures of an inferior species, that ex- 'isted only for his pleasure; he thought 'only of gratifying his passions, and 'dissipating the immense treasures that 'had been amassed for publick use by 'the œconomy of his father; of pro- 'curing new resources for extrava- 'gances by the most cruel rapacity, 'impoverishing the rich, famishing the 'poor, and perpetrating every other 'evil that was advised by the beardless 'sycophants whom he permitted to 'disgrace his presence; while he drove 'away, with derision, the hoary sages 'in whom his father had confided. 'Such was Bocchoris; not a king, but 'a monster. Egypt groaned under his 'tyranny; and though the reverence 'of the people for the memory of Se- 'sostris rendered them patient under 'the government of his son, however 'odious and cruel, yet he precipitated 'his own destruction: and, indeed, it 'was impossible that he should long 'possess a throne which he so little de- 'served.

'My hopes of returning to Ithaca 'were now at an end. I was shut up 'in a tower that stood upon the sea- 'shore near Pelusium, where we should 'have embarked, if the death of Se- 'sostris had not prevented us; for Me- 'tophis having, by some intrigue, pro- 'cured his enlargement, and an ad- 'mission into the councils of the young 'king, almost the first act of his power 'was to imprison me in this place, to 'revenge the disgrace into which I had 'brought him. There I passed whole 'days and nights in the agonies of de- 'spair. All that Termosiris had pre- 'dicted, and all that I had heard in 'the cave, was remembered but as a 'dream. Sometimes, while I was ab- 'sorbed in reflections upon my own 'misery, I stood gazing at the waves 'that broke against the foot of the 'tower; and sometimes I contemplated 'the vessels that were agitated by the 'tempest, and in danger of splitting 'against the rocks upon which the 'tower was built: but I was so far 'from commiserating those who were 'threatened with shipwreck, that I re- 'garded them with envy. "Their "misfortunes," said I to myself, "and "their lives, will quickly be at an "end together; or they will return in "safety to their country: but neither "is permitted to me!"

'One day, while I was thus pining 'with ineffectual sorrow, I suddenly 'perceived the masts of ships at a dis- 'tance like a forest: the sea was pre- 'sently covered with sails swelling with 'the wind, and the waves foamed with 'the stroke of innumerable oars. I 'heard a confused sound on every side. 'On the sea-coast I perceived one party 'of Egyptians run to arms with terror 'and precipitation; and another wait- 'ing quietly for the fleet which was 'bearing down upon them. I soon

'discovered

'discovered that some of these vessels 'were of Phœnicia, and others of the 'Isle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes 'had acquainted me with many things 'that relate to navigation. The Egyp'tians appeared to be divided among 'themselves; and I could easily be'lieve that the folly and the violence 'of Bocchoris had provoked his sub'jects to a revolt, and kindled a civil 'war: nor was it long before I became 'a spectator of an obstinate engage'ment from the top of my tower. 'Those Egyptians who had called in 'the assistance of the foreign power, 'after having favoured the descent, 'attacked the other party, which was 'commanded by the king, and ani'mated by his example. He appeared 'like the god of war; rivers of blood 'flowed around him; the wheels of his 'chariot were smeared with gore that 'was black, clotted, and frothy, and 'could scarce be dragged over the heaps 'of slain, which they crushed as they 'passed: his figure was graceful, and 'his constitution vigorous; his aspect 'was haughty and fierce, and his eyes 'sparkled with rage and despair. Like 'a high-spirited horse that had never 'been broke, he was precipitated upon 'danger by his courage, and his force 'was not directed by wisdom: he knew 'not how to retrieve an error, nor to 'give orders with sufficient exactness; 'he neither foresaw the evils that 'threatened him, nor employed the 'troops he had to the greatest advan'tage, though he was in the utmost 'need of more; not that he wanted 'abilities, for his understanding was 'equal to his courage; but he had ne'ver been instructed by Adversity. 'Those who had been entrusted with 'his education had corrupted an ex'cellent natural disposition by flattery: 'he was intoxicated with the con'sciousness of his power, and the ad'vantages of his situation; he believed 'that every thing ought to yield to the 'impetuosity of his wishes, and the 'least appearance of opposition tran'sported him with rage; he was then 'deaf to the expostulations of Reason, 'and had no longer the power of re'collection. The fury of his pride 'transformed him to a brute, and left 'him neither the affections nor the un'derstanding of a man: the most faith'ful of his servants fled terrified from 'his presence; and he was gentle only 'to the most abject servility, and the 'most criminal compliance. Thus his 'conduct, always violent, was always 'directly opposite to his interest; and 'he was detested by all whose approba'tion is to be desired. His valour now 'sustained him long against a multi'tude of his enemies; but, at length, 'the dart of a Phœnician entered his 'breast; the reins dropped from his 'hands, and I saw him fall from his cha'riot under the feet of his horses. A 'soldier of the Isle of Cyprus imme'diately struck off his head; and, 'holding it up by the hair, shewed it 'to the confederates as a trophy of 'their victory. Of this head no time 'or circumstance can ever obliterate the 'idea: methinks I still see it dropping 'blood; the eyes closed and sunk; the 'visage pale and disfigured; the mouth 'half open, as if it would still finish 'the interrupted sentence; and the 'look which, even in death, was 'haughty and threatening. Nor shall 'I forget, if the gods hereafter place 'me upon a throne, so dreadful a de'monstration, that a king is not wor'thy to command, nor can be happy 'in the exercise of his power, but in 'proportion as he is himself obedient 'to reason. Alas! how deplorable is 'his state, who, by the perversion of 'that power with which the gods have 'invested him as the instrument of 'publick happiness, diffuses misery 'among the multitudes that he go'verns, and who is known to be a king 'only as he is a curse!'

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK III.

CALYPSO was astonished at the wisdom which she discovered in Telemachus; but she was delighted with his ingenuous confession of the errors into which he had been betrayed by the precipitation of his own resolutions, and by his neglect of Mentor's counsel. She was surprized to perceive in a youth such strength and dignity of mind as enabled him to judge of his own actions with impartiality; and, by a review of the failings of his life, become prudent, cautious, and deliberate. 'Proceed,' said she, 'my dear Telemachus; for I am impatient to know 'by what means you escaped from 'Egypt, and where you again found 'Mentor, whose loss you had so much 'reason to regret.' Telemachus then continued his relation.

'The party of Egyptians who had 'preserved their virtue and their loyalty, being greatly inferior to the rebels, 'were obliged to yield when the king 'fell. Another prince, whose name 'was Termutis, was established in his 'stead; and the Phœnician and Cyprian 'troops, after they had concluded a 'treaty with him, departed. By this 'treaty, all the Phœnician prisoners 'were to be restored; and, as I was 'deemed one of the number, I was set 'at liberty, and put on board with the 'rest: a change of fortune which once 'more dissipated the gloom of despair, 'and diffused the dawn of hope in my 'bosom.

'Our sails were now swelled by a 'prosperous wind, and the foaming 'waves were divided by our oars; the 'spacious deep was covered with ves'sels, the mariners shouted, the shores 'of Egypt fled from us, and the hills 'and mountains grew level by degrees: 'our view began to be bounded only 'by the sea and the sky; and the 'sparkling fires of the sun, which was 'rising, seemed to emerge from the 'abyss of waters; his rays tinged with 'gold the tops of the mountains, which 'were still just to be perceived in the 'horizon; and the deep azure with 'which the whole firmament was 'painted, was an omen of a happy 'voyage.

'Though I had been dismissed as a 'Phœnician, yet I was not known to 'any of those with whom I embarked; 'and Narbal, who commanded the ves'sel, asked me my name and my coun'try. "Of what city of Phœnicia are "you?" said he. "Of none," I re'plied; "but I was taken at sea in a "Phœnician vessel, and, as a Phœni"cian, remained captive in Egypt: "under this name I have been long a "slave; and by this name I am at "length free." — "Of what country

"are

" are you, then?" said Narbal. " I " am," said I, " Telemachus, the son " of Ulysses, King of Ithaca, an island " of Greece: my father has acquired " a mighty name among the confede- " rate princes who laid siege to Troy; " but the gods have not permitted him " to return to his kingdom. I have " sought him in many countries; and " am, like him, persecuted by Fortune. " I am wretched, though my life is " private, and my wishes are few; I " am wretched, though I desire no hap- " piness but the endearments of my " family, and the protection of my " father."

'Narbal gazed upon me with astonish- 'ment, and thought he perceived in 'my aspect something that distinguishes 'the favourites of Heaven. He was, 'by nature, generous and sincere; 'my misfortunes excited his compas- 'sion; and he addressed me with a con- 'fidence which the gods, doubtless, 'inspired for my preservation in the 'most imminent danger.'

" Telemachus," said he, " I doubt " not the truth of what you have told " me: such, indeed, are the signatures " of candour and integrity which I " discover in your countenance, that " it is not in my power to suspect you " of falsehood. I am irresistibly deter- " mined, by a secret impulse, to be- " lieve that you are beloved of the " gods, whom I have always served, " and that it is their pleasure I also " should love you as my son: I will, " therefore, give you salutary counsel, " for which I ask no return but se- " crecy."—" Fear not," said I, " that " I should find it difficult to be silent; " for, however young, it is long since " I learned not to reveal my own se- " cret, much less not to betray, under " any pretence, the secret of another." —" By what means," said he, " could " the habit of secrecy be acquired by a " child? I should rejoice to learn how " that may be attained early, without " which a prudent conduct is impos- " sible, and every other qualification " useless."

" I have been informed," said I, " that when Ulysses went to the siege " of Troy, he placed me upon his " knees, threw his arms about me, and " after having kissed me with the ut- " most tenderness, pronounced these " words, though I could not then un- " derstand their import: " O my son! " may the gods ordain me to perish " before I see thee again; or, may the " Fatal Sisters cut the thread of thy life " while it is yet short, as the reaper cuts " down a tender flower that is but be- " ginning to blow; may my enemies " dash thee in pieces before the eyes of " thy mother and of me, if thou art " one day to be corrupted, and seduced " from virtue! O my friends, I leave " with you this son, whom I so ten- " derly love: watch over his infancy; " if you have any love for me, keep " flattery far from him; and, while he " is yet flexible, like a young plant, " keep him upright: but, above all, " let nothing be forgotten that may " render him just, beneficent, sincere, " and secret. He that is capable of a " lie, deserves not the name of a man; " and he that knows not how to be " silent, is unworthy the dignity of a " prince."

" I have repeated the very words " of Ulysses to you, because, to me, " they have been repeated so often, " that they perpetually occur to my " mind; and I frequently repeat them " to myself. The friends of my fa- " ther began very early to teach me " secrecy, by giving me frequent op- " portunities to practise it; and I made " so rapid a progress in the art, that, " while I was yet an infant, they com- " municated to me their apprehensions " from the crowd of presumptuous ri- " vals that addressed my mother. At " that time they treated me, not as a " child, but as a man, whose reason " might assist them, and in whose firm- " ness they could confide: they fre- " quently conferred with me, in pri- " vate, upon the most important sub- " jects; and communicated the schemes " which had been formed to deliver " Penelope from her suitors. I exulted " in this confidence, which I consi- " dered as a proof of my real dig- " nity and importance; I was there- " fore ambitious to sustain my cha- " racter, and never suffered the least " intimation of what had been entrust- " ed with me as a secret to escape me. " The suitors often engaged me to talk, " hoping that a child, who had seen or " heard any circumstance of import- " ance, would relate it without caution

" or design: but I had learnt to answer " them, without forfeiting my veracity, " or disclosing my secret."

' Narbal then addressed me in these ' terms: " You see, Telemachus, of " what power the Phœnicians are pos- " sessed, and how much their innu- " merable fleets are dreaded by the " neighbouring nations. The com- " merce which they have extended to " the Pillars of Hercules has given " them riches, which the most flourish- " ing countries cannot supply to them- " selves: even the great Sesostris could " never have prevailed against them at " sea; and the veterans, by whom he " had subjugated all the East, found it " extremely difficult to conquer them " in the field. He imposed a tribute, " which they have long neglected to " pay; for they are too sensible of their " own wealth and power to stoop pa- " tiently under the yoke of subjection: " they have, therefore, thrown it off; " and the war which Sesostris com- " menced against them has been ter- " minated by his death. The power " of Sesostris was, indeed, rendered " formidable by his policy; but when, " without his policy, his power de- " scended to his son, it was no longer " to be dreaded; and the Egyptians, " instead of entering Phœnicia with a " military force to reduce to obedience " a revolted people, have been com- " pelled to call in the assistance of the " Phœnicians, to deliver them from the " oppression of an impious tyrant. " This deliverance the Phœnicians " have effected, and added new glory " to independence, and new power to " wealth.

" But while we deliver others, we en- " slave ourselves. O Telemachus! do " not rashly put your life into the hands " of Pygmalion our king: his hands " are already stained with the blood of " Sichæus, the husband of Dido his " sister; and Dido, impatient to revenge " his death, is fled, with the greater " part of the friends of virtue and of " liberty, in a numerous fleet, from " Tyre, and has laid the foundations " of a magnificent city on the coast of " Africa, which she calls Carthage. " An insatiable thirst of riches renders " Pygmalion, every day, more wretch- " ed and more detestable. In his do- " minions it is a crime to be wealthy: " avarice makes him jealous, suspici- " ous, and cruel; he persecutes the " rich, and he dreads the poor.

" But, at Tyre, to be virtuous is yet " a greater crime than to be wealthy; " for Pygmalion supposes, that virtue " cannot patiently endure a conduct " that is unjust and infamous; and, as " virtue is an enemy to Pygmalion, " Pygmalion is an enemy to virtue. " Every incident torments him with " inquietude, perplexity, and appre- " hension; he is terrified at his own " shadow; and sleep is a stranger to his " eyes. The gods have punished him, " by heaping treasures before him " which he does not dare to enjoy; " and that in which alone he seeks for " happiness is the source of his misery. " He regrets whatever he gives; he " dreads the loss of the wealth which " he possesses, and sacrifices every com- " fort to the acquisition of more. He is " scarce ever to be seen; but sits in the " inmost recess of his palace, alone, " pensive, and dejected; his friends " dare not approach him, for to ap- " proach him is to be suspected as an " enemy. A guard, with swords drawn, " and pikes levelled, surrounds his " dwelling with an horrid security; " and the apartment in which he hides " himself consists of thirty chambers, " which communicate with each other, " and to each of which there is an iron " door with six bolts. It is never " known in which of these chambers " he passes the night; and it is said, " that, the better to secure himself " against assassination, he never sleeps " in the same two nights together. He " is equally insensible to the joys of " society, and the more refined and " tender delights of friendship. If " he is excited to the pursuit of plea- " sure, he perceives that pleasure is far " from him, and sits down in despair. " His eyes are hollow, eager, and " piercing; and he is continually look- " ing round him with a restless and in- " quisitive suspicion. At every noise, " however trivial, he starts, listens, is " alarmed, and trembles; he is pale " and emaciated; the gloom of care is " diffused over his countenance, and his " brow is contracted into wrinkles. " He seldom speaks, but he sighs per- " petually; and the remorse and an- " guish of his mind are discovered by " groans, which he endeavours in vain " to suppress: the richest delicacies of

" his

" his table are tasteless; and his chil-
" dren, whom he has made his most
" dangerous enemies, are not the ob-
" jects of hope, but of terror. He be-
" lieves himself to be in perpetual dan-
" ger; and attempts his own preserva-
" tion, by cutting off all those whom
" he fears; not knowing that cruelty,
" in which alone he confides for safe-
" ty, will inevitably precipitate his
" destruction; and that some of his do-
" mestics, dreading the effects of his
" caprice and suspicion, will suddenly
" deliver the world from so horrid a
" monster.

" As for me, I fear the gods; and
" will, at whatever hazard, continue
" faithful to the king whom they have
" set over me; I had rather he should
" take away my life than lift my hand
" against his, or neglect to defend him
" against the attempts of another. But
" do not you, O Telemachus, acquaint
" him with the name of your father;
" for he will then certainly shut you up
" in prison, hoping that Ulysses, when
" he returns to Ithaca, will pay him a
" large sum for your ransom."

' When we arrived at Tyre, I fol-
' lowed the counsel of Narbal, and was
' soon convinced that all he had re-
' lated was true; though, before, I could
' scarce conceive it possible for any
' man to render himself so extremely
' wretched as he had represented Pyg-
' malion.

' I was the more sensibly touched at
' the appearances of his tyranny and
' wretchedness, as they had the force
' of novelty; and I said to myself—
" This is the man who has been seeking
" happiness, and imagined it was to be
" found in unlimited power and inex-
" haustible wealth: wealth and power
" he has acquired, but the acquisition
" has made him miserable. If he was
" a shepherd, as I have lately been, he
" would be equally happy in the enjoy-
" ment of rural pleasures, which, as
" they are innocent, are never regret-
" ted; he would fear neither daggers
" nor poison, but would be the love and
" the lover of mankind: he would not,
" indeed, possess that immense treasure,
" which, to him who hides it, is use-
" less as an heap of sand; but he would
" rejoice in the bounty of Nature, by
" which every want would be supplied.
" He appears to act only by the dictates
" of his own will; but he is, indeed,
" the slave of appetite: he is condemn-
" ed to do the drudgery of avarice, and
" to smart under the scourge of fear
" and suspicion. He appears to have
" dominion over others, but he is not
" the master even of himself; for, in
" every irregular passion, he has not
" only a master, but a tormentor."

' Such were my reflections upon the
' condition of Pygmalion, without hav-
' ing seen him; for he was seen by none;
' and his people could only gaze, with
' a kind of secret dread, upon those lofty
' towers which were surrounded night
' and day by his guards, and in which
' he had immured himself with his
' treasures as in a prison. I compared
' this invisible king with Sesostris, the
' mild, the affable, the good; who was
' so easy of access to his subjects, and
' so desirous to converse with strangers;
' so attentive to all who wished to be
' heard, and so inquisitive after truth,
' which those who surround a throne
' are solicitous to conceal. "Sesostris,"
' said I, "feared nothing, and had no-
" thing to fear; he shewed himself to
" all his subjects as to his children:
" but, by Pygmalion, every thing is to
" be feared, and he fears every thing.
" This execrable tyrant is in perpetual
" danger of a violent death, even in
" the centre of his inaccessible palace,
" and surrounded by his guards; but
" the good Sesostris, when his people
" were gathered in crowds about him,
" was in perfect safety, like a kind fa-
" ther, who, in his own house, is sur-
" rounded by his children."

' Pygmalion gave orders to send back
' the troops of the Isle of Cyprus, who,
' to fulfil a treaty, had assisted his own
' in their expedition to Egypt; and
' Narbal took this opportunity to set
' me at liberty. He caused me to pass
' in review, among the Cyprian sol-
' diers; for the king always enquired
' into the minutest incidents with the
' most scrupulous suspicion. The fail-
' ing of negligent and indolent princes
' is the giving themselves up, with a
' boundless and implicit confidence, to
' the discretion of some crafty and ini-
' quitous favourite; but the failing of
' Pygmalion was, to suspect the most
' ingenuous and upright: he knew not
' how to distinguish the native features
' of integrity from the mask of dissi-
' mulation; for Integrity, who disdain-
' ed to approach so corrupt a prince,

' he

'he had never seen; and he had been 'so often defrauded and betrayed, and 'had so often detected every species of 'vice under the semblance of virtue, 'in the wretches who were about him, 'that he imagined every man walked 'in disguise, that virtue existed only in 'idea, and that all men were nearly the 'same. When he found one man fraudulent and corrupt, he took no care to 'displace him for another, because he 'took it for granted that another would 'be as bad: and he had a worse opinion 'of those in whom he discovered an 'appearance of merit, than of those 'who were most openly vicious; because he believed them to be equally 'knaves, and greater hypocrites.

'But, to return to myself. The 'piercing suspicion of the king did not 'distinguish me from the Cyprian soldiers; but Narbal trembled for fear 'of a discovery, which would have 'been fatal both to him and to me: he 'therefore expressed the utmost impatience to see me embark; but I was 'detained at Tyre a considerable time 'by contrary winds.

'During this interval I acquainted 'myself with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people that were become 'famous through all the known world. 'I admired the situation of the city, 'which is built upon an island in the 'midst of the sea. The neighbouring 'coast is rendered extremely delightful by it's uncommon fertility, the 'exquisite flavour of it's fruits, the 'number of towns and villages which 'are almost contiguous to each other, 'and the excellent temperature of the 'climate: it is sheltered by a ridge of 'mountains from the burning winds 'that pass over the southern continent, 'and refreshed by the northern breezes 'that blow from the sea. It is situated 'at the foot of Libanus, whose head is 'concealed within the clouds, and 'hoary with everlasting frost. Torrents of water, mingled with snow, 'rush from the craggy precipices that 'surround it; and at a small distance 'below is a vast forest of cedars, which 'appear to be as ancient as the earth, 'and almost as lofty as the sky. The 'declivity of the mountain below the 'forest is covered with pasture, where 'innumerable cattle and sheep are continually feeding, among a thousand 'rivulets of the purest water: and at 'the foot of the mountain below the 'pastures, the plain has the appearance 'of a garden, where spring and autumn seem to unite their influence, 'to produce at once both flowers and 'fruit, which are never parched by the 'pestilential heat of the southern blast, 'nor blighted by the piercing cold of 'the northern tempest.

'Near this delightful coast, the island 'on which Tyre is built emerges from 'the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crouded 'with merchants of every nation; and 'it's inhabitants are themselves the 'most eminent merchants in the world. 'It appears, at first, not to be the city 'of any particular people, but to be 'common to all, as the centre of their 'commerce. There are two large moles, 'which, like two arms stretched out 'into the sea, embrace a spacious harbour, which is a shelter from every 'wind. The vessels in this harbour 'are so numerous, as almost to hide the 'water in which they float; and the 'masts look at a distance like a forest. 'All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does 'not render them impatient of that 'labour by which it is increased. 'Their city abounds with the fine linen 'of Egypt, and cloth that has been 'doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple; 'a colour which has a lustre that time 'itself can scarce diminish, and which 'they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to 'the Straits of Gades; they have even 'entered the vast ocean by which the 'world is encircled, and made long 'voyages up the Red Sea to islands 'which are unknown to the rest of 'mankind, from whence they bring 'gold, perfumes, and many animals 'that are to be found in no other country.

'I gazed, with insatiable curiosity, 'upon this great city, in which every 'thing was in motion; and where 'none of those idle and inquisitive persons are to be found, who, in Greece, 'saunter about the publick places in 'quest of news, or observe the foreigners who come on shore in the 'port. The men are busied in unloading the vessels, in sending away, 'or in selling their merchandize, in 'putting

' putting their warehouſes in order, or
' in keeping an account of the ſums
' due to them from foreign merchants;
' and the women are conſtantly em-
' ployed in ſpinning wool, in drawing
' patterns for embroidery, or in fold-
' ing up rich ſtuffs.

" By what means," ſaid I to Nar-
' bal: " have the Phœnicians mono-
" polized the commerce of the world,
" and enriched themſelves at the ex-
" pence of every other nation?" —
" You ſee the means," anſwered Nar-
' bal; " the ſituation of Tyre renders
" it more fit for commerce than any
" other place; and the invention of na-
" vigation is the peculiar glory of our
" country. If the accounts are to be
" believed that are tranſmitted to us
" from the moſt remote antiquity, the
" Tyrians rendered the waves ſubſer-
" vient to their purpoſe long before
" Typhus and the Argonauts became
" the boaſt of Greece: they were the
" firſt who defied the rage of the bil-
" lows and the tempeſt on a few float-
" ing planks, and fathomed the abyſ-
" ſes of the ocean. They reduced the
" theories of Egyptian and Babylonian
" ſcience to practice, regulating their
" courſe, where there was no land-
" mark, by the ſtars; and they brought
" innumerable nations together which
" the ſea had ſeparated. The Tyrians
" are ingenious, perſevering, and la-
" borious: they have, beſide, great
" manual dexterity; and are remark-
" able for temperance and frugality.
" The laws are executed with the moſt
" ſcrupulous punctuality; the people
" are, among themſelves, perfectly
" unanimous; and, to ſtrangers, they
" are, above all others, friendly,
" courteous, and faithful.

" Such are the means; nor is it ne-
" ceſſary to ſeek for any other, by
" which they have ſubjected the ſea to
" their dominion, and included every
" nation in their commerce. But if
" jealouſy and faction ſhould break in
" among them; if they ſhould be ſe-
" duced by pleaſure, or by indolence;
" if the great ſhould regard labour and
" œconomy with contempt, and the
" manual arts ſhould no longer be
" deemed honourable; if publick
" faith ſhould not be kept with the
" ſtranger, and the laws of a free com-
" merce ſhould be violated; if manu-
" factures ſhould be neglected, and
" thoſe ſums ſpared which are neceſſary
" to render every commodity perfect
" in it's kind; that power, which is
" now the object of your admiration,
" would be ſoon at an end."

" But how," ſaid I, " can ſuch a
" commerce be eſtabliſhed at Ithaca?"
—" By the ſame means," ſaid he,
" that have eſtabliſhed it here. Re-
" ceive all ſtrangers with readineſs and
" hoſpitality; let them find ſafety,
" convenience, and liberty, in your
" ports; and be careful never to diſ-
" guſt them by avarice or pride. He
" that would ſucceed in a project of
" gain, muſt never attempt to gain too
" much; and, upon proper occaſions,
" muſt know how to loſe. Endea-
" vour to gain the good will of fo-
" reigners; rather ſuffer ſome injury
" than offend them by doing juſtice to
" yourſelf; and, eſpecially, do not
" keep them at a diſtance by an haugh-
" ty behaviour. Let the laws of trade
" be neither complicated nor burden-
" ſome; but do not violate them your-
" ſelf, nor ſuffer them to be violated
" with impunity. Always puniſh
" fraud with ſeverity; nor let even
" the negligence or prodigality of a
" trader eſcape; for follies, as well as
" vice, effectually ruin trade, by ruin-
" ing thoſe who carry it on. But,
" above all, never reſtrain the freedom
" of commerce, by rendering it ſub-
" ſervient to your own immediate gain;
" the pecuniary advantages of com-
" merce ſhould be left wholly to thoſe
" by whoſe labour it ſubſiſts, leſt this
" labour, for want of a ſufficient mo-
" tive, ſhould ceaſe: there are more
" than equivalent advantages of ano-
" ther kind, which muſt neceſſarily
" reſult to the prince, from the wealth
" which a free commerce will bring
" into his ſtate; and commerce is a
" kind of ſpring, which, to divert
" from it's natural channel, is to loſe.
" There are but two things which in-
" vite foreigners, profit and conveni-
" ency: if you render commerce leſs
" convenient, or leſs gainful, they
" will inſenſibly forſake you; and
" thoſe that once depart will never re-
" turn; becauſe other nations, taking
" advantage of your imprudence, will
" invite them to their ports, and an
" habit will ſoon be contracted of
" trading without you. It muſt, in-
" deed, be confeſſed, that the glory
" even

" even of Tyre has for some time " been obscured. O my dear Tele- " machus, hadst thou beheld it before " the reign of Pygmalion, how much " greater would have been thy asto- " nishment! The remains of Tyre " only are now to be seen; ruins " which have yet the appearance of " magnificence, but will shortly be " mingled with the dust. O unhappy " Tyre! to what a wretch art thou " subjected; thou, to whom, as to the " sovereign of the world, the sea so " lately rolled the tribute of every " nation!

" Both strangers and subjects are " equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and, " instead of throwing open our ports " to traders of the most remote coun- " tries, like his predecessors, without " any stipulation or enquiry, he de- " mands an exact account of the num- " ber of vessels that arrive, the coun- " tries to which they belong, the name " of every person on board, the man- " ner of their trading, the species and " the value of their commodities, and " the time they are to continue upon " his coast: but this is not the worst; " for he puts in practice all the little " artifices of cunning to draw the fo- " reign merchants into some breach of " his innumerable regulations, that, " under the appearance of justice, he " may confiscate their goods. He is " perpetually harrassing those persons " whom he imagines to be most weal- " thy; and increasing, under various " pretences, the incumbrances of trade, " by multiplying taxes: he affects to " merchandize himself; but every one " is afraid to deal with him. And " thus commerce languishes; foreign- " ers forget, by degrees, the way to " Tyre, with which they were once so " well acquainted: and, if Pygmalion " persists in a conduct so impolitick " and so injurious, our glory and our " power will be transferred to some " other nation, which is governed up- " on better principles."

' I then enquired of Narbal by what ' means the Tyrians had become so ' powerful at sea; for I was not willing ' to be ignorant of any of the arts of ' government. " We have," said he, " the forests of Lebanon, which fur- " nish sufficient timber for building " ships; and we are careful to reserve " it all for that purpose, never suffer- " ing a single tree to be felled but for " the use of the publick: and we have " a great number of artificers, who are " very skilful in this species of archi- " tecture."—" Where could these ar- " tificers be procured?" said I. " They " are the gradual produce," said he, " of our own country. When those " who excel in any art are constantly " and liberally rewarded, it will soon " be practised in the greatest possible " perfection: for persons of the highest " abilities will always apply them- " selves to those arts by which great " rewards are to be obtained. But, " besides pecuniary rewards, whoever " excels in any art or science upon " which navigation depends, receives " great honour: a good geometrician " is much respected; an able astrono- " mer yet more; and no rewards are " thought too great for a pilot who " excels in his profession. A skilful " carpenter is not only well paid, but " treated with some deference; and " even a dextrous rower is sure of a " reward proportioned to his services; " his provision is the best of it's kind, " proper care is taken of him when he " is sick, and of his wife and children " when he is absent: if any perish by " shipwreck, their families are pro- " vided for; and those who have been " in the service a certain number of " years are dismissed with honour, and " enabled to spend the remainder of " their days without labour or solici- " tude. We are, therefore, never in " want of skilful mariners; for it is " the ambition of every father to " qualify his son for so advantageous " a station: and boys, almost as soon " as they can walk, are taught to ma- " nage an oar, to climb the shrowds, " and to despise a storm. Men are " thus rendered willingly subservient " to the purposes of government, by " an administration so regular, that it " operates with the force of custom; " and by rewards so certain, that the " impulse of hope is irresistible: and, " indeed, by authority alone little can " be effected; mere obedience, like " that of a vassal to his lord, is not " sufficient; obedience must be ani- " mated by affection; and men must " find their own advantage in that la- " bour which is necessary to effect the " purposes of others."

' After this discourse, Narbal car- ' ried

'ried me to the publick ſtorehouſes, 'the arſenals, and all the manufac-'tories that relate to the ſhipping. I 'enquired minutely into every article, 'and wrote down all that I learned, 'leſt ſome uſeful circumſtance ſhould 'afterwards be forgotten.

'But Narbal, who was well ac-'quainted with the temper of Pygma-'lion, and had conceived a zealous 'affection for me, was ſtill impatient 'for my departure, dreading a diſco-'very by the king's ſpies, who were 'night and day going about the city: 'but the wind would not yet permit 'me to embark; and one day, while 'we were buſied in examining the 'harbour with more than common at-'tention, and queſtioning ſeveral mer-'chants of commercial affairs, one of 'Pygmalion's officers came up to Nar-'bal, and ſaid—"The king has juſt "learned, from the captain of one of "the veſſels which returned with you "from Egypt, that you have brought "hither a perſon who paſſes for a na-"tive of Cyprus; but who is, indeed, "a ſtranger of ſome other country. "It is the king's pleaſure that this "perſon be immediately ſecured, and "the country to which he belongs cer-"tainly known; and for this you are "to anſwer with your head." Juſt 'at this moment I had left Narbal at 'a little diſtance, to examine more 'nearly the proportions of a Tyrian 'veſſel, which was almoſt new, and 'which was ſaid to be the beſt ſailer 'that had ever entered the port; and I 'was then ſtating ſome queſtions to 'the ſhipwright under whoſe directions 'it had been built.

'Narbal anſwered, with the utmoſt 'conſternation and terror, that the fo-'reigner was really a native of the 'Iſland of Cyprus, and that he would 'immediately go in ſearch of him: but 'the moment the officer was out of 'ſight, he ran to me, and acquainted 'me with my danger. "My appre-"henſions," ſaid he, "were but too "juſt: my dear Telemachus, our ruin "is inevitable. The king, who is "night and day tormented with miſ-"truſt, ſuſpects that you are not a "Cyprian; and has commanded me "to ſecure your perſon under pain of "death. What ſhall we do? May "the gods deliver us by more than "human wiſdom, or we periſh! I muſt "produce you to the king; but do "you confidently affirm that you are "a Cyprian, of the city of Amathus, "and ſon of a ſtatuary of Venus. I "will confirm your account, by de-"claring that I was formerly ac-"quainted with your father; and per-"haps the king, without entering into "a more ſevere ſcrutiny, will ſuffer "you to depart: this, however, is the "only expedient by which a chance of "life can be procured for us both."

'To this counſel of Narbal I an-'ſwered—"Let an unhappy wretch "periſh, whoſe deſtruction is the de-"cree of Fate! I can die without ter-"ror; and I would not involve you in "my calamity, becauſe I would live "without ingratitude: but I cannot "conſent to lie. I am a Greek; and "to ſay that I am a Cyprian, is to "ceaſe to be a man: the gods, who "know my ſincerity, may, if it is con-"ſiſtent with their wiſdom, preſerve "me by their power; but fear ſhall "never ſeduce me to attempt my own "preſervation by falſhood."

"This falſhood," anſwered Nar-'bal, "is wholly without guilt; nor "can it be condemned even by the "gods: it will produce ill to none; it "will preſerve the innocent; and it "will no otherwiſe deceive the king, "than as it will prevent his incurring "the guilt of cruelty and injuſtice. "Your love of virtue is romantick, "and your zeal for religion ſuperſti-"tious."

"That it is a falſhood," ſaid I, "is to me a ſufficient proof that it can "never become a man who ſpeaks in "the preſence of the gods, and is un-"der perpetual and unlimited obliga-"tions to truth. He who offers vio-"lence to truth, as he counteracts the "dictates of conſcience, muſt offend "the gods, and injure himſelf: do "not, therefore, urge me to a conduct "that is unworthy both of you and "of me. If the gods regard us with "pity, they can eaſily effect our deli-"verance; and if they ſuffer us to "periſh, we ſhall die the martyrs of "truth, and leave one example to "mankind, that virtue has been pre-"ferred to life. My life has been al-"ready too long, ſince it has been only "a ſeries of misfortunes; and it is the "danger of your's only, my dear Nar-"bal, that I regret. Why, alas!

" should your friendship for a wretched
" fugitive be fatal to yourself?"

' This dispute, which had continued ' a considerable time, was at length in- ' terrupted by the arrival of a person, ' who had run till he was not able im- ' mediately to speak; but we soon ' learned that he was another of the ' king's officers, and had been dis- ' patched by Astarbe. Astarbe had ' beauty that appeared to be more than ' human, and a mind that had almost ' the power of fascination; her general ' manner was sprightly, and her par- ' ticular address soft and insinuating: ' but, with all this power to please, she ' was, like the Syrens, cruel and ma- ' lignant; and knew how to conceal ' the worst purposes by inscrutable dis- ' simulation. She had gained an ab- ' solute ascendency over Pygmalion by ' her beauty and her wit, the sweetness ' of her song, and the harmony of her ' lyre; and Pygmalion, in the ardour ' of his passion for this mistress, had ' put away Topha his queen. He ' thought only how he should gratify ' Astarbe, who was enterprizing and ' ambitious; and his avarice, however ' infamous, was scarce more a curse ' than his extravagant fondness for this ' woman. But, though he was pas- ' sionately enamoured of her, she re- ' garded him with contempt and aver- ' sion: she disguised, indeed, her real ' sentiments, and appeared to desire life ' itself only as the means of enjoying ' his society, at the very moment in ' which her heart sickened at his ap- ' proach.

' At this time there was at Tyre a ' young Lydian named Melachon, who ' was extremely beautiful, but disso- ' lute, voluptuous, and effeminate: his ' principal care was to preserve the ' delicacy of his complexion, and to ' spread his flaxen hair in ringlets over ' his shoulders, to perfume his person, ' adjust his dress, and chaunt amorous ' ditties to the musick of his lyre. Of ' this youth Astarbe became enamour- ' ed to distraction; but he declined ' her favours, because he was himself ' equally enamoured of another, and ' dreaded the jealousy of the king. ' Astarbe perceived herself slighted; ' and, in the rage of disappointment, ' resolved that he who rejected her ' love, should at least gratify her re- ' venge: she thought of representing ' Melachon to the king as the stranger ' whom he had been informed Narbal ' had brought into Tyre, and after ' whom he had caused enquiry to be ' made. In this fraud she succeeded ' by her own arts of persuasion, and by ' bribing to secresy all who might have ' discovered it to Pygmalion: for as ' he neither loved virtue himself, nor ' could discover it in others, he was ' surrounded by abandoned mercena- ' ries, who would, without scruple, ' execute his commands, however ini- ' quitous and cruel. To these wretches ' the authority of Astarbe was formi- ' dable; and they assisted her to deceive ' the king, lest they should give offence ' to an imperious woman, who mono- ' polized his confidence. Thus Me- ' lachon, though known to be a Lydian ' by the whole city, was cast into pri- ' son, as the foreigner whom Narbal ' had brought out of Egypt.

' But Astarbe, fearing that, if Nar- ' bal should come before the king, he ' might discover the imposture, dis- ' patched this officer with the utmost ' expedition, who delivered her com- ' mands in these words. " It is the " pleasure of Astarbe that you do not " discover the stranger whom you " brought hither to the king: she re- " quires nothing of you but to be " silent, and will herself be answerable " for whatever is necessary to your " justification; but let your friend " immediately embark with the Cy- " prians, that he may be no more seen " in the city." Narbal, who received ' this proposal of deliverance with ex- ' tasy, readily promised to fulfil the ' conditions; and the officer, well sa- ' tisfied to have succeeded in his com- ' mission, returned to Astarbe to make ' his report.

' Upon this occasion, we could not ' but admire the Divine Goodness, ' which had so suddenly rewarded our ' integrity, and interposed, almost by a ' miracle, in favour of them that were ' ready to have sacrificed every thing to ' truth: and we reflected, with horror, ' upon a king who had given himself ' up to avarice and sensuality. " He " who is thus suspicious of deceit," ' said we, " deserves to be deceived; " and, indeed, that which he deserves " he suffers: for, as he suspects the " upright of hypocrisy, he puts him- " self into the hands of wretches who " profess

" profeſs the villainy that they prac-
" tiſe; and almoſt every other perſon
" in the kingdom perceives the fraud
" by which he is over-reached. Thus,
" while Pygmalion is made the tool of
" a ſhameleſs ſtrumpet, the gods ren-
" der the falſhood of the wicked an
" inſtrument of preſervation to the
" righteous, to whom it is leſs dread-
" ful to periſh than to lie!"

'At the very time in which we were
' making theſe reflections, we perceived
' the wind change. It now blew fair
' for the Cyprian fleet; and Narbal
' cried out—" The gods declare for
" thee, my dear Telemachus, and will
" compleat thy deliverance! Fly from
" this cruel, this execrable coaſt! To
" follow thee, to whatever climate—to
" follow thee in life and death—would
" be happineſs and honour! But, alas!
" Fate has connected me with this
" wretched country: with my country
" I am born to ſuffer; and, perhaps,
" in her ruins I ſhall periſh! But of
" what moment is this, if my tongue
" ſhall be ſtill faithful to truth, and my
" heart ſhall hold faſt it's integrity!
" As for thee, my dear Telemachus,
" may the gods, who guide thee by
" their wiſdom, reward thee to the ut-
" moſt of their bounty, by giving and
" continuing to thee that virtue which
" is pure, generous, and exalted!
" Mayeſt thou ſurvive every danger,
" return in ſafety to Ithaca, and deli-
" ver Penelope from the preſumption
" of her ſuitors! May thy eyes behold,
" and thy arms embrace, the wiſe U-
" lyſſes thy father; and may he re-
" joice in a ſon that will yet add new
" honours to his name! But, in the
" midſt of thy felicity, ſuffer, at leaſt,
" the ſorrows of friendſhip, the pleaſ-
" ing anguiſh of virtue, to ſteal upon
" thee for a moment; and remember
" unhappy Narbal with a ſigh, that
" ſhall at once expreſs his misfortunes
" and thy affection."

' My heart melted within me as he
' ſpoke; and, when he expected my re-
' ply, I threw myſelf upon his neck,
' and bedewed it with my tears, but
' was unable to utter a word: we there-
' fore embraced in ſilence; and he then
' conducted me to the veſſel. While
' we weighed anchor, he ſtood upon
' the beach; and, when the veſſel was
' under ſail, we mutually looked to-
' wards each other, till the object be-
' came confuſed, and at length totally
' diſappeared.'

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IV.

CALYPSO, who had, till this inſtant, ſat motionleſs, and liſtening, with inexpreſſible delight, to the adventures of Telemachus, now interrupted him, that he might enjoy ſome reſpite. 'It is time,' ſaid ſhe, 'that, after ſo many toils, you ſhould taſte the ſweets of repoſe. In this iſland you have nothing to fear; every thing is here ſubſervient to your wiſhes; open your hearts, therefore, to joy, and make room for all the bleſſings of peace, which the gods are preparing for you: and to-morrow, when the roſy fingers of Aurora ſhall unlock the golden doors of the eaſt, and the ſteeds of Phœbus ſhall ſpring up from the deep, diffuſing the beams of day, and driving before them the ſtars of Heaven, the hiſtory of your misfortunes, my dear Telemachus, ſhall be reſumed. You have exceeded even your father in wiſdom and in courage: nor has Achilles, the conqueror of Hector; nor Theſeus, who returned from hell; nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from ſo many monſters; diſplayed either fortitude or virtue equal to yours. May one deep and unbroken ſlumber render the night ſhort to you! though, to me, alas! it will be wearifome and long. With what impatience ſhall I deſire again to ſee you; to hear your voice; to urge you to repeat what I have been told already; and enquire after what I am ſtill to learn! Go, then, my dear Telemachus, with that friend whom the bounty of the gods has again reſtored; retire into the grotto which has been prepared for your repoſe. May Morpheus ſhed his benigneſt influence upon your eye-lids, that are now heavy with watching, and diffuſe a pleaſing languor through your limbs, that are fatigued by labour! May he cauſe the moſt delightful dreams to ſport around you; fill your imagination with gay ideas; and keep far from you whatever might chace them away too ſoon!'

The goddeſs then conducted Telemachus into the ſeparate grotto, which was not leſs rural, or pleaſant, than her own. In one part of it, the lulling murmurs of a fountain invited ſleep to the weary; and in another, the nymphs had prepared two beds of the ſofteſt moſs, and covered them with two large ſkins; one with that of a lion for Telemachus, and the other with that of a bear for Mentor.

They were now alone; but Mentor, before he reſigned his eyes to ſleep, ſpoke thus to Telemachus. 'The pleaſure of relating your adventures has enſnared you; for, by diſplaying the

'the dangers which you have surmounted by your courage and your ingenuity, you have captivated Calypso; and, in proportion as you have enflamed her passions, you have ensured your own captivity. Can it be hoped that she will suffer him to depart who has displayed such power to please? You have been betrayed to indiscretion by your vanity. She promised to relate some stories to you, and to acquaint you with the adventures and the fate of Ulysses; but she has found means to say much without giving you any information, and to draw from you whatever she desired to know. Such are the arts of the flatterer and the wanton! When, O Telemachus! will you be wise enough to resist the impulse of vanity, and know how to suppress incidents that do you honour, when it is not fit they should be related? Others, indeed, admire the wisdom which you possess at an age in which they think folly might be forgiven: but I can forgive you nothing; your heart is known only to me, and there is no other who loves you well enough to tell you your faults. How much does your father still surpass you in wisdom?'

'Could I then,' answered Telemachus, 'have refused an account of my misfortunes to Calypso?'—'No,' replied Mentor; 'but you should have gratified her curiosity only by reciting such circumstances as might have raised her compassion: you might have told her that, after having long wandered from place to place, you was first a captive in Sicily, and then a slave in Egypt. This would have been enough; and all that was more served only to render that poison more active which now rages at her heart; a poison from which I pray the gods that thy heart may be defended.'

'But what can now be done?' said Telemachus. 'Now,' replied Mentor, 'the sequel of your story cannot be suppressed: Calypso knows too much to be deceived in that which she has yet to learn; and to attempt it would be only to displease her. Proceed, therefore, to-morrow, in your account of all that the gods have done for you; and speak another time with more modesty of such actions of your own as may be thought to merit praise.' This salutary advice was received by Telemachus with the same friendship with which it was given by Mentor; and they immediately lay down to rest.

As soon as the first rays of Phœbus glanced upon the mountains, Mentor heard the voice of Calypso calling to her nymphs in the neighbouring wood, and awakened Telemachus. 'It is time,' said he, 'to repress the encroachment of sleep: let us now return to Calypso, but put no confidence in her words; shut your heart against her, and dread the delicious poison of her praise. Yesterday she exalted you above the wise Ulysses your father, and the invincible Achilles; above Theseus, who filled the earth with his fame; and Hercules, who obtained a place in the skies. Did you perceive the excess of such adulation, or did you believe her praises to be just? Calypso herself laughs in secret at so romantick a falsehood, which she uttered only because she believed you to be so vain as to be gratified by the grossest flattery, and so weak as to be imposed upon by the most extravagant improbability.'

They now approached the place where they were expected by the goddess. The moment she perceived them, she forced a smile, and attempted to conceal, under the appearance of joy, the dread and anxiety which agitated her bosom; for she foresaw that, under the direction of Mentor, Telemachus, like Ulysses, would elude her snares. 'Come,' said she, 'my dear Telemachus, and relieve me from the impatience of curiosity: I have dreamed all the night of your departure from Phœnicia, to seek new adventures in the Isle of Cyprus. Let us not, therefore, lose another moment: make haste to satisfy me with knowledge; and put an end to the illusions of conjecture.' They then sat down upon grass that was intermingled with violets, and a lofty grove spread it's shadow over them.

Calypso could not refrain from looking frequently, with the most passionate tenderness, at Telemachus; nor perceive, without indignation, that every glance of her eye was remarked by Mentor. All her nymphs silently ranged

ranged themſelves in a ſemicircle, and leaned forward with the utmoſt eagerneſs of attention: the eyes of the whole aſſembly were immoveably fixed upon Telemachus; who, looking downward, and bluſhing with the moſt graceful modeſty, thus continued his narrative.

'Our ſails had not been long filled 'with the gentle breath of a favouring 'wind, before the level coaſt of Phœni- 'cia diſappeared. As I was now aſſoci- 'ated with Cyprians, of whoſe man- 'ners I was totally ignorant, I deter- 'mined to remain ſilent, that I might 'the better remark all that paſſed; and 'recommend myſelf to my compa- 'nions by the moſt ſcrupulous deco- 'rum. But, during my ſilence, a deep 'ſleep ſtole inſenſibly upon me; the 'voluntary exerciſe of all my faculties 'was ſuſpended: I ſunk into the moſt 'luxurious tranquillity, and my heart 'overflowed with delight. On a ſud- 'den I thought the clouds parted, and 'that I ſaw Venus in her chariot drawn 'by two doves; ſhe appeared in all that 'radiance of beauty, that gaiety of 'youth, that ſmiling ſoftneſs, and ir- 'reſiſtible grace, which the Thunderer 'himſelf could ſcarce ſtedfaſtly be- 'hold, when ſhe firſt iſſued from the 'foam of the ſea. I thought ſhe de- 'ſcended with aſtoniſhing rapidity, and 'in a moment reached the ſpot on which 'I ſtood; that ſhe then, with a ſmile, 'laid her hand upon my ſhoulder, and 'pronounced theſe words:—"Young "Greek, thou art now about to enter "into my dominions: thou ſhalt ſhort- "ly arrive at that fortunate iſland "where every pleaſure ſprings up un- "der my ſteps; there thou ſhalt burn "incenſe upon my altars, and I will "laviſh upon thee inexhauſtible de- "light: let thy heart, therefore, in- "dulge the utmoſt luxuriancy of hope, "and reject not the happineſs which "the moſt powerful of all the deities "is now willing to beſtow."

'At the ſame time I perceived the 'boy Cupid fluttering, on his little 'wings, round his mother. The love- 'ly ſoftneſs and laughing ſimplicity 'of childhood appeared in his counte- 'nance; but, in his eyes, which ſpark- 'led with a piercing brightneſs, there 'was ſomething that I could not be- 'hold without fear. He looked at me, 'indeed, with a ſmile; but it was the 'malignant ſmile of deriſion and cruel- 'ty: he ſelected from his golden quiv- 'er the keeneſt of all his arrows; and, 'having bent his bow, the ſhaft was 'juſt parting from the ſtring, when 'Minerva ſuddenly appeared, and lift- 'ed her immortal ægis before me. In 'her aſpect there was not that exqui- 'ſite ſoftneſs, that amorous languor, 'which I had remarked in the counte- 'nance and attitude of Venus: the 'beauty of Minerva was ſimple, chaſte, 'and unaffected; all was eaſy and na- 'tural, yet ſpirited, ſtriking, and ma- 'jeſtick. The ſhaft of Cupid, not hav- 'ing ſufficient force to penetrate the 'ſhield that intercepted it, fell to the 'ground; and the god, touched at once 'with ſhame and indignation, with- 'drew his bow, and betrayed his diſ- 'appointment by a ſigh. "Away! "preſumptuous boy!" ſaid Minerva; "thou haſt power only over the baſe, "who prefer the ſordid pleaſures of "ſenſuality to the ſublime enjoyments "of wiſdom, virtue, and honour." 'Love, bluſhing with reſtrained anger, 'flew away without reply; and Venus 'again aſcending to Olympus, I long 'traced her chariot and her doves in a 'cloud of intermingled azure and gold; 'but, at length, they were not to be 'diſtinguiſhed: and when I turned my 'eyes downwards, I perceived that Mi- 'nerva alſo had diſappeared.

'I then fancied myſelf tranſported 'to a delightful garden, which revived 'in my mind the deſcriptions that I 'had heard of Elyſium. Here I met 'with Mentor, who accoſted me in 'theſe words: "Fly from this fatal "country, this iſland of contagion, "where every breeze is tainted with "ſenſuality, where the moſt heroick "virtue has cauſe for fear, and ſafety "can be obtained only by flight!" 'The moment I ſaw Mentor, I attempt- 'ed to throw my arms about him in an 'extaſy of joy; but I ſtrove in vain to 'lift my feet from the ground, my 'knees failed under me, and my arms 'cloſed over an empty ſhade which 'eluded their graſp. The effort wak- 'ed me; and I perceived that this my- 'ſterious dream was a divine admoni- 'tion. A more animated reſolution 'againſt pleaſure, and greater diffi- 'dence of my own virtue, concurred 'to make me deteſt the effeminate and 'voluptuous manners of the Cyprians:

'but

'but I was moſt affected by the apprehenſion that Mentor was dead; and 'that, having paſſed the irremeable 'waters of the Styx, he was fixed for 'ever in the bliſsful dwellings of the 'juſt.

'I muſed upon this imaginary loſs 'till I burſt into tears; and being obſerved by the mariners, they aſked 'me why I wept. I replied, that it 'might eaſily be gueſſed why an unhappy fugitive, who deſpaired of returning to his country, ſhould weep. 'In the mean time, however, all the 'Cyprians that were on board gave 'themſelves up to the moſt extravagant 'merriment: the rowers, indeed, to 'whom a mere ſuſpenſion of labour 'was luxury, fell aſleep upon their 'oars; but the pilot, who had quitted 'the helm, and crowned himſelf with 'flowers, held in his hand an enormous bowl, which he had almoſt 'emptied of wine; and, with the reſt 'of the crew, who were equally intoxicated, roared out ſuch ſongs to the 'praiſe of Venus and Cupid, as no man 'who has a reverence for virtue can 'hear without horror.

'While they were thus thoughtleſs 'of danger, a ſudden tempeſt began to 'trouble the ocean, and obſcure the 'ſky. The winds, as in the wild ardour of unexpected freedom, were 'heard bellowing among the ſails, and 'the waves daſhed againſt the ſides of 'the veſſel, which groaned under the 'ſtrokes. We now floated on the ridge 'of a ſtupendous mountain, which 'the next moment ſeemed to glide from 'under us, and leave us buried in the 'abyſs; we perceived alſo ſome rocks 'near us, and heard the billows break 'againſt them with a dreadful noiſe. 'I had often heard Mentor ſay, that 'the effeminate and voluptuous are 'never brave; and I now found, by 'experience, that it was true; for the 'Cyprians, whoſe jollity had been ſo 'extravagant and tumultuous, now 'ſunk under a ſenſe of their danger, 'and wept like women. I heard nothing but the ſcreams of terror, and 'the wailings of hopeleſs diſtreſs: 'ſome lamented the loſs of pleaſures 'that were never to return; and ſome 'made idle vows of ſacrifice to the 'gods if they reached their port in 'ſafety; but none had preſence of mind 'either to undertake or direct the navigation of the veſſel. In this ſituation I thought it my duty to ſave the 'lives of my aſſociates, by ſaving my 'own: I therefore took the helm into my 'own hand, the pilot being ſo intoxicated as to be wholly inſenſible of the 'danger of the veſſel; I encouraged the 'affrighted mariners, and I ordered the 'ſails to be taken in. The men rowed 'vigorouſly; and we ſoon found ourſelves clear of the rocks, among 'which we had beheld all the horrors 'of death at ſo near a view.

'This event had the appearance of 'a dream to the mariners, who were 'indebted to me for their lives; and 'they looked upon me with aſtoniſhment. We arrived at the Iſle of Cyprus in that month of the ſpring which 'is conſecrated to Venus; a ſeaſon 'which the Cyprians believe to be under the influence of this goddeſs, becauſe all nature then appears to be 'animated with new vigour, and pleaſure ſeems to ſpring up ſpontaneouſly 'with the flowers of the field.

'As ſoon as I went on ſhore, I perceived a certain ſoftneſs in the air, which, 'though it rendered the body indolent 'and inactive, yet brought on a diſpoſition to gaiety and wantonneſs: and, 'indeed, the inhabitants were ſo averſe 'to labour, that the country, though 'extremely fertile and pleaſant, was 'almoſt wholly uncultivated. I met, 'in every ſtreet, crowds of women looſely dreſſed, ſinging the praiſes of 'Venus, and going to dedicate themſelves to the ſervice of her temple. 'Beauty and pleaſure ſparkled in their countenances; but their beauty was 'tainted by affectation; and the modeſt 'ſimplicity, from which female charms 'principally derive their power, was 'wanting: the diſſolute air, the ſtudied look, the flaunting dreſs, and the 'laſcivious gait, the expreſſive glances 'that ſeemed to wander in ſearch after thoſe of the men, the viſible emulation who ſhould kindle the moſt ardent paſſion, and whatever elſe I diſcovered in theſe women, moved only 'my contempt and averſion, and I was 'diſguſted by all that they did with a 'deſire to pleaſe.

'I was conducted to a temple of the 'goddeſs, of which there are ſeveral 'in the iſland; for ſhe is worſhipped at 'Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That 'which I viſited was at Cythera: the

'ſtructure,

'ſtructure, which is all of marble, is a 'compleat periſtyle; and the columns 'are ſo large and lofty, that it's ap-'pearance is extremely majeſtick. On 'each front, over the architrave and 'frieze, are large pediments, on which 'the moſt entertaining adventures of 'the goddeſs are repreſented in bas re-'lief. There is a perpetual crowd of 'people with offerings at the gate; but 'within the limits of the conſecrated 'ground no victim is ever ſlain; the 'fat of bulls and heifers is never 'burnt, as at other temples; nor are 'the rites of Pleaſure profaned with 'their blood. The beaſts that are here 'offered are only preſented before the 'altar; nor are any accepted but thoſe 'that are young, white, and without 'blemiſh: they are dreſſed with purple 'fillets embroidered with gold, and 'their horns are decorated with gilding 'and flowers. After they have been 'preſented, they are led to a proper 'place at a conſiderable diſtance, and 'killed for the banquet of the prieſts.

'Perfumed liquors are alſo offered, 'and wines of the richeſt flavour. The 'habit of the prieſts is a long white 'robe, fringed with gold at the bot-'tom, and bound round them with a 'golden girdle; the richeſt aromaticks 'of the Eaſt burn night and day upon 'the altars, and the ſmoke riſes in a 'cloud of fragrance to the ſkies. All 'the columns of the temple are adorn-'ed with feſtoons; all the ſacrificial 'veſſels are of gold; and the whole 'building is ſurrounded by a conſe-'crated grove of odoriferous myrtle. 'None are permitted to preſent the vic-'tims to the prieſt, or to kindle the hal-'lowed fire, but boys and girls of con-'ſummate beauty. But this temple, 'however magnificent, was rendered 'infamous by the diſſolute manners of 'the votaries.

'What I ſaw in this place ſtruck 'me at firſt with horror; but at length, 'by inſenſible degrees, it became fa-'miliar. I was no longer alarmed at 'the appearance of vice; the manners 'of the company had a kind of conta-'gious influence upon me; my inno-'cence was univerſally derided, and 'my modeſty and reſerve became the 'ſport of impudence and buffoonery; 'every art was practiſed to excite my 'paſſions, to enſnare me by tempta-'tion, and to kindle the love of plea-'ſure in my breaſt. I perceived that 'I was, every day, leſs capable of re-'ſiſtance; the influence of education 'was ſurmounted; my virtuous reſo-'lutions melted away; I could no 'longer ſtruggle againſt evils that preſ-'ſed upon me on every ſide; and from 'dreading vice, I came at length to be 'aſhamed of virtue. I was like a man 'who attempts to ſwim a deep and 'rapid river; his firſt efforts are vigo-'rous, and he makes way againſt the 'ſtream; but, if the ſhores are ſteep, 'and he cannot reſt himſelf upon the 'bank, he grows weary by degrees; 'his ſtrength is exhauſted; his limbs 'become ſtiff with fatigue; and he is 'carried away by the torrent. Thus 'my eyes began to grow dim to the 'deformity of vice, and my heart 'ſhrunk from the toil of virtue; I could 'no longer call in the powers of rea-'ſon to my aſſiſtance, nor remember the 'example of my father with emula-'lation: the dream, in which I had 'ſeen Mentor in the fields of Elyſium, 'repreſſed the laſt feeble effort of my 'virtue, by cutting off all hopes of 'ſupport; a pleaſing languor ſtole in-'ſenſibly upon me; and I felt, what I 'knew to be, poiſon glide from vein 'to vein, and diffuſe itſelf through 'every limb with a ſecret ſatisfaction: 'yet, by ſudden ſtarts, I deplored my 'captivity with ſighs and tears; ſome-'times I pined with regret, and ſome-'times I raved with indignation. "How wretched a period of life," 'ſaid I, "is youth! Wherefore did "the gods, who cruelly ſport with the "calamities of men, ordain them to "paſs through that ſtate, which is di-"vided between the ſports of folly and "the agonies of deſire? Why is not "my head already hoary, and why do "not my ſteps falter on the brink of "the grave? Why am I not already "like Laertes, whoſe ſon is my fa-"ther? Death itſelf would be more "eligible than the ſhameful weakneſs "to which I am now conſcious!" But 'theſe exclamations had no ſooner 'burſt from me, than my anguiſh would 'abate; and my conſcience, lulled 'again by the opiates of ſenſuality, 'would again ceaſe to be ſuſceptible of 'ſhame; till ſome ſudden thought 'would rouze me once more to ſenſi-'bility, and ſting me with yet keener 'remorſe.

'In

'In this ſtate of perplexity and anguiſh I frequently wandered about in the conſecrated grove, like a hart that has been wounded by the hunters; the ſpeed of the hart reaches the diſtant foreſt in a moment; but he carries the tormenting ſhaft in his ſide: thus I vainly attempted to eſcape from myſelf; for the anguiſh of my breaſt could not be alleviated by changing place.

'I was one day in this ſituation, when, at ſome diſtance before me, in the moſt gloomy part of the grove, I thought I diſcovered Mentor; but, upon a nearer approach, his countenance appeared ſo pale, and expreſſed ſuch a mixture of grief and auſterity, that I felt no joy in his preſence. "Can it be thou," ſaid I, "my deareſt friend, my only hope! "Can it be thou thyſelf in very deed? "Or do I thus gaze upon a fleeting "illuſion? Is it Mentor? or is it the "ſpirit of Mentor, that is ſtill touched "with my misfortunes? Art not thou "numbered among the happy ſpirits, "who rejoice in the fruition of their "own virtue; to which the gods have "ſuperadded the pure and everlaſting "pleaſures of Elyſium? Speak, Mentor; doſt thou yet live? Am I again "happy in thy counſel, or art thou "only the manes of my friend?" As I pronounced theſe words, I ran towards him breathleſs and tranſported: he calmly waited for me, without advancing a ſingle ſtep; but the gods only know with what joy I perceived that he filled my graſp. "No, "it is not an empty ſhade; I hold him "faſt; I embrace my dear Mentor!"

'Thus I expreſſed the tumult of my mind in broken exclamations; till, burſting into tears, I hung upon his neck without power to ſpeak. He continued to look ſtedfaſtly at me with a mixture of grief, tenderneſs, and compaſſion; and at laſt I found words. "Alas," ſaid I, "whence "art thou come? What dangers have "ſurrounded me in thy abſence! and "what ſhould I now have done without thee!" Mentor, not regarding my queſtions, cried out, in a voice that ſhook me with terror—"Fly! de"lay not a moment to fly. The very "fruits of this ſoil are poiſon; the air "is peſtilential; the inhabitants themſelves are contagious, and ſpeak only "to diffuſe the moſt deadly venom. "Sordid and infamous ſenſuality, the "moſt dreadful evil that iſſued from "the box of Pandora, corrupts every "heart, and eradicates every virtue. "Fly! wherefore doſt thou linger? "Fly! caſt not one look behind thee; "nor let even thy thought return to "this accurſed iſland for a moment."

'While he yet ſpoke, I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud vaniſh from before me, and my eyes were once more illuminated with the rays of unbroken light. My heart was elated with a peaceful yet vigorous joy, very different from the diſſolute and tumultuous pleaſures of deſire: one is the joy of phrenzy and confuſion, a perpetual tranſition from outrageous paſſion to the keeneſt remorſe; the other is the calm and equal felicity of reaſon, which participates of divine beatitude, and can neither ſatiate nor be exhauſted; it filled all my breaſt, and overflowed in tears; nor is there on earth any higher enjoyment than thus to weep. "Happy," ſaid I, "are thoſe by whom Virtue vouchſafes to be ſeen in all her beauty! "thus to behold her, is to love her; "and to love her is to be happy."

'But my attention was recalled to Mentor: "I muſt leave you," ſaid he; "nor can my ſtay be protracted "a moment."—"Whither doſt thou "go, then?" ſaid I. "To what de"ſart will I not follow thee! Think not "to depart without me, for I will ra"ther die at thy feet!" Immediately I caught hold of him, and held him with all my force. "It is in vain," ſaid he, "that thy zeal attempts to "detain me: I was ſold by Metophis "to the Arabs or Ethiopians, who, "being on a trading journey to Da"maſcus in Syria, determined to part "with me, imagining that they could "ſell me for a large ſum to one Hazael, "a man who was ſeeking after a Gre"cian ſlave, to acquaint him with the "manners of the country, and inſtruct "him in the ſciences: nor were they "miſtaken; for I was purchaſed by Ha"zael at a very high price. The know"ledge which he ſoon acquired of the "Grecian policy inclined him to go "into Crete, to ſtudy the laws of Mi"nos; the voyage was immediately "undertaken; but we were driven, by "contrary winds, to Cyprus; and he

" has taken this opportunity to make his " offering at the temple. I see him now " coming out; a favourable wind al- " ready fills our sails, and calls us on " board. Farewel, my dear Telema- " chus! A slave, who fears the gods, " cannot dispense with his obligation " to attend his master; the gods have " made me the property of another; " and they know, that if I had any " right in myself, I would transfer it to " you. Farewel! remember the at- " chievements of Ulysses, and the tears " of Penelope; remember also, that the " gods are just.—Ye powers, who are " the protectors of the innocent, in " what a country am I compelled to " leave Telemachus!"—" No," said I, " my dear Mentor, here thou canst " not leave me; for I will rather pe- " rish than suffer thee to depart with- " out me. But has thy Syrian ma- " ster no compassion? Will he tear " thee, by violence, from my arms? " He must either take away my life, or " suffer me to follow thee. Thou hast " thyself exhorted me to fly! why, " then, am I forbidden to fly with thee? " I will speak myself to Hazael; per- " haps he may regard my youth and " my distress with pity. He, who is " so enamoured of Wisdom as to seek " her in distant countries, cannot sure- " ly have a savage or an insensible heart. " I will throw myself at his feet; I " will embrace his knees; and will not " suffer him to depart, till he has con- " sented that I should follow thee. " My dear Mentor, I will wear the " chains of slavery with thee! I will " offer myself to Hazael; and if he re- " jects me, my lot is thrown; and I will " seek reception, where I know I shall " find it, in the grave."

' Just as I had pronounced these ' words, Mentor was called by Ha- ' zael, before whom I immediately fell ' prostrate on the ground. Hazael, ' who was astonished to see a stranger ' in that posture, asked what I would ' request. " I request my life," said I; " for, if I am not permitted to fol- " low Mentor, who is your servant, " I must die. The son of the great " Ulysses is before thee, who surpassed " in wisdom all the Grecian princes; " by whom Troy, a city famous " throughout all Asia, was overturn- " ed: but think not that I boast the " dignity of my birth to exact a tribute " to my vanity; I mean only to strength- " en the claim of misfortune to thy " pity. I have wandered from coast " to coast, in search of my father, with " this person, whom Friendship has " made a father to me; but Fortune " has at length compleated my cala- " mity, by taking him from me: he is " now thy slave; let me, therefore, be " thy slave also. If thou art, indeed, " a lover of justice, and art going to " Crete to acquaint thyself with the " laws of Minos, thou wilt not resist " the importunity of my distress. Thou " seest the son of a mighty prince re- " duced to sue for slavery, as the only " possible condition of comfort: there " was a time when I preferred death " to servitude in Sicily; but evils which " I there suffered were but the first " essays of the rage of Fortune. I now " tremble, lest I should not be admit- " ted into that state, which then I " would have died to shun. May the " gods look down on my misfortunes! " and may Hazael remember Minos, " whose wisdom he admires, and whose " judgment shall, in the realms of " Pluto, pass upon us both."

' Hazael looked upon me with great ' complacency and humanity; and, giv- ' ing me his hand, raised me from the ' ground. " I am not ignorant," said he, " of the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses; " I have been often told what glory " he acquired among the Greeks by " Mentor; and Fame has made his " name familiar to all the nations of " the East. Follow me, son of Ulys- " ses! I will be your father, till you " find him from whom you have de- " rived your being. If I had no sense " of the glory of Ulysses, or of his " misfortunes, or of yours, the friend- " ship which I bear to Mentor would " alone induce me to take care of you: " I bought him, indeed, as a slave; but " he is now mine by a nobler con- " nexion; for the money that he cost " me procured me the dearest and most " valuable of all my friends. In him " I have found that wisdom which I " sought; and to him I owe all the " love of virtue that I have acquired: " this moment, therefore, I restore his " freedom, and continue thine; I re- " nounce your service, and require " only your esteem."

' The most piercing anguish was now ' changed in a moment to unutterable ' joy.

'joy. I perceived myself delivered 'from total ruin; I was approaching 'my country; I was favoured with as- 'sistance that might enable me to reach 'it; I had the consolation of being near 'a person whose love for me had no 'foundation but the love of virtue; 'and whatever else could contribute 'to my felicity was comprehended in 'my meeting with Mentor to part no 'more.

'Hazael proceeded directly to the 'port, followed by Mentor and myself, 'and we all embarked together: the 'peaceful waves were divided by our 'oars; and a gentle breeze, which 'sported in our sails, seemed as it were 'to animate our bark, and impel it 'forward with an easy motion. Cyprus 'quickly disappeared; and Hazael, 'who was impatient to know my sen- 'timents, asked me what I thought of 'the manners of that island. I told 'him ingenuously the dangers to which 'my youth had been exposed, and the 'conflict which had agitated my bo- 'som. He was touched at my horror 'of vice; and cried out—"Venus, I "acknowledge thy power, and that of "thy son; and I have burnt incense "upon thy altars: but forgive me, if "I detest that infamous effeminacy "which prevails in thy dominions, "and the brutal sensuality which is "practised at thy feasts."

'He then discoursed with Mentor 'of that First Power which produced 'the heavens and the earth; that Infi- 'nite and Immutable Intelligence which 'communicates itself to all, but is not 'divided; that Sovereign and Univer- 'sal Truth which illuminates intel- 'lectual nature, as the sun enlightens 'the material world. "He who has "never perceived this pure emanation "of Divinity," said Hazael, "is blind "as those who are born without sight; "he passes through life in darkness, "like that which involves the polar "regions, where the night is protracted "to half the year; he believes himself "to be wise, but is indeed a fool; he "imagines that his eye comprehends "every object, yet he lives and dies "without seeing any thing; or, at "most, he perceives only some fleet- "ing illusions by a glimmering and "deceitful light; some unsubstantial "vapours, that are every moment "changing their colour and shape, and "at length fade into total obscurity: "such is the state of every man who is "captivated by the pleasures of sense, "and allured by the gaudy phantoms "of imagination! Indeed, none are "worthy the name of men but those "who walk by the dictates of eternal "Reason, who love and follow the "guiding ray that is vouchsafed from "above; it is by this Reason that we "are inspired, when our thoughts are "good; and by this we are reproved, "when they are evil; from this we de- "rive intelligence and life; this is an "ocean, of which we are but small "streams, that are quickly re-absorb- "ed in the abyss from which they "flowed!"

'This discourse, indeed, I did not 'perfectly comprehend; yet I per- 'ceived something in it that was ele- 'vated and refined; and my heart 'caught fire at the beams of truth, 'which glanced within the verge of 'my understanding. They proceeded 'to talk of the origin of the gods, of 'heroes, poets, the golden age, and the 'universal deluge; of the river of 'Oblivion, in which the souls of the 'dead are plunged; the perpetual pu- 'nishment that is inflicted upon the 'wicked in the gloomy gulf of Tar- 'tarus; and of that happy tranquillity 'which is enjoyed in the fields of 'Elysium by the spirits of the just, who 'exult in the assurance that it shall last 'for ever.

'While Hazael and Mentor were 'discoursing on these topicks, we per- 'ceived several dolphins approaching, 'whose scales were varied with azure 'and gold, and whose sport swelled the 'sea into waves, and covered it with 'foam; these were followed by tritons, 'who, with their spiral shells, emulated 'the musick of the trumpet; and in the 'midst of them appeared the chariot of 'Amphitrite, drawn by sea-horses 'whiter than snow; which dividing the 'waves as they passed, left behind them 'long furrows in the deep; fire spark- 'led in their eyes, and from their nos- 'trils issued clouds of smoke: the cha- 'riot of the goddess was a shell, whiter 'and more bright than ivory, of a 'wonderful figure; it was mounted 'upon wheels of gold, and seemed al- 'most to fly over the level surface of 'the water; a great number of young 'nymphs swam in a crowd after the

'chariot; and their hair, which was decorated with flowers, flowed loosely behind them, and wantoned in the breeze. The goddess held in one hand a sceptre of gold, with which she awed the waves to obedience; and, with the other, she held the little god Palemon, her son, whom she suckled, upon her lap: such sweetness and majesty were expressed in her countenance, that the rebellious winds dispersed at her appearance, and gloomy tempests howled only at a distance. The tritons guided the horses with golden reins; and a large purple sail waved above, which was but half distended by a multitude of little zephyrs, who laboured to swell it with their breath. In the mid-air appeared Æolus, busy, restless, and vehement; his wrinkled and morose countenance, his hoarse and threatening voice, his shaggy brows which hung down to his beard, and the sullen austerity that gleamed in his eyes, awed the hurricanes of the north to silence, and drove back the clouds to the horizon. Whales of an enormous size, and all the monsters of the deep, that caused the sea to ebb and flow with their nostrils, rushed from their secret recesses, and came in haste to gaze upon the goddess.'

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK V.

'SOON after the goddeſs and her train diſappeared, we began to diſcover the mountains of Crete, though we could yet ſcarce diſtinguiſh them from the clouds of Heaven, and the waves of the ſea; but it was not long before the ſummit of Mount Ida was ſeen, towering above the neighbouring mountains, as the ſpreading antlers of a ſtag are diſtinguiſhed among the young fawns that ſurround him. By degrees we diſcovered more diſtinctly the coaſt of the iſland, which had the appearance of an amphitheatre. As, in Cyprus, the ſoil was wild and uncultivated; in Crete, it was fertilized and enriched with every kind of fruit by the labour of it's inhabitants.

'We perceived innumerable villages that were well built, towns that were little inferior to cities, and cities that were in the higheſt degree magnificent: there was no field on which the huſbandman had not impreſſed the characters of diligence and labour; the plough was every where to be traced; and there was ſcarce a bramble or a weed to be found in the iſland. We remarked, with pleaſure, the deep vallies in which numerous herds of cattle were grazing, among many rivulets that enriched the ſoil; the ſheep that were feeding on the declivity of the hills; the ſpacious plains that were covered with the golden bounty of Ceres; and the mountains that were adorned with the lively verdure of the vine, and cluſters of grapes that were already tinged with blue, and promiſed the bleſſing of Bacchus, wine, which ſoothes anxiety to peace, and animates wearineſs with new vigour.

'Mentor told us, that he had before been in Crete, and acquainted us with whatever he knew of the country. "This iſland," ſaid he, "which is "admired by all foreigners, and famous for it's hundred cities, produces all the neceſſaries of life in great "plenty for it's inhabitants, although "they are almoſt innumerable; for "the earth is always profuſely bountiful to thoſe who cultivate it, and "it's treaſures are inexhauſtible. The "greater the number of inhabitants in "any country, the greater plenty they "enjoy, if they are not idle; nor have "they any cauſe to be jealous of each "other. The Earth, like a good parent, multiplies her gifts, in proportion to the number of her children, "who merit her bounty by their labour. The ambition and the avarice of mankind are the only ſources "of their calamities; every individual "wiſhes to poſſeſs the portion of all,

"and

" and becomes wretched by the desire
" of superfluities. If men would be
" content with the simplicity of na-
" ture, and wish only to satisfy their
" real necessities, plenty, chearfulness,
" domestick concord, and public tran-
" quillity, would be uninterrupted and
" universal.

" A deep knowledge of these im-
" portant truths was the glory of Mi-
" nos, the wisest legislator, and the best
" of kings. All the wonders of this
" island are the effects of his laws; the
" education which he prescribed for
" children renders the body healthy and
" robust, and forms an early habit of
" frugality and labour. That every
" species and degree of voluptuousness
" will proportionably debilitate both
" the body and the mind, is an esta-
" blished maxim; and no pleasure is
" proposed as the object of desire but
" that of becoming invincible by he-
" roick virtue, and distinguished from
" others by superior glory: courage is
" not considered as the contempt of
" death only in the field of battle, but
" of superfluous wealth and shameful
" pleasure. And three vices are pu-
" nished in Crete, which in every other
" country are suffered with impunity;
" ingratitude, dissimulation, and ava-
" rice.

" It might, perhaps, be expected,
" that there should be some law against
" luxury and pomp; but at Crete lux-
" ury and pomp are not known. Every
" man labours, and no man thinks of
" becoming rich; labour is thought to
" be sufficiently recompensed by a life
" of quiet and regularity, in which all
" that the wants of nature have made
" necessary is enjoyed in plenty and in
" peace. No splendid palace nor costly
" furniture, no magnificent apparel or
" voluptuous festivity, is permitted:
" the habits are, indeed, made of the
" finest wool, and dyed of the most
" beautiful colours; but they are per-
" fectly plain, and without embroide-
" ry. Their meals, at which they
" drink little wine, are extremely tem-
" perate, consisting chiefly of bread,
" such fruits as the season produces,
" and milk: if they ever taste animal
" food, it is in a small quantity, plain-
" ly dressed, and of the coarsest kind;
" for they always reserve the finest cat-
" tle for labour, that agriculture may
" flourish. The houses are neat, con-
" venient, and pleasant, but without
" ornament: architecture is, indeed,
" well known among them, in it's ut-
" most elegance and magnificence; but
" the practice of this art is reserved for
" the temples of the gods, and it is
" thought presumptuous in a mortal to
" have a dwelling like theirs. The
" wealth of the Cretans consists in
" health, vigour, and courage, domes-
" tick quiet and concord, publick li-
" berty, plenty of all that is necessary,
" and contempt of all that is superflu-
" ous; an habit of industry, an abhor-
" rence of idleness, an emulation in
" virtue, submission to the laws, and a
" reverence of the gods."

' I enquired what were the bounds
' of the sovereign authority; and Men-
' tor answered—" The authority of the
" king over the subject is absolute, but
" the authority of the law is absolute
" over him; his power to do good is
" unlimited, but he is restrained from
" doing evil. The laws have put the
" people into his hands as the most va-
" luable deposit, upon condition that
" he shall treat them as his children;
" for it is the intent of the law, that
" the wisdom and equity of one man
" shall be the happiness of many, and
" not that the wretchedness and slavery
" of many should gratify the pride and
" luxury of one. The king ought to
" possess nothing more than the sub-
" ject, but in proportion as more is ne-
" cessary to alleviate the fatigue of his
" station, and impress upon the minds
" of the people a reverence of that au-
" thority by which the laws are exe-
" cuted. In every other respect the
" king should indulge himself less, as
" well in ease as in pleasure, and should
" be less disposed to the pomp and
" the pride of life than any other man:
" he ought not to be distinguished from
" the rest of mankind by the greatness
" of his wealth, or the variety of his
" enjoyments, but by superior wisdom,
" more heroick virtue, and more splen-
" did glory. Abroad he ought to be
" the defender of his country, by com-
" manding her armies; and, at home,
" the judge of his people, distributing
" justice among them, improving their
" morals, and increasing their felicity.
" It is not for himself that the gods
" have entrusted him with royalty; he
" is exalted above individuals only
" that he may be the servant of the pub-
" lick;

" lick: to the publick he owes all his " time, the publick should engage all " his attention, and his love should " have no object but the publick; for " he deserves dignity only in propor- " tion as he gives up private enjoy- " ments for the publick good. Minos " directed, that his children should not " succeed to his throne, but upon con- " dition that they should govern by " these maxims; for he loved his peo- " ple yet more than his family; and " by this wise institution he ensured " power and happiness to his king- " dom. Thus did Minos, the peace- " ful legislator, eclipse the glory of " mighty conquerors, who sacrificed " nations to their own vanity, and " imagined they were great. The pow- " er of these tyrants, after a few years, " left them in the grave; but the jus- " tice of Minos has placed him on a " more awful tribunal in the world of " spirits, where he distributes everlast- " ing rewards and punishments as the " supreme judge of the dead."

'As we were listening to Mentor, we ' arrived at the island: and, as soon as ' we came on shore, we viewed the cele- ' brated labyrinth which had been built ' by Dædalus, in imitation of that of ' much larger extent which we had ' seen in Egypt. While we were con- ' templating this curious edifice, we ' perceived all the coast covered with a ' multitude of people, who gathered in ' a crowd at a place not far distant ' from the sea; we enquired the cause ' of this commotion, and our curiosity ' was immediately gratified by a Cre- ' tan, whose name was Nausicrates.

" Idomeneus," said he, " the son of " Deucalion, and grandson of Minos, " accompanied the other princes of " Greece in their expedition against " Troy; and after the destruction of " that city he set sail for Crete; but they " were overtaken by so violent a tem- " pest, that the pilot, and all the per- " sons on board the vessel, who were " skilled in navigation, believed their " shipwreck to be inevitable. Death " was present to every imagination; " every one thought he saw the abyss " open to swallow him; and every one " deplored the misfortune, which did " not leave him the mournful hope of " that imperfect rest, to which the spi- " rits of the dead are admitted beyond " the waters of the Styx, after funeral " rites have been paid to the body. In " this situation Idomeneus, lifting up " his hands and his eyes to Heaven, " and invoking Neptune, cried out— " O mighty Deity, to whom belong " the dominions of the deep, vouchsafe " to hear me in this uttermost distress! " If thou wilt protect me from the fury " of the waves, and restore me in safe- " ty to my country, I will offer up to " thee the first living object that I see " at my return!"

" In the mean time, his son hasted " to meet him with all the ardour of " filial affection, and pleased himself " with the thought of receiving the first " embrace. Unhappy youth! he knew " not that to hasten to his father was " to rush upon destruction. Idome- " neus, escaping the tempest, arrived " at his port, and returned thanks to " Neptune for having heard his vow; " but he was soon sensible of the fatal " effects it would produce. A certain " presage of misfortune made him re- " pent his indiscretion with the utmost " anguish of mind; he dreaded his arri- " val among his people, and thought " of meeting those who were most dear " to him with horror: but Nemesis, a " cruel and inexorable goddess, who " is ever vigilant to punish mankind, " and rejoices to humble the mighty " and the proud, impelled him for- " ward with a fatal and invisible hand. " He proceeded from the vessel to the " shore; but he had scarce ventured to " lift up his eyes when he beheld his " son: he started back, pale and trem- " bling; he turned his eyes on every " side to find another victim to whom " he was less tenderly allied; but it " was too late! His son sprung to him, " and threw his arms round his neck; " but perceived, with astonishment, " that, instead of returning his caresses, " he stood motionless, and at length " burst into tears.

" O my father!" said he, " what " is the cause of this sorrow? After so " long an absence, art thou grieved to " return to thy people, and restore hap- " piness to thy son? In what, alas! " have I offended? Thy eyes are still " turned from me, as if they loathed " or dreaded to behold me!" The fa- " ther, overwhelmed with grief, was " not yet able to reply; but, after some " sighs that struggled in his bosom had " burst away, he cried out—" O Nep-

" tune!

" tune! what have I promiſed thee? " On what condition haſt thou pre- " ſerved me from ſhipwreck? O leave " me again to the billows and the " rocks! Let me be daſhed to pieces, " and ſwallowed in the deep; but pre- " ſerve my ſon! Cruel and unrelent- " ing god! let my blood be accepted " as a recompence for his!" He then " ſnatched out his ſword, and at- " tempted to plunge it in his boſom; " but thoſe who ſtood near him held " back his hand: and Sophronimus, " an hoary prophet, who had long in- " terpreted the will of the gods, aſ- " ſured him that Neptune might be " ſatisfied without the death of his " ſon. "Your vow," ſaid he, "was " raſh and iniquitous; the gods are " not honoured, but offended, by cruel- " ty: do not, therefore, add one enor- " mity to another, and violate the " laws of nature to accompliſh that " vow which it was a crime to make. " Select an hundred bulls, whiter than " ſnow; decorate the altar of Neptune " with flowers; let theſe victims be thy " blameleſs offering, and let a cloud " of grateful incenſe aſcend in honour " of the god."

" Idomeneus heard this addreſs in " an attitude of deſperation, and with- " out reply; his eyes ſparkled with " fury, his viſage became ghaſtly, his " colour changed every moment, and " his whole body ſhook with the agony " of his mind. His ſon was touched " with his diſtreſs; and having no " wiſh but to relieve it—"My father," " ſaid he, "am I not here? Delay not " to appeaſe the god to whom thou haſt " vowed; nor bring down his ven- " geance upon thy head. If thy life " can be redeemed with mine, I will " die content: ſtrike, then, O my fa- " ther! and fear not that, at the ap- " proach of death, I ſhould diſcover a " weakneſs that is unworthy of thy " ſon!"

" At this moment Idomeneus, ſtart- " ing from his poſture with the ſudden " violence of outrageous phrenzy, as " if rouzed by the ſcourge of the in- " fernal Furies, ſurprized the vigi- " lance of thoſe who had their eyes " upon him, and plunged his ſword " in the boſom of his ſon: he drew it " haſtily back; and, while it was yet " warm, made an effort to ſheath it a " ſecond time in his own breaſt; but in " this he was again prevented. The " youth, who immediately fell, lay " weltering in his blood: his eyes were " ſuffuſed with the ſhades of death; " he attempted to open them; but, not " being able to bear the light, they " were immediately cloſed in everlaſt- " ing darkneſs.

" A lily of the field, when it's root " is cut away by the ploughſhare, be- " ing no longer ſupported by the ſtalk, " languiſhes upon the ground; and, " though it does not immediately loſe " all the luſtre of it's beauty, yet it is " no more nouriſhed by the earth, nor " quickened by a vital principle: thus " fell the ſon of Idomeneus; cut down, " like a flower, by an untimely ſtroke, " in the firſt bloom of his youth.

" The father, ſtupified by exceſs of " grief, knew neither where he was, " what he had done, nor what he ought " to do; but walked, with faltering " ſteps, toward the city, and enquired " eagerly for his child.

" In the mean time, the people, who " were moved with compaſſion for the " youth, and with horror at the cruelty " of the father, cried out, that the " juſtice of the gods had given him up " to the Furies: their rage immediately " ſupplied them with weapons; one " ſnatched a ſtick, others caught up a " ſtone, and diſcord infuſed rancour " and malignity into every boſom. " The Cretans, however wiſe, were at " this time exaſperated to folly, and " renounced their allegiance to their " king. His friends, therefore, as " they could no otherwiſe preſerve " him from popular fury, conducted " him back to the fleet; where they " went on board with him, and once " more committed themſelves to the " mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, " as ſoon as he recovered from his " phrenzy, thanked them for having " forced him from a country which he " had ſtained with the blood of his " ſon; and which, therefore, he could " not bear to inhabit. The winds " wafted them to the coaſt of Heſpe- " ria; and they are now forming a " new ſtate in the country of the Sa- " lentines.

" The Cretans, having thus loſt " their king, reſolved to elect ſuch a " perſon in his ſtead as ſhould admi- " niſter the eſtabliſhed laws of the na- " tion in their utmoſt purity: for this

" purpoſe

" purpose the principal inhabitants of " every city have been summoned to " this place; the sacrifices, which are " the first solemnities of the election, " are already begun; the most cele- " brated sages of all the neighbouring " countries are assembled to propose " questions to the candidates as a trial " of their sagacity; and preparations " are made for publick games, to de- " termine their courage, strength, and " activity: for the Cretans are re- " solved, that, as their kingdom is the " prize, they will bestow it upon him " only who shall be adjudged superior " to all others both in body and in " mind; and, to render the victory more " difficult by increasing the number of " competitors, all foreigners are in- " vited to the contest."

' Nausicrates, after having related ' these astonishing events, pressed us to ' enter the lists. " Make haste," said ' he, " O strangers! to our assembly, " and engage, among others, in the " contest; for if the gods decree the " victory to either of you, he will be " the sovereign of Crete!" He then ' turned hastily from us; and we fol- ' lowed him, not with any desire of ' victory, but only that we might gra- ' tify our curiosity, by being present at ' so uncommon and important a trans- ' action.

' We came to a kind of circus of a ' vast extent, in the middle of a thick ' forest: within the circus was an area ' prepared for the combatants, sur- ' rounded by a circular bank of fresh ' turf, on which were seated an innu- ' merable multitude of spectators. We ' were received with the utmost civility; ' for the Cretans excel all other people ' in a liberal and religious performance ' of the duties of hospitality: they not ' only caused us to be seated, but in- ' vited us to engage in the exercises. ' Mentor declined it on account of his ' age; and Hazael, as being in an ill ' state of health: my youth and vigour ' left me no excuse; however, I glanced ' my eye upon Mentor, to discover his ' sentiments; and, I perceived that he ' wished I should engage. I therefore ' accepted the offer that had been made ' me; and throwing off my apparel, ' my limbs were anointed with oil, and ' I placed myself among the other com- ' batants. A rumour immediately ' passed through the whole multitude, ' that the new candidate for the king- ' dom was the son of Ulysses; for se- ' veral of the Cretans, who had been ' at Ithaca when I was a child, remem- ' bered my face.

' The first exercise was wrestling. ' A Rhodian, who appeared to be about ' thirty-five years of age, threw all that ' ventured to encounter him: he was ' still in his full vigour; his arms were ' nervous and brawny; his muscles ' were discovered at every motion; and ' his limbs were not less supple than ' strong. There was now no compe- ' titor remaining but myself; and, as ' he thought no honour was to be gain- ' ed by overcoming so feeble an oppo- ' nent, he indulged the compassion ' which he felt for my youth, and ' would have retired; but I pressed ' forward, and presented myself before ' him. We immediately seized each ' other, and grappled, till both were ' out of breath; we stood shoulder to ' shoulder, and foot to foot; every ' nerve was strained, our arms were en- ' twined, like serpents, in each other, ' and each of us endeavoured to lift his ' antagonist from the ground. He at- ' tempted to throw me, sometimes by ' surprize, and sometimes by mere ' strength; sometimes on one side, and ' sometimes on the other: but, while ' he was thus practising all his skill ' and force upon me, I threw myself ' forward, by a sudden effort, with ' such violence, that the muscles of ' his back giving way, he fell to the ' ground, and drew me upon him. All ' his efforts to get me under him were ' ineffectual; I held him immoveable ' under me, till the multitude shouted— " Victory to the son of Ulysses!" and ' then I assisted him to rise, and he re- ' tired in confusion.

' The combat of the cestus was more ' difficult. The son of a wealthy citizen ' of Samos had acquired such reputa- ' tion in this exercise, that the rest of ' the candidates yielded to him without ' contest; and the hope of victory ani- ' mated no bosom but mine. In the ' first outset I received such blows on ' the head and stomach, that blood ' gushed from my mouth and nostrils, ' and a thick mist seemed to fall upon ' my eyes: I reeled; my antagonist ' pressed upon me; and I was just sink-

'ing, faint and breathleſs, when I 'heard Mentor cry out—"O ſon of "Ulyſſes, wilt thou be vanquiſhed!" 'The voice of my friend encouraged 'me to farther reſiſtance, and diſdain 'ſupplied me with new ſtrength. I 'avoided ſeveral blows, which I muſt 'otherwiſe have ſunk under; and my 'antagoniſt having miſſed a ſtroke, I 'ſeized the opportunity of his arm be-'ing carried away by it's own vigour, 'and his body bent forward, to aim 'a blow at him that he could not ward 'off, and I raiſed my ceſtus that it 'might deſcend with greater force: he 'ſaw my advantage; and, ſtepping 'back, he writhed his body to avoid 'the ſtroke. By this motion, the equi-'librium was deſtroyed, and I eaſily 'threw him to the ground. I imme-'diately offered him my hand, which 'he refuſed; and he got up without aſ-'ſiſtance, covered with duſt and blood; 'but though he ſhewed the utmoſt 'ſhame at his defeat, yet he did not 'dare to renew the combat.

'The chariot races immediately fol-'lowed. The chariots were diſtri-'buted by lot; and mine happened to 'be the worſt of the whole number: 'the wheels were more heavy, and the 'horſes leſs vigorous. We ſtarted; 'and the cloud of duſt that roſe be-'hind us obſcured the ſky. At the 'beginning of the race, I ſuffered the 'others to get before me: but a young 'Lacedemonian, whoſe name was Cran-'tor, left them all behind him; and 'Polycletus, a Cretan, followed him 'at a ſmall diſtance. Hippomachus, a 'relation of Idomeneus, who was am-'bitious to ſucceed him, giving reins 'to his horſes, which were covered 'with ſweat, leaned forward over their 'necks; and the wheels whirled round 'with ſuch rapidity, that, like the 'wings of an eagle floating upon the 'air, they ſeemed not to move at all. 'My horſes, which had been breathed 'by degrees, beginning now to exert 'themſelves, ſoon left almoſt all thoſe 'that had ſet out with ſo much ardour 'at a great diſtance behind them; and 'Hippomachus, preſſing forward to 'keep his advantage with too much 'eagerneſs, the moſt vigorous of his 'horſes fell down, and put an end to 'the hopes of his maſter. Polycletus, 'leaning too much over his horſes, was 'thrown out of his chariot by a ſudden 'ſhock; the reins were forced out of 'his hand; and though he had now no 'hope of victory, he thought himſelf 'happy to have eſcaped with his life. 'Crantor, perceiving, with jealouſy 'and indignation, that I was now cloſe 'behind him, urged forward with more 'eagerneſs; ſometimes vowing rich of-'ferings to the gods, and ſometimes 'encouraging his horſes: he was afraid 'I ſhould paſs him, by driving between 'his chariot and the barrier of the 'courſe; becauſe my horſes, having 'been leſs exhauſted, were able to get 'before him, if they had room, though 'they ſhould wheel round on the out-'ſide of the track. This could be no 'otherwiſe prevented than by obſtruct-'ing the paſſage; he therefore, though 'he ſaw the danger of the attempt, 'drove up ſo cloſe to the barrier, that 'his wheel, being forced againſt it, 'was torn off, and his chariot diſ-'mounted. I had now nothing to do 'but to turn ſhort, that I might keep 'clear of him; and the next moment he 'ſaw me at the goal. The multitude 'once more ſhouted—"Victory to the "ſon of Ulyſſes! It is he whom the "gods have appointed to reign over "us!"

'We were then conducted, by the 'moſt illuſtrious and venerable of the 'Cretans, into a wood, which had been 'long kept ſacred from the vulgar and 'the prophane; where we were convened 'by thoſe ancient oracles of wiſdom 'who had been appointed by Minos to 'preſerve the laws from violation, and 'adminiſter juſtice to the people. But 'into this aſſembly only thoſe who 'had contended in the games were ad-'mitted. The ſages opened the book 'into which all the laws of Minos had 'been collected. I was touched with 'reverence and humility when I ap-'proached theſe fathers of their coun-'try, whom age had rendered venera-'ble without impairing their vigour of 'mind. They ſat, with great order 'and ſolemnity, in a fixed poſture; 'their hair was white as ſnow, but 'ſome of them had ſcarce any left; and 'their countenances, though grave, 'were brightened with a calm and pla-'cid ſagacity. They were not forward 'to ſpeak; and they ſaid nothing that 'was not the reſult of mature delibe-'ration:

'ration: when their opinions were different, they supported them with so much candour and moderation, that it could scarce be believed they were not of one mind. By long experience, and close application, they had acquired the most acute discernment and extensive knowledge; but that which principally conduced to the strength and rectitude of their judgment, was the sedate, dispassionate tranquillity of mind, that had been long freed from the tumultuous passions and capricious levity of youth. Wisdom alone was their principle of action; and, by the long and habitual practice of virtue, they had so corrected every irregular disposition, that they tasted the calm, yet elevated, delights of reason without alloy. To these awful beings I lifted up my eyes with admiration; and wished that, by a sudden contraction of my life, I might immediately arrive at so desirable an old age; for I perceived youth to be a state of infelicity, subject to the blind impetuosity of passion, and far from the perspicacious tranquillity of their virtue.

'The person who presided in this assembly opened the book into which all the laws of Minos had been collected. It was a large volume, and was kept locked up, with the richest perfumes, in a golden box. When it was taken out, all the sages kissed it with a profound respect, and said that, the gods only excepted, from whom all good is originally derived, nothing should be held so sacred as those laws which promote wisdom, virtue, and happiness: those who put these laws in execution for the government of others, should also, by these laws, govern themselves; for it is the law that ought to reign, and not the man. Such were the sentiments of this hoary council: and the president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

'The first question was—"What "man is most free?" One answered, 'that it was a king who governed his 'people with absolute authority, and 'had triumphed over all his enemies. 'Another said, that it was he whose 'riches enabled him to purchase whatever he desired. In the opinion of 'some, it was a man who had never 'married, and who was perpetually 'travelling from one country to another, without subjecting himself to 'the laws of any. Others supposed it 'might be a savage, who, living wild 'in the woods, and subsisting himself 'by hunting, was independent of all 'society, and suffered no wants after 'emancipation; because, being just relieved from the severities of servitude, 'he would have a more lively sense of 'the sweets of freedom. And there 'were some who said, that a man, at 'the point of death, was more free 'than all others; because death breaks 'every bond, and over the dead the 'united world has no power.

'When my opinion was demanded, 'I was in no doubt what to answer, 'because I remembered what had been 'often told me by Mentor. "The "most free of all men," said I, "is "he whose freedom slavery itself can"not take away: he, and he only, is "free in every country and in every "condition, who fears the gods, and "whose fear has no other object. In "other words, he only is truly free, "over whom fear and desire have no "power, and who is subject only to "reason and the gods." The fathers 'looked upon each other with a smile, 'and were surprized to find my answer 'exactly the same with that of Minos.

'The second question was—"Who "is most unhappy?" To this every 'one gave such an answer as was suggested by his fancy. One said, that 'the most unhappy man was he who 'was without money, health, and reputation. Another said, it was he that 'had no friend. Some imagined none 'could be so wretched as those who 'had degenerate and ungrateful children. But a native of Lesbos, a man 'celebrated for wisdom, said, that the 'most unhappy of all men was he that 'thought himself so; because unhappiness depends much less upon adver'sity than impatience, and unfortunate 'events derive all their power to afflict 'from the minds of those to whom they 'happen. The assembly heard this 'opinion with a shout of applause; and 'every one believed that, in this question, the Lesbian would be declared

'victor. But, my opinion being asked, I formed my answer upon the 'maxims of Mentor. "The most "unhappy of all men," said I, "is a "king, who believes he shall become "happy by rendering others miserable: "his wretchedness is doubled by his "ignorance; for, as he does not know "whence it proceeds, he can apply no "remedy; he is, indeed, afraid to "know, and he suffers a crowd of sy"cophants to surround him, that keep "truth at a distance; he is a slave to "his own passions, and an utter stran"ger to his duty; he has never tasted "the pleasure of doing good, nor been "warmed to sensibility by the charms "of virtue; he is wretched, but the "wretchedness that he suffers he de"serves; and his misery, however "great, is perpetually increasing: he "rushes down the precipice of perdi"tion, and the gulph of everlasting "punishment receives him." The 'assembly attested my victory over the 'Lesbian, and the judges declared that 'I had expressed the sense of Minos.

'The third question was—"Which of "the two ought to be preferred, a king "who was invincible in war; or a "king who, without any experience in "war, could administer civil govern"ment, with great wisdom, in a time "of peace?" The majority determined 'this question in favour of the warri'or; "For skill to govern in a time of "peace," said they, "will be of but "little use if the king cannot defend "his country in a time of war, since "he will himself be divested of his au"thority, and his people will become "slaves to the enemy." Others pre'ferred the pacifick prince; because, as 'he would have more to fear from a 'war, he would be more careful to 'avoid it: but they were answered, 'that the atchievements of a conque'ror would not only increase his own 'glory, but the glory of his people, to 'whom he would subjugate many na'tions; but that, under a pacifick go'vernment, quiet and security would 'degenerate into cowardice and sloth. 'My sentiments were then asked, and 'I answered thus. "Although he "who can only govern either in peace "or war is but half a king; yet the "prince who, by his sagacity, can "discover the merit of others, and "can defend his country when it is "attacked, if not in person, yet by "his generals, is, in my opinion, to "be preferred before him who knows "no art but that of war: a prince "whose genius is entirely military "will levy endless wars to extend his "dominions, and ruin his people to "add a new title to his name. If "the nations which he now governs "are unhappy, what is it to them how "many more he conquers! A foreign "war, long continued, cannot fail of "producing disorder at home: the "manners of the victors themselves "become corrupt during the general "confusion. How much has Greece "suffered by the conquest of Troy? "She was more than ten years de"prived of her kings; and wherever "the flame of war is kindled, the laws "are violated with impunity, agricul"ture is neglected, and the sciences "are forgotten. The best prince, "when he has a war to sustain, is "compelled to the same conduct which "disgraces the worst, to tolerate li"centiousness, and employ villainy in "his service. How many daring pro"fligates are punished in a time of "peace, whom it is necessary to reward "during the disorders of war! No na"tion was ever governed by a conque"ror that did not suffer by his ambi"tion. The victorious and the van"quished are involved almost in the "same ruin, while the king grows "giddy amidst the tumult of a tri"umph. As he is utterly ignorant "of the arts of peace, he knows not "how to derive any popular advan"tages from a successful war; he is "like a man that not only defends his "own field, but forcibly takes posses"sion of his neighbour's, yet can nei"ther plow nor sow, and conse"quently reaps no harvest from either: "he seems born, not to diffuse happi"ness among his subjects by a wise "and equitable government, but to "fill the world with violence, tumult, "and desolation.

"As to the pacifick prince, it must, "indeed, be confessed, that he is not "qualified for conquest; or, in other "words, he is not born to harrass his "people, by perpetual hostilities, in a "restless attempt to subjugate others, "over whom he can have no equitable

"right;

" right; but if he is perfectly qualified
" for peaceful government, these very
" qualifications will secure his sub-
" jects against the encroachments of an
" enemy: his justice, moderation, and
" quietness, render him a good neigh-
" bour; he engages in no enterprize
" that can interrupt the peace subsisting
" between him and other states; and
" he fulfils all his engagements with a
" religious exactness; he is, therefore,
" regarded by his allies rather with
" love than fear, and they trust him
" with unlimited confidence. If a
" restless, haughty, and ambitious
" power, should molest him, all the
" neighbouring princes will interpose
" in his behalf; because from him
" they apprehend no attempt against
" their own quiet, but have every
" thing to fear from his enemy. His
" steady justice, impartiality, and pub-
" lick faith, render him the arbiter of
" all the kingdoms that surround his
" own: and while the enterprizes of
" ambition make the warrior odious,
" and the common danger unites the
" world against him, a glory, superior
" to that of conquest, comes unlooked
" for to the friend of peace, on whom
" the eyes of every other potentate are
" turned with reverence and affection,
" as the father and the guardian of
" them all. These are his advantages
" abroad; and those at home are yet
" more considerable. If he is quali-
" fied to govern in peace, it follows,
" that he must govern by the wisest
" laws: he must restrain parade and
" luxury; he must suppress every art
" which can only gratify vice; and he
" must encourage those which supply
" the necessaries of life, especially a-
" griculture, to which the principal at-
" tention of his people must be turned.
" Whatever is necessary will then be-
" come abundant; and the people, be-
" ing inured to labour, simple in their
" manners, habituated to live upon a
" little, and therefore easily gaining a
" subsistence from the field, will mul-
" tiply without end. This kingdom,
" then, will soon become extremely
" populous; and the people will be
" healthful, vigorous, and hardy; not
" effeminated by luxury, but veterans
" in virtue; not slavishly attached to a
" life of voluptuous indolence, but free
" in a magnanimous contempt of death,
" and chusing rather to die than lose
" the manly privileges which they en-
" joy under a prince who reigns only
" as the substitute of Reason. If a
" neighbouring conqueror should at-
" tack such a people as this, he might
" probably find them unskilful in
" marking out a camp, forming the
" order of battle, and managing the
" unwieldy engines of destruction that
" are used in a siege; but he would
" find them invincible by their num-
" bers, their courage, their patience
" of fatigue, their habit of endur-
" ing hardship, the impetuosity of
" their attack, and the perseverance of
" that virtue which disappointment
" cannot subdue. Besides, if their
" prince is not himself qualified to
" command his forces, he may substi-
" tute such persons as he knows to be
" equal to the trust, and use them as
" instruments, without giving up his
" authority: succours may be obtained
" from his allies; his subjects will ra-
" ther perish than become the slaves of
" injustice and oppression; and the
" gods themselves will fight in his be-
" half. Thus will the pacifick prince
" be sustained, when his danger is
" most imminent: and therefore I con-
" clude that, though his ignorance in the
" art of war is an imperfection in his
" character, since it disables him from
" executing one of the principal duties
" of his station, the chastisement of
" those who invade his dominion, or
" injure his people; yet he is infinitely
" superior to a king who is wholly
" unacquainted with civil government,
" and knows no art but that of war."

' I perceived, but without wonder,
' that many persons in the assembly
' did not approve the opinion that I
' had been labouring to maintain; for
' the greater part of mankind, dazzled
' by the false lustre of victories and
' triumphs, prefer the tumult and shew
' of successful hostilities to the quiet
' simplicity of peace, and the intrinsick
' advantages of good government:
' the judges, however, declared, that I
' had spoken the sentiments of Minos;
' and the president cried out—" The
" oracle of Apollo, known to all Crete,
" is fulfilled. Minos enquired of the
" god how long his posterity should
" govern by the laws which he had
" established; and he was answered—

" Thy

" Thy poſterity ſhall ceaſe to reign,
" when a ſtranger ſhall eſtabliſh the
" reign of thy laws." We feared that
" ſome foreigner would make a con-
" queſt of our iſland; but the misfor-
" tunes of Idomeneus, and the wiſdom
" of the ſon of Ulyſſes, who, of all
" mortals, beſt underſtands the laws of
" Minos, have diſcloſed the true ſenſe
" of the oracle. Why, then, do we
" delay to crown him whom the gods
" have appointed to be our king?"

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VI.

'THE sages immediately went 'out of the consecrated 'grove; and the chief of 'them, taking me by the 'hand, declared to the 'people, who were waiting impatiently for the decision, that 'the prize had been decreed to me. 'The words were no sooner uttered, 'than the dead silence of expectation 'was followed by an universal shout; 'every one cried out—"Let the son of "Ulysses, a second Minos, be our "king!" and the echoes of the neighbouring mountain repeated the acclamation.

'I waited a few moments, and then 'made a sign with my hand, that I desired to be heard. In this interval 'Mentor whispered me—"Wilt thou "renounce thy country? Can ambition obliterate the remembrance of "Penelope, who longs for thy return "as the last object of her hope; and "alienate thy heart from the great "Ulysses, whom the gods have resolved "to restore to Ithaca?" These words 'rouzed every tender passion in my 'bosom; and the fond desire of royalty 'was instantly absorbed in the love of 'my parents and my country. In the 'mean time, the multitude was again 'become motionless and silent; and I 'addressed them in these terms: "Illustrious Cretans! I am not worthy "the dignity which you offer. The "oracle, of which you have been reminded, does indeed express, that "the sovereignty of Crete shall depart "from the race of Minos, when a "stranger shall establish the dominion "of his laws; but it does not say that "this stranger shall be king. I am "willing to believe that I am the "stranger foretold by the oracle, and "that I have accomplished the prediction. Fortune has cast me upon "this island; I have discovered the "true sense of the laws of Minos; "and I wish that my explanation may "contribute to join them in the sovereignty with the man whom your "choice shall appoint to so important "a trust. As for me, I prefer my "country, the obscure and inconsiderable island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, with all their "opulence and glory: permit me, "therefore, to wander wherever the "Fates shall have marked my course. "If I have contended in your sports, I "was not prompted by a desire to govern "you; but only to obtain your esteem "and your pity, that you might the "more readily afford me the means of "returning to the place of my birth; "for I would rather obey my father "Ulysses, and comfort Penelope my "mother, than govern all the nations "upon the earth. You see, O Cre-

"tans!

" tans! the secret recesses of my heart: " I am compelled to leave you; but " death only can put an end to my " gratitude; your interest shall never " be less dear to me than my own ho- " nour; and I will remember you with " affection, till death shall efface the " last idea from my mind."

'I had scarce finished the last sen- 'tence, before there arose, from the in- 'numerable multitude that surround- 'ed me, a deep hoarse murmur, like 'the sound of waves that are broken 'against each other in a storm. Some 'questioned whether I was not a god 'under the appearance of a man; others 'affirmed that they had seen me in fo- 'reign countries, and knew me to be 'Telemachus; and many cried out, 'that I should be compelled to ascend 'the throne of Idomeneus. I there- 'fore again signified my intention to 'speak; and they were again silent in 'a moment, not knowing but that I 'was now about to accept what before 'I had refused. " Permit me," said 'I, " O Cretans! to tell you my " thoughts without disguise. I be- " lieve you to be the wisest of all peo- " ple; and yet there is one important " distinction which I think you have " not made: your choice ought not to " select the man who is best acquaint- " ed with the theory of your laws; " but he who, with the most steady vir- " tue, has reduced them to practice. " I am, as yet, but a youth; and, con- " sequently, without experience, and " subject to the tyranny of impetuous " passions: I am in that state which " renders it more fit for me to learn, " by obedience, how to command here- " after, than now to practise a science " which is at once so difficult and im- " portant. Do not, therefore, seek a " man who, in any exercises, either of " the mind or of the body, has conquer- " ed others; but one who has atchieved " the conquest of himself: seek a man " who has the laws of Minos written " upon his heart; and whose life has " illustrated every precept by an ex- " ample; let your choice be determined, " not by what he says, but by what he " has done."

'The venerable fathers, being much 'pleased with these sentiments, and 'hearing the applause of the assembly 'grow still louder, addressed me in 'these terms: " Since the gods no " longer permit us to hope that you " will reign over us, assist us, at least, " in the choice of a king who will " establish the reign of our laws. Is " any man known to you, who, upon " a throne, will be content with this " equitable though limited authority?" —" There is a man," said I, " to " whom I owe whatever merit I pos- " sess, whose wisdom has spoken by " my lips, and whose conversation " suggested every sentiment which you " have approved." While I was yet 'speaking, the eyes of the whole as- 'sembly were turned upon Mentor, 'whom I took by the hand, and pre- 'sented to them; at the same time, I 'related the protection which he had 'afforded to my infancy, the dangers 'from which he had delivered me, and 'the calamities that fell upon me when 'I rejected his counsel. Mentor had, 'till now, stood unnoticed among the 'crowd; for his habit was plain and 'negligent, his countenance was mo- 'dest, he spake little, and had an air 'of coldness and reserve: but as soon 'as he became the object of attention, 'a dignity and firmness, not to be de- 'scribed, were discovered in his coun- 'tenance; it was remarked, that his 'eyes were peculiarly piercing; and 'every motion expressed uncommon 'vigour and activity. Some questions 'were immediately proposed; his an- 'swers excited universal admiration; 'and the kingdom was immediately 'offered him: the kingdom, however, 'he refused without the least emotion; 'and said, that he preferred the sweets 'of a private life to the splendor of 'royalty; that the best princes were 'almost necessarily unhappy, because 'they were seldom able to effect the 'good which they designed; and were 'often betrayed, by the circumvention 'of sycophants, to the perpetration of 'evils which they intended to prevent. " If servitude," continued he, " is a " state of wretchedness, there can be " no happiness in royalty; for royalty " is nothing more than servitude in " disguise: a king is always dependent " upon those by whom he must enforce " his commands. Happy are those to " whom the toil of government is not " a duty; a duty which implies the sa- " crifice of private liberty to publick " advantage, which our country only " can claim, and which those alone " who

" who are inveſted with ſupreme au-
" thority can owe?"

' The Cretans were at firſt ſtruck ' ſilent with aſtoniſhment; but, at ' length, they aſked Mentor what per- ' ſon he would adviſe them to chuſe.

" I would adviſe you," ſaid Mentor, " to chuſe a man who well knows the " people he is to govern; and who is " alſo ſufficiently acquainted with go- " vernment to fear it as a ſtate of dif- " ficulty and danger: he that deſires " royalty does not know the duties " which royalty requires; and by him " who does not know them they can " never be fulfilled; ſuch a man de- " ſires regal authority only to gratify " himſelf; but regal authority ſhould " be entruſted with him only who " would not accept it but for the love " of others."

' The whole aſſembly, ſtill wonder- ' ing to ſee two ſtrangers refuſe a king- ' dom, which ſo many others had ſought, ' began to enquire with whom they ' had come to Crete; and Nauſicrates, ' who had conducted us from the port ' to the circus, immediately pointed to ' Hazael, with whom Mentor and my- ' ſelf had ſailed from the Iſland of ' Cyprus: but their wonder, however ' great, became ſtill greater, when they ' underſtood that he, who had juſt re- ' fuſed to be the ſovereign of Crete, ' had been lately the ſlave of Hazael; ' that Hazael, ſtruck with the wiſdom ' and virtue of his ſlave, now conſi- ' dered him as his monitor and his ' friend; and had been urged, merely ' by his deſire of knowledge, to travel ' from Damaſcus in Syria to Crete, ' that he might acquaint himſelf with ' the laws of Minos.

' The ſages then addreſſed them- ' ſelves to Hazael—" We do not dare," ' ſaid they, " to offer to Hazael the " crown which has been refuſed by " Mentor, becauſe we believe the ſen- " timents of both to be the ſame: you " deſpiſe mankind too much to rule " them; nor is there any thing in " wealth or in power that, to you, " would compenſate the toils of govern- " ment." Hazael replied—" Think " not, O Cretans! that I deſpiſe man- " kind, or that I am inſenſible to the " glory that rewards the labour by " which they are rendered virtuous " and happy; but this labour, how- " ever glorious, is attended with pain " and danger; and the external glitter " of regal pomp captivates only the " fooliſh and the vain. Life is ſhort, " and greatneſs rather irritates than " gratifies deſire: it is one of thoſe de- " ceitful acquiſitions which I am come " ſo far, not to obtain, but to deſpiſe. " Farewel! I have no wiſh but to re- " turn once more to retirement and " tranquillity, where my ſoul may " feaſt on knowledge with divine re- " flection, and where that hope of im- " mortality which is derived from vir- " tue may afford me comfort under the " infirmities of old age; or, if I have " a wiſh beſides this, it is never to be " ſeparated from the two perſons who " now ſtand before you."

' The Cretans then cried out to ' Mentor—" Tell us, O wiſeſt and " greateſt of mortals! tell us who ſhall " be our king! We will not ſuffer thee " to depart till thou haſt directed this " important choice." Mentor imme- ' diately anſwered—" As I ſtood a- " mong the crowd of ſpectators, whom " the ſports had drawn together, I per- " ceived a man who, in the midſt of " all that tumult and impatience, ap- " peared recollected and ſedate; he was " ſtill vigorous, though advanced in " years; and, upon enquiring who he " was, I ſoon learned that his name " was Ariſtodemus. I afterwards " heard ſome that ſtood near tell him, " that his two ſons were among the " candidates; but he expreſſed no ſa- " tisfaction at the news: he ſaid, " that he loved one of them too well " to wiſh him involved in the dangers " of royalty; and that he had too great " a regard for his country to wiſh it " to be governed by the other. I im- " mediately conceived, that the old man " loved one of his ſons, who had vir- " tue, with a rational affection; and " that he was too wiſe to indulge the " other in vicious irregularities. My " curioſity being now greatly increaſ- " ed, I enquired more particularly into " the circumſtances of his life; and one " of the citizens gave me this account: " Ariſtodemus," ſaid he, " bore arms " in the ſervice of his country many " years, and is almoſt covered with " ſcars; but his abhorrence of inſin- " cerity and flattery rendered him diſ- " agreeable to Idomeneus, who there-

" fore left him at Crete when he went " to the siege of Troy; and, indeed, " he was kept in perpetual anxiety by " a man who gave him such counsel as " he could not but approve, yet want- " ed resolution to follow: he was, be- " sides, jealous of the glory which he " knew Aristodemus would soon ac- " quire. The king, therefore, forget- " ting the services of his soldier, left " him here exposed to the distresses of " poverty, and to the scorn of the bru- " tal and the sordid, who consider no- " thing as merit but riches. With " poverty, however, Aristodemus was " contented, and lived chearfully in a " remote corner of the island, where " he cultivated a few acres of ground " with his own hands. In this em- " ployment he was assisted by one of " his sons, whom he loved with great " tenderness; and labour and frugality " soon made them happy in the pos- " session of whatever is necessary to a " life of rural simplicity, and some- " thing more. The old man, who was " not less a philosopher than a hero, di- " stributed this surplus among the de- " crepid and the sick; the youth he sti- " mulated to industry; he exhorted the " refractory, and instructed the igno- " rant; he was the arbitrator of every " dispute, and the father of every fami- " ly: in his own he considers no cir- " cumstance as unfortunate but the " bad disposition of his second son, up- " on whom all admonition has been " lost. The father, after having long " endured his irregularities, in hopes " that some means would be found to " correct them, has at length expelled " him from his family; and the son has " since given himself up to the grossest " sensuality; and, in the folly of his " ambition, is become a candidate for " the kingdom."

" Such, O Cretans! is the account " that was given me of Aristodemus; " whether it is true or false, is best " known to you. But, if this man is " indeed such as he has been represent- " ed, why have publick exercises been " appointed, and why have so many " strangers been brought together? " You have, in the midst of you, a man " whom you well know, and by whom " you are well known; a man to whom " all the arts of war are familiar, and " whose courage has sustained him, not " only against the spear and the dart, " but the formidable assaults of pover- " ty; who has despised the riches that " are acquired by flattery, who has " preferred labour to idleness, and " knows the advantages which are de- " rived to the publick from agricul- " ture; who is an enemy to parade and " pomp, and whose passions are under " the controul of reason; for even the " parental affection, which in others is " so often a blind instinct, acts in him " as a rational and a moral principle; " since, of two sons, he cherishes one " for his virtue, and renounces the " other for his vices: a man who, to " express all his virtues at once, is al- " ready the father of the people. In " this man, therefore, O Cretans! if, " indeed, you desire to be governed by " the laws of Minos, behold your " king!"

' The multitude immediately cried ' out, with one voice—" Aristode- " mus is, indeed, such as he has " been represented; Aristodemus is " worthy to be our king!" The fathers ' of the council then ordered that he ' should be brought before them; and ' he was immediately sought among ' the crowd, where he was mixed with ' the lowest of the people. When he ' was brought before the assembly, he ' appeared to be perfectly calm and un- ' concerned; and when he was told that ' the people had determined to make ' him king, he answered, that he would ' not accept of the office but upon three ' conditions: " First," says he, " The " throne shall be declared vacant at the " end of two years, if within that time I " do not render you better than you are; " or if you shall resist the execution of " the laws. Secondly, I will be still " at liberty to live in a simple and fru- " gal manner. Thirdly, My sons shall " not rank above their fellow citizens; " and, after my death, shall be treated, " without distinction, according to " their merit."

' At these words the air was filled ' with acclamations of joy; the diadem ' was placed upon the head of Aristo- ' demus by the chief of the hoary guar- ' dians of the law; and sacrifices were ' offered to Jupiter and the other supe- ' rior deities. Aristodemus made us ' presents, not with an ostentatious ' magnificence, but a noble simplicity.

' He

'He gave to Hazael a copy of the laws 'of Minos, written by the legiſlator 'himſelf; and a collection of tracts, 'which contained the compleat hiſtory 'of Crete from the time of Saturn and 'the golden age: he ſent on board his 'veſſel every kind of fruit that flou-'riſhes in Crete, and is unknown in 'Syria; and offered him whatever he 'ſhould need.

'As we were now impatient to de-'part, he cauſed a veſſel to be imme-'diately fitted out for us: he manned it 'with a great number of able rowers, 'and a detachment of his beſt troops; 'and he put on board ſeveral changes 'of apparel, and great plenty of pro-'viſion. As ſoon as the veſſel was 'ready to ſail, the wind became fair 'for Ithaca; but as Hazael was bound 'on a contrary courſe, it compelled 'him to continue at Crete. He took 'leave of us with great tenderneſs; 'and embraced us as friends, with 'whom he was about to part for life. "The gods," ſaid he, "are juſt; and "they know that the ſacred bond of "our friendſhip is virtue; and there-"fore they will one day reſtore us to "each other; and thoſe happy fields, "in which the juſt are ſaid to enjoy "everlaſting reſt, ſhall ſee our ſpirits "reunited to part no more. O! that "my aſhes alſo might be mixed with "yours!" Here his words became in-'articulate, and he burſt into tears; 'our eyes overflowed with equal ten-'derneſs and grief.

'Our parting with Ariſtodemus was 'ſcarce leſs affectionate. "As you "have made me a king," ſaid he, "re-"member the dangers to which you "have expoſed me! and requeſt the "gods to irradiate my mind with wiſ-"dom from above, and give me power "over myſelf, in proportion to my "authority over others. May they "conduct you in ſafety to your coun-"try, abaſe the inſolence of your ene-"mies, and give you the joy to behold "Ulyſſes again upon the throne of "Ithaca, ſupremely happy in the poſ-"ſeſſion of Penelope and Peace.—To "thee, Telemachus, I have given a "good veſſel, well manned with mari-"ners and ſoldiers, who may aſſiſt thee "againſt the perſecutors of thy mo-"ther.—For thee, Mentor, thy wiſ-"dom is ſufficient: poſſeſſing this, thou "haſt need of nothing; all that I can "give would be ſuperfluous; and all "that I can wiſh is precluded.—Go, "both of you, in peace; and may you "long be the felicity of each other! "Remember Ariſtodemus; and if "Ithaca ſhould need the aſſiſtance of "Crete, depend upon my friendſhip to "the laſt hour of my life." He then 'embraced us; and we could not 'thank him without tears.

'The wind, which now ſwelled our 'ſails, promiſed us a happy voyage. 'Mount Ida already appeared but like a 'hillock, the ſhores of Crete in a ſhort 'time totally diſappeared, and the coaſt 'of Peloponneſus ſeemed to advance 'into the ſea to meet us. But a tempeſt 'ſuddenly obſcured the ſky, and irri-'tated the billows of the deep; Night 'ruſhed upon us unawares, and Death 'preſented himſelf in all his terrors. 'It was thy awful trident, O Neptune! 'that agitated the ocean to it's remot-'eſt ſhores. Venus, to revenge the 'contempt with which we had treated 'her, even in her temple at Cythera, 'haſted to the father of the floods, 'whom ſhe addreſſed with a voice brok-'en by grief, and her eyes ſwimming 'in tears: thus, at leaſt, I have been 'informed by Mentor, who is ac-'quainted with celeſtial things: "Wilt "thou ſuffer," ſaid ſhe, "theſe im-"pious men to deride my power, and "eſcape unpuniſhed? My power has "been confeſſed by the gods them-"ſelves; and yet all who acknowledge "it in my favourite iſland, theſe pre-"ſumptuous mortals have dared to "condemn: they pride themſelves in "a frigid wiſdom, which was never "warmed by the rays of beauty; and "they deſpiſe, as folly, the delights of "love. Haſt thou forgot that I was "born in thy dominions? Wherefore "doſt thou delay to overwhelm the "wretches whom I abhor?"

'Neptune immediately ſwelled the 'waves into mountains, that reached 'the ſkies; and Venus, ſmiling upon 'the ſtorm, believed our ſhipwreck to 'be inevitable. Our pilot cried out, in 'confuſion and deſpair, that he could 'no longer withſtand the fury of the 'winds, which drove us upon the rocks 'with irreſiſtible violence; our maſt 'was broken by a ſudden guſt; and 'the moment after we heard the points

'of the rocks that were under water, 'tear upon the bottom of our veſſel: 'the water flowed in on every ſide, the 'veſſel ſunk, and the mariners ſent up 'a cry of diſtreſs to Heaven. I ran to 'Mentor; and, throwing my arms 'round him—"Death," ſaid I, "is "now indeed upon us; let us meet "him with intrepidity. The gods "have delivered us from ſo many "dangers, only that we may periſh in "this: let us die then, my dear Men-"tor; it is ſome conſolation to me "that I die with you; and it would be "hopeleſs labour to diſpute life with "the ſtorm." Mentor anſwered—"True courage never ſits down inac-"tive in deſpair: it is not enough to "expect death with tranquillity; we "ought, without dreading the event, "to continue our utmoſt efforts againſt "it. Let us lay hold on ſome frag-"ment of the veſſel; and, while this "affrighted and confuſed multitude "deplore the loſs of life, without at-"tempting to preſerve it, let us try at "leaſt to preſerve our own." While 'he was yet ſpeaking, he ſnatched up 'an axe, and divided the ſplinter that 'ſtill held the broken maſt together, 'which, falling croſs the veſſel, had 'laid it on one ſide. The top of the 'maſt already lay in the water; and 'Mentor, now puſhing off the other 'end, leaped upon it himſelf in the 'midſt of the waves; and, calling me 'by my name, encouraged me to fol-'low him. As a mighty oak, when the 'winds combine againſt it, ſtands firm 'on it's root, and it's leaves only are 'ſhaken by the tempeſt; ſo Mentor, who 'was not only fearleſs, but ſerene, ap-'peared ſuperior to the power of the 'winds and waves. I followed his ex-'ample; and the force of his example 'who could have reſiſted? We ſteered 'ourſelves upon the floating maſt, which 'was more than ſufficient to ſuſtain us 'both; and therefore rendered us a 'moſt important ſervice: for if we had 'been obliged to ſwim merely by our 'own efforts, our ſtrength muſt have 'been ſoon exhauſted. The maſt, how-'ever, on which we ſat, was often 'overturned by the tempeſt, notwith-'ſtanding it's bulk; ſo that we were 'as often plunged under the water, 'which ruſhed in at our mouths, ears, 'and noſtrils; and it was not without 'the utmoſt labour and difficulty that 'we recovered our ſeats. Sometimes a 'wave, that was ſwelled into a moun-'tain, rolled over us; and we then 'kept our hold with all our might, leſt 'the maſt, which was our only hope, 'ſhould be driven from under us in 'the ſhock.

'While we were in this dreadful ſi-'tuation, Mentor, who poſſeſſed the 'ſame tranquillity on the fragment of 'a wreck that he does now on that 'bank of turf, addreſſed me in theſe 'words: "Canſt thou believe, Tele-"machus, that the winds and waves "are the arbiters of life and death? "Can they cauſe thee to periſh, other-"wiſe than as they fulfil the command "of Heaven? Every event is deter-"mined by the gods; let the gods "therefore, and not the ſea, be the "object of thy fear. Wert thou al-"ready at the bottom of this abyſs, "the hand of Jove could draw thee "forth; or ſhouldſt thou be exalted to "the ſummit of Olympus, and behold "the ſtars rolling under thy feet, the "hand of Jove could again plunge "thee to the centre, or caſt thee head-"long into hell." I heard and admir-'ed this diſcourſe; but, though it gave 'me ſome comfort, my mind was too 'much depreſſed and confuſed to re-'ply. He ſaw me not, nor could I ſee 'him. We paſſed the whole night, 'ſhivering with cold, in a ſtate between 'life and death; driving before the 'ſtorm, and not knowing on what 'ſhore we ſhould be caſt. At length, 'however, the impetuoſity of the wind 'began to abate; and the ſea reſembled 'a perſon whoſe anger, after having 'been long indulged in tumult and 'outrage, is exhauſted by it's own ve-'hemence, and ſubſides in murmurs of 'diſcontent. The noiſe of the ſurge 'gradually died away; and the waves 'were not higher than the ridges that 'are left by the plough.

'And now Aurora threw open the 'gates of Heaven to the ſun, and cheer-'ed us with the promiſe of a better 'day; the eaſt glowed, as if on fire; 'and the ſtars, which had been ſo long 'hidden, juſt appeared, and fled at the 'approach of Phœbus. We now de-'ſcried land at a diſtance; the breezes 'wafted us towards it; and hope re-'vived in my boſom: but we looked

'round

'round in vain for our companions, 'who probably reſigned themſelves to 'the tempeſt in deſpair, and ſunk with 'the veſſel. As we approached near- 'er to the ſhore, the ſea drove us upon 'the rocks; againſt which we ſhould 'have been daſhed in pieces, but that 'we received the ſhock againſt the end 'of the maſt, which Mentor rendered 'as ſerviceable upon this occaſion as 'the beſt rudder could have been in the 'hands of the moſt ſkilful pilot. Thus, 'having paſſed the rocks in ſafety, we 'found the reſt of the coaſt riſe from 'the ſea with a ſmooth and eaſy aſcent; 'and floating at eaſe upon a gentle 'tide, we ſoon reached the ſands with 'our feet. There we were diſcovered 'by the goddeſs who inhabits this 'happy iſland; and there ſhe vouch- 'ſafed to take us into her protec- 'tion.'

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VII.

WHEN Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whoſe eyes had till then been immoveably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of aſtoniſhment and delight. 'What men,' ſaid they, 'are 'theſe! In the fortunes of whom elſe 'would the gods have taken part? and 'of whom elſe could ſuch wonders 'have been related? Ulyſſes is already 'ſurpaſſed in eloquence, in wiſdom, 'and in courage, by his ſon. What 'an aſpect! what manly beauty! what 'a mixture of dignity and complacence, 'of firmneſs and modeſty! If he was 'not known to be born of a mortal, he 'might eaſily be miſtaken for a god, 'for Bacchus, for Mercury, or, per-'haps, even for Apollo himſelf! But 'who is this Mentor? His firſt appear-'ance is that of a man obſcurely born, 'and of a mean condition; but when 'he is examined with attention, ſome-'thing inexpreſſible is diſcovered, ſome-'thing that is more than mortal!'

Calypſo heard theſe exclamations with a confuſion which ſhe could not hide; and her eyes were inceſſantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to requeſt a repetition of the ſtory to which ſhe had liſtened with ſo much delight, and as often ſuppreſſed her deſire. At length, ſhe roſe haſtily from her ſeat; and, taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighbouring grove of myrtle, where ſhe laboured, with all her art, to learn from him whether Mentor was not a deity concealed under human form. It was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to ſatisfy her curioſity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeneſs of Mentor, thought him too young to be truſted with the ſecret, and made the confidant of her deſigns: ſhe was, beſides, deſirous to prove him in the greateſt dangers; and no fortitude would have been neceſſary to ſuſtain him againſt any evil, however dreadful, and however near, if he had known himſelf to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, miſtook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypſo to diſcover what ſhe wiſhed to know were ineffectual.

In the mean time, the nymphs who had been left with Mentor gathered round him, and amuſed themſelves by aſking him queſtions. One enquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another deſired to know what he had ſeen at Damaſcus; and a third aſked him whether he had known Ulyſſes before the ſiege of Troy. Mentor anſwered them all with complacence and affability; and though he uſed no ſtudied ornaments of ſpeech, yet his expreſſion was not only ſignificant, but graceful.

graceful. The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation: her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse.

The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle, though irresistible, influence: but, in Mentor, there was something which defeated her eloquence, and eluded her beauty; something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock that hides it's foundation in the centre, and it's summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immoveable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him, with the utmost indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but, just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavouring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes labouring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed the most beautiful of her nymphs to enflame the breast of the young hero with desire; and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Telemachus, for having treated the worship which she received at Cyprus with disdain; and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief: she therefore complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his superior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the father of the gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could. The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and, thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son: the grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms: 'Who, my son, shall henceforth burn 'incense upon our altars, if those who 'despise our power escape unpunished? 'The wretches who have thus offended 'with impunity are before thee; make 'haste, therefore, to secure our ho'nour, and let thy arrows pierce them 'to the heart: go down with me to 'that island, and I will speak to Ca'lypso.' The goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain, at some distance from her grott.

'Unhappy goddess!' said she, 'thou 'hast already been despised and deser'ted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not 'only of love, but of gratitude, should 'have bound to thee; and the son, yet 'more obdurate than the father, is now 'preparing to repeat the insult. But 'Love is come in person to avenge 'thee: I will leave him with thee, and 'he shall remain among the nymphs 'of this island, as Bacchus did once 'among those of the Island of Naxos, 'who cherished him in his infancy. 'Telemachus will regard him, not as 'a deity, but as a child; and, not 'being upon his guard against him, 'will be soon sensible of his power.' The Queen of Beauty then turning from Calypso, re-ascended to Olympus in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth, and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance, which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfume.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso; and, though she was herself a deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her, and Calypso put the boy into her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear.

The

The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging: his playful caresses, and perpetual smiles, might well have persuaded all about him that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is opened to his endearments, it feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view but to betray; and his smiles have no cause but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates. But, with all his power, and all his subtlety, he did not dare to approach Mentor: in Mentor there was a severity of virtue that intimidated and kept him at a distance; he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the mean time, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing sometimes with one of these nymphs, and sometimes with another, was surprized at his sweetness and beauty: he sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause; and the more he endeavoured to remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. He observed to Mentor, that the nymphs of Calypso were very different from the women they had seen in the Island of Cyprus, whose indecent behaviour rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms: 'In these immortal beauties,' says he, 'there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love.' The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why; he could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse, which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible. 'O Telemachus,' said Mentor, 'the dangers to which you was exposed in the Isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison of those which you do not now suspect. As vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror, we are alarmed at the wanton who has thrown off all restraint; but our danger is much greater when the appearance of modesty remains; we then persuade ourselves, that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is, indeed, the object; and which we seldom learn to distrust till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, my dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth: but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread, only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island, to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt: he has already pierced the heart of Calypso, who is enamoured of you; he has enflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth! although thou knowest it not!' Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, during this admonition: 'Why,' said he, 'should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth; he has, without doubt, been long buried in the deep: and Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor, among the number that surrounds her; especially as it can scarce be supposed but that her father Icarus must have exerted his paternal authority to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance, and be witness to the violation of that truth which she plighted to my father? And if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people: neither, indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed, at every port, a band of ruffians, sufficient to cut us off at our return.'—'All that you have said,' replied Mentor, 'is only another proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labour with great subtlety to find every argument than can favour it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned; you are ingenious only to deceive yourself, and

'and to secure forbidden pleasures
'from the intrusion of remorse. Have
'you forgot that the gods themselves
'have interposed to favour your return?
'Was not your escape from Sicily su-
'pernatural? were not the misfortunes
'that you suffered in Egypt converted
'into sudden and unexpected prospe-
'rity? and were not the dangers which
'threatened you at Tyre averted by an
'invisible hand? Is it possible that,
'after so many miracles, you should
'still doubt to what end you have been
'preserved? But why do I remonstrate!
'Of the good fortune which was de-
'signed for thee thou art unworthy!
'As for myself, I make no doubt but
'I shall find means to quit this island;
'and if here thou art determined to stay,
'here am I determined to leave thee.
'In this place let the degenerate son
'of the great Ulysses hide himself
'among women, in the shameful ob-
'scurity of voluptuousness and sloth;
'and stoop, even in spite of Heaven, to
'that which his father disdained.'

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart: he was melted with tenderness and grief; but his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor, and the loss of that companion to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted. But, at the same time, the passion which had just taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. 'What!' said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, 'do you reckon as nothing
'that immortality which I may now
'share with Calypso?'—'I hold as no-
'thing,' replied Mentor, 'all that is
'contrary to the dictates of virtue, and
'to the commands of Heaven. Virtue
'now calls you back to your country,
'to Ulysses, and to Penelope; Virtue
'forbids you to give up your heart to
'an unworthy passion; and the gods,
'who have delivered you from so many
'dangers, that your name might not be
'less illustrious than that of Ulysses,
'command you to quit this island,
'where only the tyranny of Love could
'detain you; a tyranny which to re-
'sist is to subdue, and which there-
'fore it is infamous to suffer. Im-
'mortality! alas, what is immortality
'without liberty, without virtue, and
'without honour? Is it not a state of
'misery, without hope; still more de-
'plorable, as it can never end?'

To this expostulation Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes, without fearing to be reproached for his weakness. A thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns; his mind, therefore, was in a state of tumult and fluctuation, like the sea when it is at once urged by different winds of equal force. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained a long time extended motionless on the beach; sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints. His body was emaciated, and his eyes were grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered as scarcely to be known: his beauty, sprightliness, and vigour, had forsaken him; all the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost; and life itself suffered by a swift but silent decay. As a flower that blows in the morning fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of it's colours, droops, withers, and at length falls with it's own weight; so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that all his virtue and resolution were irresistibly borne down by the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from it's most pernicious effects. He had remarked that Calypso was enamoured of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis: for as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens, that by those whom we love we are beloved again: he therefore resolved to make Calypso jealous; and it having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus that they would go out together a-hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. 'I have
'observed,' said he, 'that Telemachus
'has of late been more fond of the
'chace than I ever knew him before;
'he seems now to take pleasure in no-

'thing else; and is in love only with 'mountains and forests. Is the chace 'also thy favourite pleasure, O god-'dess? and has he caught this ardour 'from thee?' Calypso was so stung by this question, that she could neither dissemble her emotion, nor hide the cause. 'This Telemachus,' said she, 'whose 'heroick virtue despised the pleasures 'that were offered him in the Isle of 'Cyprus, has not been able to with-'stand the charms of one of my nymphs, 'who is not remarkable for beauty. 'How did he dare to boast of having at-'chieved so many wonders! a wretch, 'whom luxury has rendered sordid 'and effeminate, and who seems to 'have been intended by Nature for a 'life of indolence and obscurity among 'women!' Mentor observed, with pleasure, that Calypso suffered great anguish from her jealousy; and therefore said nothing more to inflame it at that time, lest she should suspect his design: but he assumed a look that expressed dejection and concern. The goddess discovered, without reserve, her uneasiness at all that she saw, and incessantly entertained him with new complaints. The hunting-match, to which Mentor had called her attention, exasperated her beyond all bounds; for she knew that Telemachus had nothing in view but to draw Eucharis from the rest of the nymphs, that he might speak to her in private. A second hunting match was proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso knew that it was intended for the same purpose as the first; which being determined to disappoint, she declared that she would be of the party; but her emotion being too violent to be concealed, she suddenly broke out into this reproachful expostulation: 'Is it thus, 'then, presumptuous boy! that thou 'hast made my dominions an asylum 'from the resentment of Neptune, and 'the righteous vengeance of the gods? 'Hast thou entered this island, which 'mortals are forbidden to approach, 'only to defy my power, and despise 'my love?—Hear me, ye gods of the 'celestial and infernal world! let the 'sufferings of an injured deity awaken 'your vengeance! overtake this perfi-'dious, this ungrateful, this impious 'mortal, with swift destruction!—Since 'thy obduracy and injustice are greater 'than thy father's, may thy sufferings 'also be longer and more severe; may 'thy country be for ever hidden from 'thy eyes, that wretched, that despi-'cable country, which, in the folly of 'thy presumption, thou hast, without 'a blush, preferred to immortality with 'me! or rather, mayest thou perish 'when, in the distant horizon, it first 'rises before thee: mayest thou then, 'plunged in the deep, be driven back, 'the sport of the waves, and cast lifе-'less upon these sands, which shall de-'ny thee burial! May my eyes see the 'vultures devour thee! they shall see 'them; and she whom thou lovest shall 'see them also; she shall see them with 'despair and anguish, and her misery 'shall be my delight!'

While Calypso was thus speaking, her whole countenance was suffused with rage; there was a gloomy fierceness in her looks, which continually hurried from one object to another; her lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded them, and her colour, which was sometimes pale as death, changed every moment: her tears, which she had been used to shed in great plenty, now ceased to flow, as if despair and rage had dried up their source; and her voice was hoarse, tremulous, and interrupted. Mentor remarked all the changes of her emotion, but said nothing more to Telemachus: he treated him as a man infected with an incurable disease, to whom it was in vain to administer remedies; but he frequently regarded him with a look that strongly expressed his compassion.

Telemachus was sensible of his weakness, and conscious that he was unworthy of the friendship of Mentor; he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should meet those of his monitor, by whose very silence he was condemned: he was often ready to throw himself upon his neck, and at once to confess and renounce his folly; but he was sometimes restrained by a false shame, and sometimes by a consciousness that his profession would not be sincere; and a secret fondness for a situation, which, though he knew to be dangerous, was yet so pleasing, that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the mean time the deities, assembled upon Olympus, kept their eyes fixed, in silent suspense, upon the Island of Calypso, to see the issue of this contest between Venus and Minerva. Cupid, who, like a playful child, had been

caressed

careſſed by all the nymphs in their turns, had ſet every breaſt on fire; Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herſelf of that jealouſy which is inſeparable from love, to preclude it's effects; and Jupiter reſolved to ſit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might eſcape from her chains, practiſed a thouſand arts to detain him. She was now ready to go out with him to the ſecond chace, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dreſſed herſelf like Diana; and the deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now ſuperior even to thoſe of Calypſo. Calypſo beheld her at a diſtance; and ſeeing her own reflection alſo in a fountain near which ſhe ſtood, the compariſon filled her with grief and ſhame: ſhe hid herſelf in the innermoſt receſs of her grotto, and gave herſelf up to theſe reflections: 'I have then vainly endeavoured to interrupt the pleaſure of 'theſe lovers, by declaring that I 'would go with them to the chace: 'ſhall I ſtill go? Alas! ſhall I be a foil 'to her beauties? ſhall I increaſe her 'triumph and his paſſion? Wretch 'that I am, what have I done! I will 'not go; nor ſhall they: I know well 'how to prevent them. If I entreat 'Mentor to quit the iſland with his 'friend, he will immediately conduct 'him to Ithaca. But what do I ſay! 'When Telemachus is departed, what 'will become of Calypſo! Where am 'I! what ſhall I do!—O cruel Venus! 'O Venus, thou haſt deceived me; thou 'haſt betrayed me with a fatal gift! '—Pernicious boy! I opened my heart to 'thee, ſeduced by the pleaſing hope that 'thou wouldſt introduce felicity; but 'thou haſt perfidiouſly filled it with 'anguiſh and deſpair. My nymphs 'have combined againſt me; and my 'divinity ſerves only to perpetuate my 'ſufferings. O that I could put an 'end to my being and my ſufferings together! But I cannot die; and therefore, Telemachus, thou ſhalt not live! 'I will revenge myſelf of thy ingratitude; the nymph, who is the partner 'of thy crime, ſhall be the witneſs of 'thy puniſhment; and in her preſence 'will I ſtrike thee to the heart. But 'I rave: O unhappy Calypſo! what 'wouldſt thou do? Wouldſt thou deſtroy the guiltleſs youth whom thou 'haſt already made wretched? It is I 'that have kindled, in the chaſte boſom 'of Telemachus, a guilty flame. How 'pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue! how noble his deteſtation of vice, how heroick his diſdain of inglorious pleaſure! Why did 'I taint ſo immaculate a breaſt? He 'would have left me, alas! And muſt 'he not leave me now? or, ſince he 'lives but for my rival, if he ſtays, 'muſt he not ſtay only to deſpiſe me? 'But I have merited the miſery that I 'ſuffer!—Go then, Telemachus! again 'let the ſeas divide us; go, and leave 'Calypſo without conſolation, unable 'to ſuſtain the burden of life; unable 'to lay it down in the grave! Leave me, 'without conſolation, overwhelmed 'with ſhame, and deſpoiled of hope; 'the victim of remorſe, and the ſcorn of 'Eucharis!'

Thus ſhe ſighed alone in the obſcurity of her grotto: but, the next moment, ſtarting ſuddenly from her ſeat, ſhe ran out with a furious impetuoſity: 'Where art thou, Mentor?' ſays ſhe; 'is it thus that thy wiſdom ſuſtains 'Telemachus againſt the miſchief that 'is even now ready to overwhelm him? 'thou ſleepeſt while Love is vigilant 'againſt thee. I can bear this ſlothful 'indifference no longer! Wilt thou always ſee the ſon of the great Ulyſſes 'diſhonour his birth, and forego the 'advantages of his fortune, with this 'negligent tranquillity? It is to thy 'care, and not mine, that his friends 'have committed him; wilt thou then 'ſit idle while I am buſy for his preſervation? The remoteſt part of this 'foreſt abounds in tall poplars, of 'which a commodious veſſel may eaſily be built: in that place Ulyſſes 'himſelf built the veſſel in which he 'ſet ſail from this iſland; and, in that 'place, you will find a deep cave, 'which contains all the implements that 'are neceſſary for the work.' She had no ſooner given Mentor this intelligence, than ſhe repented of it; but he loſt not a moment to improve it. He haſted immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and in one day conſtructed a veſſel fit for the ſea; for, to Minerva, a ſhort time was ſufficient for a great work.

Calypſo, in the mean time, ſuffered the moſt tormenting anxiety and ſuſpence: ſhe was, at the ſame time, im-

patient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information, and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chace. Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers; and therefore she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest where she supposed Mentor would be at work. She soon thought she heard the strokes of the axe and the mallet; she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted in the very moment of attention by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sign, or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to rally her lover: 'Are not you 'afraid,' says she, 'that Mentor will 'chide you for going to the chace with-'out him! What a pity it is that you 'have so severe a master! He has an 'austerity that nothing can soften; he 'affects to despise pleasure himself, and 'therefore interdicts it to you, not ex-'cepting even the most innocent amuse-'ments. It might, indeed, be proper 'for you to submit to his direction be-'fore you was able to govern yourself; 'but after you have given such proofs 'of wisdom, you ought no longer to 'suffer yourself to be treated like a 'child.'

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart; he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke: yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation, that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work. Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance; and a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes; her knees trembled, she was covered with a cold sweat, and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her; among whom Eucharis, pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had finished his work and was retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended? She could not answer him immediately; but at length she told him it was to send away Mentor, whom she had directed to build it for that purpose. 'You,' said she, 'shall be no 'longer distressed by the austerity of 'that severe censor, who opposes your 'happiness, and would become jealous 'of your immortality.'—'To send 'away Mentor!' said Telemachus: 'if 'he forsakes me I am undone!—If he 'forsakes me, whom shall I have left, 'Eucharis, but thee?' Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprize and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import. He discovered his indiscretion the moment it was too late; the whole company were struck dumb with confusion; Eucharis blushed; and, fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear: but though shame glowed upon her cheek, yet joy revelled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection, that he scarce knew what he had done; the whole appeared to him like a dream; but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going: at length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting her return. 'Be gone,' said she, 'from this island, O stranger! 'who art come hither only to interrupt 'my peace! Be gone, thou hoary do-'tard! with that infatuated boy; and 'be assured, that if he is found another 'hour within my dominions, thou shalt 'know the power of a deity to punish. 'I will see him no more; nor will I 'suffer my nymphs to have any farther 'intercourse with him: this I swear by 'the waters of Styx, an oath at which 'the inhabitants of eternity tremble!— 'But thou, Telemachus, shalt know 'that thy sufferings are yet but begun. 'I dismiss thee from this island; but 'it is only to new misfortunes: I will 'be revenged; and thou shalt regret 'the abuse of my bounty in vain. Nep-'tune still resents the injury which he 'received from thy father in Sicily; 'and, solicited by Venus, whose wor-

'ship

'ſhip thou haſt ſince deſpiſed in the 'Iſle of Cyprus, he is now preparing 'to excite new tempeſts againſt thee. 'Thou ſhalt ſee thy father, who is not 'dead; but, when thou ſeeſt him, thou 'ſhalt not know him; and, though thou 'ſhalt meet him in Ithaca, thou ſhalt 'firſt ſuffer the ſevereſt perſecutions of 'Fortune. Be gone! I conjure the 'celeſtial deities to revenge me! Mayeſt 'thou be ſuſpended in the middle of 'the deep, by the crag of ſome ſoli-'tary and naked rock! There may the 'thunder ſtrike thee from above; and 'there mayeſt thou invoke Calypſo, 'who ſhall ſcorn thy repentance, and 'enjoy thy puniſhment!' But the rage of Calypſo evaporated with the very breath that expreſſed it, and the deſire of retaining Telemachus revived in her boſom. 'Let him live,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'and let him live here! Perhaps, 'in time, he will learn to ſet a juſt va-'lue upon my friendſhip, and reflect 'that Eucharis has no immortality to 'beſtow. But, alas! I have enſnared 'myſelf by an inviolable oath; it has 'bound me with everlaſting bonds; 'and the irremeable waters of Styx, 'by which I have ſworn, preclude for 'ever the return of hope!' While theſe thoughts paſſed ſilently in her boſom, the characteriſticks of all the Furies were impreſſed upon her countenance, and all the peſtilential vapours of Cocytus ſeemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance ſtruck Telemachus with horror; ſhe inſtantly perceived it; for what is hidden from the perſpicacity of love? and the diſcovery added new violence to her phrenzy. She ſuddenly ſtarted away from the place where ſhe ſtood, with all the fury that inſpires the votaries of Bacchus when their ſhouts echo from the mountains of Thrace; ſhe ruſhed into the woods with a javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs to follow her, and threatening to pierce thoſe who ſhould ſtay behind: terrified at this menace, they thronged round her, and Eucharis among the reſt, her eyes ſwimming in tears, and her laſt look directed to Telemachus, to whom ſhe did not dare to ſpeak. The goddeſs trembled when ſhe approached her; and was ſo far from being ſoftened by her ſubmiſſion, that ſhe burned with new rage, when ſhe perceived that affliction itſelf only heightened her beauty.

Telemachus was now left alone with Mentor; and, after a ſhort interval of ſilence and confuſion, he threw himſelf on the ground, and embraced his knees: he did not dare to throw himſelf on his neck, or even to lift up his eyes upon him. He burſt into tears; he attempted to ſpeak, but his voice failed him; and he was yet more at a loſs for words; he knew not what he ought to do, what he did, or what he would do: but at length he cried out—'O more than 'father! O Mentor! deliver me from 'the evils that ſurround me! I can 'neither forſake nor follow you: de-'liver me from evils that are worſe 'than death! Deliver me from myſelf; 'put an end to my being!'

Mentor embraced him, comforted and encouraged him; and, without ſoothing his paſſion, reconciled him to life. 'O ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes!' ſaid he, 'whom the gods have ſo highly 'favoured, and whom they favour 'ſtill; the very ſufferings of which 'thou art now complaining are new 'teſtimonies of their love: he who has 'never felt the ſtrength of his paſſions, 'and his own weakneſs, is not yet ac-'quainted with wiſdom; he is not yet 'acquainted with himſelf; nor is he 'aware how little his own heart is to 'be truſted. The gods have led thee, 'as it were, by the hand, to the brink 'of deſtruction; they have ſhewed thee 'the depth of the abyſs, but they have 'not ſuffered thee to fall in: ſecure 'now the knowledge which otherwiſe 'thou couldſt never have acquired; 'and improve that experience, without 'which it would have been in vain to 'tell thee of the treachery of Love, 'who flatters only to deſtroy, and who 'conceals the keeneſt anguiſh under 'the appearance of delight. Thou 'haſt now ſeen, and known, this love-'ly, this perfidious boy: he came hi-'ther blooming in immortal beauty, 'and all was mirth and ſport, elegance 'and diſſipation; he ſtole away thy 'heart, and thou hadſt pleaſure in 'permitting the theft; yet didſt thou 'wiſh to perſuade thyſelf that it was 'ſtill thy own. Thou waſt ſolicitous 'to deceive me, and to flatter thyſelf; 'and thou art now gathering the fruits 'of thy indiſcretion. Thou art im-'portuning me to take away thy life; 'and that I will comply is the only 'hope that lingers in thy breaſt: the

'goddeſs

'goddeſs is transformed, by the vio-
'lence of her paſſion, to an infernal
'fury; Eucharis is tormented by a
'flame leſs tolerable than the pains of
'death; and among the other nymphs
'of Calypſo, Jealouſy has ſcattered all
'her plagues with an unſparing hand.
'Such are the exploits of that boy,
'whoſe appearance was ſo gentle and
'lovely! How greatly, then, art thou
'beloved by the gods, who have opened
'a way for thee to fly from him, and
'return to thy country, the object not
'of a blameleſs only, but a noble paſ-
'ſion! Calypſo is herſelf compelled to
'drive thee hence: the veſſel is ready;
'call up, then, all thy courage, and
'let us make haſte to quit this iſland,
'where it is certain that virtue can ne-
'ver dwell.'

Mentor, while he was yet ſpeaking, took Telemachus by the hand, and led him towards the ſhore. Telemachus conſented with ſilent reluctance, and looked behind him at every ſtep. Eucharis was ſtill in ſight, though at a conſiderable diſtance; and not being able to ſee her face, he gazed at her fine hair, which, tied in a lock, played gracefully behind her, and at her looſe light robe that flowed negligently in the wind: he remarked the eaſy majeſty of her gait, and could have kiſſed the mark of her footſteps on the ground. When his eye could no longer reach her, he liſtened; and he perſuaded himſelf that he heard her voice: he ſtill ſaw her, though ſhe was abſent; his fancy realized her image; and he thought that he was talking with her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing any thing that was ſaid by Mentor.

But, at length, awaking as from a dream—'Mentor,' ſaid he, 'I am re-
'ſolved to follow you; but I have not
'yet taken leave of Eucharis; and I
'would rather periſh than abandon her
'with ingratitude! Stay only till I ſee
'her once more; ſtay only till I bid
'her farewel for ever. Let me tell
'her, that the gods, jealous of my fe-
'licity, compel me to depart; but that
'they ſhall ſooner put a period to my
'life, than blot her from my remem-
'brance. O my father! grant me this
'laſt, this moſt reaſonable, requeſt; or
'deſtroy me this moment, and let me
'die at your feet! I have no deſire to
'continue in this iſland; nor will I
'give up my heart to love: it is, in-
'deed, a ſtranger to the paſſion; for
'all that I feel for Eucharis amounts
'but to friendſhip and gratitude. I
'deſire only to bid her farewel, and I
'will then follow you without a mo-
'ment's delay.'

'My ſon,' replied Mentor, 'my
'pity for you is more than I can ex-
'preſs: your paſſion is ſo violent, that
'you are not ſenſible it poſſeſſes you;
'you imagine yourſelf to be in a ſtate
'of tranquillity, even while you are
'adjuring me to take away your life.
'You declare that you are not under
'the influence of love, while you feel
'yourſelf unable to quit the object of
'your paſſion; while you ſee and hear
'her only, and are blind and deaf to
'all beſide: ſo the wretch, whom a fe-
'ver has rendered delirious, tells you
'he is not ſick. Your underſtanding
'is blinded by deſire: you are ready
'to renounce Penelope, who expects
'you in Ithaca; and Ulyſſes, whom
'you ſhall certainly ſee again at your
'return, and to whoſe throne you are
'to ſucceed. You would give up all
'the glory which the gods have pro-
'miſed, and confirmed by the miracles
'which they have wrought in your be-
'half, to live with Eucharis in obſcu-
'rity and diſgrace; and yet you pre-
'tend that your attachment to her is
'not the effect of love! What is it
'but love that troubles you? what
'but love has made you weary of life?
'and what elſe produced the tranſport
'that betrayed your ſecret to Calypſo?
'I do not accuſe you of inſincerity;
'but I pity your deluſion. Fly, fly,
'O Telemachus! for love is conquered
'only by flight: againſt ſuch an ene-
'my, true courage conſiſts in fear and
'retreat; in retreat without delibera-
'tion, and without looking back.
'You cannot have forgotten the tender
'anxieties you have coſt me from your
'earlieſt infancy, nor the dangers
'which my counſel has enabled you
'to avoid; why, then, will you diſ-
'truſt me now? Believe me, or let me
'leave you to your fate. You know
'not the anguiſh that my heart has felt
'to ſee you ruſh forward in the path
'of deſtruction; you know not what
'I ſecretly ſuffered when I did not
'dare to ſpeak to you: your mother
'felt not a ſeverer pang at your birth.
'I was ſilent; and ſuppreſſed even my
'ſighs, in the fond hope that you would
'at

'at length return to me without admonition or reproof. O my son! restore to me that which is dearer than life; give me thyself; and be once more mine and thy own. If reason shall at length prevail over passion, I shall live; and my life shall be happy: but if, in the contest with passion, reason shall give way, my happiness is at an end, and I can live no longer.'

During this discourse, Mentor continued to advance towards the sea; and Telemachus, who had not yet sufficient resolution to follow him, was yet so far influenced as to suffer himself to be led forward without resistance. Minerva, in this crisis of his fate, still concealed under the form of Mentor, covered him invisibly with her shield, and diffused round him the divine radiance of uncreated light: it's influence was immediate and irresistible; and Telemachus was conscious to a strength of mind, which, since he came into the Island of Calypso, he had never felt. They came at length to the sea shore, which in that place was steep and rocky; it projected in a cliff, which was broken by the foaming surge below, and which, from the top, commanded an extensive prospect of the country: from this promontory they looked to see whether the ship, which had been built by Mentor, was still in the place where they had left it; and they beheld a scene which, to Mentor at least, was extremely mortifying and distressful.

Love, who was conscious that his shafts could make no impression upon Mentor, now saw him carry off Telemachus, with new pangs of disappointed malignity: he wept with rage and vexation; and went in search of Calypso, who was wandering about in the most gloomy recesses of the forest. The moment she saw him, a deep sigh escaped her, and she felt every wound in her bosom begin to bleed afresh. 'Art 'thou a goddess?' said the disdainful boy; 'and dost thou suffer thyself to 'be defied by a feeble mortal, who is 'captive in thy dominions? Why is 'he suffered to depart with impunity?' —'O fatal power!' replied Calypso, 'let me no more listen to thy dangerous 'counsel, which has already seduced 'me from a state of perfect and delicious tranquillity, and plunged me 'in an abyss of misery, where thought 'itself can find no bottom. All counsel is, indeed, too late: I have sworn, 'by the waters of the Styx, that I will 'not detain him; and this awful oath, 'Jupiter himself, the father of the gods, 'omnipotent and eternal, does not dare 'to violate.—Depart, then, Telemachus, from this island!—Depart thou 'also, pernicious boy! for my misfortunes are derived rather from thee 'than from him!'

Love, drying up his tears, replied, with a smile of derision and disdain—'And this oath has left you without 'an expedient! Leave the matter, then, 'to my management. As you have 'sworn to let Telemachus depart, take 'no measures to detain him; but neither I nor your nymphs are bound by 'your oath. I will secretly incite 'them to burn the vessel that Mentor 'has so hastily built, and his diligence 'to circumvent us shall be ineffectual; 'he also shall be circumvented in his 'turn, and find himself unexpectedly 'deprived of all means to rescue Telemachus from your power.'

The voice of Love thus soothed the despair of Calypso, as the breath of the zephyr, upon the margin of a stream, refreshes the languid flock which are fainting in the burning heat of the summer's sun: the sweet influence of hope and joy was again felt in her breast; her countenance became serene, and her eye soft and placid; the glooms of care were dissipated for a moment; she stopped, she smiled; and she repaid the flattery of the wanton boy with caresses, which prepared new anguish for her heart.

Cupid, pleased with his success upon Calypso, went to try his influence upon her nymphs: they were scattered about upon the mountains like a flock of sheep, which, pursued by some hungry wolf, had fled far from the shepherd. Having soon got them together—'Telemachus,' says he, 'is still in your 'hands; but, if a moment is lost, he 'will escape you: make haste, then, 'and set fire to the vessel which the temerity of Mentor has constructed to 'carry him off!' Torches were now lighted in a moment; they rushed towards the sea-shore, with the cries and gestures of frantick Bacchanals, their hair dishevelled, and their limbs trembling; the flames spread; the whole vessel

veſſel was ſoon in a blaze; and the ſmoke, intermixed with ſheets of fire, roſe in a cloudy volume to the ſky.

Telemachus and Mentor ſaw the flames, and heard the cries of the nymphs from the top of the rock. Telemachus was ſecretly inclined to rejoice at what had happened; the health of his mind was not yet perfectly reſtored: and Mentor remarked, that his paſſion was like a fire not totally extinguiſhed, which, from time to time, gleams from the embers, and frequently throws out ſparks with a ſudden and unexpected vigour. 'Now,' ſays Telemachus, 'our retreat is cut off, and 'our eſcape from this iſland is impoſ-'ſible!' Mentor, who perceived that he was relapſing into all his follies, knew that not a moment was to be loſt: he ſaw a veſſel lying at anchor at a diſtance, which did not approach the ſhore, becauſe it was well known to all pilots that the Iſland of Calypſo was inacceſſible. This wiſe guardian of unexperienced youth, therefore, ſuddenly puſhed Telemachus from the top of the rock into the ſea, and inſtantly leaped after him. Telemachus, who was at firſt ſtunned by the fall, drank of the briny wave, and became the ſport of the ſurge: but, at length, recovering from his aſtoniſhment, and ſeeing Mentor, who ſtretched out his hand to aſſiſt him in ſwimming, he thought only how to leave the iſland at a diſtance.

The nymphs, who before imagined that they had ſecured their captives, uttered a dreadful cry when they ſaw them eſcape: Calypſo, again overwhelmed with deſpair, retired to her grotto, which ſhe filled with unavailing complaints; and Love, who ſaw his triumph ſuddenly changed into a defeat, ſprung up into the air; and, ſpreading his wings, took his flight to the groves of Idalia, where he was expected by Venus. The boy, ſtill more cruel than his mother, conſoled himſelf for his diſappointment, by laughing, with her, at the miſchief they had done.

Telemachus felt, with pleaſure, that his fortitude, and his love of virtue, revived as his diſtance from the fatal Iſland of Calypſo increaſed. 'I now,' ſaid he to Mentor, 'experience what 'you have told me; but what, if I had 'not experienced, I could never have 'believed: "Vice can only be con-"quered by flight!" My father, how 'dear a teſtimony have the gods given 'me of their love, by granting me the 'guidance and protection of thy wiſ-'dom! I deſerve, indeed, to be de-'prived of both; I deſerve to be aban-'doned to my own folly. I now fear 'neither ſeas nor winds; I apprehend 'danger only from my paſſions: love 'alone is more to be dreaded than all 'the calamities of ſhipwreck.'

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

Plate IV.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VIII.

THE veſſel which lay at anchor, and which Telemachus and Mentor were approaching, was of Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus. The Phœnicians who were on board had ſeen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt; but he could not be ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed to be known while he was ſwimming in the ſea. When Mentor was near enough the veſſel to be heard, he raiſed his head above the water, and called out, with a loud voice—'Phœnicians! 'you who ſuccour alike the diſtreſſed 'of all nations, refuſe not your aſſiſt-'ance to two ſtrangers, whoſe life de-'pends upon your humanity: if you 'have any reverence for the gods, take 'us on board, and we will accompany 'you whitherſoever you are bound.' The commander of the veſſel immediately anſwered—'We will receive you 'with joy: it is not neceſſary that you 'ſhould be known to us; it ſuffices that 'you are men, and in diſtreſs.' He gave orders accordingly; and they were taken into the ſhip.

When they firſt came aboard, they were ſo exhauſted and out of breath, that they could neither ſpeak nor move; for they had been ſwimming a long time, and had ſtruggled hard with the billows. They recovered, however, by degrees, and had change of apparel brought them, their own being heavy with the water it had imbibed, which ran off from all parts. As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, the Phœnicians gathered round them, and were impatient to hear their adventures. 'How,' ſaid the commander, 'did 'you get into that iſland from whence 'you came hither? It is in the poſſeſ-'ſion of a goddeſs, who ſuffers no man 'to enter it; and, indeed, it is ſur-'rounded by rocks, which are always 'beaten with ſo dreadful a ſurge, that 'it can ſcarce be approached without 'certain ſhipwreck.' Mentor replied —'We were driven on ſhore by a 'ſtorm: we are Greeks from Ithaca, 'an iſland not far from Epirus, whi-'ther you are bound; and if you 'ſhould not touch there, which, how-'ever, is in your courſe, we ſhall be 'ſatisfied to be put on ſhore at your 'port; for we ſhall find friends at Epi-'rus who will procure us a paſſage 'over to Ithaca; and we ſhall ſtill 'think ourſelves indebted to your hu-'manity for the happineſs of being 'again reſtored to all that is dear to us 'in the world.'

Telemachus remained ſilent, and left Mentor to anſwer for them both; the faults which he had committed in the Iſland of Calypſo having greatly increaſed his prudence: he was now diffident of himſelf; and ſo conſcious how much

he always ſtood in need of the direction of ſuperior wiſdom, that, when he had no opportunity of aſking Mentor's advice, he watched his countenance, and endeavoured to diſcover his ſentiments in his looks.

The Phœnician commander, obſerving the ſilence of Telemachus, looked earneſtly at him, and thought he remembered to have ſeen him before; but not being able to recollect any particulars—'Permit me,' ſaid he, 'to 'aſk, if you have not ſome remembrance of having ſeen me before; 'for I think this is not the firſt time I 'have ſeen you; your countenance is 'not unknown to me; it ſtruck me at 'the firſt glance: but I cannot recollect where we have met; perhaps, 'my memory may be aſſiſted by yours.' Telemachus immediately replied, with a mixture of ſurprize and pleaſure—'I have felt, at the ſight of you, exactly what you felt at the ſight of 'me: I well remember to have ſeen 'you; but I cannot recollect whether 'in Egypt or at Tyre.' The Phœnician, at the mention of Egypt and Tyre, like a man who, waking in the morning, has brought back by degrees, and as it were from a remote diſtance, the evaneſcent images of a dream which had fled with the ſhadows of the night, ſuddenly cried out—'Thou art Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendſhip when we were returning from Egypt! I am his brother; of whom you have, doubtleſs, 'heard him often ſpeak: I left you with 'him when we arrived at Tyre, being 'myſelf obliged to make a voyage to 'Bœtica, that celebrated country, near 'the Pillars of Hercules, on the remoteſt confines of the deep. Having 'therefore but juſt ſeen you, it is not 'ſtrange that I did not perfectly recollect you at firſt ſight.'

'I perceive,' ſaid Telemachus, 'that 'you are Adoam: I had no opportunity of a perſonal acquaintance with 'you; but I have heard much of you 'from Narbal. How ſhould I rejoice 'to hear of him from you! for, to me, 'his memory will be for ever dear. 'Is he ſtill at Tyre? Has he ſuffered 'nothing from the ſuſpicion and cruelty 'of Pygmalion?'—'Telemachus,' ſaid Adoam, interrupting him, 'Fortune 'has now given you in charge to a man 'who will, to the utmoſt of his abilities, deſerve the truſt: I will put 'you on ſhore at Ithaca before I proceed to Epirus; and you ſhall not 'find leſs friendſhip in the brother of 'Narbal than in Narbal himſelf.' Having looked aloft while he was ſpeaking, he obſerved that the wind, for which he had waited, began to blow; he therefore gave orders inſtantly to weigh anchor; the ſails were ſpread to the breeze, and the oars divided the flood.

Adoam then took Telemachus and Mentor apart. 'I will now,' ſaid he to Telemachus, 'gratify your curioſity. The tyranny of Pygmalion is at 'an end; from that ſcourge the righteous gods have delivered the earth! 'As he dared to truſt no man, ſo no 'man dared to truſt him: the good 'were content to ſigh in ſecret, and to 'hide themſelves from his cruelty, 'without attempting any thing againſt 'him; the wicked thought there was 'no way of ſecuring their own lives 'but by putting an end to his. There 'was not a man in Tyre who was not 'in perpetual danger of alarming his 'ſuſpicion; and to this danger his 'guards themſelves were more expoſed than others. As his life was 'in their hands, he feared them in 'proportion to their power; and he ſacrificed them to his ſafety upon the 'ſlighteſt miſtruſt: thus his very ſearch 'of ſecurity rendered the finding it 'impoſſible. Thoſe in whoſe hands 'he had depoſited his life were themſelves in perpetual danger by his ſuſpicion; and the only expedient to deliver themſelves from this dreadful 'ſituation was to anticipate the effects 'of his ſuſpicion by his death. The 'firſt, however, who took a reſolution 'to deſtroy him, was the impious Aſtarbe, whom you have heard ſo often mentioned already. She was 'paſſionately enamoured of a young 'Tyrian, who had great poſſeſſions, 'and whoſe name was Joazar; and 'had conceived a deſign of placing 'him upon the throne. To facilitate 'the execution of this project, ſhe perſuaded the king that Phadael, the 'eldeſt of his two ſons, being impatient to ſucceed him, had conſpired 'againſt his life: ſhe ſuborned witneſſes to ſupport the charge; and the 'unhappy tyrant cauſed Phadael to be 'put to death. Baleazar, his ſecond

'ſon,

'son, was sent to Samos, under the 'pretence of learning the manners and 'sciences of Greece; but, in reality, 'because Astarbe had persuaded the 'king that it was necessary to send him 'away, lest he should associate himself 'with the malecontents. The ship 'in which he was embarked had scarce 'quitted the port, when those who had 'been appointed to navigate her, hav-'ing been corrupted by the perfidious 'inhumanity of Astarbe, contrived to 'make shipwreck of the vessel in the 'night; and having thrown the young 'prince into the sea, they preserved 'themselves by swimming to some fo-'reign barks that waited for them at a 'convenient distance.

'In the mean time, the amours of 'Astarbe were secrets to none but 'Pygmalion, who fondly imagined 'himself to be the only object of her 'affection: he, who heard even the 'whisper of the breeze with distrust 'and dread, relied on this abandoned 'woman with a blind and implicit con-'fidence. At the time, however, when 'love rendered him the dupe of her 'artifices, he was incited by avarice 'to find some pretence for putting 'Joazar, her favourite, to death, that 'he might seize upon his riches.

'But while suspicion, love, and ava-'rice, were thus sharing the heart of 'Pygmalion, Astarbe was contriving 'his immediate destruction. She 'thought it possible that he might have 'discovered something of her con-'nexion with Joazar; and, if not, she 'knew that avarice alone would fur-'nish him with a sufficient motive to 'cut him off: she concluded, there-'fore, that not a moment was to be 'lost. She saw that all the principal 'officers of the court were ready to 'dip their hands in his blood, and she 'heard of some new conspiracy every 'day; yet there was none whom she 'could make the confidants of her de-'sign, without putting her own life in 'their power; and therefore she deter-'mined to destroy Pygmalion by poi-'son, and to administer it herself.

'It was his general practice to eat 'with her in private; and he always 'dressed his food himself, not daring 'to trust any hand but his own. While 'he was thus employed, he used to 'lock himself up in the most retired 'part of his palace, the better to con-'ceal his fears, and elude observation. 'He did not dare to enjoy any of the 'pleasures of the table, nor even to 'taste any thing which had not been 'prepared wholly by himself; he was 'thus precluded from the use, not only 'of delicacies and refinements in cook-'ery, but of wine, bread, salt, oil, 'milk, and all other ordinary food: 'he lived entirely upon fruit, which 'he gathered himself from his garden; 'or such roots and herbs as he sowed 'and dressed with his own hands; he 'drank no liquor but the water which 'he drew from a fountain that was in-'closed in a part of the palace, of which 'he always kept the key; and, not-'withstanding his confidence in A-'starbe, he did not in this particular 'lay aside his precaution even with 'respect to her: he made her eat and 'drink of every thing that furnished 'out their repast before he tasted it 'himself, that he might be sure not to 'be poisoned without her, and that she 'might have no hope of surviving him. 'She contrived, however, to render this 'precaution ineffectual; for she took a 'counter-poison, which she had ob-'tained of an old woman yet more 'wicked than herself, whom upon 'this occasion she made no scruple to 'trust, as she was already the confi-'dante of her amours. As she was 'thus secured against danger, in poi-'soning the king with food of which 'she was herself to partake, she accom-'plished her purpose in the following 'manner.

'At the moment when they were sit-'ting down to their repast, the old wo-'man made a noise at one of the doors 'of the apartment; the king, always 'under the terrors of assassination, was 'greatly alarmed, and ran in haste to 'the door to see that it was secured: 'the old woman, having performed her 'part, withdrew; and the king stood 'torpid in suspense, not knowing what 'to think of the noise he had heard, 'nor daring to resolve his doubts by 'opening the door. Astarbe encourag-'ed him, caressed him, and pressed him 'to eat, having thrown poison into his 'golden cup while he ran to the door 'upon the alarm. Pygmalion, with 'his usual precaution, gave the cup 'first into her hand; and she drank 'without fear, confiding in the anti-'dote she had taken: Pygmalion then

'drank himself; and, in a short time 'afterwards, sunk down in a state of 'total insensibility. Astarbe, who 'knew that he was capable of stabbing 'her to the heart upon the slightest su-'spicion, and that he might recover 'from this fit while he had yet strength 'to do it, immediately rent her cloaths, 'tore her hair, and burst into clamo-'rous lamentations: she took the dy-'ing king in her arms, pressed him to 'her bosom, and shed over him a flood 'of tears, which she had always at 'command; but when she saw that his 'strength was just exhausted, and the 'last agony coming on, she dropped the 'mask; and, to prevent a possibility of 'his recovery, threw herself upon him, 'and smothered him. She then took 'the royal signet from his finger, and 'the diadem from his head, and pre-'sented them both to Joazar, whom she 'called in for that purpose. She ima-'gined that all her partizans would 'readily concur in the gratification of 'her passion; and that her lover would 'not fail to be proclaimed king: but 'those who had paid their court to her 'with the greatest assiduity were base 'and mercenary wretches, who were 'incapable of a sincere affection; and 'who, besides, being destitute of cou-'rage, were deterred from supporting 'Astarbe by the fear of her enemies: 'her own pride, dissimulation, and 'cruelty, were yet more formidable; 'and every one wished that she might 'perish, as a pledge of his own securi-'ty. In the mean time, the palace was 'in the utmost confusion; nothing was 'heard but a repetition of the words— "The king is dead!" Some stood ter-'rified and irresolute; others ran to 'arms; every one rejoiced at the event, 'but every one apprehended the conse-'quences. The news presently cir-'culated, from mouth to mouth, 'through the whole city; where there 'was not so much as a single person 'who regretted the death of the king, 'which was an universal deliverance 'and consolation.

'Narbal, struck with an event so 'sudden and awful, compassionated the 'misfortunes of Pygmalion, though he 'could not but detest his vices; he re-'gretted, like an honest man, his hav-'ing betrayed himself to destruction by 'an unlimited and undeserved confi-'dence in Astarbe; and chose rather 'to be a tyrant, disclaimed by nature, 'and abhorred by mankind, than to 'fulfil the duties of a sovereign, and 'become the father of his people. He 'was also attentive to the interests of 'the state; and made haste to assemble 'the friends of his country, to oppose 'the measures of Astarbe; under whose 'influence there was the greatest rea-'son to apprehend a reign yet more op-'pressive than that of Pygmalion him-'self.

'Narbal knew that Baleazar was not 'drowned when he was thrown into 'the sea; though the wretches who 'assured Astarbe of his death thought 'otherwise: he saved himself, under fa-'vour of the night, by swimming; and 'some Cretan merchants, touched with 'compassion, took him into their ves-'sel. Having no reason to doubt but 'that his destruction was intended, and 'being equally afraid of the cruel jea-'lousy of Pygmalion and the fatal arti-'fices of Astarbe, he did not dare to re-'turn into his father's dominions, but 'wandered about on the coast of Syria, 'where he had been left by the Cre-'tans who took him up, and gained a 'scanty subsistence by tending a flock 'of sheep. At length, however, he 'found means to make Narbal ac-'quainted with his situation; not 'doubting but that he might safely 'trust his secret and his life with a man 'whose virtue had been so often tried. 'Narbal, though he had been ill-treat-'ed by the father, did not look with 'less tenderness on the son; nor was he 'less attentive to his interests, in 'which, however, his principal view 'was to prevent his undertaking any 'thing inconsistent with the duty he 'still owed to his father; and therefore 'he exerted all his influence to recon-'cile him to his ill fortune.

'Baleazar had requested Narbal to 'send him a ring as a token, whenever 'it should be proper for him to repair 'to Tyre; but Narbal did not think 'it prudent during the life of Pygma-'lion, as it would have been attended 'with the utmost danger to them both; 'the tyrant's inquisitive circumspection 'being such, as no subtlety or dili-'gence could elude: but as soon as 'the fate he merited had overtaken him, 'Narbal sent the ring to Baleazar. 'Baleazar set out immediately; and ar-'rived at the gates of Tyre while the

'whole

'whole city was in the utmoſt trouble 'and perplexity to know who ſhould 'ſucceed to the throne: he was at once 'known and acknowledged, as well by 'the principal Tyrians as by the peo-'ple. They loved him, not for the ſake 'of his father, who was the object of 'univerſal deteſtation, but for his own 'amiable and gracious diſpoſition; and 'even his misfortunes now threw a 'kind of ſplendor round him, which 'ſhewed his good qualities to the great-'eſt advantage, and produced a tender 'intereſt in his favour.

'Narbal aſſembled the chiefs of the 'people, the elders of the council, and 'the prieſts of the great goddeſs of 'Phœnicia. They ſaluted Baleazar as 'their king; and he was immediately 'proclaimed by the heralds, amidſt the 'acclamations of the people. The 'ſhouts were heard by Aſtarbe in one 'of the innermoſt receſſes of the palace, 'where ſhe had ſhut herſelf up with 'Joazar, her effeminate and infamous 'favourite. She was abandoned by all 'the ſycophants and paraſites, the cor-'rupt proſtitutes of power, who had 'attached themſelves to her during the 'life of Pygmalion; for the wicked 'fear the wicked; they know them to 'be unworthy of confidence, and there-'fore do not wiſh they ſhould be in-'veſted with power. Men of corrupt 'principles know how much others of 'the ſame character abuſe authority, 'and to what exceſs they carry oppreſ-'ſion; they wiſh rather to have the good 'ſet over them: for though they can-'not hope for reward, they know they 'ſhall not ſuffer injury. Aſtarbe, 'therefore, was deſerted by all but a 'few wretches, who had ſo far involv-'ed themſelves in her guilt, that, what-'ever party they ſhould eſpouſe, they 'could not hope to eſcape puniſhment.

'The palace was ſoon forced; guilt, 'naturally irreſolute and timid, made 'little reſiſtance, and the criminals en-'deavoured to ſave themſelves by flight. 'Aſtarbe attempted to make her eſcape, 'diſguiſed like a ſlave; but ſhe was 'detected and ſeized by a ſoldier, who 'knew her; and it was with great dif-'ficulty that the people were prevented 'from tearing her to pieces: they had 'already thrown her down, and were 'dragging her along the pavement, 'when Narbal reſcued her out of their 'hands. She then entreated that ſhe 'might ſpeak to Baleazar, whom ſhe 'hoped to influence by her beauty, and 'to impoſe upon, by pretending that 'ſhe could make important diſcoveries. 'Baleazar could not refuſe to hear her; 'and ſhe approached him with an ex-'preſſion of ſweetneſs and modeſty in 'her countenance, which gave new 'power to her beauty, and might have 'ſoftened Rage itſelf into pity and 'complacency. She addreſſed him with 'the moſt delicate and inſinuating flat-'tery; ſhe conjured him, by the aſhes 'of his father, to take pity upon her, 'whom he had ſo tenderly loved; ſhe 'invoked the gods, as if ſhe had paid 'them the homage of ſincere adoration; 'ſhe ſhed a flood of tears; and, proſtrat-'ing herſelf on the ground, ſhe paſ-'ſionately embraced his knees. But 'as ſoon as ſhe imagined theſe arts had 'gained an influence over him, ſhe neg-'lected nothing to render him ſuſpi-'cious of the moſt faithful and affec-'tionate of his ſervants: ſhe accuſed 'Narbal of having entered into a con-'ſpiracy againſt Pygmalion, and of 'intrigues to procure himſelf to be 'choſen king inſtead of Baleazar, 'whom ſhe inſinuated he had alſo in-'tended to poiſon. In the ſame man-'ner ſhe calumniated every other per-'ſon whom ſhe knew to be a friend to 'virtue; and hoped to find Baleazar 'ſuſceptible of the ſame diſtruſt and 'ſuſpicion as his father: but the young 'prince, diſcerning and diſdaining both 'her ſubtlety and her malice, ſudden-'ly interrupted her, by calling in his 'guards: ſhe was immediately carried 'to priſon, and a proper number of 'perſons, diſtinguiſhed for their ex-'perience and their wiſdom, were ap-'pointed to enquire into her conduct.

'They diſcovered, with horror, that 'ſhe had firſt poiſoned, and then ſmo-'thered, Pygmalion; and that her 'whole life had been one uninterrupted 'ſeries of the moſt enormous crimes: 'ſhe was therefore judged worthy of 'the ſevereſt puniſhment which the 'laws of Phœnicia could inflict, and 'condemned to be burnt by a ſlow fire. 'But as ſoon as ſhe found that her 'crimes were known, and her judges 'inexorable, ſhe gave way to all the 'furies that had taken poſſeſſion of her 'ſoul; and ſhe immediately ſwallowed 'poiſon, which ſhe had taken care to 'conceal about her, as the means of a

'ſpeedy

'speedy death, if she should be condemned to suffer lingering torments. 'Those who were about her soon perceived that she suffered intolerable 'pain, and offered such relief as was in 'their power; but, without giving any 'answer, she made signs that she would 'receive no assistance. They then spoke 'to her of the righteous gods, whose 'anger she had provoked; but, instead 'of expressing contrition or remorse, she 'looked upward with a mixture of despite and arrogance, as if she abhorred 'their attributes and defied their vengeance.

'The last agony now came on, and 'her dying aspect expressed only impiety and rage: of that beauty, which 'had been fatal to so many, no remains 'were now left; every grace was vanished; her eyes, upon which the 'hand of Death was already heavy, 'were turned hastily on every side, 'with a wild and unmeaning ferocity; 'her lips were convulsed, her mouth 'open, and her whole countenance distorted; a livid paleness succeeded, and 'her body became cold; yet sometimes 'she started, as it were, back to life; 'but it was only to express the pang 'that rouzed her by shrieks and groans. 'At length, however, she expired, leaving those that stood round her in a 'state of inexpressible confusion and 'horror. Her guilty soul, without 'doubt, descended to those mournful 'regions where the unrelenting daughters of Danaus are perpetually employed in filling vessels that will not 'hold water; where Ixion for ever 'turns his wheel; and Tantalus in 'vain endeavours to slake his everlasting thirst with the water that eludes 'his lips; where Sysiphus, with unavailing labour, rolls up the stone, 'which eternally falls back; and where 'Tityus feels the vulture incessantly 'prey upon his heart, which as fast as 'it is devoured is renewed.

'Baleazar, having expressed his gratitude to the gods for his deliverance 'from this monster by innumerable sacrifices, began his reign by a conduct altogether different from that of 'Pygmalion. He applies himself, with 'great diligence, to revive commerce, 'which had long languished by a gradual decline. In matters of great importance he takes the advice of Narbal, yet does not submit implicitly to 'his direction; in every instance he 'makes the administration of government his own act, and takes cognizance of all things with his own eye; 'he hears every one's opinion, and then 'determines according to his own; he 'is, consequently, the idol of his people; and, by possessing their affections, he is master of more wealth 'than the cruel avarice of his father 'could ever hoard; for there is not a 'man in his dominions that would 'not freely part with his whole property, if, upon a pressing necessity, 'he should require it of him: what he 'leaves his people, therefore, is more 'effectually his own than it would be 'if he took it away. All precautions 'for the security of his person are unnecessary; for he is continually surrounded by an impregnable defence, 'the affection of the publick: there 'is not a subject in his kingdom who 'does not dread the loss of his prince 'as a calamity to himself; and who 'would not interpose between him and 'danger at the hazard of his life. He 'is happy, and all his people are happy 'with him: he is afraid of requiring 'too much of them; and they are afraid 'of offering him too little. His moderation leaves them in affluence; but 'this affluence renders them neither 'untractable nor insolent; for they are 'habitually industrious, addicted to 'commerce, and inflexible in supporting the ancient purity of their laws. 'Phœnicia has now reached the summit of greatness and of glory; and 'owes all her prosperity to her young 'king.

'Narbal is his minister, the instrument of his virtue and of his wisdom.—O Telemachus! if he was now 'to see you, with what joy would he 'load you with presents, and send you 'back with magnificence to your country! How would he have rejoiced to 'have placed the son of Ulysses upon 'the throne of Ithaca, to diffuse the 'same happiness through that island 'which Baleazar dispenses at Tyre! 'And how happy am I to render you 'this service in his stead!'

Telemachus, who had listened with great pleasure to the relation of these events, and was yet more sensibly touched with the tender and zealous friendship with which Adoam had received him in his misfortunes, replied only by

by clasping him to his breast in a transport of gratitude, affection, and esteem. Adoam then enquired how he came on shore at the Island of Calypso: and Telemachus, in his turn, gave him the history of his departure from Tyre; of his passage to the Isle of Cyprus; of the manner of his finding Mentor; of their voyage to Crete; of the publick games for the election of a king after the flight of Idomeneus; of the resentment of Venus; of their shipwreck; of the pleasure with which Calypso received them; of her becoming jealous of Eucharis; and of his being thrown into the sea by Mentor upon his perceiving a Phœnician vessel at some distance from the coast.

Adoam then ordered a magnificent entertainment; and, as a farther testimony of his joy, he improved it with all the pleasures of which his situation would admit. During the repast, which was served by young Phœnicians, dressed in white garments, and crowned with flowers, the place was perfumed by burning the most odoriferous gums of the East: they were entertained with the sound of the flute by musicians, to whom the rowers had resigned their seats; and this melody was, from time to time, interrupted by Achitoas, who accompanied his lyre with his voice, in strains which were worthy to be heard at the table of the gods, and to which even Apollo might have listened with delight. The Tritons, Nereids, and all the deities who rule the waters in subordination to the father of the deep, and even all the monsters of those hoary regions, unknown to man, quitted the watery grottos of the abyss, and swam in crowds round the vessel to enjoy the harmony. A band of Phœnician youths, of exquisite beauty, cloathed in fine linen whiter than snow, entertained them a long time with dancing, in the manner of their country; afterwards with the dances of Egypt; and, at last, with those of Greece. At proper intervals, the shrill voice of the trumpet interposed; and the waves resounded to the distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea, the lambent radiance of the moon which trembled on the surface of the waves, and the deep azure of the sky spangled with a thousand stars, concurred to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus, who was remarkable for a quick and lively sensibility, tasted all these pleasures with a high relish; yet he did not dare to give his heart up to their influence: since he had experienced in the Island of Calypso, to his great confusion and disgrace, how easily a young mind is enflamed, he regarded all pleasures, however innocent, with distrust and dread; and watched the looks of Mentor, to discover what he thought of these.

Mentor was pleased with his embarrassment, but without seeming to discover it. At length, however, touched with his self-denial, he said, with a smile—'I know of what you are afraid; 'and your fear does you honour: do 'not, however, let it carry you too 'far; it is not possible to wish you the 'enjoyment of pleasure more earnestly 'than I wish it you, provided it is 'pleasure that neither enflames the 'passions, nor effeminates the character. Your pleasures must be such as 'unbend and refresh the mind, such as 'leave you compleat master of your-'self; not such as subdue you to their 'power. Those that I wish you do 'not enflame the soul with a brutal 'fury; but soothe it, by a sweet and 'gentle influence, to a pure and peaceful enjoyment. You have endured 'toil and danger; and relaxation and 'solace are now necessary: accept, 'then, with gratitude to Adoam, the 'pleasures that he now offers to you; 'enjoy them, my dear Telemachus, 'enjoy them without fear or restraint. 'There is neither austerity nor affectation in Wisdom, who is, indeed, 'the parent of Delight; for she alone 'can render it pure and permanent: 'she alone has the secret of intermixing sports and merriment with serious 'thought and important labour: by 'labour she gives poignancy to pleasure, and by pleasure she restores vigour to labour. Wisdom blushes not 'to be merry when she sees a fit occasion for mirth.'

Mentor, as he pronounced these words, took up a lyre, which he touched with so much skill, that Achitoas, struck with surprize and jealousy, suffered his own instrument to drop from his hand; his eyes sparkled, his countenance changed colour, and his anguish and confusion would have been remarked

marked by all present, if their attention had not been wholly engrossed by the musick of Mentor: they were afraid even to breathe, lest they should mingle any other sound with his harmony, and lose some strain of his enchanting song. Their enjoyment would, indeed, have been perfect, if they had not feared it would end too soon; for the voice of Mentor, though it had no effeminate softness, was capable of all the varieties of modulation: it was equally melodious and strong; and had an expression perfectly adapted to the sentiment, even in the minutest particular.

He first sung the praises of Jupiter, the father and the sovereign of gods and men, who shakes the universe with a nod. He then represented, under the figure of Minerva issuing from his head, that Wisdom which, proceeding from himself, as it's only and eternal source, is diffused, in boundless emanations, to irradiate such created minds as are open to receive it. These truths he sung in such a strain of unaffected piety, and with such a sense of their sublimity and importance, that his audience imagined themselves transported to the summit of Olympus, and placed in the presence of Jupiter, whose eye is more piercing than his thunder. He then sung the fate of Narcissus; who, becoming enamoured of his own beauty, at which he gazed incessantly from the brink of a fountain that reflected it, pined away with ineffectual desire, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. And he last celebrated the untimely death of the beautiful Adonis, who perished by the tusks of a boar; and whom Venus, unable to revive, lamented with unavailing grief.

The passions of the audience corresponded with the subject of the song; they melted silently into tears, and felt an inexpressible delight in their grief. When the musick was at an end, the Phœnicians looked round upon each other with astonishment and admiration. One said—'This is certainly 'Orpheus! and these are the strains by 'which he tamed the wild beasts of 'the desart, and gave motion to trees 'and rocks: it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and touched with pity the inexorable breast of Pluto, who permitted him 'to lead back the fair Eurydice from 'his dominions.' Another said it was Linus, the son of Apollo: and a third, that it was Apollo himself. Even Telemachus was little less surprized than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor had been so excellent a proficient in musick. Achitoas, who had now sufficiently recollected himself to conceal his jealousy, began an encomium upon Mentor; but he blushed as he spoke, and found himself unable to proceed. Mentor, who perceived his confusion, was desirous to hide it from others; and, seeing he could not go on, he began to speak, that he might appear to interrupt him: he also endeavoured to console him, by giving him the praise that was due to his merit. Achitoas, however, could not be consoled; for he felt that Mentor surpassed him yet more in generosity than skill.

In the mean time, Telemachus addressed himself to Adoam. 'I remember,' said he, 'that you mentioned 'a voyage you made to Betica, since we 'returned together from Egypt. Betica is a country concerning which 'many wonders are related, which it 'is difficult to believe; tell me, therefore, whether they are true?'—'I 'shall be glad,' said Adoam, 'to describe that country to you; for it is 'well worthy of your curiosity, and 'is yet more extraordinary than Fame 'has reported it.

'The River Betis flows through a 'fertile country, where the air is always temperate, and the sky serene. 'The river, which gives name to the 'country, falls into the ocean near the 'Pillars of Hercules, not far from 'the place where the sea heretofore, 'breaking it's bounds, separated the 'country of Tarsis from the vast continent of Africa. This region seems 'to have preserved all the felicity of 'the Golden Age. In the winter, the 'freezing breath of the north is never 'felt, and the season is therefore mild; 'but, in summer, there are always refreshing gales from the west, which 'blow about the middle of the day; 'and in this season, therefore, the heat 'is never intense: so that spring and 'autumn, espoused as it were to each 'other, walk hand in hand through the 'year. The vallies and the plains 'yield annually a double harvest; the 'hedges consist of laurels, pomegra-

'nates,

'nates, jaſmines, and other trees, that 'are not only always green, but in flower; 'the mountains are covered with flocks, 'whoſe wool, for it's ſuperior fineneſs, 'is ſought by all nations. This beauti-'ful country contains alſo many mines 'of gold and ſilver: but the inhabi-'tants, happy in their ſimplicity, diſ-'dain to count ſilver and gold among 'their riches; and value that only 'which contributes to ſupply the real 'and natural wants of mankind.

'When we firſt traded with theſe 'people, we found gold and ſilver uſed 'for ploughſhares; and, in general, 'employed promiſcuouſly with iron. 'As they carried on no foreign trade, 'they had no need of money; they 'were almoſt all either ſhepherds or 'huſbandmen: for, as they ſuffered no 'arts to be exerciſed among them but 'ſuch as tended immediately to anſwer 'the neceſſities of life, the number of 'artificers was conſequently ſmall; 'beſides, the greater part even of 'thoſe who live by huſbandry, or 'keeping of ſheep, are ſkilful in the 'exerciſe of ſuch arts as are neceſſary 'to manners ſo ſimple and frugal.

'The women are employed in ſpin-'ning the wool, and manufacturing it 'into ſtuffs that are remarkably fine 'and white; they alſo make the bread, 'and dreſs the victuals, which coſts 'them very little trouble; for they live 'chiefly upon fruits and milk, animal 'food being ſeldom eaten among them: 'of the ſkins of their ſheep they make 'a light ſort of covering for the legs 'and feet, with which they furniſh 'their huſbands and children. The 'women alſo make the habitations, 'which are a kind of tents, covered 'either with waxed ſkins, or the bark 'of trees: they make and waſh all the 'cloaths of the family, and keep their 'houſes in great neatneſs and order. 'Their cloaths, indeed, are eaſily 'made; for in that temperate climate 'they wear only a piece of fine white 'ſtuff, which is not formed to the 'ſhape of the body, but wrapped round 'it ſo as to fall in long plaits, and take 'what figure the wearer thinks fit.

'The men cultivate the ground, and 'manage their flocks; and the other 'arts which they practiſe are thoſe only 'of forming wood and iron into ne-'ceſſary utenſils; and of iron they 'make little uſe, except in inſtruments 'of tillage. All the arts that relate 'to architecture are uſeleſs to them; 'for they build no houſes. "It ſhews "too much regard to the earth," ſay 'they, "to erect a building upon it "which will laſt longer than our-"ſelves: if we are defended from the "weather, it is ſufficient." As to 'the other arts, which are ſo highly 'eſteemed in Greece, in Egypt, and 'in all other nations that have ad-'mitted the innumerable wants of po-'liſhed life, they hold them in the 'greateſt deteſtation, as the invention 'of vanity and voluptuouſneſs.

'When they are told of nations who 'have the art of erecting ſuperb build-'ings, and of making ſplendid furni-'ture of ſilver and gold ſtuffs, adorned 'with embroidery and jewels, exqui-'ſite perfumes, delicious meats, and 'inſtruments of muſick; they reply, 'that the people of ſuch nations are 'extremely unhappy, to have employ-'ed ſo much ingenuity and labour to 'render themſelves at once corrupt 'and wretched. "Theſe ſuperflu-"ities," ſay they, "effeminate, in-"toxicate, and torment, thoſe who "poſſeſs them; and tempt thoſe who "poſſeſs them not to acquire them by "fraud and violence. Can that ſu-"perfluity be good which tends only "to make men evil? Are the people "of theſe countries more healthy or "robuſt than we are? Do they live "longer, or agree better with each "other? Do they enjoy more liberty, "tranquillity, and chearfulneſs? On "the contrary, are they not jealous of "each other? Are not their hearts "corroded with envy, and agitated by "ambition, avarice, and terror? Are "they not incapable of pleaſures that "are pure and ſimple? And is not "this incapacity the unavoidable con-"ſequence of the innumerable artifi-"cial wants to which they are en-"ſlaved, and upon which they make "all their happineſs depend?"

'Such,' ſaid Adoam, 'are the ſenti-'ments of this ſagacious people, who 'have acquired wiſdom only by the 'ſtudy of nature. They conſider our 'refinements with abhorrence; and it 'muſt be confeſſed, that in their ſim-'plicity there is ſomething not only 'amiable but great: they live in com-'mon, without any partition of lands. 'The head of every family is it's king:

'this patriarchal monarch has a right 'to punish his children, or his grand-'children, if they are guilty of a fault; 'but he first takes the advice of his 'family. Punishment, indeed, is 'very rare among them; for innocence 'of manners, sincerity of heart, and 'hatred of vice, seem to be the natu-'ral productions of the country. A-'strea, who is said to have quitted the 'earth, and ascended to heaven, seems 'still to be hidden among these happy 'people: they have no need of judges, 'for every man submits to the juris-'diction of conscience. They possess 'all things in common; for the cat-'tle produce milk, and the fields and 'orchards fruit and grain of every 'kind in such abundance, that a peo-'ple so frugal and temperate have no 'need of property. They have no 'fixed place of abode; but when they 'have consumed the fruits, and ex-'hausted the pasturage of one part of 'the paradise which they inhabit, they 'remove their tents to another: they 'have, therefore, no opposition of in-'terest, but are connected by a frater-'nal affection, which there is nothing 'to interrupt. This peace, this union, 'this liberty, they preserve, by re-'jecting superfluous wealth and de-'ceitful pleasure: they are all free, 'and they are all equal.

'Superior wisdom, the result either 'of long experience or uncommon abi-'lities, is the only mark of distinction 'among them; the sophistry of fraud, 'the cry of violence, the contention of 'the bar, and the tumult of battle, are 'never heard in this sacred region, 'which the gods have taken under 'their immediate protection: this soil 'has never been distained with human 'blood; and even that of a lamb has 'rarely been shed upon it. When the 'inhabitants are told of bloody bat-'tles, rapid conquests, and the subver-'sion of empires, which happen in 'other countries, they stand aghast 'with astonishment. "What," say 'they, "do not men die fast enough, "without being destroyed by each "other? Can any man be insensible of "the brevity of life? and can he who "knows it think life too long? Is it "possible to suppose that mankind "came into the world merely to pro-"pagate misery, and to harrass and "destroy one another?" Neither can 'the inhabitants of Betica compre-'hend how these who, by subjugating 'great empires, obtain the name of 'conquerors, came to be so much the 'objects of admiration. "To place "happiness in the government of "others," say they, "is madness, "since to govern well is a painful "task; but a desire to govern others "against their will is madness in a "still greater degree: a wise man can-"not, without violence to himself, "submit to take upon him the govern-"ment of a willing people whom the "gods have committed to his charge, "or who apply to him for guidance "and protection. To govern people "against their will, is to become mi-"serable for the false honour of hold-"ing others in slavery. A conqueror "is one whom the gods, provoked by "the wickedness of mankind, send, "in their wrath, upon the earth, to "ravage kingdoms; to spread round "them, in a vast circle, terror, misе-"ry, and despair; to destroy the "brave, and enslave the free. Has "not he who is ambitious of glory, "sufficient opportunities of acquiring "it, by managing, with wisdom, "what the gods have entrusted to his "care? Can it be imagined, that "praise is to be merited only by arro-"gance and injustice, by usurpation "and tyranny? War should never "be thought of but in the defence of "liberty. Happy is he who, not be-"ing the slave of another, is free "from the frantick ambition of mak-"ing another a slave to him! These "conquerors, who are represented as "encircled with glory, resemble rivers "that have overflowed their banks; "which appear majestick indeed, but "which desolate the countries they "ought to fertilize."

After Adoam had given this de-scription of Betica, Telemachus, who had listened to it with great delight, asked him several questions, which would not have been suggested by com-mon curiosity. 'Do the inhabitants 'of Betica,' said he, 'drink wine?'— 'They are so far from drinking wine,' said Adoam, 'that they make none; 'not because they are without grapes, 'for no country in the world produces 'them in greater plenty or perfection;

'but

'but they content themſelves with eating them as they do other fruit, and 'are afraid of wine as the corrupter 'of mankind. "Wine," they ſay, "is a ſpecies of poiſon, which pro-"duces madneſs; which does not kill "men indeed, but degrades them in-"to brutes. Men may preſerve their "health and their vigour without "wine; but, with wine, not their "health only, but their virtue, is in "danger."

Telemachus then enquired what laws were eſtabliſhed in Betica relating to marriage. 'No man,' ſaid Adoam, 'is allowed to have more than one 'wife; and every man is obliged to 'keep his wife as long as ſhe lives. 'In this country, a man's reputation 'depends as much upon his fidelity to 'his wife, as a woman's reputation, 'in other countries, depends upon her 'fidelity to her huſband. No people 'ever practiſed ſo ſcrupulous a deco-'rum, or were ſo jealous of their cha-'ſtity. Their women are beautiful, 'and have that ſweet and tender ſen-'ſibility which is more than beauty; 'but they borrow no advantages from 'art: there is all the ſimplicity of na-'ture both in their manners and their 'dreſs; and they take their ſhare of 'the labours of the day. Their 'marriages are peaceable, fruitful, and 'undefiled: the huſband and wife ſeem 'to be two bodies animated by one ſoul; 'the huſband manages affairs without, 'and the wife within; ſhe provides 'for his refreſhment at his return, and 'ſeems to live only to pleaſe him; ſhe 'gains his confidence; and as ſhe 'charms him yet more by her virtue 'than her beauty, their happineſs is 'ſuch as death only can deſtroy. From 'this temperance, ſobriety, and ſimpli-'city of manners, they derive longe-'vity and health; and it is common to 'ſee among them men of an hundred, 'or an hundred and twenty years old, 'who have all the chearfulneſs and vi-'gour that make life deſirable.'

'But how,' ſaid Telemachus, 'do 'they eſcape the calamities of war? 'Are they never invaded by other na-'tions?'—'Nature,' ſays Adoam, 'has ſeparated them from other na-'tions by the ſea on one ſide, and by 'mountains almoſt inacceſſible on the 'other: beſides, their virtue has im-'preſſed foreign powers with reverence 'and awe. When any conteſt ariſes 'among the neighbouring ſtates, they 'frequently make a common depoſit of 'the territory in queſtion in the hands 'of the Beticans, and appoint them 'arbitrators of the diſpute. As theſe 'wiſe people are guilty of no violence, 'they are never miſtruſted; and they 'laugh when they hear of kings who 'diſagree about the boundaries of 'their country. "Are they afraid," 'ſay they, "that the earth ſhould not "have room for it's inhabitants? "There will always be much more "land than can be cultivated; and "while any remains unappropriated "by cultivation, we ſhould think it "folly to defend even our own againſt "thoſe who would invade it." Theſe 'people are, indeed, wholly free from 'pride, fraud, and ambition; they do 'no injury; they violate no compact; 'they covet no territory: their neigh-'bours, therefore, having nothing to 'fear from them, nor any hope of 'making themſelves feared by them, 'give them no diſturbance. They 'would ſooner abandon their country, 'or die upon the ſpot, than ſubmit to 'a ſtate of ſlavery; ſo that the ſame 'qualities that render them incapable 'of ſubjugating others, render it al-'moſt impoſſible for others to ſubju-'gate them. For theſe reaſons, there 'is always a profound peace between 'them and their neighbours.'

Adoam proceeded to give an account of the traffick which the Phœnicians carried on in Betica. 'The inhabi-'tants of that happy country,' ſaid he, 'were aſtoniſhed when they firſt 'ſaw the waves bring ſtrangers from a 'diſtant region to their coaſt: they re-'ceived us, however, with great bene-'volence; and gave us part of what-'ever they had, without aſking or ex-'pecting a return. They ſuffered us 'to eſtabliſh a colony on the Iſland of 'Gadira; and offered us whatever 'ſhould remain of their wool, after 'their own neceſſities were ſupplied; 'ſending us, at the ſame time, a con-'ſiderable quantity of it as a preſent; 'for they have great pleaſure in be-'ſtowing their ſuperfluities upon ſtran-'gers.

'As to their mines, they made no 'uſe of them; and therefore, without

'reluctance, left them entirely to us. 'Men, they thought, were not over-'wise who, with so much labour, 'searched the bowels of the earth for 'that which could give no true happi-'ness, nor satisfy any natural want. 'They admonished us not to dig in 'the earth so deep. "Content your-"selves," said they, "with plough-"ing it, and it will yield you real be-"nefits in return: it will yield those "things to which gold and silver owe "all their value; for gold and silver "are valuable only as a means of pro-"curing the necessaries of life."

'We frequently offered to teach 'them navigation, and carry some of 'their youth with us into Phœnicia; 'but they never would consent that 'their children should live as we do. "If our children were to go with "you," said they, "their wants would "be soon as numerous as yours: the "nameless variety of things which "you have made necessary would be-"come necessary to them; they would "be restless till these artificial wants "were supplied; and they would re-"nounce their virtue by the practice "of dishonest arts to supply them; "they would soon resemble a man of "good limbs and a sound constitution, "who, having, by long inactivity, "forgot how to walk, is under the "necessity of being carried like a "cripple." As to navigation, they 'admire it as a curious art, but they 'believe it to be pernicious. "If "these people," say they, "have the "necessaries of life in their own coun-"try, what do they seek in ours? "Will not those things which satisfy "the wants of nature satisfy their "wants? Surely, they that defy the "tempest, to gratify avarice or lux-"ury, deserve shipwreck!"

Telemachus listened to this discourse of Adoam with unspeakable delight; and rejoiced that there was yet a people in the world who, by a perfect conformity to the law of nature, were so wise and so happy. 'How differ-'ent,' said he, 'are the manners of 'this nation from those which, in na-'tions that have obtained the highest 'reputation for wisdom, are tainted 'throughout with vanity and ambi-'tion! To us the follies that have de-'praved us are so habitual, that we 'can scarcely believe this simplicity, 'though it is indeed the simplicity of 'nature, can be real: we consider the 'manners of these people as a splen-'did fiction, and they ought to regard 'ours as a preposterous dream.'

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IX.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were engaged in this converſation, forgetful of ſleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half ſpent, an unfriendly and deceitful power turned their courſe from Ithaca, which Athamas, their pilot, ſought in vain. Neptune, although he was propitious to the Phœnicians, could not bear the eſcape of Telemachus from the tempeſt that had ſhipwrecked him on the Iſland of Calypſo; and Venus was ſtill more provoked at the triumph of a youth who had been victorious againſt all the power and wiles of Love. Her boſom throbbed at once with grief and indignation; and ſhe could not endure the places where Telemachus had treated her ſovereignty with contempt: turning, therefore, from Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia, and diſregarding the homage that was paid her in the Iſle of Cyprus, ſhe aſcended the radiant ſummit of Olympus, where the gods were aſſembled round the throne of Jupiter. From this place they behold the ſtars rolling beneath their feet; and this earth, an obſcure and diminutive ſpot, is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhed among them; the vaſt oceans, by which it's continents are divided, appear but as drops of water; and the moſt extended empires but as a little ſand ſcattered between them: the innumerable multitudes that ſwarm upon the ſurface are but like little inſects quickening in the ſun; and the moſt powerful armies reſemble a cluſter of emmets that are contending for a grain of corn, or a blade of graſs. Whatever is moſt important in the conſideration of men, excites the laughter of the gods as the ſport of children; and what we diſtinguiſh by the names of grandeur, glory, power, and policy, are, in their ſight, no better than miſery and folly.

On this awful, this ſtupendous height, Jupiter has fixed his everlaſting throne: his eyes penetrate to the centre, and paſs in a moment through all the labyrinths of the heart; his ſmile diffuſes over all nature ſerenity and joy; but, at his frown, not earth only, but heaven, trembles. The gods themſelves are dazzled with the glory that ſurrounds him, and approach not his throne but with reverence and fear.

He was now ſurrounded by the celeſtial deities; and Venus preſented herſelf before him in all the ſplendor of that beauty of which ſhe is herſelf the ſource: her robe, which flowed negligently round her, exceeded in brightneſs all the colours with which Iris decks herſelf amidſt the duſky clouds, when ſhe promiſes to affrighted mortals that the ſtorm ſhall have an end, and that calm and ſunſhine ſhall return.

return. Her waiſt was encircled by that myſterious zone, which comprizes every grace that can excite deſire; and her hair was tied negligently behind, in a fillet of gold. The gods were ſtruck with her beauty, as if they had never ſeen it before; and their eyes were dazzled with it's brightneſs, like thoſe of mortals, when the firſt radiance of the ſun unexpectedly breaks upon them after a long night. They glanced a haſty look of aſtoniſhment at each other, but their eyes ſtill centered in her: they perceived, however, that ſhe had been weeping, and that grief was ſtrongly pictured in her countenance.

In the mean time ſhe advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with a light and eaſy motion, like the flight of a bird, which glides unreſiſted through the regions of the air. The god received her with a ſmile of divine complacency; and, riſing from his ſeat, embraced her. 'What is it, my dear 'child,' ſaid he, 'that has troubled 'you? I cannot behold your tears with 'indifference: fear not to tell me all 'that is in your heart; you know the 'tenderneſs of my affection, and my 'readineſs to indulge your wiſh?'

'O father, both of gods and men,' replied the goddeſs, with a ſweet and gentle, but interrupted voice, 'can 'you, from whom nothing is hidden, 'be ignorant of the cauſe of my diſ'treſs? Minerva, not ſatisfied with 'having ſubverted to it's foundation 'the ſuperb city which was under my 'protection, nor with having gratified 'her revenge upon Paris for judging 'her beauty to be inferior to mine, 'conducts in ſafety, through every 'nation, and over every ſea, the ſon of 'Ulyſſes, by whoſe cruel ſubtlety the 'ruin of Troy was effected. Minerva 'is now the companion of Telema'chus; and it is therefore that her 'place among the deities who ſurround 'the throne of Jupiter is vacant: ſhe 'has conducted that preſumptuous 'mortal to Cyprus, only that he might 'inſult me; he has deſpiſed my power; 'he diſdained even to burn incenſe 'upon my altars; he turned with ab'horrence from the feaſts which are 'there celebrated to my honour; and 'he has barred his heart againſt every 'pleaſure that I inſpire. Neptune has, 'at my requeſt, provoked the winds 'and the waves againſt him in vain. 'He was ſhipwrecked in a dreadful 'ſtorm upon the Iſland of Calypſo; 'but he has there triumphed over 'Love himſelf, whom I ſent to ſoften 'his unfeeling heart: neither the youth, 'nor the beauty of Calypſo and her 'nymphs, nor the burning ſhafts of 'immortal Love, have been able to de'feat the artifices of Minerva; ſhe has 'torn him from that iſland; a ſtripling 'has triumphed over me; and I am 'overwhelmed with confuſion.'

'It is true, my daughter,' ſaid Jupiter, who was deſirous to ſoothe her ſorrows, 'that Minerva defends the 'breaſt of Telemachus againſt all the 'arrows of your ſon, and deſigns a 'glory for him which no youth has 'yet deſerved. I am not pleaſed 'that he has deſpiſed your altars; but 'I cannot ſubject him to your power: 'I conſent, however, for your ſake, 'that he ſhall be ſtill a wanderer by 'land and ſea; that he ſhall be ſtill 'diſtant from his country, and ſtill ex'poſed to danger and misfortune: but 'the Deſtinies forbid that he ſhould 'periſh; nor will they permit his vir'tue to be drowned in the pleaſures 'which you vouchſafe to man. Take 'comfort, then, my child; remember 'over how many heroes and gods your 'ſway is abſolute, and be content.'

While he thus ſpoke, a gracious ſmile blended ineffable ſweetneſs and majeſty in his countenance; and a glancing radiance iſſued from his eye, brighter and more piercing than lightning; he kiſſed the goddeſs with tenderneſs, and the mountain was ſuffuſed with ambroſial odours. This favour from the ſovereign of the ſkies could not fail to touch the ſenſibility of Venus; her countenance kindled into a lively expreſſion of joy, and ſhe drew down her veil to hide her bluſhes and confuſion. The divine aſſembly applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without loſing a moment, went in ſearch of Neptune, to concert new means of revenging herſelf upon Telemachus.

She told Neptune all that Jupiter had ſaid. 'I know already,' replied Neptune, 'the unchangeable decrees 'of Fate: but if we cannot overwhelm 'Telemachus in the deep, let us neg'lect nothing that may make him 'wretched, or delay his return to Itha'ca. I cannot conſent to deſtroy the

'Phœnician

'Phœnician veſſel in which he is em-
'barked: for I love the Phœnicians;
'they are my peculiar people; and they
'do more honour to my dominion than
'any other nation upon earth; they
'have rendered the ocean itſelf the
'bond of ſociety, by which the moſt
'diſtant countries are united; their ſa-
'crifices continually ſmoke upon my
'altars; they are inflexibly juſt; they
'are the fathers of commerce, and diſ-
'fuſe through all nations convenience
'and plenty. I cannot, therefore,
'permit one of their veſſels to ſuffer
'ſhipwreck; but I will cauſe the pilot
'to miſtake his courſe, and ſteer from
'Ithaca, the port that he deſigns to
'make.' Venus, ſatisfied with this promiſe, expreſſed her pleaſure by a malignant ſmile; and turned the rapid wheels of her celeſtial chariot over the blooming plains of Idalia, where the Graces, the Sports, and the Smiles, expreſſed their joy at her return, by dancing round her, upon the flowers which, in that delightful country, variegate the ground with beauty, and impregnate the gale with fragrance.

Neptune immediately diſpatched one of the deities that preſide over thoſe deceptions which reſemble dreams; except that dreams affect only thoſe that ſleep, and theſe impoſe upon the waking. This malevolent power, attended by a multitude of winged illuſions that perpetually fluttered around him, ſhed a ſubtle and faſcinating liquor over the eyes of Athamas the pilot, while he was attentively conſidering the brightneſs of the moon, the courſe of the ſtars, and the coaſt of Ithaca, the cliffs of which he diſcovered not far diſtant. From that moment the eyes of Athamas became unfaithful to their objects, and preſented to him another heaven and another earth; the ſtars appeared as if their courſe had been inverted; Olympus ſeemed to move by new laws; and the earth itſelf to have changed it's poſition. A falſe Ithaca roſe up before him, while he was ſteering from the real country; and the deluſive ſhore fled as he approached it. He perceived that he did not gain upon it, and he wondered at the cauſe: yet ſometimes he fancied he heard the noiſe of people in the port; and he was about to make preparations, according to the orders he had received, for putting Telemachus on ſhore upon a little iſland adjacent to that of Ithaca, in order to conceal his return from the ſuitors of Penelope, who had conſpired his deſtruction. Sometimes he thought himſelf in danger of the rocks which ſurround the coaſt, and imagined that he heard the dreadful roaring of the ſurge that broke againſt them: then the land ſuddenly appeared to be again diſtant; and the mountains looked but like the clouds which ſometimes obſcure the horizon at the ſetting of the ſun.

Thus was Athamas aſtoniſhed and confounded; and the influence of the deity which had deceived his ſight impreſſed a dread upon his mind, which, till then, he had never felt: he ſometimes almoſt doubted whether he was awake, or whether what he ſaw was not the illuſion of a dream. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the eaſt wind to blow, that the veſſel might be driven upon the coaſt of Heſperia; and the wind obeyed with ſuch violence, that the coaſt of Heſperia was immediately before them.

Aurora had already proclaimed the day to be at hand; and the ſtars, touched at once with fear and envy at the rays of the ſun, retired to conceal their fading fires in the boſom of the deep; when the pilot ſuddenly cried out—'I
'am now ſure of my port; the Iſland
'of Ithaca is before us, and we almoſt
'touch the ſhore.—Rejoice, O Tele-
'machus! for in leſs than an hour
'you will again embrace Penelope,
'and, perhaps, again behold Ulyſſes
'upon his throne.'

This exclamation rouzed Telemachus, who was now in a profound ſleep: he awaked, ſtarted up, and, running to the helm, embraced the pilot; at the ſame time, fixing his eyes, which were ſcarce open, upon the neighbouring coaſt, the view ſtruck him at once with ſurprize and diſappointment; for in theſe ſhores he found no reſemblance of his country. 'Alas!' ſaid he, 'where
'are we? This is not Ithaca, the dear
'iſland that I ſeek. You are cer-
'tainly miſtaken, and are not per-
'fectly acquainted with a country ſo
'diſtant from your own.'—'No,' replied Athamas, 'I cannot be miſtaken
'in the coaſt of this iſland; I have en-
'tered the port ſo often, that I am ac-
'quainted with every rock, and have
'not

'not a more exact remembrance even 'of Tyre itself. Observe that moun- 'tain which runs out from the shore, 'and that rock which rises like a tow- 'er. Do not you see others that, 'projecting from above, seem to threa- 'ten the sea with their fall? And do 'not you hear the waves that break 'against them below? There is the 'temple of Minerva, which seems to 'penetrate the clouds; and there the 'citadel and the palace of Ulysses!'— 'Still you are mistaken,' replied Te- lemachus; 'I see a coast which is ele- 'vated, indeed, but level and unbro- 'ken; I perceive a city, but it is not 'Ithaca.—Is it thus, ye gods, that ye 'sport with men?'

While Telemachus was yet speak- ing, the eyes of Athamas were again changed; the charm was broken; he saw the coast as it was; and acknow- ledged his mistake. 'I confess,' said he, 'O Telemachus! that some un- 'friendly power has fascinated my 'sight. I thought I beheld the coast 'of Ithaca, of which a perfect image 'was represented to me, that is now 'vanished like a dream. I now see 'another city, and know it to be Sa- 'lentum, which Idomeneus, a fugi- 'tive from Crete, is founding in Hes- 'peria: I perceive rising walls as yet 'unfinished; and I see a port not en- 'tirely fortified.'

While Athamas was remarking the various works which were carrying on in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his misfortunes, the wind which Neptune had commanded to blow carried them, with full sails, into the road, where they found themselves under shelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of the resentment of Neptune, nor the cruel artifices of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they had got safe into the road—'Ju- 'piter tries you,' said he to Telema- chus; 'but he will not suffer you to 'perish: he tries you, that he may 'open before you the path of glory. 'Remember the labours of Hercules; 'and let the atchievements of your 'father be always present to your 'mind: he that knows not how to suf- 'fer has no greatness of soul. You 'must weary Fortune, who delights 'to persecute you, by patience and 'fortitude; and be assured that you 'are much less endangered by the dis- 'pleasure of Neptune than by the ca- 'resses of Calypso. But why do we 'delay to enter the harbour? The peo- 'ple here are our friends, for they are 'natives of Greece; and Idomeneus, 'having himself been ill-treated by 'Fortune, will naturally be touched 'with pity at our distress.' They im- mediately entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnicians were admitted without scruple; for they are at peace and in trade with every nation upon earth.

Telemachus looked upon that rising city with admiration. As a young plant that has been watered with the dews of the night, feels the glow of the morning sun, grows under the ge- nial influence, opens it's buds, unfolds it's leaves, spreads out it's odoriferous flowers variegated with a thousand dyes, and discloses every moment some fresh beauty; so flourished this infant city of Idomeneus, on the borders of the deep. It rose into greater magni- ficence every hour; and discovered, in a distant prospect, to the strangers that approached it by sea, new orna- ments of architecture, that seemed to reach the clouds. The whole coast resounded with the voices of work- men, and the strokes of the hammer, and huge stones were seen suspended from pullies in the air. As soon as the morning dawned, the people were animated to their labour by their chiefs; and Idomeneus himself being present to dispense his orders, the works were carried on with incredible expe- dition.

As soon as the Phœnician vessel came to shore, the Cretans received Telema- chus and Mentor with all the tokens of a sincere friendship; and immediately acquainted Idomeneus that the son of Ulysses was arrived in his dominions. 'The son of Ulysses!' said he, 'of my 'dear friend Ulysses! of him who is 'at once a hero and a sage; by whose 'counsel alone the destruction of Troy 'was accomplished! Let him be con- 'ducted hither, that I may convince 'him how much I loved his father!' Telemachus being then presented to him, told him his name, and then de- manded the rights of hospitality.

Idomeneus received him with a smile of tender complacency. 'I be- 'lieve,' said he, 'I should have known 'you, if I had not been told your 'name.

'name. I perceive your father's fire 'and firmneſs in your eye; the ſame 'coldneſs and reſerve in your firſt ad-'dreſs, which, in him, concealed ſo 'much vivacity and ſuch various 'grace. You have his ſmile of con-'ſcious penetration; his eaſy negli-'gence, and his ſweet, ſimple, and in-'ſinuating elocution, which takes the 'ſoul captive before it can prepare for 'defence. You are, indeed, the ſon 'of Ulyſſes! From this hour you ſhall 'alſo be mine. Tell me, then,' ſays he, 'what adventure has brought you 'to this coaſt? Are you in ſearch of 'your father? Alas! of your father I 'can give you no intelligence. For-'tune has equally perſecuted both him 'and me: he has never been able to 'return to his country; and I became 'the victim of Divine diſpleaſure in 'mine.' While Idomeneus was thus ſpeaking to Telemachus, he fixed his eyes attentively upon Mentor, as a man whoſe countenance was not wholly unknown to him, though he could not recollect his name.

In the mean time, the eyes of Telemachus were filled with tears. 'For-'give,' ſaid he, 'O king, the grief 'that I cannot hide. I ought now, 'indeed, to betray no paſſion but joy 'at your preſence, and gratitude for 'your bounty; yet, by the regret 'which you expreſs for the loſs of 'Ulyſſes, you impreſs me with a new 'ſenſe of my misfortune in the loſs of 'a father! I have already long ſought 'him through all the regions of the 'deep. Such is the diſpleaſure of the 'gods, that they neither permit me to 'find him, nor to learn whether the ſea 'has not cloſed over him for ever; nor 'yet to return to Ithaca, where Pe-'nelope pines with an anxious deſire to 'be delivered from her lovers. I 'hoped to have found you in Crete, 'where I only heard the ſtory of your 'misfortunes; and I had then no 'thought of approaching the coaſt of 'Heſperia, where you have founded 'another kingdom: but Fortune, who 'ſports with mankind, and keeps me 'wandering through every country 'that is diſtant from my own, has at 'length thrown me upon your coaſt; 'a misfortune which I regret leſs than 'any other, ſince, though I am driven 'from Ithaca, I am at leaſt brought 'to Idomeneus, the moſt generous of 'men.'

Idomeneus, having embraced Telemachus with great tenderneſs, conducted him to his palace, where he enquired what venerable old man it was that accompanied him. 'I think,' ſaid he, 'that I have ſomewhere ſeen 'him before.'—'That is Mentor,' replied Telemachus, 'the friend of U-'lyſſes, to whoſe care he confided my 'infancy, and to whom my obliga-'tions are more than I can expreſs.'

Idomeneus immediately advanced towards Mentor, and gave him his hand. 'We have ſeen each other be-'fore,' ſaid he. 'Do not you re-'member the voyage that you made to 'Crete, and the good counſel that you 'gave me there? I was then carried 'away by the impetuoſity of youth, 'and the love of deceitful pleaſure. 'It was neceſſary, that what I refuſed 'to learn from Wiſdom, I ſhould be 'taught by Adverſity. Would to 'Heaven that I had confided in your 'counſel! But I am aſtoniſhed to ſee 'that ſo many years have made ſo lit-'tle alteration in your appearance; 'there is the ſame freſhneſs in your 'countenance; your ſtature is ſtill 'erect; and your vigour is undimi-'niſhed: I ſee no difference, except 'that there are a few more grey hairs 'upon your head.'

'If I was inclined to flatter,' replied Mentor, 'I would ſay that you 'alſo preſerve the ſame bloom of 'youth which glowed upon your 'countenance before the ſiege of Troy; 'but I had rather deny myſelf the 'pleaſure of gratifying you, than of-'fend againſt truth. I perceive, in-'deed, by the wiſdom of your diſ-'courſe, that from flattery you could 'receive no gratification; and that he 'who ſpeaks to Idomeneus riſques no-'thing by ſincerity. You are, in-'deed, much changed; ſo much, that 'I ſhould ſcarce have known you: but 'I am not ignorant of the cauſe; the 'hand of Misfortune has been upon 'you: you are, however, a gainer 'even by your ſufferings; for they 'have taught you wiſdom; and the 'wrinkles that Time impreſſes upon 'the face ought not to be much re-'gretted, if, in the mean while, he is 'planting virtue in the breaſt. Be-

'sides, it should be considered, that 'kings must wear out faster than other 'men. In adversity, the solicitude of 'the mind, and the fatigues of the bo-'dy, bring on the infirmities of age 'before they are old; and, in prosper-'rity, the indulgences of a voluptuous 'life wear them out still more than 'corporal labour, or intellectual suf-'ferance. Nothing is so fatal to 'health as immoderate pleasure: and 'therefore kings, both in peace and 'war, have pains and pleasures which 'precipitate old age. A sober, tempe-'rate, and simple life, free from the 'inquietudes both of accident and 'passion, divided in due proportions 'between labour and rest, continues 'long, to the wise, the blessings of 'youth; which, if these precautions 'do not retain them, are ever ready to 'fly away upon the wings of Time.'

Idomeneus, who listened with de-light to the wisdom of Mentor, would longer have indulged himself in so no-ble a pleasure, if he had not been re-minded of a sacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him to the temple, surrounded by a crowd of people, who gazed at the two strangers with great eagerness and curiosity. 'These men,' said they, 'are very different from 'each other. The younger has some-'thing sprightly and amiable, that is 'hard to be defined; all the graces of 'youth and beauty are diffused over 'his whole person; yet he has nothing 'effeminately soft: though the bloom 'of youth is scarcely ripened into man-'hood, he appears vigorous, robust, 'and inured to labour. The other, 'though much older, has suffered no 'injury from time: at the first view, 'his general appearance is less noble, 'and his countenance less gracious; 'but, upon a closer examination, we 'find, under his unassuming simpli-'city, strong indications both of wis-'dom and of virtue; with a kind of 'nameless superiority, that excites at 'once both reverence and admiration. 'When the gods descended upon the 'earth, they doubtless assumed the 'form of such strangers and travellers 'as these.'

In the mean time, they arrived at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from the god, had adorned with the utmost magnificence. It was surrounded with a double range of columns of variegated marble, the capitals of which were of silver. The whole building was cased with marble, enriched with bas relief: the carving represented the transformation of Jupiter into a Bull, and his Rape of Europa, whom he bore into Crete through the waves, which seemed to reverence the god, though he was concealed under a borrowed form; and the birth of Minos, the events of his youth, and the dispensation of those laws in his more advanced age, which were calculated to perpetuate the pro-sperity of his country. Telemachus observed also representations of the prin-cipal events in the siege of Troy, at which Idomeneus acquired great mili-tary reputation. Among these repre-sentations, Telemachus looked for his father; and he found him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had just slain; disputing the armour of A-chilles with Ajax before the princes of Greece; and descending from the fatal horse to deluge Troy with the blood of her inhabitants. By these atchieve-ments Telemachus distinguished his fa-ther; for he had frequently heard them mentioned, and they had been particu-larly described to him by Mentor. His mind kindled as he considered them; the tears swelled in his eyes, he chang-ed colour, and his countenance was troubled; he turned away his face to conceal his confusion; which, however, was perceived by the king. 'Do not 'be ashamed,' said Idomeneus, 'that 'we should see how sensibly you are 'touched with the glory and the mis-'fortunes of your father.'

The people were now gathered in a throng under the vast porticos which were formed by the double range of columns that surrounded the building. There were two companies of boys and virgins, who sung hymns to the praise of the god in whose hand are the thun-ders of the sky: they were selected for their beauty, and had long hair, which flowed in loose curls over their shoul-ders; they were cloathed in white, and their heads were crowned with roses, and sprinkled with perfume. Idome-neus sacrificed an hundred bulls to Ju-piter, to obtain success in a war which he had undertaken against the neigh-bouring states: the blood of the vic-tims smoked on every side, and was re-ceived

ceived into large vaſes of ſilver and gold.

Theophanes, the prieſt of the temple, venerable for his age, and beloved of the god, having kept his head covered, during the ceremony, with the ſkirt of his purple robe, proceeded to examine the ſtill panting entrails of the victim: he then mounted the ſacred tripod, and cried out—'Who, ye gods! 'are theſe ſtrangers that ye have 'brought amongſt us? Without them, 'the war which we have undertaken 'would have been fatal; and Salentum 'would have fallen into ruin, while 'it was yet riſing from it's foundations. 'I ſee a hero in the bloom of youth; 'I ſee him conducted by the hand of 'Wiſdom! To mortal lips thus much 'only is permitted.'

While he ſpoke, his looks became wild, and his eyes fiery; he ſeemed to ſee other objects than thoſe that were before him: his countenance was enflamed; his hair ſtood up; his mouth foamed; his arms, which were ſtretched upwards, remained immoveable; and all his faculties ſeemed to be under a ſupernatural influence; his voice was more than human; he gaſped for breath, and was agonized by the divine ſpirit that moved within him. He ſoon burſt into a new exclamation: 'O happy 'Idomeneus! What do I ſee! tremendous evils! but they are averted. 'Within there is peace; but without 'there is battle! there is victory!—O 'Telemachus! thy atchievements ſurpaſs thoſe of thy father! Under thy 'falchion Pride and Hoſtility grovel 'in the duſt together; and gates of 'braſs, and inacceſſible ramparts, fall 'in one ruin at thy feet!—O mighty 'goddeſs! let his father——Illuſtrious youth! thou ſhalt again be'hold——.' Here the words died upon his tongue, and his powers were involuntarily ſuſpended in ſilence and aſtoniſhment.

The multitude was chilled with horror; Idomeneus trembled, and did not dare to urge Theophanes to proceed: Telemachus himſelf ſcarcely comprehended what he had heard; and almoſt doubted whether predictions ſo ſublime and important had really been delivered. Mentor was the only perſon in that vaſt aſſembly whom the effuſions of the divinity had not aſtoniſhed: 'You hear,' ſaid he to Idomeneus, 'the purpoſes of the gods; againſt 'whatever nation you ſhall turn your 'arms, your victory is ſure; but it is 'to this youth, the ſon of your friend, 'that you will owe your ſucceſs; be not 'jealous of his honour; but receive, 'with gratitude, what the gods ſhall 'give you by his hand.'

Idomeneus endeavoured to reply; but not being yet recovered from his ſurprize, he could find no words, and therefore remained ſilent. Telemachus was more maſter of himſelf. 'The 'promiſe of ſo much glory,' ſaid he to Mentor, 'does not much affect me: 'I deſire only to know the meaning of 'theſe laſt words—"Thou ſhalt again "behold." Is it my father, or my 'country only, that I ſhall behold 'again? Why, alas! was the ſentence 'left unfiniſhed? Why was it ſo broken, 'as rather to increaſe than diminiſh 'my uncertainty?—O Ulyſſes! O my 'father! is it thy very ſelf that I ſhall 'again behold! Is it poſſible! Alas! 'my wiſhes deceive me into hope; this 'cruel oracle has only ſported with my 'misfortunes: one word more would 'have made me compleatly happy!'—'Reverence what the gods have revealed,' ſaid Mentor; 'and do not ſeek 'to diſcover what they have hidden: it 'is fit that preſumptuous curioſity 'ſhould be covered with confuſion. 'The gods, in the abundance of their 'wiſdom and mercy, have concealed 'the future, from the ſight of man, in 'impenetrable darkneſs. It is proper, 'indeed, that we ſhould know the event 'of what depends wholly upon our'ſelves, as a motive to rectitude of 'conduct; but it is equally fit that we 'ſhould be ignorant of thoſe events over 'which we have no influence, and of 'what the gods have determined to be 'our lot.'

Telemachus felt the force of this reply, yet he could not reſtrain himſelf without difficulty. In the mean time, Idomeneus, having perfectly recovered the poſſeſſion of his mind, began to expreſs his gratitude to Jupiter for having ſent Telemachus and Mentor to give him victory over his enemies. A magnificent entertainment was given after the ſacrifice; and he then addreſſed the ſtrangers to this effect: 'I con'feſs, that when I returned from the 'ſiege of Troy to Crete, I was not ſuf'ficiently acquainted with the arts of

government. You are not ignorant, my dear friends, of the misfortunes ‘ which excluded me from the sove- ‘ reignty of that extensive island; for ‘ you tell me that you have been there ‘ since I quitted it: misfortunes, which ‘ I shall think more than atoned, if ‘ they teach me wisdom, and repress my ‘ passions! I traversed the seas like a ‘ fugitive, pursued by the vengeance ‘ both of heaven and earth. The ele- ‘ vation of my former state served but ‘ to aggravate my fall; and I sought ‘ an asylum for my household gods upon ‘ this desart coast, which I found co- ‘ vered with thorns and brambles, with ‘ impenetrable forests, as ancient as ‘ the earth on which they grew, and ‘ abounding with almost inaccessible ‘ rocks, in which the wild beasts, that ‘ prowled by night, took shelter in ‘ the day. Such was my necessity, that ‘ I was glad to take possession of this ‘ desolate wilderness with a small num- ‘ ber of soldiers and friends, who kind- ‘ ly became the companions of my ‘ misfortunes, and to consider these ‘ desarts as my country. Having no ‘ hope of returning to that happy island ‘ in which it was the will of the gods ‘ that I should be born to reign, I felt ‘ the change with the keenest sensibi- ‘ lity: “ What a dreadful example,” ‘ said I, “ is Idomeneus to other kings! “ and what instruction may they de- “ rive from his sufferings! They ima- “ gine that their elevation above the “ rest of men is a security from mis- “ fortunes; but, alas! their very supe- “ riority is their danger!” I was dread- ‘ ed by my enemies, and beloved by ‘ my subjects; I commanded a pow- ‘ erful and warlike nation; Fame had ‘ acquainted the remotest regions with ‘ my glory; I was the lord of a fertile ‘ and delightful country; I received ‘ tribute from the wealth of a hundred ‘ cities; I was acknowledged to be ‘ descended from Jupiter, who was ‘ born in the country that I govern- ‘ ed; I was beloved as the grandson ‘ of Minos, whose laws at once ren- ‘ dered them powerful and happy: and ‘ what was wanting to my felicity but ‘ the knowledge how to enjoy it with ‘ moderation! My pride, and the adu- ‘ lation which gratified it, subverted ‘ my throne, and I fell as every king ‘ must fall who delivers himself up to ‘ his own passions, and to the counsels ‘ of flattery. When I came hither, I ‘ laboured to conceal my anguish by a ‘ look of chearfulness and hope, that I ‘ might support the courage of my ‘ companions. “ Let us build a new “ city,” said I, “ to console us for “ what we have lost. We are surround- “ ed with people who have set us a fair “ example for the undertaking: we “ see Tarentum rising near us, a city “ founded by Phalantus and his La- “ cedemonians: Philoctetes is build- “ ing Petilia on the same coast; and “ Metapontum is another colony of the “ like kind. Shall we do less than “ these strangers have done, who are “ wanderers as well as we, and to whom “ Fortune has not been less severe?” ‘ But I wanted the comfort which I ‘ sought to bestow, and concealed in ‘ my bosom that anguish which I sooth- ‘ ed in others. Of this I hoped no ‘ other alleviation than to be released ‘ from the constraint of hiding it, and ‘ anticipated the close of day with ‘ comfort; when, surrounded by the ‘ shades of night, I might indulge my ‘ sorrows without a witness. My eyes ‘ were then drowned in tears, and sleep ‘ was a stranger to my bed; yet the ‘ next morning I renewed my labour ‘ with equal ardour and perseverance: ‘ and these are the causes that I am old ‘ before my time.’

Idomeneus then requested the assist- ance of Telemachus and Mentor in the war that he had undertaken. ‘ I ‘ will send you to Ithaca,’ said he, ‘ as soon as it shall be over; and, in ‘ the mean time, I will dispatch ships ‘ to every corner in quest of Ulysses; ‘ and from whatever part of the known ‘ world on which he shall have been ‘ cast by a tempest, or by the resent- ‘ ment of some adverse deity, he shall ‘ be brought in safety: may the gods ‘ grant that he be still alive! As for ‘ you, I will embark you in the best ‘ vessels that ever were built in the ‘ Island of Crete; vessels that are con- ‘ structed of trees which grew upon ‘ Mount Ida, the birth-place of Jupi- ter: that sacred wood can never perish ‘ in the deep; it is reverenced equally ‘ by the rocks and winds; and Nep- ‘ tune himself, in the utmost fury of ‘ his wrath, does not dare to swell the ‘ waves against it. Be assured, there- ‘ fore, that you shall return to Ithaca ‘ in safety; and that no adverse deity ‘ shall

'shall again drive you to another coast. The voyage is short and easy. Dismiss, therefore, the Phœnician vessel that has brought you hither, and think only of the glory you will acquire by establishing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to atone for his sufferings that are past.—This, O son of Ulysses! shall prove that thou art worthy of thy father; and if the inexorable Fates have already compelled him to descend into the gloomy dominions of Pluto, Greece shall think, with pleasure, that she still sees her Ulysses in thee.'

Here Idomeneus was interrupted by Telemachus. 'Let us send away the Phœnician vessel,' said he: 'why should we delay to take arms against your enemies, since your enemies must also be ours? If we have been victorious in the behalf of Acestus, a Trojan, and consequently an enemy to Greece, should we not exert ourselves with more ardour; and shall we not be more favoured by the gods, in the cause of a Grecian prince, a confederate of those heroes by whom the perfidious city of Priam was overturned? Surely the oracle that we have just heard has made doubt impossible!'

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK X.

MENTOR turned to Telemachus, who, while he was ſpeaking, felt an heroick ardour kindle in his boſom, with a look of calm complacency: 'I 'ſee with pleaſure,' ſaid he, 'O ſon 'of Ulyſſes! the deſire of glory that 'now ſparkles in your eye: but you 'muſt remember, that your father acquired his pre-eminence among the 'confederate princes at the ſiege of 'Troy by his ſuperior wiſdom and diſpaſſionate counſels. Achilles, though 'he was invincible and invulnerable; 'though he was ſure to ſpread terror 'and deſtruction wherever he fought; 'could never take the city of Troy, 'which, when he expired under her 'walls, ſtood yet unſhaken, and triumphed over the conqueror of Hector; but Ulyſſes, whoſe valour was 'under the direction of conſummate 'prudence, carried fire and ſword to 'it's centre; and it is to Ulyſſes that 'we owe the fall of thoſe lofty towers, 'which threatened confederate Greece 'more than ten years with deſtruction. 'A circumſpect and ſagacious valour 'is as much ſuperior to a thoughtleſs 'and impetuous courage, as Minerva 'is to Mars: let us therefore, before 'we engage in this war, enquire upon 'what grounds it is undertaken. I am 'willing to incur any danger; but it 'is fit I ſhould firſt learn, from Idomeneus, whether his war is juſt; 'againſt whom it is waged; and on 'what forces he builds his hopes of 'ſucceſs.

'When we arrived at this coaſt,' replied Idomeneus, 'we found it in'habited by a ſavage people, who liv'ed wild in the foreſts, ſubſiſting up'on ſuch animals as they could kill 'by hunting, and ſuch fruits and herbage as the ſeaſons produced without 'culture. Theſe people, who were 'called Mandurians, being terrified at 'the ſight of our veſſels and our arms, 'fled to the mountains; but as our ſoldiers were curious to ſee the country, 'and were frequently led far into it in 'purſuit of their game, they met with 'ſome of the fugitives, and were addreſſed by their chiefs to this effect: "We have abandoned the pleaſant "borders of the ſea, that you might "poſſeſs them; and nothing remains "for us but mountains that are al"moſt inacceſſible: it is therefore but "equitable, that of theſe mountains "you ſhould leave us the peaceable "poſſeſſion. You are fallen into our "hands, a wandering, diſperſed, and "defenceleſs party; and we could now "deſtroy you, without leaving to your "companions a poſſibility of diſcover"ing your fate: but we will not dip "our hands in the blood of thoſe who,

"though

" though ſtrangers, partake of one " common nature with ourſelves. Go " then, in peace! Remember that you " are indebted for your lives to our " humanity; and that a people, whom " you have ſtigmatized with the name " of ſavages and barbarians, have giv- " en you this leſſon of moderation and " generoſity!"

' Our people, thus diſmiſſed by the ' barbarians, came back to the camp, ' and told what had happened. The ſol- ' diers took fire at the relation; they ' diſdained that Cretans ſhould owe ' their lives to a company of wander- ' ing ſavages, who, in their opinion, ' were more like bears than men. ' They went out therefore to the chace ' in great numbers, and better armed; ' they ſoon fell in with a party of the ' natives, and immediately attacked ' them: the conteſt was bloody; the ' arrows flew on each ſide as thick as ' hail in a ſtorm; and the ſavages were ' at length driven back to their moun- ' tains, whither our people did not dare ' to purſue them.

' A ſhort time afterwards they ſent ' two of the wiſeſt of their old men to ' me, demanding peace. They brought ' me ſuch preſents as they had, the ' ſkins of wild beaſts, and the fruits of ' the country. After they had given ' them, they addreſſed me in theſe terms: " We hold, as thou ſeeſt, O king! in " one hand the ſword, and an olive- " branch in the other; peace and war; " chuſe either. Peace has the prefe- " rence in our eſtimation; it is for " peace that we have yielded to thy " people the delightful borders of the " ſea, where the ſun renders the earth " fertile, and matures the moſt delici- " ous fruits: peace is ſtill more ſweet " than theſe fruits; and for peace we " have retired to the mountains that " are covered with eternal ſnow, where " Spring is decorated with no flowers, " and Autumn is enriched with no " fruit. We abhor that brutality " which, under the ſpecious names of " ambition and glory, deſolates the " earth, and deſtroys mankind. If thou " haſt placed glory in carnage and de- " ſolation, we do not envy but pity the " deluſion; and beſeech the gods, that " our minds may never be perverted " by ſo dreadful a phrenzy. If the " ſciences, which the Greeks learn " with ſo much aſſiduity, and the po- " liteneſs which they boaſt of with ſuch " conſcious ſuperiority, inſpire them " with deſires ſo ſanguinary and inju- " rious, we think ourſelves happy to " be without theſe advantages. It will " be our glory to continue ignorant " and unpoliſhed, but juſt, humane, " faithful, and diſintereſted; to be con- " tent with little; and to deſpiſe the " falſe delicacy which makes it neceſ- " ſary to have much. We prize nothing " but health, frugality, freedom, and " vigour both of body and of mind: we " cultivate only the love of virtue, the " fear of the gods, benevolence to our " neighbours, zeal for our friends, and " integrity to the world; moderation " in proſperity, fortitude in diſtreſs, " courage to ſpeak truth in every ſitu- " ation, and a juſt abhorrence and con- " tempt of flattery. Such are the peo- " ple whom we offer thee as neighbours " and allies! If thou ſhalt be ſo blind- " ed by the gods, in their diſpleaſure, " as to reject them, experience ſhall " teach thee, when it is too late, that " thoſe whoſe moderation inclines them " to peace, are moſt to be dreaded when " compelled to war."

' While I liſtened to the untutored ' wiſdom of theſe children of Nature, ' I regarded them with a fixed atten- ' tion; yet my eye was ſtill unſatisfied. ' Their beards were long, juſt as they ' grew; their hair was ſhorter, but ' white as ſnow; their eye-brows were ' thick, and their eyes piercing; their ' look was firm, their ſpeech delibe- ' rate and commanding, and their de- ' portment ſimple and ingenuous. ' They were covered only with ſome ' furs, which, being thrown looſely ' over them, were faſtened with a knot ' on the ſhoulder, and diſcovered muſ- ' cles of a bolder ſwell, and arms of ' more ſinewy ſtrength, than thoſe of ' our wreſtlers.

' I told theſe ſingular envoys, that I ' was deſirous of peace; and ſettled ſe- ' veral articles of a treaty between us, ' with an honeſt intention to fulfil them, ' which we called upon the gods to wit- ' neſs; and, having made them pre- ' ſents in my turn, I diſmiſſed them. ' The gods, however, who had driven ' me from my kingdom that I was born ' to inherit, continued to perſecute me ' in this. Our hunting parties that ' were at this time out, and were con- ' ſequently ignorant of our treaty, met

' a nume-

'a numerous body of these poor savages, who had accompanied their envoys as they were returning home, on the very day that the treaty had been concluded; and, falling upon them with great fury, killed many of them, and pursued the rest into the woods. The war was thus kindled; and the barbarians have conceived an opinion, that we are not to be trusted either upon our promise or our oath.

'That they may be the better able to take the field against us, they have called in to their assistance the Locrians, the Apulians, the Lucanians, the Brutians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum, and Brundusium. The Lucanians come to battle with chariots that are armed with scythes; the Apulians are covered with the skins of the wild beasts they have slain, and are armed with maces that are covered with knots, and stuck full of iron spikes; they are of a gigantick stature; and the laborious exercises to which they are addicted render them so brawny and robust, that their very appearance is terrifying. The Locrians, who came anciently from Greece, have not yet lost all traces of their origin: they are less savage than the rest; but they have added, to the regular discipline of the Greek troops, the native vigour of the barbarians, and the habitual hardiness produced by constant activity and coarse fare, which render them invincible: they are armed with a long sword; and, for defence, carry a light target of wicker-work covered with skins. The Brutians are as light of foot as a roe, so that the grass scarcely bends under them; nor is it easy to trace their steps even upon the sand: they rush upon their enemies almost before they are seen, and again vanish with the same rapidity. The Crotonians are formidable for their archery; they carry such bows as few Greeks are able to bend; and if ever they should become candidates in the Olympick Games, they would certainly carry the prize: their arrows are dipped in the juice of some poisonous herb, which is said to grow upon the banks of Avernus, and the wound which they give is mortal. As for the inhabitants of Neritum and Brundusium, they have nothing to boast but corporal strength and instinctive courage; but they make their onset with a yell, which of all sounds is the most dreadful: they make no bad use of the sling, from which they discharge a shower of stones that darkens the air; but they fight altogether without order. You now know the origin of the war, and the nature of our enemies.'

After this explanation, Telemachus, who was impatient for a battle, thought only of taking the field. Mentor again perceived and restrained his ardour. 'How comes it,' said he to Idomeneus, 'that the Locrians, who are themselves of Grecian origin, have taken up arms for the barbarians against the Greeks? How comes it, that so many colonies flourish upon the same coast, that are not threatened with the same hostilities? You say, O Idomeneus! that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; and I say, that they have not yet compleated your instruction. All the misfortunes that you have suffered hitherto have not taught you what should be done to prevent a war. What you have yourself related of the candid integrity of these barbarians, is sufficient to shew that you might have shared with them the blessings of peace; but pride and arrogance necessarily bring on the calamities of war. You might have changed hostages; and it would have been easy to have sent some persons, of proper authority, with the ambassadors, to have procured them a safe return. After the war had broken out, you might have put an end to it, by representing to the sufferers, that they were attacked by a party of your people who could have received no intelligence of the treaty which had been just concluded. Such sureties ought to have been given them as they should have required; and your subjects should have been enjoined to keep the treaty inviolate, under the sanction of the severest punishments. But what farther has happened since the war broke out?'

'I thought it beneath us,' said Idomeneus, 'to make any application to these barbarians, when they had precipitately called together all their fighting men, and solicited the assistance of all the neighbouring nations, to which they necessarily rendered us hateful and suspected. I thought

'thought the beſt thing I could do 'was ſuddenly to ſeize certain paſſes 'in the mountains that were not ſuffi-'ciently ſecured, which was accord-'ingly done; and this has put the bar-'barians very much in our power. I 'have erected towers in theſe paſſes, 'from which our people can ſo annoy 'the enemy, as effectually to prevent 'their invading our country from the 'mountains; while we can enter theirs, 'and ravage their principal ſettlements 'when we pleaſe. We are thus in a 'condition to defend ourſelves againſt 'ſuperior force, and keep off the al-'moſt innumerable multitude of ene-'mies that ſurround us, although our 'force is not equal; but as to peace, it 'ſeems at preſent to be impoſſible. We 'cannot abandon theſe towers without 'expoſing ourſelves to invaſion; and 'while we keep them, they are conſi-'dered as fortreſſes, intended to reduce 'the natives to a ſtate of ſlaviſh ſub-'jection.'

'I know,' replied Mentor, 'that 'to the wiſdom of Idomeneus Truth 'will be moſt welcome without orna-'ment or diſguiſe. You are ſuperior 'to thoſe who, with equal weakneſs 'and timidity, turn away their eyes 'at her approach; and not having cou-'rage to correct their faults, employ 'their authority to ſupport them. I 'will, then, freely tell you, that theſe 'ſavages ſet you a noble example when 'they came with propoſitions of peace. 'Did they deſire peace becauſe they 'were not able to ſuſtain a war? Did 'they want either courage or ſtrength 'to take the field againſt you? Cer-'tainly they did not; for their mar-'tial ſpirit is now equally manifeſt, 'with the number and force of the al-'lies. Why was not their example 'thought worthy of imitation? You 'have been deceived into misfortune 'by falſe notions both of honour and 'ſhame: you have been afraid of mak-'ing your enemies proud; but have, 'without ſcruple, made them power-'ful by an arrogant and injurious 'conduct, which has united innume-'rable nations againſt you. To what 'purpoſe are theſe towers, of which 'you have ſo pompouſly diſplayed the 'advantages, but to reduce all the ſur-'rounding nations to the neceſſity 'either of periſhing themſelves, or of 'deſtroying you to preſerve their free-'dom? You erected theſe towers for 'your ſecurity; but they are really the 'ſource of your danger. A kingdom 'is beſt fortified by juſtice, modera-'tion, and good faith; by which neigh-'bouring ſtates are convinced that their 'territories will never be uſurped. 'The ſtrongeſt walls may give way, 'from various accidents which no ſa-'gacity can foreſee; and the beſt-con-'ducted war may be rendered unſuc-'ceſsful by the mere caprice and in-'conſtancy of Fortune: but the love 'and confidence of neighbouring ſtates, 'that have experienced your modera-'tion, will ſurround you with impreg-'nable ſtrength; with bulwarks againſt 'which no force can prevail, and which 'temerity will ſeldom attack. If you 'ſhould be aſſailed by the folly and 'injuſtice of ſome neighbouring pow-'er, all the reſt, being intereſted in 'your preſervation, will unite in your 'defence: the aſſiſtance of united na-'tions, who would find it their inte-'reſt to ſupport yours, would give 'you advantages greatly ſuperior to 'any that you can hope from theſe 'boaſted towers, which can only ren-'der irremediable thoſe evils they were 'intended to obviate. If you had been 'careful at firſt to prevent jealouſy in 'the neighbouring ſtates, your riſing 'city would have flouriſhed in peace, 'and you would have become the ar-'biter of all the nations in Heſperia. 'Let us, however, at preſent conſider 'only how the future can be made to 'atone for the paſt. You ſay, there 'are many colonies ſettled upon this 'coaſt from Greece; theſe, ſurely, are 'diſpoſed to ſuccour you; they cannot 'have forgotten the name of Minos, 'the ſon of Jupiter; they cannot have 'forgotten your atchievements at the 'ſiege of Troy, where you often ſig-'nalized yourſelf among the Grecian 'princes in the cauſe of Greece: why 'do you not engage theſe colonies in 'your intereſt?'

'Theſe colonies,' replied Idome-neus, 'have all reſolved to ſtand neu-'ter: they have, indeed, ſome incli-'nation to aſſiſt me; but the magnifi-'cent appearance of our city, while it 'is yet riſing from it's foundation, has 'alarmed them. The Greeks, as well 'as the reſt of our neighbours, are 'apprehenſive that we have deſigns 'upon their liberty: they imagine that,

'after having subdued the barbarians 'of the mountains, we shall push our 'ambition farther. In a word, all 'are against us: those who do not open-'ly attack us, secretly wish to see us 'humbled; and Jealousy has left us 'without a single ally.'

'This is, indeed, a strange extre-'mity,' said Mentor: 'by attempting 'to appear powerful, you have sub-'verted your power; and, while you 'are the object of enmity and terror to 'your neighbours from without, your 'strength is exhausted within, to main-'tain a war which this enmity and 'terror have made necessary. You 'are indeed unfortunate to have in-'curred this calamity; but still more 'unfortunate to have derived from 'it but half the wisdom it might have 'taught you. Is it necessary you should 'lose a second kingdom before you 'learn to foresee those evils which ex-'pose you to such a loss? Leave your 'present difficulties, however, to me; 'tell me only what Grecian cities there 'are upon this coast.'

'The principal,' said Idomeneus, 'is Tarentum, which was founded 'about three years ago by Phalanthus. 'A great number of boys were born in 'Laconia of women that forgot their 'husbands during their absence in the 'Trojan war: when these husbands 'came back, the women renounced 'their children to atone for their crime; 'and the boys, being thus destitute 'both of father and mother, abandoned 'themselves, as they grew up, to the 'most criminal excesses. The laws 'being executed against them with 'great severity, they formed themselves 'into a body under Phalanthus, a bold, 'enterprizing, and ambitious chief; 'who, by various artifices, having 'gained the hearts of the young men, 'brought them to this coast, where they 'have made another Lacedemon of 'Tarentum. On another spot, Phi-'loctetes, who gained so much renown 'at the siege of Troy, by bringing 'thither the arrows of Hercules, has 'raised the walls of Petilia; less pow-'erful, indeed, than Tarentum, but 'governed with much greater wisdom. 'And, at a little distance, there is 'Metapontum, a city which the Py-'lians have founded under the direc-'tion of Nestor.'

'How!' said Mentor, 'have you 'Nestor in Hesperia? and could you 'not engage him in your interest? 'Nestor, under whose eye you have so 'often fought before the walls of Troy, 'and who was then your friend, en-'gaged in a common cause, and en-'deared by mutual danger?'—'I have 'lost him,' said Idomeneus, 'by the 'artifices of these people, who are bar-'barians only in name; for they have 'had the cunning to persuade him 'that I intended to make myself tyrant 'of Hesperia.'—'We will undeceive 'him,' replied Mentor: 'Telemachus 'saw him at Pylos before he founded 'this colony, and before we undertook 'to search the world for Ulysses. By 'Nestor Ulysses cannot be forgotten; 'and he must still remember the ten-'derness which he expressed for Tele-'machus his son. Our principal care 'must be to remove his suspicions. 'This war has been kindled by the 'jealousy which you have excited in 'your neighbours; and by removing 'that jealousy it will be extinguished. 'Once more I entreat you to leave the 'management of this affair to me.'

Idomeneus was so moved by this ad-dress of Mentor, that he was at first unable to reply, and could only clasp him to his breast in an extasy of speech-less tenderness; at last, though not with-out difficulty, he found words. 'Thou 'art,' said he, 'the messenger of Hea-'ven! I feel thy wisdom, and renounce 'my errors; yet I confess, that the 'same freedom in another would have 'provoked my anger. Thou only 'couldst have persuaded me to seek for 'peace; I had resolved to perish or to 'conquer; but it is better that I should 'be guided by thy counsel than my own 'passions. How happy is Telemachus, 'who, with such a guide, can never 'wander as I have wandered! I trust, 'with implicit confidence, to thee: to 'thee the gods have communicated ce-'lestial wisdom; nor could the counsel 'of Minerva have been more salutary 'than thine. Go, then; promise, con-'clude, concede, whatever my power 'can fulfil, ratify, or give up: all that 'Mentor shall do Idomeneus shall ap-'prove!'

While Idomeneus was yet speaking, they were alarmed by a sudden and con-fused noise; the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, the shouts of men, and the sound of the trumpet.

The

The people cried out, that the enemy had taken a great compass, and come down, without attempting the passes that Idomeneus had secured, to besiege Salentum. The old men and the women were struck with consternation. 'Alas!' said they, 'have we then quitted our 'native country, the dear and fertile 'plains of Crete, and followed an un- 'fortunate prince through all the dan- 'gers of the seas, to found a new city, 'which, like Troy, shall be reduced to 'ashes!' From the walls, which were scarcely finished, there appeared, in the vast plain below, the casques, cuirasses, and shields, of the enemy, which glittered in the sun, and almost dazzled the sight: their spears covered the earth to the horizon; like the rich harvests which Ceres, under the summer's sun, ripens in the fields of Enna, to reward the labour of the husbandman. Among these were discovered the chariots armed with scythes; and all the different nations in the confederacy were, by their arms and habits, easily to be distinguished.

Mentor, that he might view them to greater advantage, ascended a high tower, and Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. They presently discovered Philoctetes on one side, and Nestor, who was easily known by his venerable age, with his son Pisistratus, on the other. 'How is this!' cried Mentor; 'you supposed that Philoc- 'tetes and Nestor would content them- 'selves with affording you no assist- 'ance; but you see that they are in 'arms against you; and, if I am not 'deceived, those other troops, that 'come on with so deliberate a pace, 'and in such perfect order, are Lace- 'demonians, under the command of 'Phalanthus. All are against you; 'there is not a single nation upon the 'coast of which you have not made an 'enemy, without intending it.'

Mentor, the moment he had made this discovery, descended hastily from the tower, and went towards a gate of the city, on that side towards which the enemy advanced: he immediately ordered the centinel to open it; and Idomeneus, astonished at the commanding dignity of his deportment, did not dare to ask his design. He went out at the gate; and, making a sign with his hand that nobody should follow him, advanced directly towards the front of the enemy; who were astonished to see a man, wholly unattended, present himself before them. While he was yet at a distance, he held out to them the branch of an olive, as a token of peace. When he was come near enough to be heard, he demanded that their chiefs should be assembled; and as soon as they were got together, he addressed them in these terms.

'I see before me the strength of eve- 'ry nation that flourishes in this happy 'country; and I know that the gene- 'rous purpose of this assembly is the 'defence of a common cause; of that 'liberty which is at once the birth- 'right, the happiness, and the glory, 'of mankind. I honour your zeal; 'but permit me to point out an easy 'way, by which your liberty and ho- 'nour may be preserved, without the 'effusion of blood. Among other 'princes in this assembly, I see Nestor: '—Thy years and wisdom, O Nestor! 'have acquainted thee with the cala- 'mities of war, even when it is under- 'taken with justice, and favoured by 'the gods. War is the most dreadful 'of all evils by which Heaven has af- 'flicted man. Thou canst never for- 'get what was suffered by the Greeks 'during the ten years that they spent 'before the walls of Troy; what divi- 'sions among their chiefs! what ca- 'prices of Fortune! what carnage by 'the hand of Hector! what calamity 'in distant cities, during the long ab- 'sence of their kings; and what mis- 'fortunes at their return! how some 'were shipwrecked on the promontory 'of Caphareus; and some perished, 'with circumstances of yet more hor- 'ror, in the bosoms of their wives. 'The gods, doubtless, in their wrath, 'suffered them to be seduced by the 'false splendor of that expedition.— 'May they never, O people of Hespe- 'ria! distinguish you by so fatal a 'victory! Troy, indeed, is in ashes; 'but it would have been better for 'Greece if she had still flourished in all 'her glory, and Paris had still en- 'joyed, with Helen, such pleasures as 'are permitted to infamy and guilt. 'Does not Philoctetes, who was so 'long wretched and abandoned in the 'Isle of Lemnos, fear the like calami- 'ties from a like war? Have not the

'people of Laconia suffered equally by 'the long absence of their princes, 'their captains, and their soldiers, 'who went to the siege of Troy? And 'is there a single Grecian, at this 'hour, upon the coast of Hesperia, 'that is not a fugitive from his coun-'try in consequence of that fatal expe-'dition?'

During this address, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Nestor, recollecting his features, came forward to salute him. 'It is with 'great pleasure,' said he, 'that I once 'more give my hand to Mentor. It 'is many years since I first saw you in 'Phocis: you was then only fifteen 'years old; but I perceived the dawn-'ing of that wisdom which has since 'been so conspicuous to the world. 'Tell us, however, by what chance 'you came hither; and what expe-'dient you have thought of to prevent 'a war? Idomeneus has compelled us 'to attack him. We demand only 'peace; which is our interest, and our 'desire: but it is impossible that peace 'should be secured till he is destroyed. 'He has violated all his engagements 'with the neighbouring people; and, 'if we were now to conclude a treaty 'with him, it would serve no other end 'than to dissolve our confederacy, up-'on which only our safety depends. 'He has sufficiently manifested his 'ambition to reduce every other na-'tion to slavery; and we have no 'means to establish our own liberty 'but the subversion of his new king-'dom. His want of publick faith 'has reduced us to this alternative, 'either of putting an end to his power, 'or receiving his yoke. If you can 'shew that he may still be trusted with 'safety, and assure us of peace in con-'sequence of a treaty, all the nations 'that you see here confederated against 'him will gladly lay down their arms, 'and we will confess that your wis-'dom is greater than ours.'

'You know,' replied Mentor, 'that 'Ulysses has entrusted his son Tele-'machus to my care. The young 'man, impatient to discover what was 'become of his father, went first to 'Pylos, where you received him with 'all the kindness that he had reason to 'expect from the friend of his father; 'and when he left you, appointed your 'own son to conduct him on his way. 'He went afterwards many distant 'voyages by sea; he has visited Sicily 'and Egypt, and the Islands of Cy-'prus and Crete: the winds, or rather 'the gods, have at length thrown him 'upon this coast, as he was returning 'to Ithaca. We are come just in time 'to spare you the horrors of another 'war; for you shall not now trust in 'Idomeneus, but in the son of Ulysses 'and myself, for the fulfilling of 'whatever shall be stipulated in a treaty 'of peace.'

During this conference between Mentor and Nestor, in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans under arms, were spectators of the scene from the walls of Salentum: they were very attentive to discover in what manner Mentor's discourse was received; and wished they could have been present at the conference of two men so venerable for age and wisdom. Nestor had always been considered as superior to the other princes of Greece in experimental knowledge and graceful elocution: it was he that restrained the anger of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the ferocity of Ajax, and the precipitate courage of Diomedes. Persuasion, sweet as honey, distilled from his lips; and the sound of his voice alone was sufficient to excite attention: when Nestor spoke, surrounding heroes were silent, and he only had the power of soothing discord into peace. He began now to feel the chilling influence of age; but his words were still forcible and sweet. He frequently related past events, that youth might be instructed by his experience; and, though his speech was somewhat slow, yet his narratives were pleasing.

But this venerable sage, so admired by all Greece, seemed to lose all his eloquence, and all his dignity, from the moment that he appeared in competition with Mentor: in comparison with him, he seemed to be withered and depressed by age; for the vigour and activity of Mentor appeared to have suffered no injury from time. In the elocution of Mentor, though it was grave and simple, there was a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in that of Nestor: what he said was short, precise, and nervous; he made

no

no repetitions; and he ſpoke only to the point in queſtion. If it was neceſſary to mention the ſame thing more than once, either to inculcate or perſuade, it was always by ſome happy ſimile or alluſion. He had alſo the art of inſinuating truth by a kind of nameleſs complaiſance and good-humour, when it was neceſſary to accommodate himſelf to particular diſpoſitions and capacities. There was ſomething in the appearance of theſe perſons that ſtrongly excited veneration and love among the multitude that ſurrounded them: the forces that were confederated againſt Salentum crouded one upon another, that they might get a nearer view of their perſons, and catch up ſome fragment of their diſcourſe; and Idomeneus, and the people that were with him, fixed their eyes upon them with the utmoſt eagerneſs and ardour, to diſcover the purport of what they ſaid by their geſtures and countenance.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XI.

IN the mean time, Telemachus, who could no longer reſtrain his impatience, diſengaged himſelf from the crowd; and running to the gate by which Mentor had gone out, commanded it to be opened, with a tone of authority which was immediately obeyed. Idomeneus, who believed him to be ſtill ſtanding at his ſide, was in a few moments ſurprized to ſee him running croſs the plain, and not far from the place where Neſtor ſtood. Neſtor immediately knew him; and advanced with haſte in his looks, but with a ſlow and heavy pace, to receive him. Telemachus threw himſelf on his neck, and held him locked in his arms, without power to ſpeak: at laſt he cried out —'O my father! I fear not to claim 'you by the deareſt tie! The loſs of 'him from whom I derive my birth, 'and the parental kindneſs which I 'have experienced in you, give me a 'right to call you by that tender name. 'You are a father, whom I am again 'permitted to embrace! O might I 'once more be permitted thus to em'brace Ulyſſes! If any thing can atone 'for his loſs, it is the finding his wiſ'dom, his virtues, and his tenderneſs, 'in you.'

The affectionate ardour of this addreſs melted Neſtor into tears; and he was touched with a ſecret pleaſure at perceiving the ſame expreſſion of tender ſenſibility in his young friend, which gave new grace to his countenance. The beauty, the ſweetneſs, and the noble confidence of this young ſtranger, who had, without precaution, ventured among ſo many enemies, aſtoniſhed the allies. 'Is not this the ſon 'of the old man,' ſaid they, 'who 'came to ſpeak with Neſtor? We cer'tainly ſee the ſame wiſdom at two 'ages; in one of them it is only in 'bloſſom, in the other it is matured 'into fruit.'

Mentor, who had with great pleaſure obſerved the tenderneſs with which Neſtor received Telemachus, availed himſelf of a diſpoſition ſo favourable to his purpoſe. 'Here is the ſon of 'Ulyſſes,' ſaid he, 'ſo dear to all 'Greece, and ſo tenderly beloved by 'you! I offer him as an hoſtage, as 'the deareſt pledge that can be given, 'for the accompliſhment of whatever 'ſhall be promiſed on the part of Idomeneus. You cannot ſuppoſe that I 'would aggravate the loſs of the fa'ther by that of the ſon, or expoſe 'myſelf to the reproaches of Pene'lope for having ſacrified her child to 'the ambition of the new King of Sa'lentum. With this pledge, ye na'tions

'tions of Hesperia! voluntarily offered 'by himself, and sent by the gods that 'are lovers of amity, I begin my pro-'positions for establishing a lasting 'peace.'

At the name of peace a confused murmur was heard spreading from rank to rank; an inarticulate expression of anger, which was with difficulty restrained; for all that were present thought every moment lost by which the battle was delayed: they imagined that Mentor had no design but to soften their resentment, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, in particular, could not bear to think of being again deceived; and, as they feared that the eloquence of Mentor would gain over their allies, they frequently attempted to interrupt him: they began to suspect all the Greeks that were in the field; and Mentor, who perceived this suspicion, immediately resolved to increase it, that he might weaken the confederacy by dividing it into factions.

'I confess,' said he, 'that the Man-'durians have reason to complain, and 'to insist upon satisfaction for the in-'jury they have suffered; but it is not 'equally reasonable that the ancient 'inhabitants of the country should re-'gard all Greeks who have established 'colonies upon this coast, with suspi-'cion and malignity: the Greeks, 'therefore, ought to maintain a firm 'union among themselves, that they 'may be able to compel a proper treat-'ment from the nations that surround 'them; although they ought not, upon 'any pretence, to usurp their territory. 'I know that Idomeneus has unfor-'tunately given sufficient cause of jea-'lousy; but this jealousy may easily 'be removed: Telemachus and myself 'are both ready to become hostages for 'his future good faith, and to con-'tinue in your power till his stipula-'tions shall be fulfilled.—I know,' said he, addressing himself to the Mandurians, 'that you are provoked at the 'Cretans having seized the passes of 'the mountains by surprize, and se-'cured to themselves the power of en-'tering, at pleasure, the country to 'which you have retired, that you 'might leave them the level country 'upon the sea-coast: these passes the 'Cretans have fortified by high towers, 'strongly garrisoned; these towers, 'then, are the immediate cause of the 'war; if there is any other, let it be 'assigned.'

The chief of the Mandurians then advanced, and spoke to the following effect. 'Whatever is the cause of the 'war, we have done every thing that 'was possible to avoid it: the gods are 'our witnesses that we made use of 'every art to keep Peace among us, till 'she was driven away by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and the perfidy 'that made it impossible to trust them, 'even on their oath. These infatuated 'people have reduced us to the fatal 'necessity of perishing ourselves, or 'destroying them. While they continue in possession of the passes they 'have fortified, we shall always appre-'hend a design to invade our territory, 'and enslave our persons. If they had 'a sincere desire to live at peace with 'their neighbours, they would rest satisfied with the country that we have 'voluntarily ceded to them: they 'would have formed no ambitious de-'sign against the liberty of others; 'and, consequently, could never be 'solicitous to secure the avenues by 'which their territory could be in-'vaded. But, wise as thou art, O full 'of days! thou knowest them not; 'and it is by misfortune only that we 'know them: cease, then, O beloved 'of Heaven! to prevent so just and 'necessary a war, without which He-'speria must for ever despair of peace. 'They are an ungrateful, a perfidious, 'and inhuman people, whom the gods 'have sent among us in their anger to 'interrupt our tranquillity, and punish 'our offences: but the gods, when they 'have punished, will avenge us; and 'our enemies also shall experience that 'they are just.'

At these words the whole assembly was moved; and it seemed as if Mars and Bellona were passing from rank to rank, and kindling in every bosom that rage of war which Mentor had laboured to extinguish. But he addressed himself again to the assembly in these terms. 'If I offered promises only, they might 'reasonably be rejected; but what I 'offer you is certain and immediate 'advantage. If you are not content 'to receive Telemachus and myself as 'hostages, twelve of the noblest and 'bravest Cretans shall be delivered into 'your hands. It is, however, but just 'that hostages should also be given on

'your

'your part; for Idomeneus, though 'he desires peace, desires it without 'fear, and without meanness: he de- 'sires peace upon the same principles 'on which you say you desire it, wis- 'dom and moderation; not because 'he desires to repose in voluptuous 'tranquillity, or is terrified by a pro- 'spect of the dangers of war: he is, 'like you, ready to perish or to con- 'quer; but he prefers peace to the 'most splendid victory; he disdains the 'fear of being vanquished; but he 'confesses that he fears to be unjust, 'and is not ashamed to make an atone- 'ment for his faults. He offers you 'peace with the sword in his hand: 'but he would not haughtily impose it 'upon his own conditions; for he sets 'no value upon a compulsory treaty. 'He desires a peace in which all parties 'shall be content, which shall put an 'end to all jealousies, appease all re- 'sentment, and remove all distrust: his 'sentiments are just what you would 'wish them to be; and nothing is ne- 'cessary but to convince you of this 'truth, which would not be difficult 'if you would hear me without pre- 'judice and passion.—Hear, then, ye 'nations, distinguished by valour!— 'and hear, ye chiefs, whom wisdom 'has united!—what I shall now offer 'on the part of Idomeneus. It is not 'just that he should invade the terri- 'tory of his neighbours; neither is it 'just that his territory should be in- 'vaded: he consents that the towers, 'by which he has fortified the passes, 'should be garrisoned by neutral 'troops.—You, Nestor—and you, Phi- 'loctetes—are of Grecian origin; yet, 'in this quarrel, you have declared 'against Idomeneus: you cannot, 'therefore, be suspected of partiality 'to his interests; you take part only 'in the common cause, the peace and 'liberty of Hesperia. To you, then, 'the passes which have been the cause 'of war shall be confided: you have 'not less interest in preventing the 'original natives of Hesperia from de- 'stroying Salentum, a new colony like 'your own, than in preventing Ido- 'meneus from usurping the possessions 'of his neighbours; hold, then, the 'balance between them; and, instead 'of destroying, by fire and sword, a 'people whom you ought to cherish 'and to love, secure to yourselves the 'glory of acting at once as mediator 'and judge. You will, perhaps, tell 'me, that these conditions are too good 'to be fulfilled; but I shall abun- 'dantly satisfy you that Idomeneus is 'sincere. The hostages which I have 'already mentioned shall be recipro- 'cally given, and detained till the 'passes shall be put into your hands. 'When the security, not only of Sa- 'lentum, but of all Hesperia, is at your 'discretion, will you not be content? 'Whom then can you distrust but 'yourselves? You do not dare to con- 'fide in Idomeneus: but, as a proof 'that his intention is honest, he is 'ready to confide in you; he is ready 'to trust you with the quiet, the life, 'and the liberty, of himself and his 'people. If it is true that you desire 'only an equitable and lasting peace, 'such a peace is now offered you upon 'terms that leave you no pretence to 'reject it. Let me, however, once 'more caution you against imagining 'that Idomeneus has made this pro- 'posal from fear: his motives are pru- 'dence and equity; and, conscious to 'the rectitude of his intention, he will 'be under no concern about your opi- 'nion, though you shall impute that 'to weakness which he knows to pro- 'ceed from virtue. He was, in the 'beginning, guilty of some faults; 'and he thinks it an honour to ac- 'knowledge them, by the offer of such 'terms as anticipate your wishes. He 'who hopes that he shall be able to 'hide his faults, by affecting to sup- 'port them with arrogance and pride, 'discovers the most deplorable weak- 'ness, the most despicable vanity, and 'the grossest ignorance of his own in- 'terest; but he who acknowledges his 'faults to an enemy, and offers repara- 'tion, gives the strongest proof that he 'can never commit them again; and 'displays a wisdom and fortitude 'which, if peace is rejected, must make 'his enmity formidable. Beware, 'then, that the fault in the present 'quarrel does not become yours. If 'you reject Justice and Peace, when 'they sue for your acceptance, be as- 'sured that the cause of Peace and 'Justice will be avenged; and Ido- 'meneus, who had just reason to fear 'the displeasure of the gods, will en-

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'gage them in his favour againſt you. 'Telemachus and myſelf will take up 'arms in his defence; and I call all 'the powers, both of heaven and of 'hell, to witneſs, that the propoſals 'which I have now offered you are 'juſt!'

Mentor then lifted up the olive-branch which he held in his hand, that the diſtant multitude might behold the ſymbol of peace. The chiefs, who ſaw him near, were aſtoniſhed and dazzled with the celeſtial radiance that ſparkled in his eyes; and perceived in him ſomething majeſtick and commanding beyond all that fancy had given to created beings. That magick of his eloquence, at once ſo forcible and ſo ſweet, had, as it were, ſtolen away their hearts: it's power was ſecret, but irreſiſtible; like that of the myſterious ſpells, which, in the dead ſilence of the night, arreſt the moon and the ſtars of heaven, calm the raging of the ſea, command the winds and the waves to be ſtill, and ſuſpend the moſt rapid rivers in their courſe.

He appeared, in the midſt of this rude and impetuous multitude, like Bacchus ſurrounded by tigers, whoſe ferocity had been charmed away by the ſweetneſs of his voice, till they expreſſed their fondneſs by their careſſes, and their ſubmiſſion by licking his feet. At firſt, the whole aſſembly was ſilent; the chiefs looked upon each other, unable to oppoſe the eloquence of Mentor, and wondering who he could be. Every eye of the ſurrounding multitude was immoveably fixed upon him; and every tongue was held ſilent, for fear he ſhould have ſtill ſomething to ſay, which the words of another might prevent from being heard. Though they conceived nothing that could be added to what he had ſaid already, yet they wiſhed that he had not been ſilent ſo ſoon; and his words might be ſaid to be engraven upon their hearts. His elocution made him not only believed, but beloved; and held in ſuſpenſe all the faculties of thoſe that heard him, who ſcarce dared even to breathe, leſt they ſhould loſe the leaſt word which iſſued from his lips.

This ſilence was ſucceeded by a kind of low murmur, which gradually diffuſed itſelf through the whole aſſembly; it was not the confuſed ſound of inarticulate indignation, but rather the whiſper of gentleneſs and complacency, which were before ſilently expreſſed in every countenance. The Mandurians, who had been ſo lately tranſported with rage, now let their weapons fall from their hands; and the fierce Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, wondered to find themſelves ſoftened into kindneſs: the reſt of the united nations began to ſigh after the peace which had been held up before them; and Philoctetes, whoſe ſenſibility had been increaſed by misfortune, could not refrain from tears. Neſtor, who was ſo tranſported with admiration and delight at the diſcourſe of Mentor, that he was unable to ſpeak, embraced him with ineffable tenderneſs; and the whole multitude cried out together, as if by a ſignal—'O ſtranger! thy wiſdom has diſarmed 'us.—Peace! Peace!' In the firſt interval of ſilence, Neſtor attempted to ſpeak; but the troops, fearing he might ſtart ſome difficulty, again cried out, with the utmoſt impatience—'Peace! 'Peace!' and the chiefs found no way of putting them to ſilence but by joining in the exclamation.

Neſtor, perceiving that a ſet diſcourſe could not be heard, contented himſelf with ſaying—'You ſee, O Mentor! 'what wonders the words of a good 'man can produce! When Wiſdom 'and Virtue ſpeak, every paſſion is 'calm: our reſentment, however juſt, 'is changed into friendſhip; and our 'impatience for war into a deſire of 'perpetual peace. The peace that you 'have offered we accept.' The chiefs, at the ſame time, ſtretched out their hands, in token of their conſent.

Mentor now ran towards the gate of Salentum to get it opened, and to acquaint Idomeneus that he might leave the city without fear. In the mean time, Neſtor went up to Telemachus, and embraced him. 'My amiable 'young friend,' ſaid he, 'thy father 'was the wiſeſt of all the princes of 'Greece! Mayeſt thou be favoured 'with equal wiſdom, and with better 'fortune. The ſimilitude of your perſons is great; and the remembrance 'of Ulyſſes, which that has revived, 'contributed to ſoften our reſentment.' Phalanthus, though he was by nature fierce and unfeeling, and though he had never ſeen Ulyſſes, was, notwithſtanding, touched at his misfortunes,

and those of his son; and the chiefs gathering round Telemachus, were pressing him to relate his adventures; when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, and the Cretan youth, who followed in his train.

At the sight of Idomeneus the resentment of the confederate nations began to revive; but Mentor extinguished the fire before it broke out. 'Why do we delay,' said he, 'to conclude this sacred alliance, which 'the powers of Heaven shall witness 'and defend? May the gods avenge 'it's violation, by whomsoever it 'shall be violated! and may all the 'horrors of war, averted from the 'faithful and the innocent, descend 'upon the perjured and execrable 'head of him whose ambition shall 'dare to trample upon the sacred rights 'of this alliance! May he be detested 'both in heaven and upon earth! May 'he derive no advantage from his perfidy! May the infernal Furies, in 'the most horrid forms, excite in his 'breast everlasting rage and despair! 'Let him perish without hope of burial! Let his limbs be the prey of 'vultures and of dogs! When he descends to the infernal regions, may 'the Gulph of Tartarus receive him! 'and may he there suffer severer torments than those of Tantalus, Ixion, 'and the Danaids, for ever and for 'ever! But may this peace rather remain unshaken, like the mountains 'of Atlas, that sustain the skies! May 'it be revered by every nation upon 'earth, and it's blessings descend from 'generation to generation! May the 'names of those who have made it be 'held in admiration and love by our 'latest posterity! Let it stand as a model for every peace that shall be hereafter founded upon equity and good 'faith! and let all nations, that desire 'to secure happiness by unanimity, 'follow the example of the people of 'Hesperia!'

Idomeneus, and the rest of the princes, then ratified the peace upon the conditions that had been proposed, by an oath; and twelve hostages were interchanged between them. Telemachus, by his own choice, was one of these given by Idomeneus; but the allies would not consent that Mentor should be another; insisting that he should remain with Idomeneus, that he might answer for his conduct, and superintend his council, till his engagements should be perfectly fulfilled. An hundred heifers, as white as snow, and an hundred bulls of the same colour, having their horns gilt, and adorned with garlands of flowers, were then sacrificed between the camp and the city. The bellowing of the victims that fell under the sacred knife resounded from the neighbouring hills; their blood flowed in a smoking torrent on every side; and the most exquisite wines were poured abundantly in libations to the gods: the aruspices consulted the entrails, still panting with the remains of life; and the priests burnt an incense upon the altar, which rose in a cloud of fragrance, and perfumed all the plain.

In the mean time, soldiers on both sides forgot that they had been enemies, and began to entertain each other with their adventures: they resigned themselves to a pleasing relaxation after their labours, and tasted the sweets of peace by anticipation. Many of those who had followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recollected their acquaintance in the soldiers of Nestor, with whom they had fought in the same cause; they embraced each other with great affection, and mutually related all that happened to them, after they had laid the magnificent city, that was the glory of Asia, in ruins: they laid themselves down upon the grass, crowned themselves with flowers, and rejoiced over the wine which had been brought in large vases from the city to celebrate the blessings of the day.

During this scene of chearfulness and amity, Mentor cried out, as by a sudden impulse—'Henceforth, O ye 'kings and leaders! these assembled 'nations, although disguised by various names, and governed by different chiefs, shall be one people! 'Thus do the gods, who love the 'creatures of their power, delight to 'become the band of union between 'them. What is the race of man, 'but one family widely scattered upon 'the earth! All men by nature are 'brothers, and should be mutually 'endeared by a brother's love: accursed be those impious barbarians, 'who seek for glory in the kindred 'blood,

'blood, which differs but in name 'from their own! War, indeed, is 'sometimes necessary; but the neces- 'sity of war is the reproach of man. 'Let ambitious royalty no more pre- 'tend that war is to be desired as the 'means of glory; for nothing can be 'glorious that is inhuman. He that 'would acquire glory at the expence 'of humanity is a monster, and not a 'man; nor can true glory be thus ac- 'quired: glory is nothing more than 'the radiance of virtue; and the virtue 'of a prince is moderation and bene- 'volence. The incense of adulation 'may be offered to the vanity and the 'folly of a tyrant; but even those 'that offer it confess, in the secret lan- 'guage of their heart, that glory is 'less deserved in proportion as it is 'dishonestly sought. He ought to be 'lightly esteemed of men, by whom 'men are so lightly esteemed, that, to 'gratify a brutal vanity, he will de- 'luge the earth with their blood. 'Happy is the prince who loves his 'people, and is beloved by them; who 'has confidence in his neighbours, 'and whose neighbours have confi- 'dence in him; who is so far from 'making war against them, that he 'prevents their making war against 'each other; and who can excite envy 'in foreign states only by the happi- 'ness which he diffuses through his 'own! Let your assemblies, then, O 'ye powers of Hesperia! be frequent: 'let all the princes that are now pre- 'sent meet at least once in three years, 'to confirm the present peace by a rei- 'terated vow; to repeat your mutual 'promises, and deliberate upon your 'common interests. While you pos- 'sess the plenty of this delightful 'country, united by the bands of 'peace, you will at home be glorious, 'and abroad invincible. Discord 'only, that infernal fury, who as- 'cends from hell to torment man- 'kind, can interrupt the felicity which 'is designed you by the gods!'

'Our readiness to conclude a peace,' replied Nestor, 'is a sufficient testi- 'mony that we had been far from en- 'gaging in a war from vain glory, or 'with an unjust design of aggrandiz- 'ing ourselves at the expence of our 'neighbours. But what can be done, 'when, among the princes that sur- 'round us, there is one who acts by 'no law but his own interest, and 'loses no opportunity of invading the 'dominions of others? Do not ima- 'gine that I am now speaking of Ido- 'meneus; for to him I no longer im- 'pute such a character: our danger 'now lies only from Adrastus the king 'of the Daunians. This tyrant de- 'spises the gods, and believes that all 'the people upon earth are born only 'to contribute to his glory by the most 'abject servitude: he does not desire 'subjects, to whom he would stand in 'the double relation of king and fa- 'ther; he desires only slaves and wor- 'shippers, and has directed divine ho- 'nours to be paid him. The blind 'caprice of Fortune has hitherto pro- 'spered his undertakings. We were 'hastening to attack Salentum, that 'we might suppress a power in it's 'infancy, likely to become formida- 'ble, and be at liberty to turn our 'whole force against Adrastus, who 'is already a powerful enemy. He 'has taken several towns from our al- 'lies, and has defeated the Crotoni- 'ans in two battles. He scruples no- 'thing to gratify his ambition; and 'if he can crush his enemies, he cares 'not whether it be by fraud or force. 'He has amassed great treasures; his 'troops are well disciplined, and inured 'to war: he has experienced officers, 'and is well served; he superintends 'himself whatever is done by his or- 'ders; he severely punishes the least 'fault, and rewards services with 'great liberality. He sustains and 'animates his troops by his own cou- 'rage; and if his conduct was regu- 'lated by equity and good faith, he 'would be a most accomplished prince: 'but he fears neither the vengeance of 'the gods, nor the reproaches of con- 'science; and he considers reputation 'itself as a mere phantom, by which 'weak minds only can be influenced. 'In his estimation, there is no real 'and substantial good, but the pos- 'session of great riches, the power of 'inspiring terror, and of trampling 'mankind under foot. His army 'will very soon enter our dominions; 'and if we cannot acquire strength to 'resist him by a general confederacy, 'all hope of liberty must cease for 'ever. It is not less the interest of

'Idomeneus, than of other powers, to 'oppose this tyrant, who will suffer no-'thing to be free that his power can 'enslave. If we should be vanquish-'ed, Salentum must fall with us: let 'us therefore unite, for our common 'defence, without delay.' While Nestor was thus speaking, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal officers to pass the night within the walls.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.

THE allies had now pitched their tents, and the field was covered with rich pavilions of all colours, in which the weary Hesperians resigned themselves to sleep. In the mean time, the princes and their retinue having entered the city, were struck with astonishment to see so many magnificent buildings, which had risen in so short a time; a city of which so formidable a war had retarded neither the growth nor the decoration.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded so splendid a kingdom; and concluding that the confederacy against the Daunians would acquire great strength by the accession of such an ally, they invited him to come into it. Idomeneus thought it reasonable to comply, and promised them troops; but as Mentor was perfectly acquainted with all that was necessary to render a kingdom flourishing, he had reason to believe that the power of Idomeneus was not so great in reality as in appearance; he therefore took him aside, and addressed him to this effect.

'You see that our endeavours have 'not been unsuccessful; we have secured 'Salentum from destruction, but you 'only can raise her to glory: the go'vernment of the people depends upon 'you; and it is your task to emulate 'the wisdom of Minos, and shew that 'you are worthy of your descent. I 'continue to speak freely to you, sup'posing that you love truth and despise 'flattery. While these princes were 'praising your magnificence, I could 'not but reflect in silence upon your 'temerity.' At the word *temerity*, Idomeneus changed countenance; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, and he was on the point of interrupting Mentor by expressions of resentment. 'I see,' says Mentor, in a voice that was modest and respectful, though not faltering or irresolute, 'that the word '*temerity* has given you offence; and I 'confess that, if it had been used by 'any other than myself, your displea'sure would have been just: for there 'is a respect due to kings; and they 'have a jealous sensibility, which even 'those who reprove them should be 'careful not to wound. To them the 'voice of Truth is sufficiently displeas'ing, however gentle the terms: but I 'hoped that you would have permitted 'me to speak of your faults without a 'studied softness of expression; that 'you would have indulged me in my 'design of accustoming you to hear 'things called by their names, and of 'teaching you to discover what others 'think, when their respect suppresses 'their thought. If you would not re-

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'sign yourself to voluntary deception, 'you must always conceive more than 'is said, when the subject is to your 'disadvantage. As to myself, I am 'ready to soften my expressions, if 'they must be softened; but it would 'surely be more for your interest, that 'a man, absolutely neutral in your affairs, without interest, connection, 'or dependance, should, when he speaks 'to you in private, speak plain. No 'other will ever dare to do it; you 'will be condemned to see Truth imperfectly; you will be a stranger to 'her face, for she will never appear before you but in a gaudy veil.'

Idomeneus, whose first impatience had already subsided, began now to be ashamed of his weakness. 'You see,' said he to Mentor, 'what constant flattery will do. I owe to you the preservation of my new kingdom; and 'there is no truth that I shall not think 'myself happy to hear from your lips. 'Remember, with pity, that I have been 'long tainted with the poison of adulation; and that, even in my misfortunes, 'I was still a stranger to truth. Alas! 'no man has ever loved me enough to 'say what he thought I should be displeased to hear.'

The heart of Idomeneus melted as he spoke, the tears started to his eyes, and he embraced Mentor with great tenderness. 'It is with the utmost regret,' said Mentor, 'that I give you pain: 'but I am constrained; I cannot betray you by concealing truth. Could 'you act otherwise in my place? If 'you have always been deceived till 'now, it was because you chose to be 'deceived; it was because you feared 'to find sincerity in those that were to 'give you counsel. Have you sought 'those who were most disinterested, 'those who were most likely to contradict you? Have you preferred such as 'were least devoted to your pleasure 'and their own interest; such as appeared most capable of opposing your 'passions when they were irregular, 'and your sentiments when they were 'unjust? When you have detected a 'flatterer, have you banished him from 'your presence, and withdrawn your 'confidence from those whom you suspected? Have you done what those do 'who love truth, and deserve to know 'it? Have you now fortitude to suffer 'the humiliation of hearing those truths 'by which you are condemned? Let me 'make the experiment: I must again 'tell you, that what has gained you so 'much praise deserves censure. While 'you are surrounded with enemies, and 'yet a foreigner in the country, you 'dream only of adorning your new city 'with magnificent buildings: to this, 'as you have confessed to me, you 'have sacrificed your repose, and in 'this you have exhausted your wealth. 'You have thought neither of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating the country. Does not your 'power depend wholly upon a numerous people, and a country highly 'cultivated for their subsistence? A 'long peace is necessary, at the first 'establishment of a state, for increasing 'the people; and you ought at present 'to think of nothing but agriculture 'and legislation. You have been hurried by a vain ambition to the brink 'of a precipice; and, to gain the appearance of being great, you have 'sapped the foundations of substantial 'grandeur. Let these errors be corrected without delay; suspend all 'these works of idle magnificence; renounce the pomp that will reduce your 'new city to ruins; release your people 'from fatigue, and endeavour to facilitate marriage, by procuring them 'plenty. Remember that you are a 'king only in proportion as you have 'subjects to govern; and that the measure of your power is not the extent 'of your dominions, but the number of 'their inhabitants. Let your territory 'be fertile, however small; and let it 'swarm with people at once well disciplined and industrious: and if you 'can make these people love you, you 'will be more powerful, more happy, 'and more glorious, than all the conquerors that have ravaged the earth.'

'What shall I do then,' said Idomeneus, 'with respect to the princes that 'have solicited me to join the confederacy? shall I confess to them the 'weakness of my state? It is, indeed, 'true that I have neglected agriculture, and even commerce, notwithstanding the uncommon advantages 'of my situation: I thought only of 'making a magnificent city; but must 'I, then, my dear Mentor, dishonour 'myself in the presence of so many 'kings, by acknowledging my indiscretion?. If it must be done, I will

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'do it readily, whatever mortification 'I suffer: for you have taught me, that 'a king is born for his people, owes 'himself wholly to them, and ought 'always to prefer the publick welfare to 'his own reputation.'

'This sentiment,' said Mentor, 'is 'worthy the father of his people; and 'for this, and not for the vain magni-'ficence of your city, I reverence you 'as a king worthy of the name. But 'your honour must be preserved, even 'for the advantage of your state; leave 'this to me. I will make these princes 'believe that you are engaged to esta-'blish Ulysses, if he is yet living; or 'his son, if he is dead; in the govern-'ment of his kingdom, and drive the 'suitors of Penelope from Ithaca by 'force. They will at once perceive 'that this cannot be effected without 'numerous troops; and will therefore 'readily consent that you shall at first 'afford them but a slight assistance 'against the Daunians.'

At these words Idomeneus appeared like a man suddenly relieved from a burden that was crushing him by it's weight. 'This, indeed,' said he, 'my 'dear Mentor, will preserve my repu-'tation, and the honour of this rising 'city, by hiding it's weakness from the 'neighbouring states: but with what 'appearance of truth can it be pretend-'ed that I am about to send troops to 'Ithaca, for the establishment of Ulys-'ses, or at least of Telemachus, while 'Telemachus himself is engaged in a 'war against the Daunians?'—'Be in 'no pain about that,' replied Mentor; 'I will say nothing that is false. The 'vessels that you are fitting out to esta-'blish your commerce will sail to the 'coast of Epirus, and will effect two 'purposes at once; they will bring back 'the foreign merchants, whom high 'duties have driven from Salentum; 'and they will seek intelligence of 'Ulysses: if he is still living, he can-'not be far from the seas that divide 'Greece from Italy; and it has been 'confidently reported, that he has been 'seen among the Phœnicians. But if 'Ulysses should not be found, your 'vessels will render an important service 'to his son; they will spread terror, 'with the name of Telemachus, through 'all Ithaca, and the neighbouring coun-'try, where it is now believed that he 'is dead, as well as his father: the 'suitors of Penelope will be struck with 'astonishment to learn, that he is re-'turning with the forces of a power-'ful ally; the Ithacans will be awed 'into obedience; and Penelope will be 'encouraged to persist in her refusal 'of a second husband. Thus will you 'render service to Telemachus, while 'he is rendering service to you, by 'taking your place in the confederacy 'against the Daunians.'—'Happy is 'the king,' said Idomeneus, 'that is 'favoured with such counsel; but 'doubly happy is he who feels it's im-'portance, and improves it to his ad-'vantage! A wise and faithful friend 'is better than a victorious army: yet 'kings too often withdraw their confi-'dence from the faithful and the wise, 'of whose virtue they stand in awe; and 'resign themselves to flatterers, of whose 'perfidy they have no dread. I fell 'myself into that fatal error; and I will 'relate to you the misfortunes that I 'drew upon myself by a connection 'with a false friend, who flattered my 'passions, in hopes that, in my turn, I 'should gratify his.'

Mentor found it easy to convince the allies that Idomeneus ought to take charge of the affairs of Telemachus, while Telemachus was, on his behalf, engaged in the confederacy; and they were well satisfied to have among them the son of the great Ulysses, with a hundred Cretan youths, whom Idomeneus had put under his command: these young men were the flower of the nobility, whom Idomeneus had brought from their native country, and whom Mentor had advised him to send on this expedition. 'It is necessary,' said he, 'to increase the number of your people 'during peace; but, to prevent a na-'tional insensibility to military honour, 'and ignorance of military art, it is 'proper to send the young nobility into 'foreign service. This, by connecting 'the idea of a soldier's character with 'that of noble descent and elevated 'rank, will be sufficient to kindle and 'keep alive a national sense of glory, a 'love of arms, a patience of fatigue, a 'contempt of death, and even an ex-'perimental knowledge of the art of 'war.'

The confederate princes departed from Salentum, well content with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. They were also highly pleased

pleased to be accompanied by Telemachus: but Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief when he came to part with his friend. While the kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and vowing to preserve their alliance inviolable for ever, Mentor held Telemachus to his breast in a transport of silent tenderness, and found him wet with his tears. 'I have no joy,' said Telemachus, 'in the search of glory; 'I feel no passion but grief at our separation; and think that the fatal time 'is returned, when the Egyptians forced 'me from your arms to a distant country, without hope of seeing you again.' Mentor soothed him with words of gentleness and comfort. 'This separation,' said he, 'is very different 'from that in Egypt; it is voluntary, 'it will be short, and it will be rewarded with glory. You must love me, 'my son, with less tenderness, and 'more fortitude; you must accustom 'yourself to my absence; for the time 'is coming when we must part for ever! 'and you should learn what is right, 'rather from the inspiration of Wisdom and Virtue, than from the presence of Mentor.'

The goddess, who was concealed under the figure of Mentor, then covered Telemachus with her ægis, and diffused within him the spirit of wisdom and foresight, of intrepid courage, and gentle moderation; virtues which so rarely meet. 'Go,' said she, 'wherever you 'are called by duty, without considering whether it be dangerous or safe: 'a prince may avoid danger with less 'disgrace by declining a war, than by 'keeping aloof in battle. The courage of him who commands others 'should never be doubtful: if it is desirable that a nation should preserve 'it's prince, it is still more desirable 'that the prince should preserve his 'honour. Remember, that the commander of others should also be their 'example, and excite the courage of 'his army by a display of his own. 'Fear no danger then, O Telemachus! 'but rather perish in the combat than 'bring your valour into question. The 'sycophants who would appear most 'forward in persuading you not to expose yourself to danger, when danger 'is become necessary, would be the first 'to whisper that you wanted courage, 'if you should take their advice. Do 'not, however, incur danger unnecessarily; courage is a virtue only in proportion as it is directed by prudence; 'without prudence it is a senseless contempt of life, a mere brutal ardour. 'Precipitate courage secures no advantage: he who, in danger, does not 'possess the perfect recollection of his 'mind, is rather furious than brave; 'and is superior to fear only as he is 'incapable of thought; in proportion 'as he is free from perturbation, he is 'timid; and if he does not fly, is in 'confusion: his mind is not at liberty 'to dispense proper orders, nor to seize 'and improve the transient but important opportunities which arise in battle, 'of distressing the enemy, and doing 'service to his country. If he has the 'ardour of a soldier, he has not the 'discernment of a commander; neither 'has he that courage which is requisite 'even in the private man; for the private man ought to preserve, in the heat 'of action, such presence of mind as is 'necessary to understand and obey the 'orders of his officer. He that exposes 'himself rashly, interrupts the order and 'discipline of the troops, gives an example of pernicious temerity, and frequently exposes the whole army to 'irretrievable disadvantages. Those 'who prefer the gratification of their 'own idle ambition to the security of a 'common cause, deserve rather punishment than reward.

'Be careful, my dear son, to avoid 'precipitation, even in the pursuit of 'glory; for glory is to be acquired only 'by waiting in patient tranquillity for 'the moment of advantage. Virtue is 'more revered, in proportion as she appears to be quiet, placid, and unassuming. As the necessity of exposing 'yourself to danger increases, so should 'your expedients, your foresight, and 'your courage. Remember also to 'avoid whatever may draw upon you 'the envy of your associates; and never 'let the success of another excite envy 'in you: give praise liberally to whatever shall merit praise, yet never commend a mixed character indiscriminately; display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be 'remembered but with compassion. 'Never decide in the presence of old 'commanders, who have all the experience that you want: hear their opinions with deference, consult them,

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'solicit the assistance of the most skilful, and never be ashamed to attribute 'your best actions to their counsel.

'Lastly, Never listen to any discourse which tends to make you jealous or mistrustful of other chiefs. 'Speak your mind to them with confidence and ingenuity. If you think 'their behaviour to you has been exceptionable, open your heart to them 'at once, and tell them why you think 'so: if they are capable of feeling the 'noble generosity of this conduct, they 'will be delighted with it; and you 'will find no difficulty in obtaining 'from them all the concessions that you 'can reasonably expect. If their insensibility is so gross, that the rectitude of this behaviour is lost upon 'them, you will at least have gained 'an experimental knowledge of what 'may be expected from them; you will 'order matters so, that you may have 'no more contest with them during 'the war; and you will have nothing 'to reproach yourself with on their 'account. But, above all, be careful never to drop the least hint of 'your displeasure before sycophants, 'who are ever busy to sow jealousy 'and division. I will remain here,' continued Mentor, 'to assist Idomeneus in taking those measures which 'are indispensably necessary for the 'good of his people, and for compleating the correction of those faults 'which evil counsellors and flatterers 'have seduced him to commit, in the 'establishment of his new kingdom.'

At this slight censure of Idomeneus, Telemachus could not help expressing some surprize at his conduct, not without some mixture of contempt. But Mentor checked him in a tone of severity: 'Do you wonder,' said he, 'that 'the most estimable of men are men 'still; and, among the innumerable 'snares and perplexities which are inseparable from royalty, discover some 'traces of human infirmity? In Idomeneus, the ideas of pomp and magnificence have been planted and nurtured from his youth: and where is 'the philosopher who, in his place, 'would always have been superior to 'flattery? He has, indeed, suffered himself to be too much influenced by 'those in whom he confided: but the 'wisest kings, whatever is their precaution, are often deceived. A king 'cannot do every thing himself; he must 'therefore have ministers, and in these 'ministers he must confide: besides, a 'king cannot know those that surround 'him so well as they are known by 'others; for, in his presence, they never 'appear without a mask; and every artifice that cunning can devise is practised to deceive him. Alas, my dear 'Telemachus! your own experience 'will confirm this truth but too well. 'We never find either the virtues or 'abilities in mankind that we seek; 'and with whatever diligence and penetration we study their characters, 'we are every day mistaken in our conclusions. We can never avail the 'publick of all the virtues and abilities 'that we find; for the best men have 'their prejudices, their aversions, and 'their jealousies; they will seldom give 'up any opinion, however singular, or 'renounce any foible, however pernicious. The greater the dominion, 'the more numerous must be the ministry; for there will be more that 'the prince cannot do himself, and 'therefore more that he must do by 'others: and the greater the number of 'those to whom he must delegate his 'authority, the more liable he is to be 'somewhere mistaken in his choice. 'He who is a severe censor of kings to-'day, would to-morrow govern much 'worse than those whom he condemns; 'and if he was entrusted with the same 'power, would commit the same faults, 'and many others much greater. A 'private station, if a man has some degree of natural eloquence, conceals 'defects, displays shining talents to 'advantage, and makes him appear 'worthy of all the posts that he does 'not fill: but authority brings a man's 'abilities to a severe test, and discovers 'great faults, which the shades of obscurity concealed. Greatness resembles those glasses which represent 'every object larger than it is: every 'defect seems to expand in an elevated 'situation; where things, in themselves 'small, are in their consequences great, 'and the slightest faults excite vehement opposition. A prince is an individual, whose conduct the whole 'world is perpetually employed to 'watch, and disposed to condemn. He 'is judged with the utmost rigour by 'those who can only guess at his situation; who have not the least sense of 'the difficulties that attend it; and who 'expect that, to answer their ideas of

'perfection, he should be no longer a 'man. A king, however, can be no 'more: his goodness and his wisdom 'are bounded by his nature; he has 'humours, passions, and habits, which 'it is impossible he should always sur-'mount; he is continually beset by 'self-interest and cunning; he never 'finds the assistance that he seeks; he 'is perpetually led into mistakes, some-'times by his own passions, and some-'times by those of his ministers; and 'can scarce repair one fault before he 'falls into another. Such is the situ-'ation even of those kings who have 'most wisdom and most virtue; and the 'longest and best reign is too short, 'and too defective, to correct, at the 'end, what has undesignedly been done 'amiss in the beginning. Such evils 'are inseparable from royalty; and hu-'man weakness must sink under such 'a load. Kings should be pitied and 'excused. Should not they be pitied 'who are called to the government of 'an innumerable multitude, whose 'wants are infinite, and who cannot 'but keep every faculty of those who 'would govern them well upon the 'stretch? or, to speak freely, are not 'men to be pitied, for their necessary 'subjection to a mortal like themselves? 'A god only can fulfil the duties of 'dominion. The prince, however, is 'not less to be pitied than the people; 'a weak and imperfect creature, the 'governor of a corrupt and deceitful 'multitude!'

'But,' said Telemachus with some vivacity, 'Idomeneus has already lost 'Crete, the kingdom of his ancestors, 'by his indiscretion; and he would 'have lost Salentum, which he is found-'ing in it's stead, if it had not been 'preserved by your wisdom.'

'I confess,' replied Mentor, 'that 'Idomeneus has been guilty of great 'faults; but look through Greece, and 'every other country upon earth, and 'see whether, among those that are most 'improved, you can find one prince 'that is not, in many instances, inex-'cusable. The greatest men have, in 'their natural disposition, and the con-'stitutional character of their minds, 'defects, which sometimes mislead 'them; and the best men are those who 'have fortitude to acknowledge these 'defects, and make conscience of re-'pairing the mischiefs that they pro-'duce. Do you imagine that Ulysses, 'the great Ulysses your father, who is 'considered as an example by all the 'sovereigns of Greece, is without 'weakness and imperfection? If he had 'not been favoured with the perpetual 'guidance and protection of Minerva, 'how often would he have sunk under 'the dangers and difficulties to which 'the wanton malignity of Fortune has 'exposed him? How often has the god-'dess restrained and corrected him, that 'he might walk on in the path of vir-'tue till he arrived at glory! And when 'you shall see him reign in all the splen-'dor of his excellence in Ithaca, do 'not expect to find him perfect. He 'has been the admiration of Greece, 'of Asia, and of all the islands of the 'sea, notwithstanding his failings; 'which, among the shining wonders of 'his character, are forgotten. If you 'also can thus admire him, and, by a 'happy emulation of his wisdom and 'his virtue, transplant them into your 'own bosom, you will need no other 'happiness or honour.

'Accustom yourself not to expect, 'from the greatest men, more than hu-'man nature can effect: it is common 'for the inexperience and presumption 'of youth to indulge a severity of judg-'ment, which leads them to condemn 'the characters that they ought to imi-'tate, and produces an hopeless indo-'cility. You ought not only to love, and 'respect, and imitate, your father, not-'withstanding his imperfections; but 'you ought also very highly to esteem 'Idomeneus, notwithstanding such 'parts of his character and conduct as I 'have shewn to deserve censure. He is 'naturally sincere, upright, equitable, 'kind, and munificent: his courage is 'perfect; and he spontaneously detests 'fraud the moment he perceives it. 'All his external qualifications are 'great, and suitable to his rank; his 'ingenuous disposition to acknowledge 'his errors, his mild and patient en-'durance of my severe reprehension, 'his fortitude against himself to make 'publick reparations for his faults, 'and thus to place himself above the 'censure of others, are indubitable tes-'timonies that he has true greatness of 'mind. There are some faults from 'which a man of little merit may be 'preserved by good fortune, or by good 'counsel; but it is only by one effort 'of the most exalted virtue that a king 'who has been so long seduced by flat-

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'tery can correct his faults: it is more 'glorious thus to rise, than never to 'have fallen. The faults of Idomeneus are such as almost all kings have 'committed; but his reparation is such 'as has been made by none. As for 'myself, while I reproved, I admired him; for he permitted my reproof: and do you admire him also, 'my dear Telemachus! it is less for his 'reputation than your advantage that 'I give you this counsel.'

By this discourse, Mentor made Telemachus sensible, that he who judges with severity of others endangers his own virtue, especially if they are distressed by the perplexities and difficulties of government. 'But it is now,' said he, 'time to part. Farewel! I 'will wait here, my dear Telemachus, 'for your return. Remember, that 'those who fear the gods have nothing 'to fear from men! You will be exposed to extreme danger; but remember, that you will never be forsaken 'by Minerva.'

At this moment Telemachus became conscious to the presence of the goddess; and he would have known that it was the very voice of Minerva that had inspired him with fortitude, if she had not immediately recalled the image of Mentor to his mind, by addressing him in the character she had assumed. 'Remember,' said she, 'my son, the 'care which I took, during your infancy, to render you as wise and as 'brave as your father! do nothing that 'is unworthy of his example, or of my 'precepts.'

The sun had already risen, and tinged the summits of the mountains with gold, when the confederate kings departed from Salentum, and returned to their people. The troops that had been encamped round the city now began to march under their leaders; their pikes rose like a forest on every side; their shields glittered in the sun; and a cloud of dust ascended to the sky. The kings were conducted to the plain by Idomeneus and Mentor, who attended them to a considerable distance from the city. At last they parted, having given and received reciprocal testimonies of sincere friendship. And the allies, being now acquainted with the true character of Idomeneus, which had suffered so much by misrepresentation, had no doubt but that the peace would be lasting: they had, indeed, formed their judgments of him, not from his natural sentiments, but from the pernicious counsel of flatterers, which he had implicitly taken.

When the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. 'Let us see,' said Mentor, 'how many people you have, as well 'in the city as in the country; let us 'number the whole; and let us also 'examine how many of them are husbandmen. Let us enquire how much 'corn, wine, oil, and other necessaries, 'your lands will produce one year with 'another: we shall then know whether 'your country will subsist it's inhabitants, and whether it will yield a 'surplus for foreign trade. Let us also 'see how many vessels you have, and 'how many sailors to man them, that 'we may be able to judge of your 'strength.' He then visited the port, and went on board every vessel; he informed himself of the several ports to which they traded; what merchandize they carried out, and what they brought back in return; what was the expence of the voyage; what were the loans of the merchants to each other; and what trading societies were established among them, that he might know whether their articles were equitable, and faithfully observed. He also enquired, what was the risque of the several voyages, and to what losses the trade was exposed, that such restrictions might be made as would prevent the ruin of the merchants, who sometimes, from too eager a desire of gain, undertake what they are not in a condition to accomplish.

He ordered that bankruptcy should be punished with great severity, because it is generally the effect of rashness and indiscretion, if not of fraud: he also formed regulations by which bankruptcies might easily be prevented; he obliged the merchants to give account of their effects, their profits their expences, and their undertakings, to magistrates established for that purpose; he ordered, that they should never be permitted to risque the property of another, nor more than half their own; that they should undertake by association what they could not undertake singly; and that the observance of the conditions of such association should be enforced by severe penalties. He ordered also, that trade should be perfectly open

and free; and, instead of loading it with imposts, that every merchant who brought the trade of a new nation to the port of Salentum should be entitled to a reward.

These regulations brought people in crowds from all parts, and the trade of Salentum was like the flux and reflux of the sea; riches flowed in upon it with an impetuous abundance, like wave impelling wave; every thing was freely brought in and carried out of the port; every thing that was brought was useful, and every thing that was carried out left something of greater advantage in it's stead. Justice presided over the port, which was the centre of innumerable nations, with inflexible severity; and from the lofty towers, that were at once it's ornament and defence, Freedom, Integrity, and Honour, seemed to call together the merchants of the remotest regions of the earth; and these merchants, whether they came from the shores of the East, where the sun rises from the parting wave to begin the day; or from that boundless ocean, where, wearied with his course, he extinguishes his fires; all lived together in Salentum, as in their native country, with security and peace.

Mentor then visited the magazines, warehouses, and manufactories, of the interior part of the city. He prohibited the sale of all foreign commodities that might introduce luxury or effeminacy: he regulated the dress, and the provisions of the inhabitants of every rank; and the furniture, the size, and ornaments of silver and gold. 'I 'know but one thing,' said he to Idomeneus, 'that can render your people 'modest in their expences; the example of their prince. It is necessary that 'there should be a certain dignity in 'your appearance; but your authority 'will be sufficiently marked by the 'guards, and the great officers of your 'court, that will always attend you. 'As to your dress, be content with the 'finest cloth of a purple colour; let the 'dress of your principal officers be of 'a cloth equally fine; and let your own 'be distinguished only by the colour, 'and a slight embroidery of gold round 'the edge: different colours will serve 'to distinguish different conditions, 'without either gold, or silver, or 'jewels; and let these conditions be 'regulated by birth.

'Put the most ancient and illustrious nobility in the first rank: those 'who are distinguished by personal merit, and the authority of office, will be 'content to stand second to those who 'have been long in possession of hereditary honour. Men who are not 'noble by descent, will readily yield 'precedence to those that are, if you 'take care not to encourage a false opinion of themselves, by raising them 'too suddenly and too high; and never 'fail to gratify those with praise who 'are modest in prosperity. No distinction so little excites envy as that which 'is derived from ancestors by a long 'descent.

'To stimulate virtue, and excite an 'emulation to serve the state, it will be 'sufficient to reward publick merit with 'honorary distinctions; a crown, or a 'statue, which may be made the foundation of a new nobility for the children of those to whom they are decreed.

'The habit of persons of the first 'rank may be white, bordered with a 'fringe of gold: they may also be distinguished by a gold ring on their 'finger, and a medal of gold, impressed with your image, hanging from 'their neck. Those of the second rank 'may be dressed in blue, with a silver 'fringe, and be distinguished by the 'ring without the medal. The third 'rank may be dressed in green, and 'wear the medal without either fringe 'or ring. The colour of the fourth 'class may be a full yellow; the fifth 'a pale red; the sixth a mixture of red 'and white; and the seventh a mixture of white and yellow. Dresses 'of these different colours will sufficiently distinguish the freemen of your 'state into seven classes. The habit of 'slaves should be dark grey: and thus 'each will be distinguished according 'to his condition, without expence; and 'every art which can only gratify pride 'will be banished from Salentum. All 'the artificers, who are now employed 'so much to the disadvantage of their 'country, will betake themselves to 'such arts as are useful, which are 'few; or to commerce or agriculture. 'No change must be suffered to take 'place, either in the quality of the stuff, 'or the form of the garment. Men 'are by nature formed for serious and 'important employments; and it is

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'unworthy of them to invent affected 'novelties in the cloaths that cover 'them; or to suffer the women, whom 'such employment would less disgrace, 'to fall into an extravagance so con-'temptible and pernicious.'

Thus Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops from his fruit-trees the useless wood, endeavoured to retrench the parade that insensibly corrupts the manners, and to reduce every thing to a frugal and noble simplicity. He regulated even the provisions, not of the slaves only, but those of the highest rank. 'What a shame is it,' said he, 'that men of exalted stations should 'place their superiority in eating such 'food as effeminates the mind, and 'subverts the constitution! They 'ought to value themselves for the re-'gulation of their own desires, for 'their power of dispensing good to 'others, and for the reputation which 'the exercise of private and publick 'virtue will necessarily procure. To 'the sober and temperate, the simplest 'food is always pleasant; and the sim-'plest food only can produce the most 'vigorous health, and give at once ca-'pacity and disposition for the purest 'and the highest enjoyments. Your 'meal should consist of the best food; 'but it should always be plainly dres-'sed: the art of cookery is the art of 'poisoning mankind, by rendering ap-'petite still importunate, when the 'wants of nature are supplied.'

Idomeneus easily conceived that he had done wrong in suffering the inhabitants of this new city to corrupt and effeminate their manners, by violating the sumptuary laws of Minos; but Mentor farther convinced him that the revival of those laws would produce little effect, if the king did not give them force by his example: he therefore immediately regulated his own table, where he admitted only plain food, such as he had eaten with other Grecian princes at the siege of Troy, with the finest bread, and a small quantity of the wine of the country, which was generous and well-flavoured. No man dared to murmur at a regulation which the king imposed upon himself; and the profusion and false delicacy of the table were given up without a struggle.

Mentor suppressed also two kinds of musick; the soft and effeminate strains, which dissolve the soul into languishment and desire; and the Bacchanalian airs, that transport it with causeless, tumultuous, and opprobrious joy: he allowed only that sacred and solemn harmony, which, in the temples of the gods, kindles devotion, and celebrates heroick virtue. To the temples also he confined the superb ornaments of architecture, columns, pediments, and porticoes: he gave models, in a simple but elegant style of building, for houses, that would contain a numerous family, on a moderate extent of ground: so designed, that they should be at once pleasant and convenient; that they should have a healthful aspect, and apartments sufficiently separated from each other; that order and decency might be easily preserved, and that they might be repaired at a small expence. He ordered, that every house above the middling class should have a hall, and a small peristyle, with separate chambers, for all the free persons of the family; but he prohibited, under severe penalties, the superfluous number and magnificence of apartments that ostentation and luxury had introduced. Houses erected upon these models, according to the size of the family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expence, and give it a regular appearance; while the other part, which was already finished according to the caprice and vanity of individuals, was, notwithstanding it's magnificence, less pleasing and convenient. This city was built in a very short time, because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished very skilful architects; and a great number of masons repaired thither from Epirus, and other countries, upon the promise that, after they had finished their work, they should be established in the neighbourhood of Salentum, where land should be granted them to clear, and where they would contribute to people the country.

Painting and sculpture were arts which Mentor thought should by no means be proscribed; but he permitted the practice of them to few. He established a school under masters of an exquisite taste, by whom the performances of the pupils were examined. 'There should be no mediocrity,' says he, 'in the arts which are not neces-'sary to life; and, consequently, no

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'youth ſhould be permitted to practiſe them but ſuch as have a genius 'to excel: others were deſigned by 'Nature for leſs noble occupations, 'and may be very uſefully employed in 'ſupplying the ordinary wants of the 'community. Sculptors and painters 'ſhould be employed only to preſerve 'the memory of great men and great 'actions; and the repreſentations of 'whatever has been atchieved by he'roick virtue, for the ſervice of the 'publick, ſhould be preſerved only in 'publick buildings, or on the monu'ments of the dead.' But, whatever was the moderation or frugality of Mentor, he indulged the taſte of magnificence in the great buildings that were intended for publick ſports, the races of horſes and chariots, combats with the ceſtus, wreſtling, and all other exerciſes, which render the body more agile and vigorous.

He ſuppreſſed a great number of traders that ſold wrought ſtuffs of foreign manufacture; embroidery of an exceſſive price; vaſes of ſilver and gold, emboſſed with various figures in bas-relief; diſtilled liquors, and perfumes: he ordered alſo, that the furniture of every houſe ſhould be plain and ſubſtantial, ſo as not ſoon to wear out. The people of Salentum, therefore, who had been uſed to complain of being poor, began to perceive that they abounded in ſuperfluous riches; but that this ſuperfluity was of a deceitful kind, that they were poor in proportion as they poſſeſſed it, and that, in proportion as they relinquiſhed it only, they could be rich. 'To 'become truly rich,' ſaid they, 'is to 'deſpiſe ſuch riches as exhauſt the 'ſtate; and to leſſen the number of 'our wants, by reducing them to the 'neceſſities of virtue.'

Mentor alſo took the firſt opportunity to viſit the arſenals and magazines, and examine whether the arms, and other neceſſaries of war, were in a good condition. 'To be always ready for 'war,' ſaid he, 'is the ſureſt way to 'avoid it.' He found many things wanting, and immediately employed artificers in braſs and iron to ſupply the defects. Furnaces are immediately built; and ſmoke and flame aſcend in cloudy volumes, like thoſe that iſſue from the ſubterranean fires of Mount Ætna: the hammerings upon the anvil, which groans under the ſtroke, the neighbouring ſhores and mountains re-echo to the ſound; and a ſpectator of theſe preparatives for war, made by a provident ſagacity during a profound peace, might have thought himſelf in that iſland where Vulcan animates the Cyclops, by his example, to forge thunder for the father of the gods.

Mentor then went, with Idomeneus, out of the city, and found a great extent of fertile country wholly uncultivated; beſides conſiderable tracts that were cultivated but in part, through the negligence or poverty of the huſbandmen, or the want of ſpirit, or the want of hands. 'This country,' ſaid he to the king, 'is ready to en'rich it's inhabitants; but the inhabi'tants are not ſufficient to cultivate 'the country: let us, then, remove 'the ſuperfluous artificers from the 'city, whoſe profeſſions ſerve only to 'corrupt the manners of the people, 'and let us employ them in fertilizing 'theſe plains and hills. It is a mi'fortune that theſe men, having been 'employed in arts which require a ſe'dentary life, are unuſed to labour; 'but we will try to remedy this evil; 'we will divide theſe uncultivated 'lands in lots among them, and call 'in the neighbouring people to their 'aſſiſtance, who will gladly undertake 'the moſt laborious part of the work, 'upon condition that they ſhall receive 'a certain proportion of the produce of 'the lands they clear; they may af'terwards be made proprietors of part 'of it, and be thus incorporated with 'your people, who are by no means 'ſufficiently numerous. If they prove 'diligent, and obedient to the laws, 'they will be good ſubjects, and in'creaſe your power. The artizans, 'whom you ſhall tranſplant from the 'city to the fields, will bring up their 'children to the labours of rural life; 'and the foreigners whom you have 'employed to aſſiſt in building your 'city, have engaged to clear part of 'your lands and become huſbandmen: 'theſe men, as ſoon as they have fi'niſhed the publick buildings, you 'ſhould incorporate with your people; 'they will think themſelves happy to 'paſs their lives under a government 'ſo gentle as that which you have now 'eſtabliſhed; and as they are robuſt 'and laborious, their example will 'animate

'animate the transplanted artificers, 'with whom they will be mixed; and 'in a short time your country will 'abound with a vigorous race, wholly 'devoted to agriculture.

'When this is done, be in no pain 'about the multiplication of your 'people: they will, in a short time, 'become innumerable if you facilitate 'marriage; and the most simple way 'of facilitating marriage is the most 'effectual. All men are naturally 'inclined to marry; and nothing pre-'vents them from indulging this in-'clination but the prospect of diffi-'culty and distress: if you do not 'load them with taxes, their families 'will never become a burden; the 'earth is never ungrateful, but always 'affords sustenance to those who dili-'gently cultivate it; it refuses it's 'bounty only to those who refuse their 'labour. Husbandmen are always 'rich in proportion to the number of 'their children, if their prince does 'not make them poor; for their chil-'dren afford them some assistance, even 'from their infancy: the youngest 'can drive the flock to pasture; those 'that are farther advanced can look 'after the cattle; and those of the third 'stage can work with their father in 'the field. In the mean time, the 'girls assist the mother, who prepares 'a simple but wholesome repast for 'those that are abroad, when they re-'turn home fatigued with the labour 'of the day: she milks her cows and 'her sheep; and the pails overflow 'with longevity and health: she brings 'out her little stores, her cheeses, and 'her chesnuts, with fruits that she has 'preserved from decay; she piles up 'the social fire, and the family gathers 'round it; every countenance bright-'ens with the smile of innocence and 'peace; and some rural ditty diverts 'them till the night calls them to rest. 'He that attended the flock returns 'with his pipe; and, when the family 'is got together, he sings them some 'new song that he has learnt at the 'neighbouring village. Those that 'have been at work in the fields come 'in with their plough, and the weary 'oxen, that hang down their heads, 'and move with a slow and heavy 'pace, notwithstanding the goad which 'now urges them in vain. All the 'sufferings of labour end with the 'day: the poppies which, at the com-'mand of the gods, are scattered over 'the earth by the hand of Sleep, 'charm away every care; sweet en-'chantment lulls all nature into peace, 'and the weary rest without anticipat-'ing the troubles of to-morrow. 'Happy, indeed, are these unambiti-'ous, mistrustless, artless people, if 'the gods vouchsafe them a king that 'disturbs not their blameless joy! And 'of what horrid inhumanity are they 'guilty, who, to gratify pride and am-'bition, wrest from them the sweet pro-'duct of the field, which they owe to the 'liberality of Nature, and the sweat of 'their brow! In the fruitful lap of 'Nature there is inexhaustible plenty 'for temperance and labour: if none 'were luxurious and idle, none would 'be wretched and poor.'

'But what shall I do,' said Idomeneus, 'if the people that I scatter over 'this fertile country should neglect to 'cultivate it?'—'You must do,' said Mentor, 'just contrary to what is 'commonly done: rapacious and in-'considerate princes think only of tax-'ing those who are most industrious to 'improve their lands; because upon 'these, they suppose a tax will be more 'easily levied; and they spare those 'whom idleness has made indigent. 'Reverse this mistaken and injurious 'conduct, which oppresses virtue, re-'wards vice, and encourages a supine-'ness that is equally fatal to the king 'and to the state. Let your taxes be 'heavy upon those who neglect the 'cultivation of their lands; and add 'to your taxes fines and other penal-'ties, if it is necessary: punish the 'negligent and the idle, as you would 'the soldier who should desert his 'post. On the contrary, distinguish 'those who, in proportion as their fa-'milies multiply, cultivate their lands 'with the greater diligence, by special 'privileges and immunities. Every fa-'mily will then become numerous; 'and every one will be animated to la-'bour, not by the desire of gain only, 'but of honour: the state of husbandry 'being no longer wretched, will no 'longer be contemptible; the plough, 'once more held in honour, will be 'guided by the victorious hands that 'have defended the country; and it 'will not be less glorious to cultivate 'a paternal inheritance in the security

'of

'of peace, than to draw the ſword in 'it's defence when it is endangered by 'war. The whole country will bloom 'around you; the golden ears of ripe 'corn will again crown the temples of 'Ceres; Bacchus will tread the grapes 'in rich cluſters under his feet; and 'wine, more delicious than nectar, 'will flow from the hills like a river: 'the vallies will reſound to the ſong of 'the ſhepherds; who, diſperſed along 'the banks of a tranſparent ſtream, 'ſhall join their voices with the pipe; 'while their flocks ſhall frolick round 'them, and feaſt upon the flowery 'paſture without fear of the wolf.

'O Idomeneus! will it not make 'you ſupremely happy to be the ſource 'of ſuch proſperity; to ſtretch your 'protection, like the ſhadow of a rock, 'over ſo many people, who will re-'poſe under it in ſecurity and peace? 'Will you not, in the conſciouſneſs 'of this, enjoy a noble elation of 'mind, a calm ſenſe of ſuperior glory; 'ſuch as can never touch the boſom 'of the tyrant who lives only to deſo-'late the earth, and who diffuſes, not 'leſs through his own dominions than 'thoſe which he conquers from others, 'carnage and tumult, horror and an-'guiſh, conſternation, famine, and 'deſpair? Happy, indeed, is the prince 'whom his own greatneſs of ſoul, and 'the diſtinguiſhing favour of the gods, 'ſhall render thus the delight of his 'people, and the example of ſucceed-'ing ages! The world, inſtead of tak-'ing up arms to oppoſe his power, 'will be found proſtrate at his feet, 'and ſueing to be ſubject to his do-'minion.'

'But,' ſaid Idomeneus, 'when the 'people ſhall be thus bleſſed with plenty 'and peace, will not their happineſs 'corrupt their manners? Will they 'not turn againſt me the very ſtrength 'I have given them?'—'There is no 'reaſon to fear that,' ſaid Mentor: 'the ſycophants of prodigal princes 'have ſuggeſted it as a pretence for 'oppreſſion; but it may eaſily be pre-'vented. The laws which we have 'eſtabliſhed with reſpect to agricul-'ture will render life laborious; and 'the people, notwithſtanding their 'plenty, will abound only in what is 'neceſſary; for we have prohibited the 'arts that furniſh ſuperfluities: and 'the plenty even of neceſſaries will be 'reſtrained within due bounds by the 'facility of marriage, and the multi-'plication of families. In proportion 'as a family becomes numerous, their 'portion of land being ſtill the ſame 'in extent, a more diligent cultivation 'will become neceſſary; and this will 'require inceſſant labour. Luxury 'and idleneſs only render people inſo-'lent and rebellious: they will have 'bread, indeed, and they will have 'bread enough; but they will have no-'thing more, except what they can gain 'from their own ground by the ſweat 'of their brow.

'That your people may continue in 'this ſtate of mediocrity, it will be ne-'ceſſary that you ſhould now limit the 'extent of ground that each family is 'to poſſeſs. We have, you know, di-'vided your people into ſeven claſſes, 'according to their different condi-'tions; and each family, in each claſs, 'muſt be permitted to poſſeſs only ſuch 'an extent of ground as is abſolutely 'neceſſary to ſubſiſt it. This regula-'tion being inviolably obſerved, the 'nobles can never get poſſeſſion of the 'lands of the poor: every one will 'have land; but ſo much only as will 'make a diligent cultivation neceſſary. 'If, in a long courſe of years, the peo-'ple ſhould be ſo much increaſed, that 'land cannot be found for them at 'home, they may be ſent to form co-'lonies abroad, which will be a new 'advantage to the mother-country.

'I am of opinion, that care ſhould 'be taken even to prevent wine from 'being too common in your kingdom: 'if you find that too many vines are 'planted, you ſhould cauſe them to be 'grubbed up. Some of the moſt dread-'ful miſchiefs that afflict mankind pro-'ceed from wine; it is the cauſe of 'diſeaſe, quarrels, ſedition, idleneſs, 'averſion to labour, and every ſpecies 'of domeſtick diſorder. Let wine, 'then, be conſidered as a kind of me-'dicine; or as a ſcarce liquor, to be 'uſed only at the ſacrifices of the gods, 'or in ſeaſons of publick feſtivity. Do 'not, however, flatter yourſelf that 'this regulation can ever take place 'without the ſanction of your own 'example.

'The laws of Minos with reſpect to 'the education of children muſt alſo 'be inviolably preſerved; publick 'ſchools muſt be eſtabliſhed to teach

'them

'them the fear of the gods, the love 'of their country, a reverence of the 'laws, and a preference of honour, 'not only to pleasure, but to life. 'Magistrates must be appointed to superintend the conduct, not of every 'family only, but of every person: you 'must keep also your own eye upon 'them; for you are a king only to be 'the shepherd of your people, and to 'watch over your flock night and day. 'By this unremitted vigilance you 'will prevent many disorders and many 'crimes: such as you cannot prevent, 'you must immediately punish with 'severity; for, in this case, severity to 'the individual is clemency to the 'publick; it stops those irregularities 'at their source, which would deluge 'the country with misery and guilt: 'the taking away of one life upon a 'proper occasion will be the preservation of many; and will make a prince 'sufficiently feared, without general 'or frequent severity. It is a detestable maxim, that the security of the 'prince depends only upon the oppression of the people. Should no 'care be taken to improve their knowledge or their morals? Instead of being taught to love him whom they 'are born to obey, should they be 'driven by terror to despair, and reduced to the dreadful necessity either 'of throwing off the yoke of their 'tyrant, or perishing under it's weight? 'Can this be the way to reign with 'tranquillity? Can this be the path 'that leads to glory?

'Remember, that the sovereign who 'is most absolute is always least powerful: he seizes upon all, and his grasp 'is ruin. He is, indeed, the sole proprietor of whatever his state contains; 'but, for that reason, his state contains nothing of value: the fields are 'uncultivated, and almost a desart; 'the towns lose some of their few inhabitants every day; and trade every 'day declines. The king, who must 'cease to be a king when he ceases to 'have subjects, and who is great only 'in virtue of his people, is himself insensibly losing his character and his 'power, as the number of his people, 'from whom alone both are derived, 'insensibly diminishes; and his dominions are at length exhausted of 'money and of men: the loss of men 'is the greatest and the most irreparable he can sustain. Absolute power 'degrades every subject to a slave; the 'tyrant is flattered even to an appearance of adoration, and every one 'trembles at the glance of his eye: 'but, at the least revolt, this enormous 'power perishes by it's own excess. It 'derived no strength from the love of 'the people; it wearied and provoked 'all that it could reach; and rendered 'every individual of the state impatient of it's continuance. At the first 'stroke of opposition, the idol is overturned, broken in pieces, and trodden 'under foot: contempt, hatred, fear, 'resentment, distrust, and every other 'passion of the soul, unite against so 'hateful a despotism. The king who, 'in his vain prosperity, found no man 'bold enough to tell him the truth, in 'his adversity finds no man kind enough 'to excuse his faults, or to defend him 'against his enemies.'

Idomeneus then hasted to distribute his uncultivated lands, to people them with useless artificers, and to carry all the counsels of Mentor into execution; reserving for the builders such parts as had been allotted them, which they were not to cultivate till they had finished the city.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

THE mild and equitable government of Idomeneus soon brought the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries in crowds to Salentum, to be incorporated with his people, and share the felicity of his reign. The fields, which had long been overgrown with thorns and brambles, now promised a rich harvest, and fruits that were unknown before; the earth opens her bosom to the ploughshare, and gets ready her treasures to reward the husbandman; every eye sparkles with hope; innumerable flocks whiten alike the vallies and the hills; the mountains resound with the lowings of cattle, which, in large herds, share the pasture with the sheep; and the pasture thus manured becomes more fertile, in proportion to the number that it feeds. These flocks and herds were procured by the contrivance of Mentor, who advised Idomeneus to exchange for them with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, such superfluities as were prohibited by the new regulations at Salentum.

At the same time, the city and the adjacent villages were filled with the youth of both sexes, who had long languished in dejection and indigence, and did not dare to marry for fear of increasing their distress. When they perceived that Idomeneus had adopted sentiments of humanity, and was become the father of his people, they feared no longer the want of food, nor any other scourge with which Heaven chastises the earth. Nothing was heard but the shouts of joy, and the songs of shepherds and husbandmen at the celebration of their marriages: Pan seemed himself to be among them; and fauns and satyrs to mix with nymphs in the dance, which the rural pipe prompted in the chequered shade. Tranquillity was every where heightened into joy; but the joy was no where perverted into riot; it served only as a relaxation from labour; and that labour rendered it at once more poignant and more pure.

The old men were astonished to see what they had never dared to hope through the whole course of a long life, and burst into tears with excess of tenderness and joy. Their pleasure soon kindled into devotion; and, raising their tremulous hands to Heaven, they cried out—'O mighty Jupiter! 'bless the prince that resembles thee, 'and is himself the greatest blessing 'thou couldst bestow upon us. He 'is born for the benefit of mankind: 'return to him the benefits that we 'receive from him. The children of 'these marriages, and their descen-'dants to the last generation, will be 'indebted

'indebted to him for their exiſtence; 'and he will be truly the father of his 'people!' The young couples that were married expreſſed their joy, by ſinging the praiſes of him from whom it was derived: his name was continually in their lips, and his image in their hearts; they thought themſelves happy if they could ſee him; and they feared his death as the greateſt evil that could befal them.

And now Idomeneus confeſſed to Mentor, that he had never felt any pleaſure equal to that of diffuſing happineſs, and exciting affection. 'It is 'a pleaſure,' ſaid he, 'of which I had 'no idea. I thought the greatneſs 'of a prince conſiſted in his being the 'object of fear; and that the reſt of 'mankind were made only for him. 'What I had heard of kings, that 'were the love and the delight of their 'people, I deſpiſed as a fable; but I 'now revere it as a truth. I will, however, tell you by what means theſe 'falſe notions, the cauſe of all my misfortunes, were early planted in my 'heart.

'Among other perſons whom I 'loved when I was very young, were 'Proteſilaus and Philocles. Proteſilaus was ſomewhat older than myſelf, 'and was my chief favourite: his natural diſpoſition, which was ſprightly 'and enterprizing, exactly correſponded with my own; he entered into all 'my pleaſures, he flattered all my paſſions, and he endeavoured to render 'me ſuſpicious of Philocles. Philocles 'had great reverence for the gods, an 'elevated mind, and obedient paſſions: 'he placed greatneſs, not in the acquiſition of power, but the conqueſt of 'himſelf, and in never ſtooping to a mean 'action. He often warned me of my 'faults with great freedom; and when 'he did not dare to ſpeak, his ſilence, 'and the ſorrow that was expreſſed in 'his countenance, ſufficiently convinced me that I had given cauſe for 'reproach.

'This ſincerity at firſt gave me 'pleaſure; and I frequently proteſted, 'that I would always liſten to the truths 'he told me, as the beſt preſervatives 'againſt flattery. He directed me how 'to walk in the ſteps of Minos, and 'give happineſs to my people: his wiſdom was not, indeed, equal to thine; 'but I now know that his counſel was 'good. By degrees, however, the artifices of Proteſilaus, who was jealous 'and aſpiring, ſucceeded. The frankneſs and integrity of Philocles diſguſted me: he ſaw himſelf decline 'under the aſcendency of Proteſilaus 'without a ſtruggle; and contented 'himſelf with always telling me the 'truth whenever I would hear it; for 'he had my advantage, and not his own 'intereſt, in view.

'Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me, 'that he was of a moroſe and haughty 'temper; that he was a ſevere cenſor 'of my conduct, from a ſpirit of diſcontent; that he aſked me no favour, 'only becauſe he diſdained obligation, 'and aſpired to the character of a man 'ſuperior to any honours that could be 'conferred by his prince. He added, 'that this youth, who ſpoke ſo freely 'of my faults to myſelf, ſpoke of them 'alſo with the ſame freedom to others; 'that he inſinuated I was little worthy 'of eſteem; and that, by thus rendering 'me cheap in the eyes of the people, 'and by the artful parade of an auſtere 'virtue, he intended to open himſelf a 'way to the throne. At firſt I could 'not believe that Philocles intended 'to deprive me of my crown: there is 'in true virtue ſomething open and ingenuous, which no art can counterfeit, and which, if it is attended to, 'can never be miſtaken. But the ſteadineſs with which Philocles oppoſed 'my follies began to weary me; and 'the flattering compliance of Proteſilaus, and his indefatigable induſtry to 'procure me new pleaſures, made me 'ſtill more impatient of his rival's auſterity.

'In the mean time, Proteſilaus, perceiving that I did not believe all he 'had told me of Philocles, and his 'pride diſdaining the ſuſpicion which 'his falſhood had deſerved, reſolved 'to ſay nothing more to me about him, 'but to remove my doubts by ſtronger 'evidence than ſpeculation and argument: he therefore adviſed me to 'give him the command of ſome veſſels 'that were fitted out againſt a fleet of 'the Carpathians, and ſupported his 'advice with great ſublety. "You "know," ſays he, "that my com"mendations of Philocles cannot be "ſuſpected of partiality: he is cer"tainly brave, and has a genius for "war; he is more fit for this ſervice

" than any other person you can send;
" and I prefer the advancement of your
" interest to the gratification of my
" own resentment."

'This instance of generous integrity
' in a man to whom I had entrusted
' the most important affairs, delighted
' me: I embraced him in a transport of
' joy; and thought myself superlatively
' happy to have placed my confidence
' in a man who appeared to be at once
' superior to passion and to interest.
' But, alas! how much are princes to
' be pitied! This man knew me bet-
' ter than I knew myself; he knew that
' kings are generally mistrustful and
' indolent; mistrustful, by perpetually
' experiencing the artifices of the de-
' signing and corrupt; and indolent,
' by the pleasures that solicit them,
' and an habit of leaving all business
' to others, without taking the trouble
' so much as to think for themselves:
' he knew, therefore, that it would not
' be difficult to render me jealous of a
' man who could not fail to perform
' great actions, especially when he was
' not present to detect the fallacy.

'Philocles foresaw, at his departure,
' what would happen. " Remember,"
' says he, " that I can no longer de-
" fend myself; that you will be ac-
" cessible only to my enemy; and that
" while I am serving you at the risque
" of my life, I am likely to obtain no
" other recompence than your indig-
" nation."—" You are mistaken,"
' said I: " Protesilaus does not speak
" of you as you speak of him; he com-
" mends, he esteems you; and thinks
" you worthy of the most important
" trust: if he should speak against you,
" he would forfeit my confidence; go
" therefore upon your expedition
" without fear, and think only how
" to conduct it with advantage." He
' departed, and left me in uncommon
' perplexity.

'I confess that I saw very clearly the
' necessity of consulting many under-
' standings; and that nothing could
' more injure my reputation, or my in-
' terest, than an implicit resignation to
' the counsels of an individual. I
' knew that the prudent advice of Phi-
' locles had preserved me from many
' dangerous errors, which the haugh-
' tiness of Protesilaus would have led
' me into: I was conscious that, in the
' mind of Philocles, there was a fund
' of probity and wisdom that I did not
' find in Protesilaus; but I had suffered
' Protesilaus to assume a kind of dicta-
' torial manner, which at length I
' found myself scarce able to resist. I
' grew weary of consulting two men
' who could never agree; and chose
' rather to hazard something in the ad-
' ministration of my affairs, than con-
' tinue the trouble of examining op-
' posite opinions, and judging for my-
' self which was the best. It is true,
' I did not dare to assign the motives
' of so shameful a choice even to myself;
' but these motives still continued their
' secret influence in my heart, and di-
' rected all my actions.

'Philocles surprized the enemy; and,
' having gained a compleat victory,
' was hasting home to prevent the ill
' offices he had reason to fear; but
' Protesilaus, who had not had time to
' effect his purpose, wrote him word,
' that it was my pleasure he should im-
' prove his victory, by making a de-
' scent upon the island of Carpathus.
' He had, indeed, persuaded me, that
' a conquest of that island might easily
' be made; but he took care that many
' things necessary to the enterprize
' should be wanting: he gave Philocles
' also such orders as could not fail to
' embarrass him in the execution of it.
' In the mean time, he engaged one of
' my domesticks, a man of very corrupt
' manners, who was much about me,
' to observe all that passed, even to the
' minutest incident, and give him an
' account of it, though they appeared
' seldom to see each other, and never to
' agree. This domestick, whose name
' was Timocrates, came to me one day,
' and told me, as a great secret, that he
' had discovered a very dangerous af-
' fair. " Philocles," says he, " in-
" tends, by the assistance of your forces,
" to make himself King of Carpathus.
" The officers are all in his interest;
" and he has gained the private men,
" partly by his liberality, but princi-
" pally by the pernicious irregularities
" which he tolerates among them. He
" is greatly elated by his victory;
" and here is a letter, which he has
" written to one of his friends, concern-
" ing his project, which, after such
" evidence, it is impossible to doubt."

'I read the letter, which appeared
' to me to be in the hand-writing of
' Philocles; but it was a forgery, con-
' certed

'certed and executed between Protefilaus and Timocrates. This letter threw me into great aſtoniſhment. I read it again and again; and when I called to mind how many affecting proofs Philocles had given me of diſintereſted fidelity, I could not perſuade myſelf that he was the writer; yet, ſeeing the characters to be his, what could I determine?

'When Timocrates perceived that his artifice had thus far ſucceeded, he puſhed it farther. "May I preſume," ſaid he, heſitating, "to make one remark upon this letter? Philocles "tells his friend, that he may ſpeak "in confidence to Proteſilaus of one "thing; but he expreſſes that one "thing by a cypher. Proteſilaus is "certainly a party in the project of "Philocles, and they have accommodated their differences at your expence. You know it was Proteſilaus that preſſed you to ſend Philocles upon this expedition; and, for ſome time, he has deſiſted from ſpeaking againſt him as he uſed to do: "he now takes every opportunity to "excuſe and commend him; and they "have frequently met upon very good "terms. There is no doubt that Proteſilaus has concerted meaſures with "Philocles to ſhare his conqueſt between them. You ſee that he urged "you to this enterprize againſt all rules "of prudence and of policy; and that, "to gratify his ambition, he has endangered the loſs of your fleet: is it "poſſible that he would have rendered "himſelf thus ſubſervient to the ambition of Philocles, if there had been "enmity between them? It is manifeſt, "that they are aſſociated in a deſign to "aggrandize themſelves; and, perhaps, to ſupplant you in the throne. "I know that, by thus revealing my "ſuſpicions, I expoſe myſelf to their "reſentment, if you ſhall ſtill leave "your authority in their hands: however, ſince I have done my duty, I "am careleſs of the event."

'The laſt words of Timocrates ſunk deep into my mind. I made no doubt but that Philocles was a traitor; and I ſuſpected Proteſilaus as his friend. In the mean time, Timocrates was continually telling me, that if I waited till Philocles had made a conqueſt of Carpathus, it would be too late to fruſtrate his deſigns. "You muſt," ſays he, "ſecure him while he is in your power." But I was ſtruck with ſuch horror at the deep diſſimulation of mankind, that I knew not whom to truſt: after having diſcovered Philocles to be a traitor, I knew no man whoſe virtue could preclude ſuſpicion. I reſolved to cut off Philocles immediately; but I feared Proteſilaus; and, with reſpect to him, I was in doubt what to do; I feared equally to find him guilty and to truſt him as innocent.

'Such was the perplexity of my mind, that I could not forbear telling him I had ſome ſuſpicions of Philocles. He heard me with an appearance of the greateſt ſurprize: he reminded me of his integrity and moderation in many inſtances; he exaggerated his ſervices; and did every thing that could ſtrengthen my ſuſpicions of there being too good an underſtanding between them. Timocrates, at the ſame time, was equally diligent, on his part, to fix my attention upon every circumſtance that favoured the notion of a confederacy; and was continually urging me to deſtroy Philocles, while it was in my power. How unhappy a ſtate, my dear Mentor, is royalty! and how much are kings the ſport of other men, while other men appear to be trembling at their feet!

'I thought it would be a ſtroke of profound policy, and totally diſconcert Proteſilaus, to cut off Philocles immediately, by ſending Timocrates ſecretly to the fleet for that purpoſe. Proteſilaus, in the mean time, carried on his diſſimulation with the ſteadieſt perſeverance, and moſt refined ſubtlety: he deceived me, by appearing to be himſelf deceived. I ſent away Timocrates, who found Philocles greatly embarraſſed in making his deſcent, for which he was wholly unprovided. Proteſilaus, foreſeeing that his forged letter might fail of it's effect, had taken care to have another reſource, by making an enterprize difficult which he had perſuaded me would be eaſy, and the miſcarriage of which, therefore, could not fail of expoſing Philocles, who conducted it, to my reſentment. Philocles, however, ſuſtained himſelf under all difficulties, by his courage, his genius,

'nius, and his popularity, among the troops. There was not a private soldier in the army who did not see that the project of a descent was rash and impracticable; yet every one applied to the execution of it with the same activity and zeal as if his life and fortune depended upon it's success; and every one was, at all times, ready to hazard his life under a commander who was universally reverenced for his wisdom, and loved for his benevolence.

'Timocrates had every thing to fear from an attempt upon the life of a general, in the midst of an army by which he was adored: but the fury of ambition is always blind; and he saw neither difficulty nor danger in any measure that could gratify Protesilaus, in concert with whom he hoped to govern me without controul, as soon as Philocles should be dead. Protesilaus could not bear the presence of a man whose very looks were a silent reproach, and who could at once disappoint all his projects by disclosing them to me.

'Timocrates having corrupted two of Philocles's officers, who were continually about his person, by promising them a great reward in my name, sent him word, that he had some private instructions to communicate to him from me, and that those two officers only must be present. Philocles immediately admitted them into a private room, and shut the door. As soon as they were alone, Timocrates made a stroke at him with a poignard, which entering obliquely, made but a slight wound. Philocles, with the calm fortitude of a man familiar with danger, forced the weapon out of his hand, and defended himself with it against the assassins, at the same time calling for assistance. Some of the people that waited without immediately forced the door, and disengaged him from his assailants, who, being in great confusion, had made a feeble and irresolute attack. They were immediately secured; and such was the indignation of the soldiers, that they would the next moment have been torn to pieces if Philocles had not interposed. After the first tumult had subsided, he took Timocrates aside, and asked him, without any tokens of resentment, what had prompted him to so horrid an attempt. Timocrates, who was afraid of being instantly put to death, made haste to produce the written order, which I had given him, for what he had done; and, as every villain is a coward, he thought only of saving his life; and therefore, without reserve, disclosed the whole treachery of Protesilaus.

'Philocles, though he was unmoved at the danger of the project which had been formed against him, was yet terrified at it's guilt; he thought himself not a match for the malice of mankind, and therefore determined no longer to struggle with it. He declared to the troops, that Timocrates was innocent: he took care to secure him from their resentment; and he sent him back in safety to Crete. He then gave up the command of the army to Polimenes, whom I had appointed, by a written order, to succeed him; and, having exhorted the troops to continue stedfast in the fidelity they owed me, he went on board a small bark in the night, which landed him upon the Island of Samos; where he lives still with great tranquillity, in poverty and solitude. He procures a scanty subsistence by working as a statuary; and wishes not so much as to hear of men who are perfidious and unjust; much less of kings, whom he believes to be the most deceived, and the most unhappy, of men.'

Idomeneus was here interrupted by Mentor: 'Was it long,' said he, 'before you discovered the truth?'—'No,' said Idomeneus; 'but I discovered it by degrees. It was, indeed, not long before Protesilaus and Timocrates quarrelled; for it is with great difficulty that the wicked can agree; and their dissention at once discovered the depth of the abyss into which they had thrown me.'—'Well,' said Mentor, 'and did you not immediately dismiss them both?'—'Alas!' said Idomeneus, 'can you be so ignorant of my weakness, or the perplexity of my situation? When a prince has once delivered up himself, with implicit confidence, to bold and designing men, who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, he must never more hope to be free. Those whom he most despises he most distinguishes by his favour, and loads

'with

'with benefits. I abhorred Protesilaus, 'and yet left him in the possession of all 'my authority. Strange infatuation! 'I was pleased to think that I knew 'him; yet I had not resolution enough 'to avail myself of that knowledge, 'and resume the power of which he 'was unworthy. I found him, in-'deed, pliant and attentive; very dili-'gent to flatter my passions, and very 'zealous to advance my interests. I 'had, besides, some reasons which en-'abled me to excuse my weakness to 'myself: having, unhappily, never 'chosen persons of integrity to manage 'my affairs, I doubted whether there 'was any such thing as integrity in 'the world. I considered virtue rather 'as a phantom than a reality; and 'thought it ridiculous to get out of 'the hands of one bad man, with great 'struggle and commotion, merely to 'fall into the hands of another, who 'would neither be less interested, nor 'more sincere. In the mean time, the 'fleet, commanded by Polimenes, re-'turned to Crete: I thought no more 'of the conquest of Carpathus; and 'Protesilaus's dissimulation was not 'so deep but that I could perceive he 'was greatly mortified to hear that 'Philocles was out of danger at Sa-'mos.'

'But,' said Mentor, 'though you 'still continued Protesilaus in his post, 'did you still trust your affairs impli-'citly to his management?'—'I was,' said Idomeneus, 'too much an enemy 'to business and application to take 'them out of his hands: the trouble 'of instructing another would have 'broken in upon the plan of life which 'my indolence had formed; and I had 'not resolution to attempt it. I chose 'rather to shut my eyes, than to see 'the artifices that were practised against 'me; and contented myself with let-'ting a few of my favourites know 'that I was not ignorant of his trea-'chery. Thus, knowing that I was 'cheated, I imagined myself to be 'cheated but to a certain degree. I 'sometimes made Protesilaus sensible 'that I was offended at his usurpation: 'I frequently took pleasure in con-'tradicting him; in blaming him pub-'lickly for something he had done; 'and deciding contrary to his opinion. 'But he knew my supineness and sloth 'too well to have any apprehensions 'upon this account; he always re-'turned resolutely to the charge, some-'times with argument and importu-'nity, sometimes with softness and 'insinuation; and, whenever he per-'ceived that I was offended, he re-'doubled his assiduity, in furnishing 'such new amusements as were most 'likely to soothe and soften me, or to 'engage me in some affair which he 'knew would make his assistance ne-'cessary, and afford him an opportu-'nity of shewing his zeal for my re-'putation.

'This method of flattering my pas-'sions always succeeded, notwithstand-'ing I was upon my guard against it. 'He knew all my secrets, he relieved 'me in every perplexity, and he made 'the people tremble at my name: I 'could not, therefore, resolve to part 'with him; and yet, by keeping him 'in his place, I put it out of the power 'of honest men to shew me my true in-'terest. No man spoke freely in my 'council: Truth withdrew far from 'me; and Error, the harbinger of the 'fall of kings, perpetually punished 'me for having sacrificed Philocles to 'the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. 'Even those who were best affected to 'my person and government, thought 'themselves not obliged to undeceive 'me, after so dreadful an example; 'and I myself, my dear Mentor, even 'I myself, was secretly afraid that truth 'should burst through the cloud of 'flattery that surrounded me, and reach 'me with irresistible radiance; for I 'should have been troubled at the pre-'sence of a guide which I could not 'but approve, yet wanted resolution 'to follow. I should have regretted 'my vassalage without struggling to be 'free; for my own indolence, and the 'ascendency which Protesilaus had 'gained over me, concurred to chill 'me with the torpor of despair. I was 'conscious to a shameful situation, 'which I wished alike to hide from 'others and myself. You know, that 'vain pride and false glory are here-'ditary to kings, who can never bear 'to acknowledge either an error or a 'fault: to conceal one, they will com-'mit an hundred; and, rather than 'acknowledge they have been once de-'ceived, they will suffer themselves to

'be deceived for ever. Such is the 'condition of weak and indolent prin-'ces; and such was mine when I set 'out for the siege of Troy!

'I left the sole administration of my 'government to Protesilaus; and he 'behaved, during my absence, with 'great haughtiness and inhumanity. 'The whole kingdom groaned under 'his oppression; but no man dared to 'send information of it to me: they 'knew that I dreaded the sight of truth; 'and that I always gave up to the 'cruelty of Protesilaus those that ven-'tured to speak against him; but the 'mischief increased in proportion to 'the fear that concealed it. He after-'wards obliged me to dismiss Merion, 'who followed me to the siege of Troy, 'and acquired immortal honour in the 'expedition: he grew jealous of him 'after my return, as he did of every 'man who was distinguished either by 'my favour or his own virtue.

'This ascendency of Protesilaus, my 'dear Mentor, was the source of all 'my misfortunes: the revolt of the 'Cretans was not so much the effect 'of the death of my son, as of the 'vengeance of the gods, whom my 'follies had provoked; and the hatred 'of the people, which Protesilaus had 'drawn upon me. An oppressive and 'tyrannical government had totally 'exhausted the patience of my sub-'jects, when I embrued my hands in 'the blood of my son; and the horror 'of that action only threw off the veil 'from what had long lain concealed in 'their hearts.

'Timocrates went with me to the 'siege of Troy; and gave private in-'telligence to Protesilaus, by letter, of 'all that he could discover. I was 'conscious that I was in captivity; 'but, instead of making an effort to 'be free, I dismissed the subject from 'my thoughts in despair. When the 'Cretans revolted at my return, Pro-'tesilaus and Timocrates were the first 'that fled; and would certainly have 'abandoned me, if I had not been 'obliged to fly almost at the same 'time. Be assured, my dear Mentor, 'that those who are insolent in pro-'sperity are passive and timid in dis-'tress: the moment they are dispos-'sessed of their authority, all is con-'sternation and despair; in proportion 'as they have been haughty, they be-'come abject; and they pass in a 'moment from one extreme to the 'other.'

'But how comes it,' said Mentor, 'that, notwithstanding you perfectly 'know the wickedness of these men, I 'still see them about you? I can ac-'count for their following you hither, 'because they had no prospect of 'greater advantage; and I can easily 'conceive, that you might afford them 'an asylum in this rising city from a 'principle of generosity: but from 'what motive can you still deliver 'yourself up to their management, af-'ter such dreadful experience of the 'mischiefs it must produce?'

'You are not aware,' said Idome-neus, 'how little experience itself can 'avail to the indolent, who are equally 'averse to business and reflection: they 'are, indeed, dissatisfied with every 'thing; but, for want of resolution, 'they reform nothing. An habitual 'connection with these men, which 'many years had confirmed, at length 'bound me to them by shackles that I 'could not break. As soon as I came 'hither, they precipitated me into that 'excessive expence of which you have 'been witness; they have exhausted 'the strength of this rising state; they 'involved me in the war which, with-'out your assistance, must have de-'stroyed me; and I should soon have 'experienced, at Salentum, the same 'misfortunes which banished me from 'Crete: but you have at once opened 'my eyes, and inspired me with reso-'lution. In your presence I am con-'scious to an influence for which I can-'not account; my weaknesses drop 'from me, like mortality from the soul 'when she is dismissed to the skies; 'and I feel myself a new being, in a 'more exalted state.'

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protesilaus had behaved during the change of measures which had lately taken place. 'He has behaved,' re-plied Idomeneus, 'with the most re-'fined subtlety. When you first ar-'rived, he laboured to alarm my suspi-'cions by indirect insinuations: he 'alledged nothing against you him-'self; but now one, and then another, 'were perpetually coming to tell me 'that the two strangers were much to 'be feared. "One of them," said 'they, "is the son of the crafty and

"designing

" deſigning Ulyſſes; the other ſeems " to have deep deſigns, and to be of a " dark and involved ſpirit. They " have been accuſtomed to wander " from one kingdom to another; and " who knows but they may have form- " ed ſome deſign againſt this? It ap- " pears, even by their own account, " that they have been the cauſe of " great troubles in the countries " through which they have paſſed; " and we ſhould remember, that this " ſtate is ſtill in it's infancy; that it is " not firmly eſtabliſhed; and that a " ſlight commotion will overturn it."

' Upon this ſubject Proteſilaus was ' ſilent; but he took great pains to ' convince me that the reformation ' which, by your advice, I had be- ' gun, was dangerous and extravagant. ' He urged me, by arguments drawn ' from my particular intereſt. " If " you place your people," ſaid he, " in " a ſtate of ſuch eaſe and plenty, they " will labour no more; they will be- " come inſolent, untractable, and fac- " tious; weakneſs and diſtreſs only " can render them ſupple and obedi- " ent." He frequently endeavoured ' to gain his point, by aſſuming his ' former aſcendency over me: but he ' concealed it under an appearance of ' zeal for my ſervice. " By eaſing " your people," ſaid he, " you will " degrade the regal authority; and " this will be an irreparable injury, " even to the people themſelves: no- " thing but keeping them in the loweſt " ſubjection can preſerve them from " the reſtleſsneſs of diſcontent and the " turbulence of faction." To all ' this I replied, that I could eaſily keep ' the people to their duty, by making ' them love me; by exerting all my ' authority without abuſing it; by ſtea- ' dily puniſhing all offenders; by tak- ' ing care that children ſhould be pro- ' perly educated; and by maintaining ' ſuch diſcipline among the people as ' ſhould render life ſimple, ſober, and ' laborious. " What!" ſaid I, " can " no people be kept in ſubjection but " thoſe that are periſhing with hun- " ger? Does the art of government " exclude kindneſs; and muſt the po- " litician be neceſſarily diveſted of hu- " manity? How many nations do we " ſee governed with a gentle hand, yet " inflexibly loyal to their prince! Fac- " tion and revolt are the effects of " reſtleſsneſs and ambition in the " great, whoſe paſſions have been in- " dulged to exceſs, and who have been " ſuffered to abuſe freedom into licen- " tiouſneſs; of the effeminacy, luxury, " and idleneſs, of great numbers of " all ranks; of too large a military " eſtabliſhment, which muſt conſiſt of " perſons wholly unacquainted with " every occupation that can be uſeful " in a time of peace; and chiefly of " the wrongs of an injured people, " whom intolerable oppreſſion has at " laſt made deſperate. The ſeverity, " the pride, and the indolence, of " princes, which render them incapa- " ble of that comprehenſive vigilance " which alone can prevent diſorder in " the ſtate, are the firſt cauſes of tu- " mult and inſurrection; and not the " ſecure and peaceful repaſt of the " huſbandman, upon that bread which " he has obtained by the ſweat of his " brow."

' When Proteſilaus perceived that, ' in theſe principles, I was inflexible, ' he totally changed his method of at- ' tack: he began to act upon thoſe ' very maxims which he had laboured ' in vain to ſubvert; he pretended to ' adopt them from conviction, and ' with a reliſh; and expreſſed great ob- ' ligations to me for removing his pre- ' judices, and throwing new light up- ' on his mind. He anticipates my ' very wiſhes: and, in order to relieve ' the poor, he is the firſt to repreſent ' their neceſſities, and to exclaim a- ' gainſt unneceſſary expence. He is ' even, as you know, become eloquent ' in your praiſe; he expreſſes the great- ' eſt confidence in your wiſdom and ' integrity; and neglects nothing that ' he thinks will give you pleaſure. ' His friendſhip with Timocrates ſeems ' to decline: Timocrates is endeavour- ' ing to throw off his dependence; ' Proteſilaus is become jealous of him; ' and it is partly by their diſagreement ' that I have diſcovered their trea- ' chery.'

' You have then,' ſaid Mentor, with a ſmile, ' been weak enough to ſuffer ' even by detected villainy; and to ' continue ſubſervient to traitors after ' you knew their treaſon.'—' Alas!' ſaid Idomeneus, ' you do not know ' the power of artful men over a weak ' and indolent prince, who has put ' the whole management of his affairs

'into their hands: beſides, Proteſilaus, as I have juſt told you, now 'enters, with great zeal, into all your 'projects for the general advantage 'of the ſtate.'

'I know but too well,' ſaid Mentor, with a look of ſome ſeverity, 'that, of thoſe that ſurround a prince, 'the wicked prevail over the good. 'Of this truth you are yourſelf a 'dreadful example: you ſay, that I 'have opened your eyes to your true 'intereſt; yet you are ſtill ſo blind as 'to truſt the adminiſtration of your 'government to a wretch that is not 'fit to live. It is time you ſhould 'learn that a man may perform good 'actions, and be ſtill wicked; that 'men of the worſt principles and diſpoſitions do good, when it ſerves their 'purpoſe, with the ſame facility as 'evil. It is true that they do evil 'without reluctance, becauſe they are 'witheld neither by ſentiment nor 'principle; but it is alſo true that they 'do good without violence to themſelves, becauſe the ſucceſs even of 'their vices depends upon appearances 'of virtue, which they do not poſſeſs; 'and becauſe they gratify their own 'depravity, while they are deceiving 'mankind. They are, however, incapable of virtue, though they appear to practiſe it; they can only add 'to every other vice, that which is 'more odious than all, hypocriſy. 'While you continue reſolute and peremptory that good ſhall be done, 'Proteſilaus will do good to preſerve 'his authority; but if he perceives the 'leaſt tendency to relaxation, he will 'ſeize, and with all his powers improve, the opportunity to bewilder 'you again in perplexity and error, 'and reſume his natural diſſimulation 'and ferocity. Is it poſſible that you 'ſhould live with honour, or in peace, 'while you ſee ſuch a wretch as Proteſilaus for ever at your ſide; and remember that Philocles, the faithful 'and the wiſe, ſtill lives in poverty and 'diſgrace at Samos?

'You acknowledge, O Idomeneus! 'that princes are overborne and miſled by bold and deſigning men that 'are about them; but you ſhould not 'forget that princes are liable to another misfortune by no means inferior, 'a propenſity to forget the virtues and 'the ſervices of thoſe that are abſent. 'Princes, being continually ſurrounded by a multitude, are not forcibly 'impreſſed by any individual; they 'are ſtruck only with what is preſent 'and pleaſing: the remembrance of 'every thing elſe is ſoon obliterated; 'virtue affects them leſs than any 'other object, for virtue can ſeldom 'pleaſe, as it oppoſes and condemns 'their follies. Princes love nothing 'but pomp and pleaſure; and who, 'therefore, can wonder that princes 'are not beloved?'

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIV.

AFTER this converſation, Mentor perſuaded Idomeneus immediately to diſmiſs Proteſilaus and Timocrates, and recal Philocles. The king would immediately have complied, if there had not been a ſeverity of virtue in Philocles, of which he feared the effects. 'I confeſs,' ſaid he, 'that, 'though I love and eſteem him, I can- 'not perfectly reconcile myſelf to his 'return. I have, even from my in- 'fancy, been accuſtomed to praiſe, 'aſſiduity, and compliances; which, 'in Philocles, I ſhall not find. When- 'ever I took any meaſure that he diſ- 'approved, the dejection of his coun- 'tenance was ſufficient to condemn me; 'and when we were together in pri- 'vate, his behaviour was reſpectful and 'decent indeed, but it was ungra- 'cious and auſtere.'

'Do you not ſee,' replied Mentor, 'that to princes who have been ſpoiled 'by flattery, every thing that is ſincere 'and honeſt appears to be ungracious 'and auſtere? Such princes are even 'weak enough to ſuſpect a want of 'zeal for their ſervice, and reſpect for 'their authority, where they do not 'find a ſervility that is ready to flatter 'them in the abuſe of their power: 'they are offended at all freedom of 'ſpeech, all generoſity of ſentiment, 'as pride, cenſoriouſneſs, and ſedition; 'and contract a falſe delicacy, which 'every thing ſhort of flattery diſap- 'points and diſguſts. But let us ſup- 'poſe that Philocles is really ungra- 'cious and auſtere; will not his auſte- 'rity be preferable to the pernicious 'flattery of thoſe that are now about 'you? Where will you find a man 'without fault? And is not that of 'ſpeaking truth, in a manner ſomething 'too rough and free, a fault from which 'you have leſs to fear than any other? 'Is it not, indeed, a fault which your 'own indiſcretion has made neceſſary 'to your intereſt, as that only which 'can ſurmount the averſion to truth 'that flattery has given you? You 'ſtand in need of a man who loves only 'truth and you; who loves you better 'than you know how to love yourſelf; 'who will ſpeak truth notwithſtanding 'your oppoſition, and force a way for 'it through all your entrenchments. 'Such a man, and ſo neceſſary, is Phi- 'locles. Remember, that the greateſt 'good fortune a prince can hope is, 'that one man of ſuch magnanimous 'generoſity ſhould be born in his reign: 'in compariſon of ſuch a man, all the 'treaſures of the ſtate are of no value; 'and a prince can ſuffer no puniſhment 'ſo dreadful as that of loſing him by 'becoming unworthy of his virtue, and 'not knowing how to profit by his

'services. You ought certainly to 'avail yourself of worthy men, though 'it is not necessary that you should be 'blind to their faults; in these never 'implicitly acquiesce, but endeavour 'to correct them. Give merit, how-'ever, always a favourable hearing; 'and let the publick see that you at 'once distinguish and honour it: but, 'above all things, strive to be no longer 'what you have been. Princes, whose 'virtues, like yours, have suffered by 'the vices of others, generally content 'themselves with a speculative disap-'probation of corrupt men; and at 'the same time employ them with the 'utmost confidence, and load them 'with riches and honour: on the other 'hand, they value themselves upon 'discerning and approving men of 'virtue, but they reward them only 'with empty praise, and want mag-'nanimity to assign them employments, 'to admit them to their friendship, or 'distinguish them by their favour.'

Idomeneus then confessed that he was ashamed of having so long delayed to deliver innocence from oppression, and to punish those that had abused his confidence; and all scruples about recalling Philocles being removed, Mentor had no difficulty in persuading the king to dismiss his favourite; for when once an opposition to a favourite has so far succeeded, that he is suspected and becomes troublesome, the prince, feeling himself perplexed and uneasy, thinks only how to get rid of him: all friendship vanishes, and all services are forgotten. The fall of a favourite gives no pain to his master, if, as soon as he is undone, he is removed out of sight.

Idomeneus immediately gave private orders to Hegesippus, one of the principal officers of his household, to seize Protesilaus and Timocrates, and conduct them in safety to the isle of Samos; to leave them there; and to bring Philocles back to Salentum. Hegesippus, at the receipt of this order, burst into tears of surprize and joy. 'You will 'now,' said he to the king, 'make 'every heart in your dominions glad; 'for these men were the cause of all 'the misfortunes that have befallen 'you and your people. Good men 'have now groaned twenty years un-'der an oppression so severe, that they 'scarce dared even to groan: to com-'plain was impossible; for those who 'attempted to approach you, otherwise 'than by the favourites, were sure to 'be immediately crushed by their 'power.'

Hegesippus then acquainted the king with innumerable instances of their treachery and inhumanity, of which he had never heard, because nobody dared to accuse them; and told him also, that he had discovered a conspiracy against the life of Mentor. The king was struck with horror at the relation.

Hegesippus, that he might seize Protesilaus without delay, went immediately to his house. It was not so large as the palace; but it was better designed, both for convenience and pleasure: the architecture was in a better taste, and it was decorated with a profusion of expence, which the most cruel oppression had supplied. He was then in a marble saloon that opened to his baths, reclining negligently upon a couch that was covered with purple embroidered with gold: he appeared to be weary, and even exhausted with his labours; there was a gloom of discontent upon his brow, and his eye expressed a kind of agitation and ferocity not to be described. The principal persons of the kingdom sat round him upon carpets, watching his looks even to the slightest glance of his eye, and reflecting every expression of his countenance from their own: if he opened his mouth, all was extasy and admiration; and, before he had uttered a word, they vied with each other which should be loudest in the praise of what he had to say. One of them regaled him with an account of the services he had rendered to the king, heightened with the most ridiculous exaggeration; another declared that his mother had conceived him by Jupiter in the likeness of her husband, and that he was son to the father of the gods. In some verses that were recited by a poet, he was said to have been instructed by the Muses, and to have rivalled Apollo in all the works of imagination and wit; and another poet, still more servile and shameless, celebrated him as the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of a people among whom he had scattered plenty and happiness, from the horn of Amalthea, with a liberal hand.

Protesilaus heard all this adulation with

with a cold, negligent, and disdainful air, as if he thought his merit was without bounds, and that he honoured those too much from whom he condescended to receive praise. Among other flatterers, there was one who took the liberty to whisper some jest upon the new regulations that were taking place under the direction of Mentor: the countenance of Protesilaus relaxed into a smile; and immoderate laughter immediately shook the whole company, though the greatest part knew nothing of what had been said. The countenance of Protesilaus became again haughty and severe; and every one immediately shrunk back into timidity and silence: all watched for the happy moment in which he would turn his eye upon them, and permit them to speak; and each having some favour to ask, discovered the greatest agitation and perplexity. Their supplicatory posture supplied the want of words; and they seemed to be impressed with the same humility and reverence as a mother who petitions the gods, at their altar, for the life of an only son. Every countenance expressed a tender complacency and admiration; but every heart concealed the most malignant envy and implacable hatred.

At this moment Hegesippus entered the saloon; and, seizing the sword of Protesilaus, acquainted him that he had the king's orders to carry him to Samos. At these dreadful words, all the arrogance of the favourite fell from him in a moment, like the fragment of a rock that is broken from the summit: he threw himself at the feet of Hegesippus; he wept; hesitated; faltered; trembled; and embraced the knees of a man upon whom, an hour before, he would have disdained to turn his eye. At the same time his flatterers, who saw that his ruin was compleat and irreparable, insulted him with a meanness and cruelty worthy of their adulation.

Hegesippus would not allow him time even to take leave of his family, or secure his private papers, which were all seized and put into the king's hands. Timocrates was also arrested at the same time, to his inexpressible surprize; for, being upon ill terms with Protesilaus, he had not the least apprehension of being involved in his ruin; and they were both carried on board a vessel which had been prepared to receive them.

They arrived in safety at Samos, where Hegesippus left his prisoners; and, to compleat their misfortune, he left them together. Here, with a rancour natural to their circumstances and disposition, they reproached each other with the crimes that had brought on their ruin: here they were condemned to live, without the least hope of returning to Salentum, at a distance from their wives and children, not to mention friends, for a friend they never had. With the country they were wholly unacquainted, and had no means of subsistence, but by their labour; a situation, of which the disadvantages were greatly aggravated by the luxury and splendor which long habit had made almost as necessary to them as food and rest. In this condition, like two wild beasts of the forest, they were always ready to tear each other to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus enquired in what part of the island Philocles was to be found; and he was told that he lived at a considerable distance from the city, upon a mountain, in which there was a cave that served him for a habitation. Every one spoke of him with the utmost admiration and esteem. 'He has never given 'offence,' said they, 'in a single in'stance, since he has been in the island; 'every heart is touched at the patience 'of his labour, and the chearfulness 'of his indigence; he possesses no'thing, yet is always content. Though 'he is remote both from the business 'and the pleasures of the world, with'out property, and without affluence, 'yet he can still find means to oblige 'merit, and has a thousand contriv'ances to gratify his neighbours.'

Hegesippus immediately repaired to the cave, which he found empty and open; for the poverty of Philocles, and the simplicity of his manners, made it unnecessary for him to shut his door when he went out. A mat of coarse rushes served him for a bed; he rarely kindled a fire, because his food was generally such as needed no dressing; in summer he lived upon fruits fresh gathered, and upon dates and dried figs in winter, quenching his thirst at a clear spring that fell in a natural cascade from the rock. His cave contained

contained nothing but his tools, and some books that he read at certain hours, which he appropriated to that purpose; not to decorate his mind, or gratify his curiosity, but that, while he rested from his labour, he might gain instruction, and avoid being idle by learning to be good: and he employed himself in sculpture, not to procure reputation or wealth, but merely to keep his body in exercise, and procure the necessaries of life without contracting obligations.

When Hegesippus entered the cave, he admired the pieces of art that were begun. He observed a Jupiter, in whose countenance there was a serene majesty, by which he was immediately known to be the father of gods and men; he perceived also a Mars, well distinguished by a proud and menacing ferocity; but he was most struck with a Minerva, that was represented as encouraging the arts; the expression of her countenance was at once noble and gracious; her stature was tall, her shape easy, and her attitude so natural, that the spectator was almost persuaded she would move. Hegesippus, having viewed these statues with great pleasure, retired; and, as he was coming out of the cave, saw Philocles at a distance, sitting upon the grass under the shade of a large tree, and reading. He immediately advanced towards him; and Philocles, who perceived him, scarce knew what to think. 'Is not 'that Hegesippus,' said he to himself, 'with whom I was so long familiar at 'Crete? But what can have brought 'him to an island so remote as Samos? 'Is he not dead, and is not this his 'shade, which has returned from the 'banks of the Styx to revisit the 'earth?'

While he was thus doubting of what he saw, Hegesippus came so near, that his doubts were at an end. 'Is it you, 'then,' said he, embracing him, 'my 'dear, my early friend? What acci-'dent, or what tempest, has thrown you 'upon this coast? Have you voluntarily deserted the island of Crete? or 'have you been driven from your coun-'try by a misfortune like mine?'

'It is not misfortune,' said Hegesippus, 'but the favour of the gods, that 'has brought me hither.' He then gave his friend a particular account of the long tyranny of Protesilaus, of his intrigues with Timocrates, of the calamities which they had brought upon Idomeneus; of his expulsion from the throne, his flight to Hesperia, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wisdom which Mentor had diffused into the mind of the king, and the disgrace of the traitors by whom he had been abused. He added, that he had brought them in exile to Samos, whither they had banished Philocles; and concluded, that he had orders to bring him back to Salentum, where the king, who was convinced of his integrity, intended to entrust him with the administration of his government, and distinguish him by rewards adequate to his merit.

'You see that cave,' said Philocles, 'which is more fit for the haunt of wild 'beasts than the habitation of a man; 'and yet, in that cave I have enjoyed 'more tranquillity and repose than in 'the gorgeous palaces of Crete. I am 'no more deceived by man; for with 'man I have no more connexion: I 'neither see, nor hear, nor need him; 'my own hard hands, which are now 'inured to labour, supply me with such 'simple food as Nature has made ne-'cessary; and this slight stuff that you 'see, sufficing to cover me, I am with-'out wants; and I enjoy a serene, per-'fect, and delightful freedom, of which 'the wisdom that is contained in my 'books teaches me the proper use. 'Why, then, should I again mix with 'mankind, and again suffer by their 'jealousy, fraud, and caprice? Envy 'not, my dear Hegesippus, the good 'fortune I possess. Protesilaus has 'betrayed the king, and would have 'murdered me: he is fallen into his 'own snare, but he has done me no 'hurt. He has eventually done me 'good in the highest degree; he has de-'livered me from the tumult and sla-'very of publick business; and to him 'I am indebted for this sweet solitude, 'and the pleasures I enjoy.—Return, 'then, my friend, to your prince; assist 'him under the necessary infelicities 'of grandeur, and do for him whatever 'you wish should be done by me: and 'since his eyes, which were so long 'shut against truth, have been at last 'opened by the wisdom of a person 'whom you call Mentor, let him also 'keep that person about him. As for 'me, having once suffered shipwreck,

'it

'it is by no means fit that I ſhould 'forſake the port in which the tempeſt 'has ſo fortunately thrown me, and 'tempt again the caprice of the winds. 'Alas! how much are kings to be pi- 'tied! How worthy of compaſſion are 'thoſe that ſerve him! If they are 'wicked, what miſery do they diffuſe 'among others, what puniſhment do 'they treaſure up for themſelves! If 'they are good, what difficulties have 'they to ſurmount, what ſnares to 'avoid, what evils to ſuffer! Once 'more, my dear Hegeſippus, leave me 'poor, that I may be happy.'

Philocles expreſſed theſe ſentiments with great vehemence; and Hegeſippus looked upon him with aſtoniſhment. He had known him in Crete, when he conducted the buſineſs of the ſtate; and he was then pale, languiſhing, and emaciated: the natural ardour of his temper, and his ſcrupulous regard to rectitude, made a publick ſtation fatal to his health. He could not ſee vice go unpuniſhed without indignation, nor ſuffer even unavoidable irregularities without regret. At Crete, therefore, he ſuffered a perpetual decay; but at Samos he was vigorous and luſty; and a new youth, in ſpite even of years, bloomed upon his countenance. A life of temperance, tranquillity, and exerciſe, ſeemed to have reſtored the conſtitution which Nature had given him. 'You are ſurprized to ſee me ſo alter- 'ed,' ſaid Philocles with a ſmile; 'but 'I owe this freſhneſs, this perfection 'of health, to my retirement: my ene- 'mies, therefore, have given me more 'than Fortune could beſtow. Can you 'wiſh me to forſake ſubſtantial for ima- 'ginary good, and incur again the 'misfortunes from which it is now my 'happineſs to be free? You would not, 'ſurely, be more cruel than Proteſi- 'laus; you cannot envy me the good 'fortune that he has beſtowed.'

Hegeſippus then urged him, from every motive that he thought likely to touch his ſenſibility, but without effect: 'Would the ſight of your family 'and friends, then,' ſaid he, 'give you 'no pleaſure; of thoſe who languiſh 'for your return, and live but in the 'hope of once more preſſing you to 'their boſoms? And is it nothing in 'your eſtimation, who fear the gods, 'and make conſcience of your duty, 'to render ſervice to your prince, to 'aſſiſt him in the exerciſe of virtue, 'and the diffuſion of happineſs? Is it 'blameleſs to indulge an unſocial phi- 'loſophy, to prefer your own intereſt 'to that of mankind, and chuſe rather 'to procure eaſe to yourſelf than to 'give happineſs to them? Beſides, if 'you perſiſt in your reſolution not to 'return, it will be imputed to reſent- 'ment againſt the king; and if he in- 'tended evil againſt you, it was only 'becauſe he was a ſtranger to your 'merit. It was not Philocles, the 'faithful, the juſt, the good, that he 'would have cut off, but a man of 'whom he had conceived a very dif- 'ferent idea. He now knows you; 'and it being now impoſſible he ſhould 'miſtake you for another, his firſt 'friendſhip will revive with new force. 'He expects you with impatience; his 'arms are open to receive you; he num- 'bers the days, and even the hours, of 'your delay. Can you, then, be in- 'exorable to your king? Can your 'heart reſiſt the tender ſolicitudes of 'friendſhip?'

Philocles, whom the firſt recollection of Hegeſippus had melted into tenderneſs, now reſumed a look of diſtance and ſeverity: he remained immoveable as a rock, againſt which the tempeſt rages in vain, and the roaring ſurge daſhes only to be broken; neither entreaty nor argument found any paſſage to his heart. But the piety of Philocles would not ſuffer him to indulge his inclination, however ſupported by his judgment, without conſulting the gods; and he diſcovered, by the flight of birds, by the entrails of victims, and by other preſages, that it was their pleaſure he ſhould go with Hegeſippus; he therefore reſiſted no more, but complied with the requeſt of Hegeſippus, and prepared for his departure. He did not, however, quit the ſolitude in which he had lived ſo many years, without regret. 'Muſt I then,' ſaid he, 'forſake this pleaſant cell, where 'peaceful and obedient ſlumbers came 'every night to refreſh me after the 'labours of the day! where my eaſy 'life was a ſilken thread, which the 'Siſters, notwithſtanding my poverty, 'entwined with gold!' The tears then ſtarted to his eye; and, proſtrating himſelf on the earth, he adored the Naiad of the tranſlucent ſpring, that had quenched his thirſt, and the nymphs of the

the mountain that ſurrounded his retreat. Echo heard his expreſſions of tenderneſs and regret; and, with a gentle and plaintive voice, repeated them to all the ſylvan deities of the place.

Philocles then accompanied Hegeſippus to the city, in order to embark. He thought that Proteſilaus, overwhelmed with confuſion, and burning with reſentment, would be glad to avoid him: but he was miſtaken; men without virtue are without ſhame, and always ready to ſtoop to any meanneſs. Philocles modeſtly concealed himſelf, for fear the unhappy wretch ſhould ſee him; for he ſuppoſed, that to ſee the proſperity of an enemy, which was founded on his ruin, would aggravate his miſery: but Proteſilaus ſought him out with great eagerneſs, and endeavoured to excite his compaſſion, and engage him to ſolicit the king for permiſſion to return to Salentum. Philocles, however, was too ſincere to give him the leaſt hope that he would comply; and he knew, better than any other, the miſchiefs that his return would produce: but he ſoothed him with expreſſions of pity, offered him ſuch conſolation as his ſituation would admit, and exhorted him to propitiate the gods by purity of manners, and reſignation to his ſufferings. As he had heard that the king had taken from him all the wealth that he had unjuſtly acquired, he promiſed him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed; to take his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, expoſed to all the miſeries of poverty, and all the dangers of popular reſentment, under his protection; and to ſend him ſome ſupplies of money, to alleviate the diſtreſs he muſt ſuffer in a ſtate of baniſhment ſo remote from his country.

The wind being fair, Hegeſippus haſtened the departure of his friend. Proteſilaus ſaw them embark: his eyes were directed invariably towards the ſea; and purſued the veſſel as ſhe made her way through the parting waves; and the wind every moment increaſed her diſtance. When his eye could diſtinguiſh it no more, it's image was ſtill impreſſed upon his mind; at laſt, ſeized with the phrenzy of deſpair, he rolled himſelf in the ſands, tore his hair, and reproached the gods for the ſeverity of their juſtice; he called at laſt upon Death, but even Death rejected his petition to die, and diſdained to deliver him from the miſery from which he wanted courage to deliver himſelf.

In the mean time the veſſel, favoured by Neptune and the winds, ſoon arrived at Salentum. When the king was told that it was entering the port, he ran out with Mentor to meet Philocles, whom he tenderly embraced, and expreſſed the utmoſt regret at having ſo injuriouſly authorized an attempt upon his life. This acknowledgment was ſo far from degrading him in the opinion of his people, that every one conſidered it as the effort of an exalted mind, which, as it were, triumphed over it's own failings, by confeſſing them with a view to reparation. The publick joy, at the return of Philocles, the friend of man, and at the wiſdom and goodneſs expreſſed by the king, was ſo great, that it overflowed in tears.

Philocles received the careſſes of his prince with the moſt reſpectful modeſty, and was impatient to eſcape from the acclamations of the people. He followed Idomeneus to the palace; and, though Mentor and he had never ſeen each other before, there was immediately the ſame confidence between them as if they had been familiar from their birth; as if the gods, who have withheld from the wicked the power of diſtinguiſhing the good, had imparted to the good a faculty of diſtinguiſhing each other: thoſe who have a love for virtue cannot be together without being united by that virtue which they love. Philocles, after a ſhort time, requeſted the king to diſmiſs him to ſome retirement near Salentum, where he might live in the ſame obſcurity that he had enjoyed at Samos. The king granted his requeſt; but went almoſt every day with Mentor to viſit him in his retreat, where they conſulted how the laws might beſt be eſtabliſhed, and the government fixed upon a permanent foundation for the advantage of the people.

The two principal objects of their conſideration were the education of children, and the manner of life to be preſcribed during peace. As to the children, Mentor ſaid, that they belonged leſs to their parents than to the ſtate. 'They are the children of the 'community,' ſaid he; 'and they are 'at once it's hope and it's ſtrength. 'It is too late to correct them when 'habits of vice have been acquired; 'and it is doing little to exclude them 'from

'from employments when they are be-
'come unworthy of truſt. It is always
'better to prevent evil than to puniſh
'it. The prince who is the father of
'his people, is more particularly the
'father of the youth, who may be con-
'ſidered as the flower of the nation;
'and it is in the flower that care ſhould
'be taken of the fruit: a king, there-
'fore, ſhould not diſdain to watch over
'the riſing generation, nor to appoint
'others to watch with him. Let him
'enforce, with inflexible conſtancy,
'the laws of Minos, which ordain that
'children ſhall be ſo educated as to
'endure pain without impatience, and
'expect death without terror: that the
'contempt of luxury and wealth ſhall
'be honour; and injuſtice, ingratitude,
'and voluptuous idleneſs, infamy;
'that children, from their tendereſt
'youth, ſhall be taught to commemo-
'rate the atchievements of heroes, the
'favourites of Heaven, who have ſacri-
'ficed private intereſt to their country,
'and ſignalized their courage in battle;
'by joining in ſongs to their honour,
'at once to animate them by examples
'of heroick virtue, and harmonize their
'ſouls by muſick: that they ſhould learn
'to be tender to their friends, faithful
'to their allies, and equitable to all
'men, their enemies not excepted.
'Above all things, that they ſhould
'be taught to dread the reproach of
'conſcience, as an evil much greater
'than torture and death. If theſe
'maxims are impreſſed early upon the
'heart, with all the power of eloquence
'and the charms of muſick, there will
'be few, indeed, in whom they will
'not kindle the love of virtue and of
'fame.

'It is,' added Mentor, 'of the ut-
'moſt importance to eſtabliſh publick
'ſchools for inuring youth to the moſt
'robuſt exerciſes, and preſerving them
'from effeminacy and idleneſs, which
'render the moſt liberal endowments
'of Nature uſeleſs.' He adviſed the inſtitution of publick games and ſhews, with as much variety as could be contrived, to rouze the attention, and intereſt the paſſions, of the people; but, above all, to render the body ſupple, vigorous, and active: and he thought it proper to excite emulation, by giving prizes to thoſe that ſhould excel. He wiſhed alſo, as the moſt powerful preſervative againſt general depravity of manners, that the people might marry early; and that parents, without any views of intereſt, would leave the young men to the free choice of ſuch wives as their inclinations naturally led them to prefer.

But, while theſe meaſures were concerted, to preſerve a blameleſs ſimplicity among the riſing generation, to render them laborious and tractable, and at the ſame time to give them a ſenſe of honour, Philocles, whoſe military genius made him fond of war, obſerved to Mentor, that it would ſignify little to inſtitute publick exerciſes, if the youth were ſuffered to languiſh in perpetual peace, without bringing their courage to the teſt, or acquiring experience in the field. 'The nation,' ſays he, 'will be inſenſibly enfeebled; 'courage will relax into effeminate 'ſoftneſs; and a general depravity, 'the neceſſary effect of uninterrupted 'abundance and tranquillity, will ren-'der them an eaſy prey to any war-'like nation that ſhall attack them; 'and, to avoid the miſeries of war, 'they will incur the moſt deplorable 'ſlavery.'

'The calamities of war,' ſaid Mentor, 'are more to be dreaded than you 'imagine. War never fails to exhauſt 'the ſtate, and endanger it's deſtruc-'tion, with whatever ſucceſs it is car-'ried on. Though it may be com-'menced with advantage, it can never 'be finiſhed without danger of the moſt 'fatal reverſe of fortune. With what-'ever ſuperiority of ſtrength an engage-'ment is begun, the leaſt miſtake, the 'ſlighteſt accident, may turn the ſcale, 'and give victory to the enemy. Nor 'can a nation that ſhould be always 'victorious proſper: it would deſtroy 'itſelf by deſtroying others; the coun-'try would be depopulated, the ſoil 'untilled, and trade interrupted; and, 'what is ſtill worſe, the beſt laws 'would loſe their force, and a corrup-'tion of manners inſenſibly take place. 'Literature will be neglected among 'the youth; the troops, conſcious of 'their own importance, will indulge 'themſelves in the moſt pernicious li-'centiouſneſs with impunity, and the 'diſorder will neceſſarily ſpread through 'all the branches of government. A 'prince who, in the acquiſition of glory, 'would ſacrifice the life of half his 'ſubjects, and the happineſs of the reſt,

'is unworthy of the glory he would 'acquire; and deſerves to loſe what he 'rightfully poſſeſſes, for endeavouring 'unjuſtly to uſurp the poſſeſſions of 'another.

'It is, however, eaſy to exerciſe the 'courage of the people in a time of 'peace. We have already inſtituted 'publick exerciſes, and aſſigned prizes 'to excite emulation; we have direct-'ed that the atchievements of the brave 'ſhall be celebrated in ſongs to their 'honour, which kindle, in the breaſts 'even of children, a deſire of glory, 'and animate them to the exerciſe of 'heroick virtue; we have alſo taken 'care that they ſhall be inured to ſo-'briety and labour. But this is not all: 'when any of your allies ſhall be en-'gaged in a war, the flower of your 'youth, particularly thoſe who appear 'to have a military genius, and will 'profit moſt by experience, ſhould be 'ſent as auxiliaries into the ſervice: 'you will thus ſtand high in the eſti-'mation of the ſtates with which you 'are connected; your friendſhip will 'be ſought, and your diſpleaſure dread-'ed; and, without being engaged in a 'war in your own country, and at your 'own expence, you will always have a 'numerous youth of habitual courage 'and experimental ſkill. Though you 'are at peace yourſelves, you ſhould 'treat, with great honour, thoſe who 'have diſtinguiſhed abilities for war: 'for the beſt way of keeping war at a 'diſtance, is to encourage military 'knowledge, to honour thoſe who ex-'cel in the profeſſion of arms, and to 'have ſome of your people always in 'foreign ſervice, who will know the 'ſtrength and diſcipline of the neigh-'bouring ſtates, and the manner of 'their military operations; to be at 'once ſuperior to the ambition that 'would court war, and to the effemi-'nacy that would fear it. Thus, be-'ing always prepared for war, when 'you are driven into it by neceſſity, 'you will find that the neceſſity of 'making war will ſeldom happen.

'When your allies are about to make 'war upon each other, you ſhould al-'ways interfere as mediator. You will 'thus acquire a genuine and laſting 'glory, which ſanguinary conqueſt can 'never give; you will gain the love 'and eſteem of foreign nations, and 'become neceſſary to them all; you 'will rule other ſtates by the confidence 'they place in you, as you govern your 'own by the authority of your ſtation; 'you will be the common repoſitory of 'their ſecrets, the arbiter of their dif-'ferences, and the object of their love: 'your fame will then fly to the remot-'eſt regions of the earth; and your 'name, like incenſe from the altars of 'the gods, ſhall be wafted from clime 'to clime, as far as virtue can be known 'and loved. If, in poſſeſſion of this 'influence, and this honour, a neigh-'bouring nation ſhould, contrary to 'all the rules of juſtice, commence ho-'ſtilities againſt you, it will find you 'diſciplined and ready; and, which is 'yet more effectual ſtrength, beloved 'and ſuccoured when you are in dan-'ger: your neighbours will be alarm-'ed for themſelves, and conſider your 'preſervation as eſſential to the publick 'ſafety. This will be your ſecurity, 'in compariſon of which walls and 'ramparts are no defence: this is true 'glory; the bright reality, which few 'kings have diſtinguiſhed and purſued, 'which few kings have not left un-'known behind them to follow an 'illuſive phantom, ſtill diſtant from 'the prize, in proportion to their 'ſpeed!'

When Mentor had done ſpeaking, Philocles fixed his eyes upon him with an aſtoniſhment that prevented reply; then looking upon the king, he was delighted to perceive that he drank the wiſdom which flowed from the lips of the ſtranger, as the traveller, thirſting in the deſart, drinks of an unexpected ſpring.

Thus Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, eſtabliſhed the beſt laws, and the wiſeſt principles of government, at Salentum; not ſo much that the king-dom of Idomeneus might flouriſh, as to ſhew Telemachus, at his return, by a ſtriking example, what may be effect-ed by a wiſe government, with reſpect to the happineſs of the people, and the honour of the prince.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XV.

TELEMACHUS, in the mean time, was displaying his courage among the perils of war. As soon as he had quitted Salentum, he applied himself with great diligence to gain the esteem of the old commanders, whose reputation and experience were consummate. Nestor, who had before seen him at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his son; he gave him many lessons of instruction, and illustrated his precepts by examples. He related all the adventures of his youth, and told him the most remarkable atchievements which he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age; for the memory of Nestor, who had lived to see three generations, contained the history of ancient times with the same fidelity as an inscription upon marble or brass.

Philoctetes did not at first regard Telemachus with the same kindness: the enmity which he had so long cherished in his breast against Ulysses prejudiced him against his son; and he could not see, without pain, that the gods appeared to interest themselves in his fortunes, and to intend him a glory equal to that of the heroes by whom Troy had been overthrown. But the unaffected modesty of Telemachus at length surmounted his resentment, and he could not but love that virtue which appeared so amiable and sweet. He frequently took him aside, and talked to him with the most unreserved confidence. 'My 'son,' said he, 'for I now make no 'scruple to call you so, I must confess 'that your father and I have been long 'enemies to each other. I acknow-'ledge also, that my enmity was not 'softened by mutual danger and mu-'tual success, for it continued unabat-'ed after we had laid Troy in ruins; 'and when I saw you, I found it dif-'ficult to love even virtue in the son of 'Ulysses. I have often reproached my-'self for this reluctance, which, how-'ever, I still felt; but virtue, when it 'is gentle, placid, ingenuous, and un-'assuming, must at last compel affec-'tion and esteem.' Philoctetes, in the course of these conversations, was insensibly led to acquaint Telemachus with what had given rise to the animosity between him and Ulysses.

'It is necessary,' said he, 'that I 'should tell my story from the begin-'ning. I was the inseparable compa-'nion of Hercules, the great example 'of divine virtue, the destroyer of 'monsters, whose prowess was a bless-'ing to the earth; and, compared 'with whom, all other heroes are but 'as reeds to the oak, or sparrows to 'the eagle. Love, a passion that has 'produced every species of calamity,

'was the cauſe of his misfortunes; and 'his were the cauſe of mine. To this 'ſhameful paſſion the virtues of Hercules were oppoſed in vain; and, after all his conqueſts, he was himſelf 'the ſport of Cupid. He never remembered, without a bluſh of ingenuous ſhame, his having laid by his 'dignity to ſpin in the chamber of 'Omphale, like the moſt abject and effeminate of men: he has frequently 'deplored this part of his life, as having ſullied his virtue, and obſcured 'the glory of his labours; and yet, 'ſuch is the weakneſs and inconſiſtency 'of man, who thinks himſelf all-ſufficient, that he yields without a ſtruggle; 'the great Hercules was again taken 'in the ſnare of love, and ſunk again 'into a captivity which he had ſo often 'remembered with indignation and 'contempt. He became enamoured 'of Deianira, and would have been 'happy if he had continued conſtant in 'his paſſion for this woman, whom he 'made his wife; but the youthful 'beauty of Iole, to whom the Graces 'had given all their charms, ſoon ſeduced him to a new paſſion. Deianira became jealous; and, unhappily, 'recollected the fatal garment which 'had been given her by Neſſus the 'Centaur, when he was dying, as a 'certain means of reviving the love of 'Hercules, if he ſhould ever neglect 'her for another. This garment had 'imbibed the blood of the Centaur, to 'which the arrow that ſlew him had 'communicated it's poiſon; for the 'arrows of Hercules were dipped in 'the blood of the Lernæan hydra, 'which gave them a malignity ſo 'powerful, that the ſlighteſt wound 'they could make was mortal.

'As ſoon as Hercules had put on the 'garment, he felt the poiſon burn even 'to the marrow in the bone: he cried 'out, in his agony, with a voice more 'than human; the ſound was returned 'by Mount Oeta, the echo deepened in 'the vallies, and the ſea itſelf ſeemed 'to be moved. The roar of the moſt 'furious bulls, when they fight, was 'not ſo dreadful as the cries of Hercules! Lycas, who brought him the 'garment from Deianira, happening 'unfortunately to approach him, he 'ſeized him in the diſtraction of his 'torments, and, whirling him round 'as a ſlinger whirls a ſtone that he 'would diſmiſs with all his ſtrength, 'he threw him from the top of the 'mountain; and, falling into the ſea, 'he was immediately transformed to a 'rock, which ſtill retains the figure of 'a man; and which, ſtill beaten by 'the ſurge, alarms the pilot, while he 'is yet diſtant from the ſhore.

'After the fate of Lycas, I thought 'I could truſt Hercules no more; and 'therefore endeavoured to conceal myſelf in the caverns of the rock. From 'this retreat I ſaw him, with one hand, 'root up the lofty pines that towered 'to the ſky, and oaks which had repelled the ſtorms of ſucceſſive generations; and, with the other, endeavoured to tear off the fatal garment, 'which adhered like another ſkin, and 'ſeemed to be incorporated with his 'body: in proportion as he tore it off, 'he tore off alſo the fleſh; his blood 'followed in a torrent, and the earth 'was empurpled round him. But his 'virtue at length ſurmounted his ſenſe 'of pain; and he cried out—"Thou "art witneſs, O Philoctetes! to the "torments which the gods inflict upon "me; and they are juſt. I have offended Heaven, and violated the "vows of connubial love: after all "my conqueſts, I have meanly given "up my heart to forbidden beauty. I "periſh; and am content to periſh, "that Divine Juſtice may be ſatisfied! "But, alas! my dear friend, whither "art thou fled! Tranſported by exceſs of pain, I have, indeed, deſtroyed "unhappy Lycas by an act of cruelty "for which I abhor myſelf: he was a "ſtranger to the poiſon that he brought "me; he committed no crime; he deſerved no puniſhment! But could "the ſacred ties of friendſhip be forgotten? Could I attempt the life of "Philoctetes? My love for him can "ceaſe only with my life; into his "breaſt will I breathe my departing "ſpirit, and to his care will I confide "my aſhes! Where art thou, then, "my dear Philoctetes? Where art "thou, Philoctetes? the only object "of my hope on earth!"

'Struck with this tender expoſtulation, I ruſhed towards him, and he 'ſtretched out his arms to embrace 'me; yet, before I reached him, he 'drew them back, leſt he ſhould kindle 'in my boſom the fatal fires that conſumed his own. "Alas!" ſaid he,

"even

" even this consolation is denied me!"
' He then turned from me; and, col-
' lecting all the trees that he had rooted
' up into a funeral-pile upon the sum-
' mit of the mountain, he ascended it
' with a kind of dreadful tranquillity:
' he spread under him the skin of the
' Nemæan lion, which, while he was
' traversing the earth from one extre-
' mity to the other, destroying mon-
' sters, and succouring distress, he had
' worn as a mantle; and, reclining
' upon his club, he commanded me to
' set fire to the wood. This command,
' though I trembled with horror, I
' could not refuse to obey; for his
' misery was so great, that life was no
' longer a bounty of Heaven; and I
' feared that, in the extremity of his
' torment, he might do something un-
' worthy of the virtue which had asto-
' nished the world.

' When he perceived that the pile
' had taken fire—" Now," said he,
" my dear Philoctetes! I know that
" thy friendship is sincere; for my ho-
" nour is dearer to thee than my life:
" may thy reward be from Heaven!
" I give thee all I can bestow: these
" arrows, dipped in the blood of the
" Lernæan hydra, I valued more than
" all that I possessed; and they are
" thine. Thou knowest that the wounds
" which they make are mortal: they
" rendered me invincible, and so they
" will render thee; nor will any man
" dare to lift up his hand against thee.
" Remember, that I die faithful to our
" friendship; and forget not how close
" I held thee to my heart. If thou
" art indeed touched with my mis-
" fortunes, there is still one consola-
" tion in thy power: promise to ac-
" quaint no man with my death, and
" never to reveal the place where thou
" shalt hide my ashes." I promised,
' in an agony of tenderness and grief;
' and I consecrated my promise by an
' oath. A beam of joy sparkled in his
' eyes; but a sheet of flame immedi-
' ately surrounded him, stifled his
' voice, and almost hid him from my
' sight. I caught, however, a glimpse
' of him through the flame; and I per-
' ceived that his countenance was as
' serene as if he had been surrounded
' with festivity and joy at the banquet
' of a friend, covered with perfume,
' and crowned with flowers.

' The flames quickly consumed his
' terrestrial and mortal part: of that
' nature which he had received from
' his mother Alcmena, there were no
' remains; but he preserved, by the
' decree of Jove, that pure and immor-
' tal essence, that celestial flame, the
' true principle of life, which he had
' received from the father of the gods.
' With the gods, therefore, he drank
' immortality under the golden roofs
' of Olympus; and they gave him Hebe
' to wife; the lovely Hebe, the god-
' dess of youth, who had filled the
' bowl of nectar to Jupiter, before that
' honour was bestowed upon Gany-
' mede.

' In the mean time, the arrows that
' had been given me as a pledge of su-
' perior prowess and fame, proved an
' inexhaustible source of misfortune.
' When the confederate princes of
' Greece undertook to revenge the
' wrong done to Menelaus by Paris,
' who had basely stolen away Helen,
' and to lay the kingdom of Priam in
' ruins, they learned from the oracle
' of Apollo, that in this enterprize
' they would never succeed, if they
' did not take with them the arrows of
' Hercules.

' Your father Ulysses, whose pene-
' tration and activity rendered him su-
' perior in every council, undertook to
' persuade me to accompany them to
' the siege of Troy, and to take the
' arrows of Hercules, which he be-
' lieved to be in my possession, with
' me. It was now long since Hercules
' had appeared in the world; no ex-
' ploit of the hero was related; and
' monsters and robbers began to ap-
' pear with impunity. The Greeks
' knew not what opinion to form con-
' cerning him: some affirmed that he
' was dead; others, that he was gone
' to subdue the Scythians under the
' frozen bear; but Ulysses maintained
' that he was dead, and engaged to
' make me confess it. He came to me,
' while I was still lamenting the loss of
' my illustrious friend with inconsola-
' ble sorrow; he found it extremely
' difficult to speak to me; for I avoided
' the sight of mankind. I could not
' think of quitting the deserts of Mount
' Oeta, where I had been witness to
' the death of Alcides; and was wholly
' employed in forming his image in

' my

'my mind, and weeping at the remembrance of his sufferings, which 'every view of these mournful places 'renewed. But upon the lips of your 'father there was a sweet and irresistible eloquence: he seemed to take an 'equal part in my affliction, and when 'I wept, he wept with me; he gained 'upon my heart by an insensible approach; and he obtained my confidence even before I knew it. He 'interested my tenderness for the Grecian princes, who had undertaken a 'just war, in which, without me, they 'could not be successful: he could 'not, however, draw from me the secret that I had sworn to keep; but, 'though I did not confess it, he had 'sufficient evidence that Hercules was 'dead; and he pressed me to tell him 'where I had concealed his ashes.

'I could not think of perjury without horror: and yet, alas! I eluded 'the vow that I had made to Hercules 'and to Heaven. I discovered the 'place where I had deposited the remains of the hero, by striking it with 'my foot; and the gods have punished 'me for the fraud. I then joined the 'confederates, who received me with 'as much joy as they would have received Hercules himself. When we 'were on shore at the Island of Lemnos, I was willing to shew the Greeks 'what my arrows would do; and 'therefore prepared to shoot a deer 'which I saw rush into the forest: but, 'by some accident I let the shaft slip 'out of my hand, and falling upon my 'foot, it gave me a wound, of which 'I still feel the effects. I was immediately seized with the same pains 'that had destroyed Hercules; and 'the echoes of the island repeated my 'complaints day and night. A black 'and corrupted blood flowed incessantly from my wound, infected the 'air, and filled the camp with an intolerable stench: the whole army was 'struck with horror at my condition, 'and concluded it to be the just punishment of the gods.

'Ulysses, who had engaged me in 'this expedition, was the first to abandon me, as I have since learned, because he preferred victory, and the 'common interest of Greece, to private friendship, and the punctilios of 'decorum. The horror of my wound, 'the infection that it spread, and the 'dreadful cries that it forced from me, 'produced such an effect upon the 'army, that it was no longer possible 'to sacrifice in the camp. But when 'the Greeks abandoned me by the 'counsel of Ulysses, I considered his 'policy as the most aggravated inhumanity, and the basest breach of 'faith. I was blinded by prejudice and 'self-love; and did not perceive that 'the wisest men were most against me, 'and that the gods themselves were 'become my enemies.

'I remained, during almost the 'whole time that Troy was besieged, 'alone without succour, without consolation, without hope; the victim of 'intolerable anguish, in a desolate 'island, where I saw no object but the 'rude productions of uncultivated nature, and heard only the roaring of 'the surge that was broken against the 'rocks. In one of the mountains of 'this desart I found a cavern; the summit, which towered to the skies, was 'divided into a fork, and at the bottom was a spring of clear water. 'This cavern, my only dwelling, was 'the retreat of wild beasts of various 'kinds, to whose fury I was exposed 'night and day. I gathered a few 'leaves into an heap for my bed; and 'my whole possessions were a wooden 'vessel of the rudest workmanship, and 'a few tattered garments, which I 'wrapped round my wound to staunch 'the blood, and used also to clean it. 'In this place, forsaken of man, and 'hateful to the gods, I sometimes endeavoured to suspend the sense of my 'misery by shooting at the pigeons, 'and other birds that flew round the 'rock: when I had brought one to the 'ground, I crawled, with great pain 'and difficulty, to take it up, that it 'might serve me for food; and thus 'my own hands provided me subsistence.

'The Greeks, indeed, left me some 'provisions when they quitted the 'island; but these were soon exhausted. I dressed such as I procured at a 'fire, which I kindled by striking a 'flint: and this kind of life, rude and 'forlorn as it was, would not have 'been unpleasing to me, the ingratitude and perfidy of man having reconciled me to solitude, if it had not 'been for the pain that I endured from 'my wound, and the perpetual review

'of

'of my singular misfortunes. "What!" 'said I to myself, "seduce a man from "his country, upon pretence that he "alone can avenge the cause of Greece, "and then leave him in an uninhabit-"ed island, while he is asleep!" for I 'was asleep when the Greeks deserted 'me; and you may judge in what an 'agony of consternation and grief I 'awaked, and saw their fleet standing 'from the shore. I looked round me, 'to find some gleam of comfort; but 'all was desolation and despair.

'This island had neither port nor 'commerce; and was not only with-'out inhabitants, but without visitors, 'except such as came by force. As 'no man set foot on the shore but 'those who were driven thither by 'tempests, I could hope for society 'only by shipwreck; and I knew, 'that if distress should force any un-'fortunate mariners upon the island, 'they would not dare to take me 'with them when they left it, lest they 'should incur the resentment, not of 'the Greeks only, but of the gods. I 'suffered remorse, and pain, and hun-'ger, ten years; I languished with a 'wound that I could not cure; and 'hope itself was extinguished in my 'breast.

'One day, as I returned from seek-'ing some medicinal herbs for my 'wound, I was surprized to find, at 'the entrance of my cave, a young 'man of a graceful appearance, but a 'lofty and heroick port. I took him, 'at the first glance, for Achilles, whom 'he greatly resembled in his features, 'aspect, and deportment; and I was 'convinced of my mistake only by his 'age. I observed, that his whole 'countenance expressed perplexity and 'compassion: he was touched to see 'with what pain and difficulty I 'crawled along; and his heart melted 'at my complaints, which the echoes 'of the shore returned.

'I called out, while I was yet at a 'distance—"O stranger! what mis-"fortune has cast thee upon this "island, forsaken of men? I know "thy habit to be Grecian; an habit "which, in spite of my wrongs, I "love. O let me hear thy voice; and "once more find, upon thy lips, that "language which I learned in infancy, "and which this dreadful solitude has "so long forbidden me to speak. Let "not my appearance alarm you; for "the wretch whom you behold is not "an object of fear but of pity." The 'stranger had no sooner answered—"I am a Greek!" than I cried out—"After such silence without associate, "such pain without consolation, how "sweet is the sound! O my son! what "misfortune, what tempest, or rather "what favouring gale, has brought "thee hither, to put an end to my "sufferings?" He replied—"I am "of the island of Scyros, whither I "am about to return; and it is said "that I am the son of Achilles: I "have now answered your enquiries." 'So brief a reply left my curiosity un-'satisfied. "O son of Achilles!" 'said I, "the friend of my heart, "who wert fostered by Lycomedes "with the tenderness of a parent, "whence art thou come, and what has "brought thee to this place?"—"I "come," he replied, "from the siege "of Troy."—"Thou wast not," 'said I, "in the first expedition."—"Wast thou in it then?" said he. "I perceive," said I, "that thou "knowest neither the name, nor the "misfortunes, of Philoctetes. Wretch "that I am! my persecutors insult me "in my calamity. Greece is a stran-"ger to my sufferings, which every "moment increase. The Atrides "have reduced me to this condition; "may the gods reward them as they "deserve!"

'I then related the manner in which 'I had been abandoned by the Greeks: 'and, as soon as Neoptolemus had 'heard my complaints, he made me 'the confidante of his own. "After "the death of Achilles——" said he; "How!" said I; "is Achilles dead? "Forgive the tears that interrupt you, "for I owe them to the memory of "your father."—"Such interrup-"tion," replied Neoptolemus, "is "soothing to my sorrow. What can "so much alleviate my loss as the "tears of Philoctetes!"

'Neoptolemus then resumed his 'story. "After the death of Achil-"les," said he, "Ulysses and Phœnix "came to me, and told me that Troy "could not be taken till I came to the "siege. I was easily persuaded to go "with them; for my grief for the "death of Achilles, and a desire of "inheriting his glory in so celebrated

"a war,

" a war, were inducements that almoſt " made perſuaſion unneceſſary. When " I arrived at Sigeum, the whole army " gathered round me; every one was " ready to ſwear that he beheld Achil- " les: but, alas! Achilles was no " more! In the preſumption of youth " and inexperience, I thought I might " hope every thing from thoſe who " were ſo liberal of praiſe; I therefore " demanded my father's arms of the " Atrides; but their anſwer was a " cruel diſappointment of my expecta- " tions. " You ſhall have," ſaid " they, " whatever elſe belonged to " your father; but his arms are allot- " ted to Ulyſſes."

" This threw me into confuſion, and " tears, and rage. But Ulyſſes re- " plied, without emotion— " You " have not endured, with us, the dan- " gers of a tedious ſiege; you have not " merited ſuch arms; you have de- " manded them too proudly, and they " ſhall never be yours." My right " being thus unjuſtly wreſted from " me, I am returning to the iſle of " Scyros, yet more incenſed againſt " the Atrides than Ulyſſes. To all " who are their enemies, may the gods " be friends!—And now, Philoctetes, " I have told thee all."

' I then aſked Neoptolemus, how it ' happened, that Ajax, the ſon of Te- ' lamon, did not interpoſe, to prevent ' ſo flagitious an injuſtice? " Ajax," ' ſaid he, " is dead." —" Is Ajax " dead," ſaid I, " and Ulyſſes alive " and proſperous?" I then enquired ' after Antilochus, the ſon of Neſtor; ' and Patroclus, the favourite of A- ' chilles. " They alſo," ſaid he, " are dead."—" Alas!" ſaid I, " are " Antilochus and Patroclus dead? " How does War, with unrelenting " and undiſtinguiſhing deſtruction, " ſweep away the righteous, and ſpare " the wicked! Ulyſſes lives; and ſo, I " doubt not, does Therſites. Such is " the ordination of the gods! and yet " we ſtill honour them with praiſe."

' While I was thus burning with re- ' ſentment againſt your father, Neop- ' tolemus continued to deſtroy me. " I am going," ſaid he, with a mourn- ' ful accent, " to live content in the " iſle of Scyros; which, though un- " cultivated and obſcure, is yet far " from the armies of Greece, where " evil prevails over good. Farewell! " May the gods vouchſafe to reſtore " thy health!"—" O my ſon!" ſaid I, " I conjure thee by the manes of thy " father, by thy mother, and by all " that is dear to thee upon earth, not " to leave me alone in this extremity " of pain and ſorrow: I know I ſhall " be a burden to you; but it would " diſgrace your humanity to leave me " here. Place me in the prow, the " ſtern, or even the hold of your veſ- " ſel, wherever I ſhall leaſt offend " you: in the eſtimation of a noble " mind there is glory in doing good. " Do not abandon me in a deſart, " where there are no traces of men: " take me with you to Scyros, or " leave me at Eubœa, where I ſhall " be near to Mount Oeta, to Trachin, " and the pleaſing banks of Theſſalian " Sperchius; or ſend me back to my " father. Alas! my fears ſuggeſt " that my father is dead: I ſent to " him for a veſſel which has never ar- " rived; and it is therefore certain, ei- " ther that he is dead, or that thoſe " who promiſed to acquaint him with " my diſtreſs have betrayed their " truſt. My laſt hope is in thee, O " my ſon! Conſider the uncertainty of " all ſublunary things: the proſperous " ſhould fear to abuſe proſperity; and " never fail to ſuccour the diſtreſs " which they are liable to feel!"

' Such, in the intolerable anguiſh of ' my mind, was my addreſs to Neop- ' tolemus; and he promiſed to take me ' with him. My heart then leaped for ' joy. " O happy day!" ſaid I; " O " amiable Neoptolemus, worthy to in- " herit the glory of thy father!—Ye " dear companions, with whom I " ſhall return to the world of life, " ſuffer me to bid this mournful re- " treat farewel! See where I have " lived, and conſider what I have en- " dured! My ſufferings have been " more than another could ſuſtain; " but I was inſtructed by Neceſſity, " and ſhe teaches what otherwiſe could " not be known: thoſe who are with- " out ſufferings are without know- " ledge; they diſtinguiſh neither good " nor evil; and are alike ſtrangers to " mankind and to themſelves." Af- ' ter this effuſion of my heart, I took ' my bow and arrows in my hand.

' Neoptolemus then requeſted that I ' would permit him to kiſs the cele- ' brated arms that had been conſecrated

' by

'by the invincible Alcides. "To "you," said I, "all things are permitted: you, my son, restore me to "light and life, to my country, my "father, my friends, and myself; "you may touch these arms; and "boast, that you are the only Greek "who deserves to touch them." Neoptolemus immediately came into my 'cell to admire my arrows. At this 'moment a sudden pang totally suspended my faculties; I no longer 'knew what I did, but called for a 'sword, that I might cut off my foot. 'I cried out for Death, and reproached him with delay. "Burn me," 'said I to Neoptolemus, "this mo"ment, as I burnt the son of Jove "upon Mount Oeta!—O Earth! re"ceive a dying wretch, who shall ne"ver more rise from thy bosom!" I 'fell immediately to the ground without appearance of life, a state in 'which these fits of pain usually left 'me: a profuse sweat at length relieved me, and a black and corrupted 'ichor flowed from my wound. While 'I continued insensible, it would have 'been easy for Neoptolemus to have 'carried off my arms; but he was the 'son of Achilles, and his nature was 'superior to fraud.

'When I recovered, I perceived 'great confusion in his countenance; 'and he sighed like a man new to dissimulation, and practising it with 'violence to himself. "What!" said 'I, "do you meditate, to take ad"vantage of my infirmity?"—"You "must go with me," said he, "to "the siege of Troy."—"What do I "hear!" said I. "I am betrayed.— "O my son! give me back the bow; "to withold it is to rob me of life.— "Alas! he answers me nothing; he "looks steadily upon me, without "emotion; over his heart I have no "power.—Ye winding shores!—ye "promontories that overhang the deep! "—ye broken rocks!—yesavage beasts, "that prowl these scenes of desolation!—I complain to you; for, beside you, there are none to whom I "can complain: to you my groans "are familiar. Must I be thus betrayed by the son of Achilles! He "robs me of the bow which the hand "of Hercules has made sacred; he "would compel me to the camp of "Greece, as a trophy of the war; nor "sees that his victory is not over the "living but the dead; a shade, a phantom, that exists only in idea! O that "he had assailed me when my vigour "was unimpaired! but even now he "has taken me by surprize. What expedient shall I try!—Restore what "thou hast taken; restore my arms, O "my son! and let thy conduct be worthy of thy father and thyself. What "dost thou answer? Thou art inexorably silent.—To thee, thou barren "rock, I once more return, naked "and miserable, forlorn and destitute! "In this cave I shall perish alone; for, "having no weapon to destroy the "beasts, the beasts will inevitably "devour me: and why should I desire "to live?—But as to thee, my son, the "mark of wickedness is not upon "thee; thou art, surely, the instrument "of another's hand! Restore my arms, "and leave me to my fate!"

'Neoptolemus was touched with my 'distress; the tears started to his eye; 'and he sighed to himself—"Would "to God that I had still continued at "Scyros!" At this moment, I cried 'out—"What do I see! Surely, that "is Ulysses!" Immediately the voice 'of Ulysses confirmed it; and he answered—"It is I!" If the gloomy 'dominions of Pluto had been disclosed before me, and I had suddenly 'beheld the shades of Tartarus, which 'the gods themselves cannot see without dread, I should not have been 'seized with greater horror. I then 'cried out again—"I attest thee, O "earth of Lemnos!—O sun! dost thou "behold and suffer this?" Ulysses 'answered, without emotion—"This "is ordained by Jupiter; and I but "execute his will."—"Darest thou," 'said I, "prophane the name of Jove "with unhallowed lips? Hast thou "not compelled this youth to practise "a fraud which his soul abhors?"—"We come," replied Ulysses, "neither to deceive nor injure you: we "come to deliver you from solitude "and misery; to heal your wound; "to give you the glory of subverting "Troy; and restore you in safety to "your native country. It is thyself, "and not Ulysses, that is the enemy "of Philoctetes."

'I answered only by reproaches and 'insult. "Since thou hast abandoned "me upon this inhospitable coast,"

'said I, "why hast thou interrupted "such rest as it can give? Go, and se- "cure to thyself the glory of battle, "and the delights of peace; enjoy the "sweets of prosperity with the Atrides, "and leave pain and sorrow to me. "Why shouldst thou compel me to go "with thee? I am sunk into nothing; "I am dead already. Thou wast once "of opinion that I ought to be left "here; that my complaints, and the "infection of my wound, would in- "terrupt the sacrifices of the gods: and "why is not this thy opinion now? "Thou author of all my misery! may "the gods——but the gods hear me "not; they take part with my enemy! "—O my country! these eyes shall be- "hold thee no more!—O ye gods! if "there is yet one among you so just as "to compassionate my wrongs, avenge "them; punish Ulysses, and I shall "believe that I am whole!"

'While I was thus indulging an 'impotent rage, your father looked 'upon me with a calm compassion, 'which, instead of resenting the intem- 'perate sallies of a wretch distracted 'by misfortune, makes allowance for 'his infirmity, and bears with his ex- 'ces; he stood silent, and unmoved, 'in the stability of his wisdom, till my 'passion should be exhausted by it's 'own violence; as the summit of a rock 'stands unshaken, while it is beaten 'by the winds, which, at length, 'wearied by their idle fury, are heard 'no more. He knew that all attempts 'to reduce the passions to reason are 'ineffectual till their violence is past; 'when I paused, therefore, and not be- 'fore, he said—"Where are now, O "Philoctetes! thy reason and thy cou- "rage? This is the moment in which "they can most avail thee! If thou "shalt refuse to follow us, and to con- "cur with the great designs which Ju- "piter has formed for thee, farewel; "thou art not worthy to atchieve the "deliverance of Greece, or the de- "struction of Troy. Live still an "exile in Lemnos: these arms, which "I have secured, will obtain a glory "for Ulysses that was designed for "thee.—Let us depart, Neoptole- "mus! argument is lost upon him: "and compassion for an individual "should not make us give up the com- "mon interest of Greece."

'This threw me into a new transf- 'port of rage; and I was like a lioness 'when she is robbed of her young, and 'makes the woods echo with her roar. "O cave!" said I, "thou shalt not "henceforth be forsaken; I will enter "thee as my grave for ever: receive "me, O mansion of sorrow! receive me "to famine and despair!—O for a "sword, that I might die at once! O "that the birds of prey would devour "me! my arrows shall pierce them no "more.—O inestimable bow, conse- "crated by the hand of the son of Jove! "—O Hercules! if thou art still con- "scious to what passes upon earth, "does not thy breast burn with indig- "nation? This bow is no longer in "the possession of thy friend, but in "the profane and faithless hands of "Ulysses!—Come, without fear, ye "birds of prey, and ye beasts of the "desart, to your ancient dwelling! "there are now no fatal arrows in my "hands: wretch that I am! I can "wound you no more; come, then, "and devour me.—Or rather, inex- "orable Jove! let thy thunders crush "me to nothing."

'Your father, having tried every 'other art of persuasion in vain, thought 'it best to return me my arms; he 'therefore made a sign to Neoptolemus 'for that purpose, who instantly put 'the arrows and the bow into my 'hand. "Thou art indeed," said I, "the son of Achilles, and worthy of "his blood! but stand aside, that I "may pierce my enemy to the heart!" 'I then drew an arrow against your 'father, but Neoptolemus held my 'hand. "Your anger," says he, "dis- "tracts you; you are not conscious of "the enormity you would commit."

'But Ulysses stood equally unmoved 'against danger and reproach; and his 'patience and intrepidity struck me 'with reverence and admiration; I was 'ashamed of the transport which hur- 'ried me to use, for his destruction, 'the arms that he had restored: my re- 'sentment, however, was not yet 'wholly appeased; and I was grieved, 'beyond comfort, to have received my 'weapons from a man whom I could 'not love. But my attention was now 'engaged by Neoptolemus. "Know," 'said he, "that the divine Helenus, "the son of Priam, came to us from

"the

" the city, impelled by the command
" and inspiration of the gods, and dis-
" closed to us the secrets of futurity.
" Unhappy Troy," said he, "must fall;
" but not till he who bears the shafts of
" Hercules shall come against her.
" Under the walls of Troy only he
" can be cured; the sons of Æscula-
" pius shall give him health."

' At this moment I felt my heart di-
' vided; I was touched with the in-
' genuous simplicity of Neoptolemus,
' and the honesty with which he restor-
' ed my bow: but I could not bear the
' thought of submitting to Ulysses;
' and a false shame held me some time
' in suspense. " Will not the world,"
' said I, " despise me, if I become at
" last the associate of Ulysses and the
" Atrides?"

' While I stood thus torpid in su-
' spense, I was suddenly rouzed by a
' voice that was more than human;
' and looking up, I saw Hercules: he
' descended in a shining cloud, and was
' surrounded with rays of glory. He
' was easily distinguished by his strong
' features, his robust form, and the
' graceful simplicity of his gesture;
' but in his present appearance there
' was a loftiness and dignity not equal-
' ly conspicuous when he was destroy-
' ing monsters upon earth. " Thou
" hearest," said he, " and thou be-
" holdest Hercules. I am descended
" from Olympus to acquaint thee with
" the commands of Jove. Thou
" knowest by what labours I acquired
" immortality; and if thou wouldst
" follow me in the path of glory, the
" son of Achilles must be now thy
" guide. Thy wound shall be healed;
" Paris, who has filled the world with
" calamity, shall fall by my arrows from
" thy hand. When Troy shall be
" taken, thou shalt send costly spoils
" to Pæas thy father, upon Mount
" Oeta, and he shall place them upon
" my tomb, as a monument of the
" victory which my arrows obtained.—
" Thou canst not, O son of Achilles!
" conquer without Philoctetes; nor
" can Philoctetes conquer without
" thee.—Go, then, like two lions who
" chace their prey together.—Thou,
" Philoctetes, shalt be healed by the
" skill of Æsculapius at Troy.—But,
" above all things, keep alive in your
" hearts the love and reverence of the
" gods; all other passions and plea-
" sures shall perish with their objects;
" these only are immortal and di-
" vine."

' At these words I cried out, in a
' transport of joy—" The night is
" past; the dawn breaks upon me!—O
" cheering light! after these years of
" darkness, art thou again returned?
" I feel thy influence, and I follow thy
" guiding ray. I quit these scenes,
" and stay only to bid them farewel.—
" Farewel, my grotto!—Ye nymphs
" that haunt these dewy fields, fare-
" wel!—I shall hear the sullen sound of
" these inexorable waves no more.—
" Farewel, ye cliffs, where I have shi-
" vered in the tempest, and been
" drenched in the rain!—Farewel, ye
" rocks, whose echoes have so often
" repeated my complaints!—Farewel,
" ye sweet fountains, which my suffer-
" ings embittered to me!—And thou,
" uncultivated soil, farewel!—But to
" my departure be propitious, since I
" follow the voice of Friendship and
" the gods!"

' We then set sail from the coast, and
' arrived in the Grecian army before
' the walls of Troy. Machaon and
' Podalirius, by the sacred science of
' their father Æsculapius, healed my
' wound, at least restored me to the
' state you see. I am free from pain,
' and I have recovered my strength;
' but I am still somewhat lame. I
' brought Paris to the ground, like
' a timid fawn that is pierced by the
' arrows of the huntsman; and the
' towers of Ilium were soon in ashes.
' All that followed you know already.
' But the remembrance of my suffer-
' ings, notwithstanding the success and
' glory that followed, still left upon
' my mind an aversion to Ulysses, which
' all his virtues could not surmount;
' but loving irresistibly his resemblance
' in a son, my enmity to the father in-
' sensibly relents.'

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVI.

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus ſtood ſuſpended and immoveable: his eyes were fixed upon the hero that ſpoke; and all the paſſions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulyſſes, and Neoptolemus, appeared by turns in his countenance, as they were ſucceſſively deſcribed in the ſeries of the narration. Sometimes he interrupted Philoctetes by a ſudden and involuntary exclamation; and ſometimes he appeared to be abſorbed in thought, like a man who reaſons deeply from cauſes to effects. When Philoctetes deſcribed the confuſion of Neoptolemus, in his firſt attempt at diſſimulation, the ſame confuſion appeared in Telemachus; and he might, in that moment, have been taken for Neoptolemus himſelf.

The allied army marched, in good order, againſt Adraſtus, the tyrant of Daunia, a contemner of the gods, and a deceiver of men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave, without offence, among ſo many princes who were jealous of each other: it was neceſſary that he ſhould give cauſe of ſuſpicion to none, and that he ſhould conciliate the good-will of all. There was great goodneſs and ſincerity in his diſpoſition; but he was not naturally obliging, and gave himſelf little trouble to pleaſe others; he was not fond of money, yet he knew not how to give it away: and thus, with an elevated mind, and a general diſpoſition to good, he appeared to be neither kind nor liberal; to be neither ſenſible of friendſhip, nor grateful for favours, nor attentive to merit. He indulged his humour, without the leaſt regard to the opinion of others; for his mother Penelope, notwithſtanding the care of Mentor, had encouraged a pride of birth and lofty demeanor, which caſt a ſhade over all his good qualities: he conſidered himſelf as participating a nature ſuperior to the reſt of men, whom, he ſeemed to think, the gods had placed upon the earth merely for his pleaſure and convenience, to prevent his wiſhes, and refer all to him as a viſible divinity. To ſerve him was, in his opinion, a happineſs that ſufficiently recompenſed the ſervice: nothing that he required was to be ſuppoſed impoſſible; and, at the leaſt delay, the impetuous ardour of his temper burſt into a flame. Thoſe who ſhould have ſeen him thus, unguarded and unreſtrained, would have concluded him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and ſenſible only to the gratification of his own appetites and vanity: but this indifference for others, and perpetual attention to himſelf, was merely the effect of the continual agitation that he ſuffered from the

the violence of his paſſions. He had been flattered and humoured by his mother from the cradle, and was a ſtriking example of the diſadvantages of high birth. Misfortune had not yet abated either his haughtineſs or impetuoſity; in every ſtate of dereliction and diſtreſs, he had ſtill looked round him with diſdain; and his pride, like the palm, ſtill roſe under every depreſſion.

While he was with Mentor, his faults were ſcarce viſible; and they became inſenſibly leſs and leſs every day: like a fiery ſteed, that in his courſe diſdains the rock, the precipice, and the torrent, and is obedient only to one commanding voice, and one guiding hand; Telemachus, impelled by a noble ardour, could be reſtrained only by Mentor. But Mentor could arreſt him with a look in the midſt of his career: he knew, he felt, the meaning of his eye, the moment that it glanced upon him; his heart became ſenſible to virtue, and his countenance ſoftened into ſerenity and complacence; the rebellious tempeſt is not more ſuddenly rebuked into peace when Neptune lifts his trident, and frowns upon the deep.

When Telemachus was left to himſelf, all his paſſions, which had been reſtrained like the courſe of a torrent by a mound, burſt away with yet greater violence. He could not ſuffer the arrogance of the Lacedemonians, nor of Phalanthus their commander. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, conſiſted of young men who, having been born during the ſiege of Troy, had received no education: their illegitimate birth, the diſſoluteneſs of their mothers, and the licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, gave them an air of ſavage barbarity; they reſembled rather a band of robbers than a Grecian colony.

Phalanthus took every opportunity to ſhew his contempt of Telemachus; he frequently interrupted him in their publick councils, and treated his advice as the crude notions of puerile inexperience: he alſo frequently made him the ſubject of his raillery, as a feeble and effeminate youth; he pointed out his ſlighteſt failings to the chiefs; and was perpetually buſy in fomenting jealouſies, and rendering the haughty manner of Telemachus odious to the allies.

Telemachus having one day taken ſome Daunians priſoners, Phalanthus pretended that they belonged to him, becauſe, as he ſaid, he had defeated the party at the head of his Lacedemonians; and Telemachus, finding them already vanquiſhed and put to flight, had nothing to do but to give quarter to thoſe that threw down their arms, and lead them to the camp. Telemachus, on the contrary, inſiſted that he had prevented Phalanthus from being defeated by that very party, and had turned the ſcale in his favour. This queſtion was diſputed before an aſſembly of all the princes of the alliance; and Telemachus being ſo far provoked as to threaten Phalanthus, they would immediately have fought, if the aſſembly had not interpoſed.

Phalanthus had a brother, whoſe name was Hippias, and who was much celebrated for his courage, ſtrength, and dexterity. 'Pollux,' ſaid the Tarentines, 'could not wield the ceſtus 'better; nor could Caſtor ſurpaſs him 'in the management of a horſe.' He had almoſt the ſtature and the ſtrength of Hercules; and he was the terror of the whole army: for he was yet more petulant and brutal than courageous and ſtrong.

Hippias, having remarked the haughtineſs with which Telemachus had menaced his brother, went in great haſte to carry off the priſoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the determination of the aſſembly; and Telemachus, who was privately informed of it, ruſhed out after him, burning with rage. He ran eagerly from one part of the camp to the other, like a boar who, being wounded in the chace, turns enraged upon the hunter: his eye looked round for his enemy; and his hand ſhook the ſpear, which he was impatient to launch againſt him. He found him at length; and at the ſight of him he was tranſported with new fury.

He was no longer Telemachus, a noble youth, whoſe mind Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had enriched with wiſdom; but an enraged lion, or a lunatick urged on by deſperate phrenzy. 'Stay!' ſaid he to Hippias; 'thou baſeſt of mankind, ſtay! 'and let us ſee if thou canſt wreſt from 'me the ſpoils of thoſe whom I have 'overcome. Thou ſhalt not carry 'them to Tarentum; thou ſhalt this 'moment

'moment descend to the gloomy bor-
'ders of the Styx!' His spear instantly followed his words; but he threw it with so much fury, that he could take no aim, and it fell, wide of Hippias, to the ground. He then drew his sword, of which the guard was gold, and which had been given him by Laertes, when he departed from Ithaca, as a pledge of his affection. Laertes had used it with glory when he himself was young; and it had been stained with the blood of many chiefs of Epirus, during a war in which Laertes had been victorious.

This sword was scarcely drawn by Telemachus, when Hippias, willing to avail himself of his superior strength, rushed upon him, and endeavoured to force it from his hand: the weapon broke in the contest; they then seized each other, and were in a moment locked together. They appeared like two savage beasts striving to tear each other in pieces; fire sparkled in their eyes; their bodies are now contracted, and now extended; they now stoop, and now rise; they spring furiously upon each other, and pant with the thirst of blood. Thus they engaged, foot to foot, and hand to hand; and their limbs were so entwined with each other, that they seemed to belong to one body. The advantage at last inclined to Hippias, to whom a full maturity of years had given firmness and strength, which to the tender age of Telemachus was wanting. His breath now failed him, and his knees trembled: Hippias perceived his weakness; and, doubling his efforts, the fate of Telemachus would now have been decided, and he would have suffered the punishment due to his passion and temerity, if Minerva, who still watched over him from afar, and suffered him to fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, had not determined the victory in his favour.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris, the swift messenger of the gods, who, spreading her light wings to the air, divided the pure and unbounded space above, leaving behind her a long train of light, which diversified the silver clouds with a thousand dyes. She descended not to the earth till she came to the sea-shore where the innumerable army of the allies was encamped. She saw the contest at a distance, and marked the violence and fury of the combatants: she perceived the danger of Telemachus, and trembled with apprehension; she approached in a thin vapour, which she had condensed into a cloud; and at the moment when Hippias, conscious of his superior strength, believed his victory to be secure, she covered the young charge of Minerva with the shield of the goddess, which for this purpose had been confided to her care. Telemachus, who was exhausted and fainting, instantly became sensible of new vigour; and, in proportion as he revived, the strength and courage of Hippias declined: he was conscious to something invisible and divine, which overwhelmed and confounded him. Telemachus now pressed him closer, and assailed him, sometimes in one posture, and sometimes in another: he perceived him stagger; and, leaving him not a moment's respite to recover, he at length threw him down, and fell upon him. An oak of Mount Ida, which at last yields to a thousand strokes that have made the depths of the forest resound, falls not with a more dreadful noise than Hippias; the earth groaned beneath him, and all that was around him shook.

But the ægis of Minerva infused into Telemachus wisdom as well as strength; and, at the moment that Hippias fell under him, he was touched with a sense of the fault he committed by attacking the brother of one of the confederate princes whom he had taken arms to assist. He recollected the counsels of Mentor, and they covered him with confusion; he was ashamed of his victory, and conscious that he ought to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalanthus, transported with rage, ran to the succour of his brother, and would have pierced Telemachus with the spear that he carried in his hand, if he had not feared to pierce Hippias also, whom Telemachus held under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might then easily have taken the life of his enemy; but his anger was appeased, and he thought only of atoning for his rashness by shewing his moderation. Getting up, therefore, from his antagonist, he said—'I am 'satisfied, O Hippias! with having 'taught thee not to despise my youth. 'I give thee life; and I admire thy

'valour

'valour and thy ſtrength. The gods 'have protected me: yield, therefore, 'to the power of the gods. Hence-'forth let us think only of uniting 'our ſtrength againſt the common 'enemy.'

While Telemachus was ſpeaking, Hippias roſe from the ground, covered with duſt and blood, and burning with ſhame and indignation. Phalanthus did not dare to take the life of him who had ſo generouſly given life to his brother; yet he was confuſed, and ſcarce knew what he would do. All the princes of the alliance ran to the place, and carried off Telemachus on one ſide; and, on the other, Phalanthus, with Hippias; who, having loſt all his arrogance, kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. The whole army was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, to find that Telemachus, a youth of ſo tender an age, who had not yet acquired the full ſtrength of a man, had been able to prevail againſt Hippias; who, in ſtrength and ſtature, reſembled the giants, thoſe children of the earth who once attempted to diſpoſſeſs the gods of Olympus.

Telemachus, however, was far from enjoying his victory; and, while the camp was reſounding with his praiſe, he retired to his tent, overwhelmed with the ſenſe of his fault, and wiſhing to eſcape from himſelf. He bewailed the impetuoſity of his temper, and abhorred himſelf for the injurious extravagances which his paſſions hurried him to commit: he was conſcious to ſomething of vanity and meanneſs in his unbounded pride; and he felt, that true greatneſs conſiſts in moderation, juſtice, modeſty, and humanity. He ſaw his defects; but he did not dare to hope that, after being ſo often betrayed into the ſame fault, he ſhould be ever able to correct them. He was at war with himſelf; and, in the anguiſh of the conflict, his complaints were like the roaring of a lion.

Two days he remained alone in his tent, tormented by ſelf-reproach, and aſhamed to return back to ſociety. 'How can I,' ſaid he, 'again dare to 'look Mentor in the face! Am I the 'ſon of Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt and moſt 'patient of men; and have I filled the 'camp of the allies with diſſention and 'diſorder? Is it their blood, or that 'of their enemies, the Daunians, that 'I ought to have ſpilt? I have been 'raſh even to madneſs, ſo that I knew 'not even how to launch a ſpear: I 'expoſed myſelf to danger and diſ-'grace, by engaging Hippias with in-'ferior ſtrength; and had reaſon to ex-'pect nothing leſs than death, with 'the diſhonour of being vanquiſhed. 'And what if I had thus died? My 'faults would have periſhed with me; 'and the turbulent pride, the thought-'leſs preſumption, of Telemachus, 'would no longer have diſgraced the 'name of Ulyſſes, or the counſels of 'Mentor! O that I could but hope 'never more to do what now, with un-'utterable anguiſh, I repent having 'done! I ſhould then, indeed, be hap-'py; but, alas! before the ſun that 'is now riſen ſhall deſcend, I ſhall, 'with the full conſent of my will, re-'peat the very ſame faults that I now 'regret with ſhame and horror! O fa-'tal victory! O mortifying praiſe! at 'once the memorial and reproach of 'my folly!'

While he was thus alone, and inconſolable, he was viſited by Neſtor and Philoctetes. Neſtor had intended to convince him of his fault; but inſtantly perceiving his diſtreſs and contrition, he changed his remonſtrances into conſolation; and, inſtead of reproving his miſconduct, endeavoured to ſoothe his deſpair.

This quarrel retarded the confederates in their expedition; for they could not march againſt their enemies till they had reconciled Telemachus to Phalanthus and his brother. They were in continual dread, leſt the Tarentines ſhould fall upon the company of young Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. Every thing was thrown into confuſion merely by the folly of Telemachus; and Telemachus, who ſaw how much miſchief he had cauſed already, and how much more might follow from his indiſcretion, gave himſelf up to remorſe and ſorrow. The princes were extremely embarraſſed; they did not dare to put the army in motion, leſt the Tarentines and Cretans ſhould fall upon each other in their march; for it was with great difficulty that they were reſtrained even in the camp, where a ſtrict watch

was

was kept over them. Neſtor and Philoctetes were continually paſſing and repaſſing between the tents of Telemachus and Phalanthus. Phalanthus was implacable; he had an obdurate ferocity in his nature; and, being perpetually ſtimulated to revenge by Hippias, whoſe diſcourſe was full of rage and indignation, he was neither moved by the eloquence of Neſtor, nor the authority of Philoctetes. Telemachus was more gentle; but he was overwhelmed with grief, and refuſed all conſolation.

While the princes were in this perplexity, the troops were ſtruck with conſternation; and the camp appeared like a houſe in which the father of the family, the ſupport of his relations, and the hope of his children, is juſt dead.

In the midſt of this diſtreſs and diſorder, the army was ſuddenly alarmed by a confuſed and dreadful noiſe, the rattling of chariots, the claſh of arms, the neighing of horſes, and the cries of men: ſome victorious, and urging the ſlaughter; ſome flying, and terrified; ſome wounded, and dying. The duſt roſe as in a whirlwind, and formed a cloud that obſcured the ſky, and ſurrounded the camp: in a few moments this duſt was mixed with a thick ſmoke, which polluted the air, and prevented reſpiration. Soon after was heard a hollow noiſe, like the roaring of Mount Ætna when her fires are urged by Vulcan and the Cyclops, who forge thunder for the father of the gods: every knee trembled, and every countenance was pale.

Adraſtus, vigilant and indefatigable, had ſurprized the allies in their camp. He had concealed his own march; and, perfectly acquainted with theirs, he had, with incredible expedition and labour, marched round a mountain of very difficult acceſs, the paſſes of which had been ſecured by the allies. Not dreaming that he would march round it, and knowing that the defiles, by which alone it could be paſſed, were in their hands, they not only imagined themſelves to be in perfect ſecurity, but had formed a deſign to march through theſe defiles, and fall upon their enemy behind the mountain, when ſome auxiliaries, which they expected, ſhould come up.

Of this deſign, Adraſtus, who ſpared no money to diſcover the ſecret of an enemy, had gained intelligence; for Neſtor and Philoctetes, notwithſtanding their wiſdom and experience, were not ſufficiently careful to conceal their undertakings. Neſtor, who was in a declining age, took too much pleaſure in telling what he thought would procure him applauſe. Philoctetes was naturally leſs talkative; but he was haſty, and the ſlighteſt provocation would betray him into the diſcovery of what he had determined to conceal: artful people, therefore, ſoon found the way to unlock his breaſt, and get poſſeſſion of whatever it contained. Nothing more was neceſſary than to make him angry; he would then loſe all command of himſelf, expreſs his reſentment by menaces, and boaſt that he had certain means to accompliſh his purpoſes: if this was ever ſo ſlightly doubted, he would immediately diſcloſe his project, and give up the deareſt ſecret of his heart. Thus did this great commander reſemble a cracked veſſel, which, however precious it's materials, ſuffers the liquors that are entruſted with it to drain away.

Thoſe who had been corrupted by the money of Adraſtus, did not fail to take advantage of the weakneſs both of Neſtor and Philoctetes. They flattered Neſtor with exceſſive and perpetual praiſe; they related the victories he had won, and expatiated upon his foreſight in extaſies of admiration. On the other ſide, they were continually laying ſnares for the impatience of Philoctetes: they talked to him of nothing but difficulties, croſſes, dangers, inconveniences, and irremediable miſtakes; and, the moment his natural impetuoſity was moved, his wiſdom forſook him, and he was no longer the ſame man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding his faults, was much better qualified to keep a ſecret: he had acquired a habit of ſecreſy by his misfortunes, and the neceſſity he had been under of concealing his thoughts from the ſuitors of Penelope even in his infancy. He had the art of keeping a ſecret without falſhood, and even without appearing to have a ſecret to keep, by that reſerved and myſterious air which generally diſtinguiſhes cloſe people.

A ſecret

A ſecret did not appear to lay him under the leaſt difficulty or reſtraint: he ſeemed to be always unconſtrained, eaſy, and open, as if his heart was upon his lips; he ſaid all that might be ſaid ſafely, with the utmoſt freedom and unconcern; but he knew, with the utmoſt preciſion, where to ſtop, and could, without the leaſt appearance of deſign, avoid whatever glanced, however obliquely, at that which he would conceal. His heart, therefore, was wholly inacceſſible; and his beſt friends knew only what he thought was neceſſary to enable them to give him advice, except only Mentor, from whom he concealed nothing. In other friends he placed different degrees of confidence, in proportion as he had experienced their fidelity and wiſdom.

Telemachus had often obſerved that the reſolutions of the council were too generally known in the camp, and had complained of it to Neſtor and Philoctetes, who did not treat it with the attention it deſerved. Old men are too often inflexible, for long habit ſcarce leaves them the power of choice. The faults of age are hopeleſs: as the trunk of an old knotty tree, if it is crooked, muſt be crooked for ever; ſo men, after a certain age, loſe their pliancy, and become fixed in habits which have grown old with them, and become, as it were, part of their conſtitution. They are ſometimes ſenſible of theſe habits; but at the ſame time are alſo ſenſible that they cannot be broken, and ſigh over their infirmity in vain: youth is the only ſeaſon in which human nature can be corrected; and, in youth, the power of correction is without limits.

There was in the allied army a Delopian, whoſe name was Eurymachus; an inſinuating ſycophant, who paid his court to all the princes, and could accommodate himſelf to every one's taſte and inclination! His invention and diligence were continually upon the ſtretch to render himſelf agreeable. If Eurymachus might be believed, nothing was difficult: if his advice was aſked, he gueſſed immediately what anſwer would be moſt pleaſing, and gave it. He had a talent at humour, which he indulged at raillery againſt thoſe from whom he had nothing to fear; but to others he was reſpectful and complaiſant; and had the art of rendering flattery ſo delicate, that the moſt modeſt received it without diſguſt. He was grave with the ſober, and with the jovial he was gay; he could aſſume all characters, however different, with equal facility. Men of ſincerity appear always in their own; and their conduct, being regulated by the unalterable laws of virtue, is ſteady and uniform; they are therefore much leſs agreeable to princes than thoſe who aſſimilate themſelves to their predominant paſſions. Eurymachus had conſiderable military ſkill, and was very able in buſineſs: he was a ſoldier of fortune, who, having attached himſelf to Neſtor, had entirely gained his confidence; and could, by flattering that vanity and fondneſs for praiſe which a little ſullied the luſtre of his character, draw out of him whatever he wanted to know.

Philoctetes, though he never truſted him, was not leſs in his power; for, in him, iraſcibility and impatience produced the ſame effect that an ill-placed confidence produced in Neſtor. Eurymachus had nothing to do but to contradict him; for when once he was provoked, all his ſecrets were diſcovered. This man had been bribed with large ſums of money to betray the counſels of the allies to Adraſtus; who had in his army a certain number of choſen men, who went over to the allies as deſerters, and came back, one by one, with intelligence from Eurymachus, as often as he had any thing of importance to communicate: this treachery was practiſed without much danger of detection; for theſe meſſengers carried no letters, and therefore, if they happened to be ſeized, nothing was found upon them that could render Eurymachus ſuſpected. Every project of the allies, therefore, was conſtantly defeated by Adraſtus; for an enterprize was ſcarcely reſolved upon in council, before the Daunians made the very diſpoſitions which alone could prevent it's ſucceſs. Telemachus was indefatigable to diſcover the cauſe; and endeavoured to put Neſtor and Philoctetes upon their guard, by alarming their ſuſpicion; but his care was ineffectual, and their blindneſs deſperate.

It had been reſolved, in council, to wait for a conſiderable reinforcement that was expected; and a hundred veſſels were diſpatched ſecretly by night,

to convey these troops from that part of the coast whither they had been ordered to repair, to the place where the army was encamped, with greater speed and facility; the ground, over which they would otherwise have been obliged to march, being in some places very difficult to pass. In the mean time, they thought themselves in perfect security, having taken possession of the passes of the neighbouring mountain, which was a part of the Appenines most difficult of access. The camp was upon the banks of the River Galesus, not far from the sea, in a delightful country, abounding with forage, and whatever else was necessary for the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which it was thought impossible for him to pass; but as he knew the allies to be then weak, that a large reinforcement was expected to join them, that vessels were waiting to receive them on board, and that dissention and animosity had been produced in the army by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalanthus, he undertook to march round without delay. He proceeded with the utmost expedition, advancing night and day along the borders of the sea, through ways which had always been thought impassable: thus, courage and labour surmount all obstacles; and to those who can dare and suffer, nothing is impossible; and those who, slumbering in idleness and timidity, dream that every thing is impossible that appears to be difficult, deserve to be surprized and subdued.

Adrastus fell unexpectedly upon the hundred vessels of the allies, at break of day. As they were not prepared for defence, and those on board had not the least suspicion of an attack, they were seized without resistance, and served to transport his troops, with the greatest expedition, to the mouth of the Galesus: he then proceeded without delay up the river. The advanced guard of the allies on that side, believing that these vessels brought the reinforcements they expected, received them with shouts of joy; and Adrastus and his men got on shore before they discovered their mistake. He fell upon them when they had no suspicion of danger; and he found the camp open, without order, without chief, and without arms.

The quarter of the camp which he first attacked was that of the Tarentines commanded by Phalanthus. The Daunians entered so suddenly, and with so much vigour, that the surprize of the Lacedemonians rendered them incapable of resistance; and while they were seeking their arms, with a confusion that made them embarrass and impede each other, Adrastus set fire to the camp. The flames immediately rose from the tents to the sky; and the noise of the fire was like that of a torrent, which rolls over a whole country, bearing down trees of the deepest root, and sweeping away the treasured harvest, with the barns, and flocks, and herds, with the fold and the stall. The flames were driven by the wind from tent to tent; and the whole camp had soon the appearance of an ancient forest, which some accidental spark had set on fire.

Phalanthus, though he was nearest to the danger, could apply no remedy. He saw that all his troops must perish in the conflagration, if they did not immediately abandon the camp; yet he was sensible, that a sudden retreat before a victorious enemy might produce a final and fatal disorder. He began, however, to draw up his Lacedemonian youth before they were half armed: but Adrastus gave him no time to breathe; a band of expert archers killed many of them on one side, and a company of slingers threw stones as thick as hail on the other. Adrastus himself, sword in hand, at the head of a chosen number of Daunians, pursued the fugitives by the light of the flames, and put all that escaped the fire to the sword. Blood flowed round him in a deluge, yet he was still insatiable of blood: his fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, when they tear in pieces the shepherd with the flock. The troops of Phalanthus stood torpid in despair; Death appeared before them like a spectre led by an infernal fury, and their blood froze in their veins; their limbs would no longer obey their will, and their trembling knees deprived them even of the hope of flight.

Phalanthus, whose faculties were in some degree rouzed by shame and despair, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven; he saw his brother Hippias fall at his feet, under the hand of Adrastus. He was stretched upon the earth,

earth, and rolled in the duſt; the blood guſhed from a deep wound in his ſide like a river: his eyes cloſed againſt the light; and his ſoul, furious and indignant, iſſued with the torrent of his blood. Phalanthus himſelf, covered with the vital effuſion from his brother's wound, and unable to afford him ſuccour, was inſtantly ſurrounded by a crowd of enemies, who preſſed him with all their power; his ſhield was pierced by a thouſand arrows, and he was wounded in many parts of his body; his troops fled, without a poſſibility of being brought back to the charge; and the gods looked down upon his ſufferings without pity.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVII.

JUPITER, ſurrounded by the celeſtial deities, ſurveyed the ſlaughter of the allies from the ſummit of Olympus; and, looking into futurity, he beheld the chiefs whoſe thread of life was that day to be divided by the Fates. Every eye in the divine aſſembly was fixed upon the countenance of Jupiter, to diſcover his will: but the father of gods and men thus addreſſed them with a voice in which majeſty was tempered with ſweetneſs. 'You ſee the diſtreſs 'of the allies, and the triumph of A-'draſtus: but the ſcene is deceitful; 'the proſperity and honour of the 'wicked are ſhort; the victory of A-'draſtus, the impious and perfidious, 'ſhall not be compleat. The allies 'are puniſhed by this misfortune only 'that they may correct their faults, 'and learn better to conceal their 'counſels: Minerva is preparing new 'laurels for Telemachus, whom ſhe 'delights to honour.' Jupiter ceaſed to ſpeak; and the gods continued in ſilence to behold the battle.

In the mean time, Neſtor and Philoctetes received an account, that one part of the camp was already burned, and that the wind was ſpreading the flames to the reſt; that the troops were in diſorder; and that Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, had given way. At this dreadful intelligence, they ran to arms, aſſembled the leaders, and gave orders for the camp to be immediately abandoned, that the men might not periſh in the conflagration.

Telemachus, who had been pining with inconſolable dejection, forgot his anguiſh in a moment, and reſumed his arms. His arms were the gift of Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent artificer of Salentum; but they were indeed the work of Vulcan, who, at her requeſt, had forged them in the ſmoaking caverns of Mount Ætna.

Theſe arms had a poliſh like glaſs, and were effulgent as the rays of the ſun. On the cuiraſs was the repreſentation of Neptune and Pallas diſputing which of them ſhould give name to a riſing city. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, and a horſe ſprung out at the blow: his eyes had the appearance of living fire, and the foam of his mouth ſparkled like light; his mane floated in the wind; and his legs, at once nervous and ſupple, played under him with equal agility and vigour. His motion could not be reduced to any pace; but he ſeemed to bound along with a ſwiftneſs and elaſticity

that

that left no trace of his foot, and the ſpectator could ſcarce believe but that he heard him neigh. In another compartment, Minerva appeared to be giving the branch of an olive, a tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city; the branch, with it's fruit, repreſented that plenty and peace which Wiſdom cannot fail to prefer before the diſorders of war, of which the horſe was an emblem. This ſimple and uſeful gift decided the conteſt in favour of the goddeſs; and Athens*, the pride of Greece, was diſtinguiſhed by her name. Minerva was alſo repreſented as aſſembling the liberal arts, under the ſymbols of little children with wings: they appeared to fly to her for protection, terrified at the brutal fury of Mars, who marks his way with deſolation, as lambs gather round their dam at the ſight of a hungry wolf, who has already opened his mouth to devour them. The goddeſs, with a look of diſdain and anger, confounded, by the excellence of her works, the preſumptuous folly of Arachne, who vied with her in the labours of the loom; Arachne herſelf was alſo to be ſeen in the piece; her limbs attenuated and diſfigured, and her whole form changed into that of a ſpider. At a little diſtance, Minerva was again repreſented as giving counſel to Jupiter, when the giants made war upon heaven, and encouraging the inferior deities in their terror and conſternation. She was alſo repreſented with her ſpear and ægis upon the borders of Simois and Scamander, leading Ulyſſes by the hand, animating the flying Greeks with new courage, and ſuſtaining them againſt the heroes of Troy, and the proweſs even of Hector himſelf. She was laſt repreſented as introducing Ulyſſes into the fatal machine, by which, in one night, the whole empire of Priam was ſubverted.

Another part of the ſhield repreſented Ceres in the fruitful plains of Enna, the centre of Sicily. The goddeſs appeared to be collecting a ſcattered multitude, who were ſeeking ſubſiſtence by the chace, or gathering up the wild fruit that fell from the trees. To theſe ignorant barbarians ſhe ſeemed to teach the art of meliorating the earth, and deriving ſuſtenance from it's fertility. She preſented them a plough, and ſhewed them how oxen were to be yoked: the earth was then ſeen to part in furrows under the ſhare, and a golden harveſt waved upon the plain; the reaper put in his ſickle, and was rewarded for all his labour. Steel, which in other places was devoted to works of deſtruction, was here employed only to produce plenty, and provide for delight. The nymphs of the meadows, crowned with flowers, were dancing on the borders of a river, with a grove not far diſtant: Pan gave the muſick of his pipe; and the fawns and ſatyrs were ſeen frolicking together, in a leſs conſpicuous portion of the compartment. Bacchus was alſo repreſented crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand on his thyrſis, and holding the branch of a vine, laden with grapes, in the other. The beauty of the god was effeminate, but mingled with ſomething noble, impaſſioned, and languiſhing, that cannot be expreſſed. He appeared upon the ſhield as he did to the unfortunate Ariadne, when he found her alone, forſaken, and overwhelmed with grief, a ſtranger upon a foreign ſhore.

Numbers of people were ſeen crouding from all parts: old men carrying the firſt-fruits of their labour as an offering to the gods; young men returning, weary with the labour of the day, to their wives, who were come out to meet them, leading their children in their hands, and interrupting their walk with careſſes. There were alſo ſhepherds, ſome of whom appeared to be ſinging, while others danced to the muſick of the reed. The whole was a repreſentation of peace, plenty, and delight; every thing was ſmiling and happy: wolves were ſporting with the ſheep in the paſtures; and the lion and tiger, quitting their ferocity, grazed peaceably with the lamb. A ſhepherd, that was ſtill a child, led them, obedient to his crook, in one flock; and Imagination recalled the pleaſures of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armour, took, inſtead of his own ſhield, the dreadful ægis of Minerva, which had been ſent him by Iris, the

* The Greek name of Minerva is Athens, Athene.

ſpeedy

ſpeedy meſſenger of the gods. Iris had, unperceived, taken away his ſhield, and had left in it's ſtead this ægis, at the ſight of which the gods themſelves are impreſſed with dread.

When he was thus armed, he ran out of the camp to avoid the flames; and called to him all the chiefs of the army: he called with a voice that reſtored the courage they had loſt, and his eye ſparkled with a brightneſs that was more than human. His aſpect was placid, and his manner eaſy and compoſed: he gave orders with the ſame quiet attention as that of an old man, who regulates his family and inſtructs his children; but, in action, he was ſudden and impetuous. He reſembled a torrent, which not only rolls on it's own waves with irreſiſtible rapidity, but carries with it the heavieſt veſſel that floats upon it's ſurface.

Philoctetes and Neſtor, the chiefs of the Mandurians, and the leaders of other nations, felt themſelves influenced by an irreſiſtible authority; age appeared to be no longer conſcious of experience; and every commander ſeemed to give up, implicitly, all pretenſions to counſel and wiſdom: even jealouſy, a paſſion ſo natural to man, was ſuſpended; every tongue was ſilent, and every eye was fixed with admiration upon Telemachus; all ſtand ready to obey him without reflection, as if they had always been under his command. He advanced to an eminence, from which the diſpoſition of the enemy might be diſcovered; and at the firſt glance he ſaw that not a moment was to be loſt; that the burning the camp had thrown the Daunians into diſorder, and that they might now be ſurprized in their turn. He therefore took a circuit with the utmoſt expedition, followed by the moſt experienced commanders, and fell upon them in the rear, when they believed the whole army of the allies to be ſurrounded by the conflagration.

This unexpected attack threw them into confuſion; and they fell under the hand of Telemachus, as leaves fall from the trees in the declining year, when the northern tempeſt, the harbinger of winter, makes the veterans of the foreſt groan, and bends the branches to the trunk. Telemachus ſtrewed the earth with the victims of his proweſs, and his ſpear pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngeſt ſon of Adraſtus: Iphicles raſhly preſented himſelf before him in battle, to preſerve the life of his father, whom Telemachus was about to attack by ſurprize. Telemachus and Iphicles were equal in beauty, vigour, dexterity, and courage; they were of the ſame ſtature, had the ſame ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and were both tenderly beloved by their parents; but Iphicles fell like a flower of the field, which, in the full pride of it's beauty, is cut down by the ſcythe of the mower. Telemachus then overthrew Euphorion, the moſt celebrated of all the Lydians that came from Etruria; and his ſword at laſt pierced the breaſt of Cleomenes, who had juſt plighted his faith in marriage, and had promiſed rich ſpoils to the wife whom he was deſtined to ſee no more.

Adraſtus beheld the fall of his ſon and of his captains, and ſaw his victory wreſted from him when he thought it ſecure, in a tranſport of rage, which ſhook him like the hand of Death. Phalanthus, almoſt proſtrate at his feet, was like a victim, wounded but not ſlain, that ſtarts from the ſacred knife, and flies terrified from the altar; in one moment more his life would have been the prize of Adraſtus; but in this criſis of his fate he heard the ſhout of Telemachus ruſhing to his aſſiſtance, and looked upward; his life was now given him back, and the cloud which was ſettling over his eyes vaniſhed. The Daunians, alarmed at this unexpected attack, abandoned Phalanthus, to repreſs a more formidable enemy; and Adraſtus was ſtung with new rage, like a tiger from whom the ſhepherds, with united force, ſnatch the prey that he was ready to devour. Telemachus ſought him in the throng; and would have finiſhed the war at a ſtroke, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not vouchſafe him ſo ſudden and eaſy a victory: and even Minerva, that he might better learn to govern, was willing that he ſhould longer continue to ſuffer. The impious Adraſtus, therefore, was preſerved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might acquire new virtue, and be diſtinguiſhed by greater glory. A thick cloud

was

was interposed by Jupiter, between the Daunians and their enemies; the will of the gods was declared in thunders that shook the plain, and threatened to crush the reptiles of the earth under the ruins of Olympus: the lightning divided the firmament from pole to pole; and the light which this moment dazzled the eye, left it the next in total darkness; an impetuous shower, that immediately followed, contributed to separate the two armies.

Adrastus availed himself of the succour of the gods, without any secret acknowledgment of their power; an instance of ingratitude which made him worthy of more signal vengeance! He possessed himself of a situation between the ruins of the camp and a morass, which extended to the river, with such promptness and expedition, as made even his retreat an honour; and at once shewed his readiness at expedients, and perfect possession of himself. The allies, animated by Telemachus, would have pursued him; but he escaped, by favour of the storm, like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

The allies had now nothing to do but to return to the camp, and repair the damage it had suffered: but the scene, as they entered it, exhibited the miseries of war in their utmost horror. The sick and wounded, not having strength to quit their tents, became a prey to the flames; and many that appeared to be half burnt were still able to express their misery in a plaintive and dying voice, calling upon the gods, and looking upward. At these sights, and these sounds, Telemachus was pierced to the heart, and burst into tears: he was seized at once with horror and compassion; and involuntarily turned away his eyes from objects which he trembled to behold; wretches whose death was inevitable, but painful and slow; whose bodies, in part devoured by the fire, had the appearance of the flesh of victims that is burnt upon the altar, and mixes the savour of sacrifices with the air.

'Alas!' said Telemachus, 'how 'various, and how dreadful, are the 'miseries of war! What horrid infatuation impels mankind! their days 'upon the earth are few, and those 'few are evil: why then should they 'precipitate death, which is already 'near? Why should they add bitterness to life that is already bitter? All 'men are brothers; and yet they hunt 'each other as prey. The wild beasts 'of the desart are less cruel; lions wage 'not war against lions; and to the ti'ger the tiger is peaceable: the only 'objects of their ferocity are animals 'of a different species; man does, in 'opposition to reason, what by animals, that are without reason, is ne'ver done. And for what are these 'wars undertaken? Is there not land 'enough in the world for every man 'to appropriate more than he can cultivate? Are there not deserts, which 'the whole race could never people? 'What then is the motive to war? 'Some tyrant sighs for a new appella'tion; he would be called a conqueror; 'and for this he kindles a flame that 'desolates the earth. Thus a wretched individual, who would not have 'been spared but for the anger of the 'gods, brutally sacrifices his species to 'his vanity: ruin must spread, blood 'must flow, fire must consume, and he 'who escapes from the flames and the 'sword must perish by famine, with 'yet more anguish and horror; that 'one man, to whom the miseries of a 'world is sport, may from this general destruction obtain a fanciful 'possession of what he calls glory. 'How vile the perversion of so sacred 'a name! how worthy, above all 'others, of indignation and contempt, 'those who have so far forgotten hu'manity! Let those who fancy they 'are demigods henceforth remember 'that they are less than men; and let 'every succeeding age, by which they 'hoped to be admired, hold them in exe'cration. With what caution should 'princes undertake a war! Wars, 'indeed, ought always to be just; 'but that is not sufficient; they ought 'also to be necessary to the general 'good. The blood of a nation ought 'never to be shed, except for it's own 'preservation in the utmost extremity. 'But the perfidious counsels of flat'tery, false notions of glory, ground'less jealousies, insatiable ambition 'disguised under specious appearances, 'and connexions insensibly formed, 'seldom fail to engage princes in a war 'which renders them unhappy; in

'which

'which every thing is put in hazard 'without neceſſity; and which pro- 'duces as much miſchief to their ſub- 'jects as to their enemies.' Such were the reflections of Telemachus.

But he did not content himſelf with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to mitigate them. He went himſelf from tent to tent, affording to the ſick, and even to the dying, ſuch aſſiſtance and comfort as they could receive; he diſtributed among them not only medicine, but money; he ſoothed and conſoled them by expreſſions of tenderneſs and friendſhip, and ſent others on the ſame errand to thoſe whom he could not viſit himſelf.

Among the Cretans that had accompanied him from Salentum, were two old men, whoſe names were Traumatophilus and Noſophagus. Traumatophilus had been at the ſiege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learned the art of healing wounds from the ſon of Æſculapius. He poured into the deepeſt and moſt malignant ſores an odoriferous liquor, which removed the dead and mortified fleſh without the aſſiſtance of the knife, and facilitated the formation of a new ſubſtance of a fairer and better texture than the firſt. Noſophagus had never ſeen the ſons of Æſculapius; but, by the aſſiſtance of Merion, he had procured a ſacred and myſterious book, which was written by Æſculapius for the inſtruction. Noſophagus was alſo beloved by the gods; he had compoſed hymns in honour of the offspring of Latona: and he offered every day a lamb, white and ſpotleſs, to Apollo, by whom he was frequently inſpired.

As ſoon as he ſaw the ſick, he knew, by the appearance of the eyes, the colour of the ſkin, the temperament of the body, and the ſtate of reſpiration, what was the cauſe of the diſeaſe. Sometimes he adminiſtered medicines that operated by perſpiration; and the ſucceſs ſhewed how much the increaſe or diminution of that ſecretion can influence the mechaniſm of the body for it's hurt or advantage. To thoſe that were languiſhing under a gradual decay, he gave infuſions of certain ſalutary herbs, that by degrees fortified the noble parts, and, by purifying the blood, brought back the vigour and the freſhneſs of youth. But he frequently declared, that if it were not for criminal exceſſes, and idle fears, there would be but little employment for the phyſician. 'The number of diſeaſes,' ſays he, 'is a diſgrace to mankind; for vir- 'tue produces health. Intemperance 'converts the very food that ſhould 'ſuſtain life into a poiſon that deſtroys 'it; and pleaſure, indulged to exceſs, 'ſhortens our days more than they can 'be lengthened by medicine. The 'poor are more rarely ſick for want of 'nouriſhment, than the rich by taking 'too much: high-ſeaſoned meats, that 'ſtimulate appetite after nature is ſuf- 'ficed, are rather poiſon than food. 'Medicines themſelves offer violence 'to nature; and ſhould never be uſed 'but in the moſt preſſing neceſſity. 'The great remedy, which is always 'innocent, and always uſeful, is tem- 'perance, a moderate uſe of pleaſure, 'tranquillity of mind, and exerciſe of 'body: theſe produce a pure and well- 'tempered blood, and throw off ſu- 'perfluous humours that would cor- 'rupt it.' Thus was Noſophagus yet leſs honoured for the medicine by which he cured diſeaſes, than for the rules he preſcribed to prevent them, and render medicine unneceſſary.

Theſe excellent perſons were ſent by Telemachus to viſit the ſick of the army; many of whom they recovered by their remedies, but yet more by the care which they took to have them properly attended, to keep their perſons clean, and the air about them pure; at the ſame time confining the convaleſcent to an exact regimen, as well with reſpect to the quality as the quantity of their food.

The ſoldiers, touched with gratitude at this ſeaſonable and important relief, gave thanks to the gods for having ſent Telemachus among them. 'He is not,' ſaid they, 'a mere mor- 'tal, like ourſelves; he is certainly 'ſome beneficent deity in human ſhape; 'or if he is indeed a mortal, he bears 'leſs reſemblance to the reſt of men 'than to the gods. He is an inhabi- 'tant of the earth only to diffuſe good: 'his affability and benevolence recom- 'mend him ſtill more than his valour. 'O that we might have him for our 'king! But the gods reſerve him for 'ſome

'some more favoured and happy peo-
'ple, among whom they design to re-
'store the golden age!'

These encomiums were overheard by Telemachus, while he was going about the camp in the night, to guard against the stratagems of Adrastus; and therefore could not be suspected of flattery, like those which designing sycophants often bestow upon princes to their faces; insolently presuming that they have neither modesty nor delicacy; and that nothing more is necessary to secure their favour than to load them with extravagant praise. To Telemachus, that only was pleasing which was true; he could bear no praise but that which, being given when he was supposed to be absent, he might reasonably conclude to be just. To such praise he was not insensible; but tasted the pure and serene delight which the gods have decreed alone to virtue, and which vice can neither enjoy nor conceive. He did not, however, give himself up to this pleasure: his faults immediately rushed into his mind; he remembered his excessive regard for himself, and indifference to others; he felt a secret shame at having received from Nature a disposition which made him appear to want the feelings of humanity; and he referred to Minerva all the praise that he had received, as having grafted excellence upon him, which he thought he had no right to appropriate to himself. 'It is thy bounty,' said he, 'O
'goddess! which has given me Men-
'tor, to fill my mind with knowledge,
'and correct the infirmities of my na-
'ture. Thou hast vouchsafed me wis-
'dom to profit by my faults, and
'mistrust myself. It is thy power that
'restrains the impetuosity of my pas-
'sions; and the pleasure that I feel in
'comforting the afflicted is thy gift.
'Men would hate me but for thee; and
'without thee I should deserve hatred;
'I should be guilty of irreparable
'faults; and resemble an infant, who,
'not conscious of it's own weakness,
'quits the side of it's mother, and falls
'at the next step.'

Nestor and Philoctetes were astonished to see Telemachus so affable, so attentive to oblige, so ready to supply the wants of others, and so diligent to prevent them. They were struck with the difference of his behaviour, but could not conceive the cause; and what surprized them most was, the care that he took about the funeral of Hippias. He went himself and drew the body, bloody and disfigured, from the spot where it lay hidden under a heap of the slain; he was touched with a pious sorrow, and wept over it. 'O mighty
'shade!' said he, 'thou art now igno-
'rant of my reverence for thy valour.
'Thy haughtiness, indeed, provoked
'me; but thy fault was from the ar-
'dour of youth: alas! I know but too
'well how much youth has need of
'pardon. We were in the way to be
'united by friendship. O why have
'the gods snatched thee from me be-
'fore I had an opportunity to compel
'thy esteem!'

Telemachus caused the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors; and by his orders a funeral pile was prepared. The lofty pines groaned under the strokes of the axe; and, as they fell, rolled down the declivity of the mountain. Oaks, those ancient children of the earth, which seemed to threaten Heaven, and elms and poplars adorned with thick foliage of vivid green, with the spreading beach, the glory of the forest, strewed the borders of the River Galesus; and a pile was there raised with such order, that it resembled a regular building: the flame began to sparkle among the wood, and a cloud of smoke ascended in volumes to the sky.

The Lacedemonians advanced with a slow and mournful pace, holding their lances reversed, and fixing their eyes upon the ground: the ferocity of their countenances was softened into grief; and the silent tear dropped, unbidden, from their eyes. These Lacedemonians were followed by Pherecides, an old man, yet less depressed by the weight of years than by sorrow to have survived Hippias, whom he had educated from his earliest youth. He raised his hands, and his eyes that were drowned in tears, to Heaven: since the death of Hippias he had refused to eat; and the lenient hand of Sleep had not once closed his eyes, or suspended the anguish of his mind. He walked on with trembling steps, implicitly following the crowd, and scarce knowing whither he went: his heart was too full for speech, and his silence was that of

dejection and despair: but when he saw the pile kindled, a sudden transport seized him, and he cried out—'O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more. Hippias is dead; and I am still living. O my dear Hippias! it was I that taught thee, cruel and unrelenting! it was I that taught thee the contempt of death. I hoped that my dying eyes would have been closed by thy hand, and that I should have breathed the last sigh into thy bosom. —Ye have prolonged my life, ye gods, in your displeasure, that I might see the life of Hippias at an end.—O my child, the dear object of my care and hope, I shall see thee no more! but I shall see thy mother, who, dying of grief, will reproach me with thy death; and I shall see thy wife, fading in the bloom of youth, and agonized with despair and sorrow, of which I am the cause! O call me from these scenes to the borders of the Styx, which have received thy shade: the light is hateful to my eyes; and there is none but thee whom I desire to behold! I live, O my dear Hippias! only to pay the last duty to thy ashes!'

The body of the hero appeared stretched upon a bier, that was decorated with purple and gold. His eyes were extinguished in death; but his beauty was not totally effaced, nor had the graces faded wholly from his countenance, however pale. Around his neck, that was whiter than snow, but reclined upon the shoulder, floated his long black hair, still more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, but in a few moments to be reduced to ashes; and on his side appeared the wound, through which, issuing with the torrent of his blood, his spirit had been dismissed to the gloomy regions of the dead.

Telemachus followed the body sorrowful and dejected, and scattered flowers upon it; and when it was laid upon the pile, he could not see the flames catch the linen that was wrapped about it without again bursting into tears. 'Farewel,' said he, 'O magnanimous youth! for I must not presume to call thee friend. Let thy shade be appeased, since thy glory is full, and my envy is precluded only by my love. Thou art delivered from the miseries that we continue to suffer; and hast entered a better region by the most glorious path! How happy should I be to follow thee by the same way! May the Styx yield a passage to thy shade, and the fields of Elysium lye open before thee! May thy name be preserved with honour to the latest generation, and thy ashes rest for ever in peace!'

As soon as Telemachus, who had uttered these words in a broken and interrupted voice, was silent, the whole army sent up a general cry. The fate of Hippias, whose exploits they recounted, melted them into tenderness; and grief at once revived his good qualities, and buried in oblivion all the failings which the impetuosity of youth, and a bad education, had concurred to produce. They were, however, yet more touched by the tender sentiments of Telemachus. 'Is this,' said they, 'the young Greek that was so proud, so contemptuous, and untractable? He is now affable, humane, and tender. Minerva, who has distinguished his father by her favour, is also certainly propitious to him: she has undoubtedly bestowed upon him the most valuable gift which the gods themselves can bestow upon man; a heart that is at once replete with wisdom, and sensible to friendship.'

The body was now consumed by the flames; and Telemachus himself sprinkled the still smoking ashes with water, which gums and spices had perfumed: he then deposited them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers; and he carried the urn to Phalanthus. Phalanthus was stretched upon a couch, his body being pierced with many wounds; and life was so far exhausted, that he saw, not far distant, the irremeable gates of Death.

Traumatophiles and Nosophagus, whom Telemachus sent to his assistance, had exerted all their art; they had brought back his fleeting shade by degrees, and he was insensibly animated with new strength: a gentle but penetrating power, a new principle of life, gliding from vein to vein, reached even to the heart; and a genial warmth relaxing the frozen hand of Death, the tyrant remitted his grasp. But the insensibility of a dying languor was immediately

mediately succeeded by an agony of grief; and he felt the loss of a brother, which before he was not in a condition to feel. 'Alas!' said he, 'why all 'this assiduity to preserve my life? It 'would be better that I should follow 'Hippias to the grave; my dear Hippias! whom I saw perish at my side!— 'O my brother! thou art lost for ever; 'and, with thee, all the comforts of 'my life! I shall see thee, I shall hear 'thee, I shall embrace thee, no more! 'I shall no more unburden my breast 'of it's troubles to thee; and my 'friendship shall participate of thy sorrows no more!—And is Hippias thus 'lost for ever! O ye gods, that delight 'in the calamities of men! can it be; 'or is it not a dream, from which I 'shall awake? Ah, no! it is a dreadful reality!—I have, indeed, lost thee, 'O Hippias! I saw thee expire in the 'dust; and I must, at least, live till I 'have avenged thee; till I have offered 'up to thy manes the merciless Adrastus, whose hands are stained with 'thy blood!'

While Phalanthus was uttering these passionate exclamations, and the divine dispensers of health were endeavouring to soothe him into peace, lest the perturbation of his mind should increase his malady, and render their medicines ineffectual, he suddenly beheld Telemachus, who had approached him unperceived. At the first sight of him he felt the conflict of two opposite passions in his bosom: his mind still glowed with resentment at the remembrance of what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias; and the grief that he felt for the loss of his brother gave this resentment new force; but he was also conscious that he was himself indebted for his life to Telemachus, who had rescued him, bleeding and exhausted, from the hands of Adrastus. During this struggle he remarked the golden urn that contained the dear remains of his brother; and the sight instantly melted him into tears: he embraced Telemachus, at first without power to speak; but at length he said, in a feeble and interrupted voice— 'Thy virtue, O son of Ulysses! has 'compelled my love! I am indebted 'to thee for my life: I am indebted to 'thee also for something yet more precious than life itself! The limbs of 'my brother would have been a prey 'to the vulture but for thee; and, but 'for thee, the rites of sepulture had 'been denied him! His shade would 'have wandered, forlorn and wretched, 'upon the borders of the Styx, still 'repulsed by Charon with inexorable 'severity! Must I lie under such obligations to a man whom I have so 'bitterly hated? May the gods reward thee, and dismiss me from life 'and misery together! Render to me, 'O Telemachus! the last duties that 'you have rendered to my brother; and 'your glory shall be compleat!'

Phalanthus then fell back, fainting and overwhelmed with grief: Telemachus continued near him; but, not daring to speak, waited in silence till his spirits should return. He revived after a short time; and, taking the urn out of the hands of Telemachus, he kissed it many times, and wept over it. 'O precious dust!' said he, 'when 'shall mine be mingled with you in the 'same urn?—O my brother! I will follow thee to the regions of the dead! 'There is no need that I should avenge 'thee; for Telemachus will avenge us 'both!'

By the skill of the two sages, who practised the science of Æsculapius, Phalanthus gradually recovered. Telemachus was continually with them at the couch of the sick, that they might exert themselves with more diligence to hasten the cure; and the whole army was more struck with admiration at the tenderness with which he succoured his most inveterate enemy, than at the wisdom and valour with which he had preserved the army of the allies. He was however, at the same time, indefatigable in the ruder labours of war: he slept but little; and his sleep was often interrupted, sometimes by the intelligence which was brought him at every hour of the night, as well as of the day; and sometimes by examining every quarter of the camp, which he never visited twice together at the same hour, that he might be more sure to surprize those that were negligent of their duty. Though his sleep was short, and his labour great, yet his diet was plain: he fared, in every respect, like the common soldiers, that he might

give them an example of patience and ſobriety; and proviſions becoming ſcarce in the camp, he thought it neceſſary to prevent murmurings and diſcontent by ſuffering voluntarily the ſame inconveniences which they ſuffered by neceſſity. But this labour and temperance, however ſevere, were ſo far from impairing his vigour, that he became every day more hardy and robuſt: he began to loſe the ſofter graces, which may be conſidered as the flower of youth; his complexion became browner and leſs delicate, and his limbs more muſcular and firm.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVIII.

ADRASTUS, whose troops had been considerably diminished by the battle, retired behind Mount Aulon, where he expected a reinforcement, and watched for another opportunity of surprizing the allies. Thus a hungry lion, who has been repulsed from the fold, retires into the gloomy forest, enters again into his den, and waits for some favourable moment when he may destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having established an exact discipline among the troops, turned his mind entirely to the execution of a design which, though he had formed a considerable time, he had wholly concealed from the commanders of the army. He had been long disturbed in the night by dreams, in which he saw his father Ulysses. The vision never failed to return at the end of the night, just before the approach of Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chace from Heaven the doubtful radiance of the stars, and from earth the pleasing delusions of sleep. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses naked upon the banks of a river, in a flowery meadow of some blissful island, surrounded by nymphs, who threw cloaths to cover him within his reach: sometimes he thought he saw him in a palace that shone with ivory and gold, where a numerous audience, crowned with flowers, listened to his eloquence with delight and admiration; he sometimes appeared suddenly among the guests at a magnificent banquet, where joy shone upon every countenance; and the soft melody of a voice, accompanied by the lyre, gave sweeter musick than the lyre of Apollo, and the voices of the Nine.

From these pleasing dreams Telemachus always awaked dejected and sorrowful; and, while one of them was recent upon his mind, he cried out—'O my father! O my dear father Ulysses! the most frightful dreams 'would be more welcome to me than 'these! These representations of felicity convince me that thou art already descended to the abodes of those 'happy spirits whom the gods reward 'for their virtue with everlasting rest: 'I think I behold the fields of Elysium! 'How dreadful is the loss of hope! 'Must I, then, O my father! see thee 'no more for ever? Must I no more 'embrace him to whom I was so dear, 'and whom I seek with such tender 'solicitude and persevering labour? 'Shall I no more drink wisdom from 'his lips? Shall I kiss those hands, 'those dear, those victorious hands, 'which have subdued so many enemies, no more? Shall they never pu-

'nish

'nish the presumptuous suitors of Penelope? And shall the glory of Ithaca 'never be restored?

'You, ye gods, who are unpropitious to Ulysses, have sent these dreams 'to expel the last hope from my breast, 'and leave me to despair and death! I 'can no longer endure this dreadful 'suspense. Alas! what have I said? 'Of the death of my father I am but 'too certain! I will then seek his shade 'in the world below. To those awful 'regions Theseus descended in safety; 'yet Theseus, with the most horrid 'impiety, sought only to violate the 'deities of the place: my motive, the 'love of my father, is consistent with 'my duty to the gods. Hercules also 'descended, and returned: I pretend 'not, indeed, to his prowess; but, 'without it, I dare to imitate his example. Orpheus, by the recital of 'his misfortunes, softened into pity 'that deity who was thought to be inexorable, and obtained permission for 'the return of Eurydice to the world 'of life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus; the loss that I 'have sustained is greater than his; 'for what is a youthful beauty, to 'whom a thousand youthful beauties 'are equal, in comparison of the great 'Ulysses, unrivalled and alone, the 'admiration and the pride of Greece! 'The attempt shall be made; and if I 'perish, I perish. Why should death 'be dreadful, when life is so wretched? '—I come, then, O Pluto!—O Proserpine!—to prove whether ye are indeed without pity!—O my father! 'having traversed the earth and the 'seas, in vain, to find thee, I will now 'seek thee among the gloomy dwellings of the dead! If the gods will 'not permit me to possess thee upon 'the earth, and enjoy with thee the 'light of Heaven, they may, perhaps, 'vouchsafe me the sight of thy shade, 'by the dim twilight of the realms of 'darkness!'

He immediately rose from the bed which he had bedewed with his tears; and hoped that the chearful light of the morning would have dissipated the melancholy that he suffered from the dreams of the night: he found, however, that the shaft which had pierced him was still in the wound, and that he carried it with him whithersoever he went. He determined, therefore, to descend into hell by a celebrated avenue not far from the camp. This avenue was near a city called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, which the gods themselves attest with reverence and dread. The city was built upon the summit of a rock, like a nest upon the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach. The shepherds were always careful to turn their flocks another way; and the sulphureous vapour that exhaled by this aperture from the Stygian fens, contaminated the air with a pestilential malignity: the neighbouring soil produced neither herb nor flower; and in this place the gentle gales of the zephyr, the rising beauties of the spring, and the rich gifts of autumn, were alike unknown. The ground was thirsty and sterile, and presented nothing to the eye but a few naked shrubs, and the cyprus cloathed with a funeral green. In the fields that surrounded it, even at a distance, Ceres denied her golden harvests to the plough; Bacchus never gave the delicious fruit which he seemed to promise; for the grapes withered, instead of ripening, upon the tree. The Naiads mourned; and the waters of their urn flowed, not with a gentle and transluscent wave, but were bitter to the taste, and impenetrable to the eye. Thorns and brambles here covered the ground; and, as there was no grove for shelter, there were no birds to sing; their strains of love were warbled beneath a milder sky; and here nothing was to be heard but the hoarse croaking of the raven, and the boding screams of the owl. The very herbage of the field was bitter; and the flocks of these joyless pastures felt not the pleasing impulse that makes them bound upon the green; the bull turned from the heifer, and the dejected shepherd forgot the musick of his pipe. A thick black smoke frequently issued from the cavern in a cloud, that covered the earth with untimely darkness in the midst of the day: at these seasons the neighbouring people doubled their sacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods; yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable, and would accept no sacrifice but youth in it's sweetest blossom, and manhood in it's ripest vigour, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

In

In this place Telemachus reſolved to ſeek the way that led down to the dark dominions of Pluto. Minerva, who watched over him with inceſſant care, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious; and, at her requeſt, Jupiter himſelf had commiſſioned Mercury, who deſcends daily to the infernal regions to deliver a certain number of the dead to Charon, to tell the ſovereign of the ſhades, it was his pleaſure that Telemachus ſhould be permitted to enter his dominions.

Telemachus withdrew ſecretly from the camp in the night; and, going on by the light of the moon, he invoked that powerful divinity, who in Heaven is the radiant planet of the night, upon earth the chaſte Diana, and the tremendous Hecate in hell: the goddeſs heard his prayer, and accepted it; for ſhe knew that his heart was upright, and his intentions pious.

As he drew near to the cavern, he heard the ſubterraneous empire roar; the earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens ſeemed to rain down fire upon his head. A ſecret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold ſweat: yet his fortitude ſuſtained him; and, lifting up his hands and his eyes to Heaven—'Great 'gods,' ſaid he, 'I accept theſe omens, 'and believe them to be happy; fulfil 'them, and confirm my hope!' His breaſt glowed with new ardour as he ſpoke, and he ruſhed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick ſmoke, which rendered it fatal to all that approached it, immediately diſappeared; and the peſtilential ſtench was for a while ſuſpended. He entered the cavern alone; for who would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his deſign, and who accompanied him part of the way, remained pale and trembling, in a temple at ſome diſtance, putting up prayers for his deliverance, but deſpairing of his return.

Telemachus, in the mean time, plunged into the tremendous darkneſs before him, having his ſword drawn in his hand. In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and duſky light, like that which is ſeen at midnight upon the earth: he could alſo diſtinguiſh airy ſhades that fluttered round him, which he diſperſed with his ſword; and ſoon after he diſcovered the mournful banks of the Styx, whoſe waters, polluted by the marſh they cover, moved ſlowly in a ſullen ſtream, that returns in perpetual eddies upon itſelf. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of thoſe who, having been denied the rites of ſepulture, preſented themſelves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whoſe old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and ſevere, kept them back with menaces and reproach; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark as ſoon as he came up.

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was ſtruck with the groans of inconſolable grief. 'Who art thou,' ſaid he to the complaining ghoſt; 'and 'what is thy misfortune?'—'I was,' replied the phantom, 'Nabopharzan, 'the king of Babylon the great. 'All 'the nations of the Eaſt trembled at 'the ſound of my name; and I com'pelled the Babylonians to worſhip me 'in a temple of marble, where I was 'repreſented by a ſtatue of gold, be'fore which the moſt coſtly perfumes 'of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. 'No man contradicted me without in'ſtant puniſhment; and every inven'tion was upon the ſtretch to diſcover 'ſome new pleaſures, that might 'heighten the luxury of my life. I 'was then in the full bloom and vi'gour of youth; and life, with all it's 'pomp and pleaſures, was ſtill before 'me. But, alas! a woman, whom I 'loved with a paſſion that ſhe did not 'return, too ſoon convinced me that I 'was not a god: ſhe gave me poiſon; 'and I now am nothing. Yeſterday 'they depoſited my aſhes, with great ſo'lemnity, in a golden urn; they wept, 'they tore their hair, and ſeemed ready 'to throw themſelves on the funeral 'pile, that they might periſh with me: 'they are now ſurrounding the ſuperb 'mauſolæum, in which they placed my 'remains, with all the external parade 'of ſorrow; but ſecretly, and in ſince'rity, I am regretted by none. Even 'my family hold my memory in ab'horrence; and here I have been already 'treated with the moſt mortifying in'dignity!'

An object ſo deplorable touched the breaſt of Telemachus with pity. 'And 'was you then truly happy,' ſaid he, 'during your reign? Did you taſte that 'ſweet tranquillity, without which the 'heart ſhrinks and withers like a

'blighted

'blighted flower; nor, even in prosperity, can expand to delight?'—'Far from it,' replied the monarch; 'I knew it not, even in idea. A peace like this, indeed, has been extolled by the sages as the only good, but it never made my felicity: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, and throbbing with fear and hope; I wished that passion should perpetually succeed to passion, with a tumultuous rapidity, which excluded thought; and practised every artifice to effect it. This was my expedient to avoid the pangs of reflection; such was the peace I procured; I thought all other a fable and a dream; and such were the pleasures I regret!'

During this relation, Nabopharzan wept with the effeminate pusillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune; unacquainted with adversity, and therefore a stranger to fortitude. There were with him some slaves, who had been put to death to honour his funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king; giving them, at the same time, an absolute power over him, who had been their tyrant upon earth. The shades of these slaves no longer feared the shade of Nabopharzan; they held him in a chain, and treated him with the most cruel indignity. 'As men,' said one of them, 'had we not the same nature with thee? 'How couldst thou be so stupid as to 'imagine thyself a god, and forget 'that thy parents were mortal?'—'His unwillingness to be taken for a 'man,' said another, 'was right; for 'he was a monster without humanity.' —'Well,' said another, 'what are become of your flatterers now? Poor 'wretch! there is now nothing that 'thou canst either give or take away; 'thou art now become the slave even of 'thy slaves. The justice of the gods is 'slow; but the criminal is at last certainly overtaken!'

Nabopharzan, stung with these insults, threw himself upon his face, in an agony of rage and despair; but Charon bade the slaves pull him up by his chain. 'He must not,' said he, 'be 'allowed the consolation even of hiding 'his shame, of which all the ghosts 'that throng the borders of the Styx 'must be witnesses, that the gods, who 'so long suffered this impious tyrant 'to oppress the earth, may at last be 'justified.—Yet this, O scourge of Babylon! is but the beginning of sorrows; the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand!'

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto; and the ghosts ran down in crowds to the shore, gazing, with the utmost curiosity and wonder, at the living mortal, who stood distinguished among the dead in the boat: but the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they vanished like the shades of the night before the first beams of the morning. Then Charon, turning towards him, with a brow less contracted into frowns, and a look less severe than usual—'O favoured of Heaven!' said he, 'since thou art permitted to enter 'the realms of darkness, which to all 'the living besides thyself are interdicted, make haste to push forward, whithersoever the Fates have called thee. 'Proceed, by this gloomy path, to the 'palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt 'find sitting upon his throne, and 'who will permit thee to enter those 'recesses of his dominion, the secrets of which I am not permitted to 'reveal.'

Telemachus, immediately pressing forward with an hasty step, discovered the shades gliding about on every side, more numerous than the sands upon the sea-shore; and he was struck with a religious dread, to perceive that, in the midst of the tumult and hurry of this incredible multitude, all was silent as the grave. He sees, at length, the gloomy residence of unrelenting Pluto; his hairs stand erect, his legs tremble, and his voice fails him. 'Tremendous 'power!' said he, with faltering and interrupted speech, 'the son of the unhappy Ulysses now stands before thee. 'I come to enquire whether my father 'is descended into your dominions, or 'whether he is still a wanderer upon 'the earth.'

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony; his countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The sight of a mortal still breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes, as the day is hateful to those animals that leave their recesses only by night. At his side sat Proserpine, who seemed to be the only object of his attention, and to soften him into some degree of complacency: she enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed; but there was mingled with her immortal charms

something

something of her lord's inflexible severity.

At the foot of the throne sat the pale father of destruction, Death, incessantly whetting a scythe, which he held in his hand. Around this horrid spectre hovered repining Cares, and injurious Suspicions; Vengeance distained with blood, and covered with wounds; causeless Hatred; Avarice, gnawing her own flesh; and Despair, the victim of her own rage; Ambition, whose fury overturns all things like a whirlwind; and Treason thirsting for blood, and not able to enjoy the mischiefs she produces; Envy, shedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and sickening with rage at the impotence of her malice; and Impiety, that opens for herself a gulf without bottom, in which she shall plunge at last without hope. Besides these were nameless spectres without number, all hideous to behold; phantoms that represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and the horrid vigils of Disease and Pain! By these images of woe was Pluto surrounded; and such were the attendants that filled his palace. He replied to the son of Ulysses in a hollow tone; and the depths of Erebus re-murmured to the sound.

'If it is by Fate, O mortal! that 'thou hast violated this sacred asylum 'of the dead, that fate, which has thus 'distinguished thee, fulfil! Of thy father I will tell thee nothing: it is 'enough that here thou art permitted to 'seek him. As upon the earth he was 'a king, thy search may be confined, 'on one side, to that part of Tartarus 'where wicked kings are consigned to 'punishment; and, on the other, to 'that part of Elysium where the good 'receive their reward: but from hence 'thou canst not enter the fields of Ely'sium till thou hast passed through 'Tartarus. Make haste thither; and 'linger not in my dominions!'

Telemachus instantly obeyed, and passed through the dreary vacuity that surrounded him, with such speed, that he seemed almost to fly; such was his impatience to behold his father, and to quit the presence of a tyrant, equally the terror of the living and the dead! He soon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus at a small distance before him: from this place ascended a black cloud of pestilential smoke, which would have been fatal in the realms of life. This smoke hovered over a river of fire; the flames of which, returning upon themselves, roared in a burning vortex, with a noise like that of an impetuous torrent precipitated from the highest rock; so that in this region of woe no other sound could be distinctly heard.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. The first object that presented was a great number of men, who, born in a mean condition, were now punished for having sought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them he remarked many of those impious hypocrites, who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others, and gratified their own ambition. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, the best gift of Heaven, to dishonest purposes, were punished as the most criminal of men: the child who had murdered his parents, the wife who had embrued her hands in a husband's blood, and the traitor who had sold his country in violation of every tie, were punished with less severity than these. Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead; because hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms, they would be vicious with the reputation of virtue; and, by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be false, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the true. The gods, whose omniscience they mock, and whose honour they degrade, take pleasure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the insult.

After these appeared others, to whom the world scarce imputes guilt, but whom the Divine Vengeance pursues without pity: the liar, the ungrateful, the parasite who lavishes adulation upon vice, and the slanderer who falsely detracts from virtue; all who judge rashly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent.

But, among all who suffered for ingratitude, those were punished with most severity who had been ungrateful to the gods. 'What' said Minos, 'is he 'considered as a monster who is guilty 'of ingratitude to his father, or his 'friend, from whom he has received 'some such benefits as mortals can be'stow; and shall the wretch glory in 'his crime, who is ungrateful to God,

'the giver of life, and of every bleſſing 'it includes? Does he not owe his ex- 'iſtence rather to the Author of Na- 'ture than to the parents through 'whom his exiſtence was derived? 'The leſs theſe crimes are cenſured 'and puniſhed upon earth, the more 'are they obnoxious in hell to impla- 'cable vengeance, which no force can 'reſiſt, and no ſubtlety elude.'

Telemachus ſeeing a man condemned by the judges, whom he found ſitting, ventured to aſk them what was his crime. He was immediately anſwered by the offender himſelf: 'I have done,' ſaid he, 'no evil; my pleaſure con- 'ſiſted wholly in doing good. I have 'been juſt, munificent, liberal, and 'compaſſionate; of what crime, then, 'can I be accuſed?'—'With reſpect 'to man,' replied Minos, 'thou art 'accuſed of none; but didſt thou not 'owe leſs to man than to the gods? 'If ſo, what are thy pretenſions to 'juſtice? Thou haſt punctually ful- 'filled thy duty to men, who are but 'duſt; thou haſt been virtuous; but 'thy virtue terminated wholly in thy- 'ſelf, without reference to the gods 'who gave it: thy virtue was to be 'thy own felicity; and to thyſelf thou 'waſt all in all. Thou haſt, indeed, 'been thy own deity; but the gods, 'by whom all things have been cre- 'ated, and who have created all things 'for themſelves, cannot give up their 'rights: thou haſt forgotten them, and 'they will forget thee. Since thou 'haſt deſired to exiſt for thyſelf, and 'not for them, to thyſelf they will de- 'liver thee up: ſeek, then, thy conſo- 'lation in thine own heart. Thou art 'ſeparated for ever from man, whom, 'for thy own ſake, thou haſt deſired to 'pleaſe; and left to thyſelf alone, that 'idol of thy heart! Learn now, at leaſt, 'that piety is that virtue of which the 'gods are objects; and that without 'this no virtue can deſerve the name. 'The falſe luſtre of that with which 'thou haſt long dazzled the eyes of 'men, who are eaſily deceived, will 'deceive no more: men diſtinguiſh 'that only from which they derive 'pain or pleaſure into virtue and vice; 'and are therefore alike ignorant both 'of good and evil: but here, the per- 'ſpicacity of Divine Wiſdom diſcerns 'all things as they are. The judgment 'of men from external appearances is 'reſerved: what they have admired 'is frequently condemned; and what 'they have condemned, approved.'

Theſe words, to the boaſter of philoſophick virtue, were like a ſtroke of thunder; and he was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock. The ſelf-complacence with which he had been uſed to contemplate his moderation, his fortitude, his generoſity, was now changed to anguiſh and regret: the view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became his puniſhment. He now ſaw, and was doomed for ever to ſee, himſelf by the light of truth: he perceived that the approbation of men, which all his actions had been directed to acquire, was erroneous and vain. When he looked inward, he found every thing totally changed: he was no longer the ſame being; and all comfort was eradicated from his heart. His conſcience, which had hitherto witneſſed in his favour, now roſe up againſt him, and reproached him even with his virtues; which, not having the Deity for their principal and end, were erroneous and illuſive: he was overwhelmed with conſternation and trouble; with ſhame, remorſe, and deſpair. The Furies, indeed, forbore to torment him; he was delivered over to himſelf, and they were ſatisfied: his own heart was the avenger of the gods, whom he had deſpiſed. As he could not eſcape from himſelf, he retired to the moſt gloomy receſſes, that he might be concealed from others: he ſought for darkneſs, but he found it not; light ſtill perſecuted and purſued him. The light of truth, which he had not followed, now puniſhed him for the neglect; and all that he had beheld with pleaſure became odious in his eyes, as the ſource of miſery that could never end. 'Dreadful ſituation!' ſaid he; 'I have known neither the gods, 'mankind, nor myſelf! I have, indeed, 'known nothing; ſince I have not diſ- 'tinguiſhed from ſpecious evil that 'only which is truly good! All my 'ſteps have deviated from the path I 'ſhould have trodden: all my wiſdom 'was folly; and all my virtue was 'pride, which ſacrificed, with a blind 'impiety, only to that vile idol my- 'ſelf!'

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abuſed their power. An avenging fury held up before them a mirror,

mirror, which reflected their vices in all their deformity: in this they beheld their undistinguishing vanity, that was gratified by the grossest adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whose happiness should have been the first object of their attention; their insensibility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their dissipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their causeless suspicions; their vain parade, and ostentatious splendor, an idle blaze, in which the publick welfare is consumed; their ambition of false honour, procured at the expence of blood; and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual supply of superfluous delicacies from the wretched victims of grief and anguish. When they looked into this mirror, they saw themselves faithfully represented; and they found the picture more monstrous and horrid than the chimera vanquished by Bellerophon; the Lernæan hydra slain by Hercules; even Cerberus himself, though from three infernal mouths he disgorges a stream of pestilential fire, the fumes of which are sufficient to destroy the whole race of men that breathe upon the earth. At the same time, another fury tauntingly repeated all the praises which sycophants had lavished upon them in their lives, and held up another mirror, in which they appeared as flattery had represented them. The contrast of these pictures, so widely different, was the punishment of their vanity: and it was remarkable, that the most wicked were the objects of the most extravagant praise; because the most wicked are most to be feared; and because they exact, with less shame, the servile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually ascended from this dreadful abyss, where they saw nothing but the derision and insult of which they were themselves the objects; where every thing repulsed, opposed, and confounded them. As they sported with the lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole species was created for their use, they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of slaves, who made them taste all the bitterness of servitude in their turn: they obeyed with unutterable anguish, and without hope that the iron hand of Oppression would lie lighter upon them. Under the strokes of these slaves, now their merciless tyrants, they lay passive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labour at the flaming furnaces of Mount Ætna.

Telemachus observed the countenances of these criminals to be pale and ghastly, strongly expressive of the torment they suffered at the heart. They looked inward with a self-abhorrence: now inseparable from their existence; their crimes themselves were become their punishment, and it was not necessary that greater should be inflicted; they haunted them like hideous spectres, and continually started up before them in all their deformity. They wished for a second death, that might separate them from these ministers of vengeance, as the first had separated their spirits from the body; a death that might at once extinguish all consciousness and sensibility: they called upon the depths of hell to hide them from the persecuting beams of truth in impenetrable darkness; but they are reserved for the cup of vengeance, which, though they drink of it for ever, shall be for ever full! The truth, from which they fled, has overtaken them, an invincible and unrelenting enemy! The ray, which once might have illuminated them like the mild radiance of the day, now pierces them like lightning; a fierce and fatal fire that, without injury to the external parts, infixes a burning torment at the heart! By truth, now an avenging flame, the very soul is melted, like metal in a furnace; it dissolves all, but destroys nothing; it disunites the first elements of life, yet the sufferer can never die: he is, as it were, divided against himself, without rest, and without comfort; animated by no vital principle, but the rage that kindles at his own misconduct, and the dreadful madness that results from despair!

Among these objects, at the sight of which the hair of Telemachus stood erect, he beheld many of the ancient kings of Lydia, who were punished for having preferred the selfish gratifications of an idle and voluptuous life to that labour for the good of others, which, to royalty, is a duty of indispensable obligation.

These kings mutually reproached each other with their folly. 'Did not 'I often recommend to you,' said one of them to his son, 'during the last 'years of my life, when old age had 'given weight to my counsel, the re-'paration of the mischief which my 'negligence had produced?'—'Un-'happy wretch!' replied the son, 'thou art the cause of my perdition: 'it was thy example that made me 'vain-glorious, proud, voluptuous, 'and cruel! While I saw thee sur-'rounded with flattery, and relaxed in 'luxury and sloth, I also insensibly 'acquired the love of pleasure and 'adulation. I thought the rest of men 'were to kings, what horses and other 'beasts of burden are to men; ani-'mals wholly unworthy of regard, ex-'cept for the drudgery they perform, 'and the conveniences they procure: 'this was my opinion; and I learned 'it of thee. I followed thy example; 'and I share thy misery!' These re-proaches were mingled with the most horrid execrations; and mutual rage and indignation aggravated the tor-ments of hell.

Around these wretched princes there still hovered, like owls in the twilight, causeless Jealousies, and vain Alarms; Mistrust and Dread, which revenge upon kings their disregard of mankind; Avarice, insatiable of wealth; false Honour, ever tyrannical and oppressive; and effeminate Luxury, a deceitful dæ-mon, that aggravates every evil, and bestows only imaginary good.

Many kings were also severely pu-nished, not for the mischief they had done, but for the good they had neg-lected to do. Every crime which is committed by the subject, in conse-quence of laws not enforced, is the crime of the king; for kings reign only as ministers of the law. To kings also are imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp, luxury, and every other excess which excites irregular and im-petuous passions, that cannot be gra-tified but by the violation of the com-mon rights of mankind: but the prin-ces who, instead of watching over their people as a shepherd watches over his flock, worried and devoured them like the wolf, were punished with the most exemplary severity.

In this abyss of darkness and misery Telemachus beheld, with yet greater astonishment, many kings who had been honoured for their personal vir-tues upon earth; but were, notwith-standing, condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for implicitly leaving the ad-ministration of government to wicked and crafty men: they were punished for mischiefs which they had suffered to be perpetrated under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of them, indeed, had been by principle neither virtuous nor vicious; supinely taking the colour impressed upon them from without: they did not shun the truth when it presented itself; but they had no relish for virtue, no delight in doing good.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIX.

WHEN Telemachus quitted this place, he felt himself relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breast. This relief, so sudden and so great, impressed him with a strong sense of the misery of those who are confined in it without hope of deliverance. He was terrified at having seen so many kings punished with much greater severity than any other offenders. 'Have kings, 'then,' said he, 'so many duties to 'fulfil, so many difficulties to surmount, and so many dangers to avoid? 'Is the knowledge that is necessary to 'put them upon their guard, as well 'against themselves as others, so difficult to be acquired? and, after all 'the envy, tumult, and opposition, of 'a transitory life, are they consigned to 'the intolerable and eternal pains of 'hell? What folly, then, to wish for 'royalty! How happy the peaceful 'private station, in which the practice 'of virtue is comparatively easy!'

These reflections filled him with confusion and trouble; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed with perturbation, and he felt something like that hopeless misery, of which he had just been a spectator: but, in proportion as he advanced, and the realms of darkness, despair, and horror, became more remote, he felt new courage gradually spring up in his breast; he breathed with greater freedom; and perceived, at a distance, the pure and blissful light which brightens the residence of heroick virtue.

In this place resided all the good kings who had governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were separated from the rest of the just; for, as wicked princes suffer more dreadful punishment than other offenders in Tartarus, so good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue in the fields of Elysium.

Telemachus advanced towards these happy and illustrious beings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed: a thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave: the song of innumerable birds echoed in the grove; and while Spring strewed the ground with her flowers, Autumn loaded the trees with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-star was never felt; and the stormy North was forbidden to scatter over it the frosts of winter. Neither War, that is athirst for blood; not Envy, that wounds with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed round her arms, and fostered in her bosom; nor Jealousy, nor Distrust,

truſt, nor Fears, nor vain Deſires, invade theſe ſacred domains of Peace: the day is here without end, and the ſhades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the bleſſed are cloathed with a pure and lambent light, as with a garment; a light not reſembling that vouchſafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkneſs viſible, but a celeſtial radiance without a name; an emanation that penetrates the groſſeſt body with more ſubtlety than the rays of the ſun penetrate the pureſt cryſtal; which rather ſtrengthens than dazzles the ſight, and diffuſes through the ſoul a ſerenity which no language can expreſs. By this ethereal eſſence the bleſſed are ſuſtained in everlaſting life; it pervades them, it incorporates with them as food incorporates with the mortal body: they ſee it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhauſtible ſource of ſerenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are abſorbed, as fiſhes are abſorbed in the ſea; they wiſh for nothing, and, having nothing, they poſſeſs all things. This celeſtial light ſatiates the hunger of the ſoul; every deſire is precluded; and they have a fulneſs of joy which ſets them above all that mortals ſeek with ſuch reſtleſs ardour to fill the vacuity that aches for ever in their breaſts. All the delightful objects that ſurround them are diſregarded, for their felicity ſprings up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without: ſo the gods, ſatiated with nectar and ambroſia, diſdain, as groſs and impure, all the dainties of the moſt luxurious table upon earth. From theſe ſeats of tranquillity all evils fly to a remote diſtance: death, diſeaſe, poverty, and pain; regret and remorſe; fear, and even hope, which is ſometimes not leſs painful than fear itſelf; animoſity, diſguſt, and reſentment; are for ever denied acceſs.

The lofty mountains of Thrace, whoſe ſummits, hoary with everlaſting ſnows, have pierced the clouds from the beginning of time, might ſooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre, than the peace of theſe happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are, indeed, touched with pity at the miſeries of life; but it is a ſoothing and tender paſſion, that takes nothing from their immutable felicity. Their countenances ſhine with a divine glory; with the bloom of unfading youth, the brightneſs of everlaſting joy; of joy which, ſuperior to the wanton levity of mirth, is calm, ſilent, and ſolemn, the ſublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel, every moment, what a mother feels at the return of an only ſon, whom ſhe believed to be dead; but the pleaſure which, in the breaſt of the mother is tranſient, is permanent in theirs; it can neither languiſh nor ceaſe. They have all the gladneſs that is inſpired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly; they converſe together concerning what they ſee, and what they enjoy; they deſpiſe the opprobrious luxury and idle pomp of their former condition, which they review with diſguſt and regret; they enjoy the remembrance of their difficulties and diſtreſs, during the ſhort period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was neceſſary they ſhould ſtrive, not only againſt others, but themſelves; and they acknowledge the guidance and protection of the gods, who conducted them in ſafety through ſo many dangers, with gratitude and admiration. Something ineffable and divine is continually poured into their hearts; ſomething like an efflux of Divinity itſelf, which incorporates with their own nature. They ſee, they feel, that they are happy; and are ſecretly conſcious that they ſhall be happy for ever. They ſing the praiſes of the gods, as with one voice: in the whole aſſembly there is but one mind, and one heart; and the ſame ſtream of divine felicity circulates through every heart.

In this ſacred and ſupreme delight whole ages glide away unperceived, and ſeem ſhorter than the happieſt hours upon earth; but gliding ages ſtill leave their happineſs entire. They reign together, not upon thrones which the hands of men can overturn, but in themſelves, with a power that is abſolute and immutable, not derived from without, or dependant upon a deſpicable and wretched multitude. They are not diſtinguiſhed by the crowns that ſo often conceal, under a falſe luſtre, the mournful gloom of anxiety and terror; the gods themſelves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlaſting ſplendor, the ſymbols and the pledges of happineſs and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked round theſe fields for his father in vain, was ſo ſtruck

struck with the calm but sublime enjoyments of the place, that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the necessity he was under himself of returning back to the living. 'It is here alone,' says he, 'that there is life; the sha-'dow only, and not the reality, is to 'be found upon earth.' He observed, however, with astonishment, that the number of kings that were punished in Tartarus was great, and the number of those that were rewarded in Elysium was small: from this disproportion he inferred, that there were but few princes whose fortitude could effectually resist their own power, and the flattery by which their passions were continually excited. He perceived that good kings were, for this reason, rare; and that the greater number are so wicked, that if the gods, after having suffered them to abuse their power during life, were not to punish them among the dead, they would cease to be just.

Telemachus, not seeing his father Ulysses among these happy few, looked round for his grandfather, the divine Laertes. While his eyes were ineffectually employed in this search, an old man advanced towards him, whose appearance was in the highest degree venerable and majestick: his old age did not resemble that of men who bend under the weight of years upon earth; it was a kind of nameless indication that he had been old before he died; it was something that blended all the dignity of age with all the graces of youth; for to those who enter the fields of Elysium, however old and decrepid, the graces of youth are immediately restored. This venerable figure came up hastily to Telemachus; and, looking upon him with a familiar complacency, as one whom he knew and loved, the youth, to whom he was wholly a stranger, stood silent, in confusion and suspense. 'I perceive, 'my son,' said the shade, 'that thou 'dost not recollect me; but I am not 'offended. I am Arcesius, the father 'of Laertes; and my days upon earth 'were accomplished a little before U-'lysses, my grandson, went from I-'thaca to the siege of Troy: thou wast 'yet an infant in the arms of thy 'nurse; but I had then conceived 'hopes of thee, which are now justi-'fied; since thou hast descended into 'the dominions of Pluto in search of 'thy father, and the gods have su-'stained thee in the attempt. The 'gods, O fortunate youth! regard 'thee with peculiar love; and will 'distinguish thee by glory equal to 'that of Ulysses. I am happy once 'more to behold thee: but search for 'Ulysses no more among the dead; he 'still lives; and is reserved to render 'my line illustrious by new honours 'at Ithaca. Laertes himself, though 'the hand of Time is now heavy upon him, still draws the breath of 'life, and expects that his son shall 'return to close his eyes. Thus transitory is man, like the flower that 'blows in the morning, and in the 'evening is withered, and trodden under foot! One generation passes away 'after another, like the waves of a 'rapid river; and Time, rushing on 'with silent but irresistible speed, carries with him all that can best pretend to permanence and stability. 'Even thou, O my son! alas! even 'thou, who art now happy in the vigour, the vivacity, and the bloom 'of youth, shalt find this lovely season, so fruitful of delight, a transient flower, that fades as soon as it 'is blown: without having been conscious that thou wert changing, thou 'wilt perceive thyself changed; the 'train of graces and pleasures that 'now sport around thee, health, vigour, and joy, shall vanish like the 'phantoms of a dream, and leave 'thee nothing but a mournful remem-'brance that they once were thine. 'Old age shall insensibly steal upon 'thee; that enemy to joy shall diffuse 'through thee his own languors; shall 'contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble 'every limb, and dry up for ever 'that fountain of delight which now 'springs in thy breast: thou shalt look 'round upon all that is present with 'disgust; anticipate all that is future 'with dread; and retain thy sensibility 'only for pain and anguish. This 'time appears to thee to be far distant; 'but, alas! thou art deceived; it approaches with irresistible rapidity; 'and is therefore at hand: that 'which draws near so fast can never be 'remote; and the present, for ever 'flying, is remote already; even while

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'we ſpeak, it is paſt, and it returns no 'more. Let the preſent, therefore, 'be light in thy eſtimation; tread the 'path of virtue, however rugged, 'with perſeverance; and fix thine eye 'upon futurity: let purity of man-'ners, and a love of juſtice, ſecure 'thee a place in this happy reſidence 'of peace. Thou ſhalt ſoon ſee thy 'father reſume his authority in Itha-'ca; and it is decreed that thou ſhalt 'ſucceed him on the throne. But 'royalty, O my ſon! is a deceitful 'thing; thoſe who behold it at a diſ-'tance ſee nothing but greatneſs, 'ſplendor, and delight; thoſe who 'examine it near, find only toil, per-'plexity, ſolicitude, and fear. In a 'private ſtation, a life of eaſe and 'obſcurity is no reproach; but a king 'cannot prefer eaſe and leiſure to the 'painful labours of government with-'out infamy; he muſt live, not for 'himſelf, but for thoſe he governs: 'the leaſt fault he commits produces 'infinite miſchief; for it diffuſes mi-'ſery through a whole people, and 'ſometimes for many generations. It 'is his duty to humble the inſolence of 'guilt, to ſupport innocence, and re-'preſs calumny. It is not enough to 'abſtain from doing evil, he muſt ex-'ert himſelf to the uttermoſt in doing 'good: neither will it ſuffice to do 'good as an individual; he muſt pre-'vent the miſchief that others would 'do if they were not reſtrained. 'Think then of royalty, O my ſon! 'as a ſtate, not of eaſe and ſecurity, 'but of difficulty and danger; and 'call up all thy courage to reſiſt thy-'ſelf, to controul thy paſſions, and 'diſappoint flattery.'

While Arceſius was yet ſpeaking, he ſeemed to glow with the divine ardour of inſpiration; and when he diſplayed the miſeries of royalty, Telemachus perceived in his countenance ſtrong expreſſions of pity. 'Royalty,' ſaid he, 'when it is aſſumed to procure 'ſelfiſh indulgences, degenerates into 'tyranny; when it is aſſumed to ful-'fil it's duties, to govern, cheriſh, and 'protect, an innumerable people, as a 'father protects, cheriſhes, and go-'verns his children, it is a ſervitude 'moſt laborious and painful, and re-'quires the fortitude and patience of 'heroick virtue. It is, however, 'certain, that thoſe who fulfil the du-'ties of government with diligence 'and integrity, ſhall here poſſeſs all that 'the power of the gods can beſtow to 'render happineſs compleat!'

While Telemachus liſtened to this diſcourſe, it ſunk deep into his heart: it was engraven upon that living tablet, as the ſculptor engraves upon braſs the characters which he would tranſmit to the lateſt generation. It was an emanation of truth and wiſdom, that, like a ſubtle flame, pervaded the moſt ſecret receſſes of his ſoul; it at once moved and warmed him; and he felt his heart, as it were, diſſolved by a divine energy not to be expreſſed; by ſomething that exhauſted the fountain of life: his emotion was a kind of deſire that could not be ſatisfied, an impulſe that he could neither ſupport nor reſiſt; a ſenſation exquiſitely pleaſing, and yet mixed with ſuch pain as it was impoſſible long to endure.

After ſome time, it's violence abated, he breathed with more freedom, and he diſcovered in the countenance of Arceſius a ſtrong likeneſs of Laertes; he had alſo a confuſed remembrance of ſomething ſimilar in the features of Ulyſſes, when he ſet out for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted him into tears of tenderneſs and joy; he wiſhed to embrace a perſon whom he now regarded with reverence and affection, and attempted it many times in vain. The ſhade, light and unſubſtantial, eluded his graſp, as the flattering images of a dream deceive thoſe who expect to enjoy them: the thirſty lip is ſometimes in purſuit of water that recedes before it; ſometimes the imagination forms words which the tongue refuſes to utter; and ſometimes the hand is eagerly ſtretched out, but can graſp nothing. So the tender wiſh of Telemachus could not be gratified; he beheld Arceſius, he heard him ſpeak, and he ſpoke to him; but to touch him was impoſſible. At length he enquired who the perſons were that he ſaw round him.

'You ſee,' ſaid the hoary ſage, 'thoſe who were the ornament of their 'age, and the glory and happineſs of 'mankind; the few kings who have 'been worthy of dominion, and filled 'the characters of deities upon earth. 'Thoſe whom you ſee not far diſtant, 'but ſeparated from them by that

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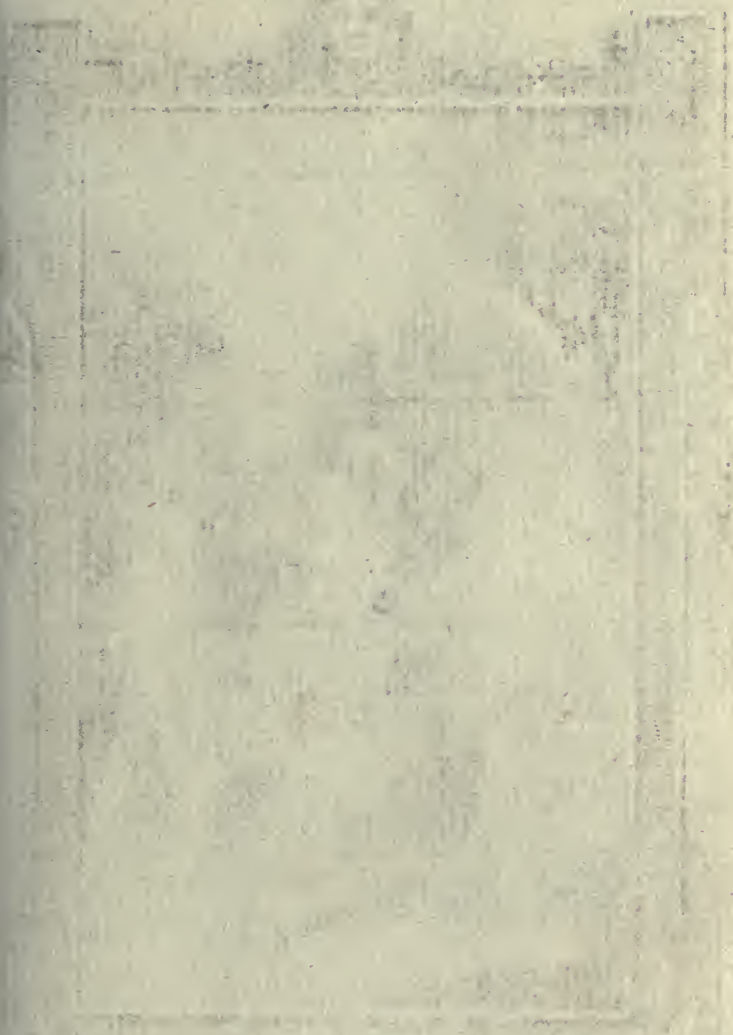

Plate II

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'small cloud, are allotted to much inferior glory; they were heroes indeed, but the reward of courage and prowess is much less than that of wisdom, integrity, and benevolence.

'Among those heroes you see Theseus, whose countenance is not perfectly chearful: some sense of his misfortune, in placing too much confidence in a false and designing woman, still remains; and he still regrets his having unjustly demanded the death of his son Hypolitus at the hands of Neptune: how happy had it been for Theseus if he had been less liable to sudden anger! You see also Achilles, who, having been mortally wounded in the heel by Paris, supports himself upon a spear: if he had been as eminent for wisdom, justice, and moderation, as for courage, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they had compassion for the nations whom he would have governed by a natural succession, after the death of Peleus his father; and would not leave them at the mercy of the rashness and presumption of a man more easily irritated than the sea by a tempest. The thread of his life was cut short by the Fates; and he fell as a flower scarce blown falls under the ploughshare, and withers before the day is past in which it sprung up. They made use of him only as they do of torrents and tempests, to punish mankind for their crimes: he was the instrument by which they overthrew the walls of Troy, to punish the perjury of Laomedon, and the criminal desires of Paris. When this was done, they were appeased; and they were implored in vain, even by the tears of Thetis, to suffer a young hero to remain longer upon the earth, who was fit only to destroy cities, to subvert kingdoms, and to fill the world with confusion and trouble.

'You see another, remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance; that is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles: you cannot be ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles, he laid claim to his arms, which he said ought not to be given to another; but they were claimed also by your father, who insisted upon his right: the Greeks determined in favour of Ulysses, and Ajax slew himself in despair. The marks of rage and indignation are still visible in his countenance: approach him not, my son, for he will think you come to insult the misfortune that you ought to pity; he has discovered us already, and he rushes into the thick shade of the wood that is behind him to avoid a sight that is hateful to his eyes. On the other side you see Hector, who would have been invincible if the son of Thetis had lived in another age. That gliding shade is Agamemnon, whose countenance still expresses a sense of the perfidy of Clytemnestra. O my son! the misfortunes that have avenged the impiety of Tantalus in his family still make me tremble: the mutual enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled the house of their father with horror and death. Alas! how is one crime, by a kind of dreadful necessity, the cause of more! Agamemnon returned in triumph from the siege of Troy; but no time was allowed him to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired in war. Such is the fate of almost all conquerors! All that you see have been great in battle; but they have neither been amiable nor virtuous, and they enjoy only the second place in the fields of Elysium.

'Those who have reigned with justice, and loved their people, are considered as the friends of the gods: while Achilles and Agamemnon, still full of their quarrels and their combats, are not perfect even here, but retain their natural defects, and suffer the infelicity they produce. These heroes regret, in vain, the life that they have lost, and grieve at their change from a substance to a shade: but the kings who, with an equal hand, have dispensed justice and mercy, being purified by the divine light which perpetually renovates their being, feel their wishes anticipated, and their happiness compleat. They look back upon the vain solicitude of mankind with compassion, and despise the great affairs that busy ambition as the play of an infant: they drink of truth and virtue at the fountain-head, and are satis-

'fied; they can ſuffer nothing, either 'from themſelves or others; they have 'no wants, no wiſhes, no fears; with 'reſpect to them all is finiſhed, except 'their joy, which ſhall have no end.

'The venerable figure you ſee yonder is Inachus, who founded the 'kingdom of Argos. The character 'of old age is tempered with ineffable 'ſweetneſs and majeſty; he moves with 'a light and gliding pace, that reſembles the flight of a bird, and may 'be traced by the flowers that ſpring up under his feet; he holds a lyre of 'ivory in his hand; and an eternal 'rapture impels him to celebrate the 'wonders of the gods with eternal 'praiſe; his breath is a gale of fragrance, like the breath of the morning in ſpring; and the harmony of 'his voice and his lyre might add to 'the felicity, not of Elyſium only, 'but Olympus. This is the reward 'of his paternal affection to the people, 'whom he ſurrounded with the walls 'of a new city, and ſecured in the 'bleſſings of ſociety by legiſlation.

'Among thoſe myrtles, at a little 'diſtance, you ſee alſo Cecrops the 'Egyptian, the firſt ſovereign of Athens, a city dedicated to the goddeſs of Wiſdom, whoſe name it bears. 'Cecrops, by bringing excellent laws 'from Egypt, the great ſource from 'which learning and good morals have 'flowed through all Greece, ſoftened 'the natural ferocity of the people that 'he found in the ſcattered villages of 'Attica, and united them by the bands 'of ſociety. He was juſt, humane, 'and compaſſionate; he left his people 'in affluence, and his family in a modeſt mediocrity; for he was not willing that his children ſhould ſucceed 'to his power, becauſe there were 'others whom he judged more worthy 'of the truſt.

'But I muſt now ſhew you Erichthon: 'you ſee him in that little valley. 'Erichthon was the firſt who introduced 'the uſe of ſilver as money, in order 'to facilitate commerce among the 'iſlands of Greece; but he foreſaw the 'inconveniences which would naturally reſult from his expedient. "Apply yourſelves," ſays he to the people among whom he circulated his 'new coin, "to accumulate natural "riches; for they only deſerve the "name. Cultivate the earth, that you "may have wealth in corn and wine, "and oil and fruit: multiply your "flocks to the utmoſt, that you may "be nouriſhed by their milk, and "cloathed with their wool; and it will "then be impoſſible that you ſhould be "poor. The increaſe even of your "children will be the increaſe of your "wealth, if you inure them early to "diligence and labour; for the earth "is inexhauſtible, and will be more "fruitful in proportion as it is cultivated by more hands: it will reward "labour with boundleſs liberality; "but to idleneſs it will be parſimonious "and ſevere. Seek principally, therefore, for that which is truly wealth, "as it ſupplies that which is truly "want. Make no account of money, "but as it is uſeful either to ſupport "neceſſary wars abroad, or for the "purchaſe of ſuch commodities as are "wanted at home; and, indeed, it is to "be wiſhed that no commerce ſhould "be carried on in articles that can only "ſupport and gratify luxury, vanity, "and ſloth. My children," ſaid the 'wiſe Erichthon, who thought frequent 'admonition neceſſary, "I greatly "fear that I have made you a fatal "preſent: I foreſee that this money "will excite avarice and ambition, "the luſt of the eye, and the pride of "life; that it will produce innumerable arts, which can only corrupt "virtue and gratify idleneſs; that it "will deſtroy your reliſh for that happy "ſimplicity which is at once the bleſſing and the ſecurity of life; and "make you look with contempt upon "agriculture, the ſupport of our exiſtence, and the ſource of every valuable poſſeſſion. But I call the gods "to witneſs that I made you acquainted "with money, a thing uſeful in itſelf, in the integrity of my heart!" 'Erichthon, however, having lived to 'ſee the miſchiefs that he dreaded come 'to paſs, retired, overwhelmed with 'grief, to a deſart mountain, where 'he lived to an extreme old age, in poverty and ſolitude, diſguſted with government, and deploring the folly of 'mankind.

'Not long afterwards, Greece beheld a new wonder in Triptolemus, 'to whom Ceres had taught the art of 'cultivating the earth, and of covering 'it every year with a golden harveſt. 'Mankind were, indeed, already ac-

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'quainted with corn, and the manner 'of multiplying it by seed; but they 'knew only the first rudiments of til-'lage; and Triptolemus being sent by 'Ceres, came with the plough in his 'hand, to offer the bounty of that 'goddess to all who had spirit to sur-'mount the natural love of rest, and 'apply themselves diligently to la-'bour. The Greeks soon learnt of 'Triptolemus to part the earth into 'furrows, and render it fertile by 'breaking up it's surface. The yel-'low corn soon strewed the fields under 'the sickle of the reapers; and the wan-'dering barbarians, that were dis-'persed in the forests of Epirus and 'Etolia, seeking acorns for their sub-'sistence, when they had learnt to 'sow corn, and make bread, threw off 'their ferocity, and submitted to the 'laws of civil society. Triptolemus 'made the Greeks sensible of the plea-'sure that is to be found in that inde-'pendent wealth which a man derives 'from his own labour; and in the 'possession of all the necessaries and 'conveniences of life, the genuine pro-'duce of his own field. This abun-'dance, so simple and so blameless, 'arising from agriculture, recalled to 'their minds the counsel of Erichthon. 'They held money in contempt, and 'all other factitious wealth, which 'has no value but in the vain imagi-'nations of men; which tempts them 'to pleasures that are neither sincere 'nor safe, and diverts them from that 'labour which alone supplies all that 'is of real value with innocence and 'liberty. They were now convinced 'that a paternal field, with a kindly 'soil, and diligent cultivation, was 'the best inheritance for those that were 'wisely content with the simple plenty 'that contented their fathers, who, 'wanting nothing that was useful, de-'sired nothing that was vain. Happy 'would it have been for the Greeks if 'they had steadily adhered to these 'maxims, so fit to render them free, 'powerful, and happy; and to inspire 'and maintain a uniform and active 'virtue, which would have made them 'worthy of such blessings! But, alas! 'they began to admire false riches; by 'degrees they neglected the true, and 'they degenerated from this admirable 'simplicity! O my son! the sceptre of 'thy father shall one day descend to 'thee: in that day remember to lead 'thy people back to agriculture, to 'honour the art, to encourage those 'that practise it, and to suffer no man 'either to live in idleness, or employ 'himself only to propagate luxury and 'sloth. These men, who governed 'with such benevolence and wisdom 'upon earth, are here the favourites 'of Heaven! They were, in compa-'rison with Achilles, and other he-'roes who excelled only in war, what 'the gentle and genial gales of spring 'are to the desolating storms of 'winter: and they now as far surpass 'them in glory as the sun that gives 'the day surpasses, in splendor, the 'moon that can only lessen the dark-'ness of the night.'

While Arcesius was thus speaking, he perceived that Telemachus had fixed his eyes upon a little grove of laurels, and a rivulet of pure water that was bordered with roses, violets, lilies, and a thousand other odoriferous flowers, the vivid colours of which resembled those of Iris, when she descends upon earth with some message from the gods to men. He saw, in this delightful spot, an inhabitant of Elysium, whom he knew to be Sesostris. There was now a majesty in the appearance of this great prince infinitely superior to that which distinguished him upon the throne of Egypt: his eyes sparkled with a divine radiance, that Telemachus could not stedfastly behold; and he appeared to have drank, even to excess, of immortality and joy; such was the rapture, beyond all that mortals have the power to feel, which the divine Spirit, as the reward of his virtue, had poured into his breast!

'O my father!' said Telemachus to Arcesius, 'I know him; it is Sesostris, 'the wise and the good, whom I beheld 'not long since, upon this throne in 'Egypt!'—'It is he,' replied Arce-sius; 'and in him you have an example 'of the boundless liberality with which 'good kings are rewarded by the gods: 'yet all the felicity which now over-'flows his bosom, and sparkles in his 'eye, is nothing in comparison of 'what he would have enjoyed, if, in 'the excess of prosperity, he had been 'still moderate and just. An ardent 'desire to abase the pride and insolence 'of the Tyrians impelled him to take 'their city. This acquisition kindled

'a desire of more, and he was seduced 'by the vain glory of a conqueror: he 'subdued, or rather he ravaged, all 'Asia. At his return into Egypt he 'found the throne usurped by his bro-'ther, who had rendered the best laws 'of the country ineffectual by an ini-'quitous administration. His con-'quests of other kingdoms, therefore, 'served only to throw his own into 'confusion; yet he was so intoxicated 'with the vanity of conquest, that he 'harnassed the princes whom he sub-'dued to his chariot. This was less 'excusable than all the rest; but he be-'came at length sensible of his fault, 'and ashamed of his inhumanity. Such 'was the fruit of his victories! and 'the great Sesostris has left an example 'of the injury done by a conqueror 'to his country and himself, when he 'usurps the dominions of others: this 'degraded the character of a prince, in 'other respects so just and beneficent; 'and this has diminished the glory 'which the gods intended for his re-'ward.

'But seest thou not another shade, 'my son, distinguished by a wound, 'and a lambent light that plays round 'it like a glory? That is Dioclides, a 'king of Caria, who voluntarily gave 'up his life in battle, because an oracle 'had foretold that, in a war between 'the Carians and the Lycians, the na-'tion whose king should be slain would 'be victorious.

'Observe yet another: that is a wise 'legislator, who, having instituted such 'laws as could not fail to render his 'people virtuous and happy, and 'bound them by a solemn oath not to 'violate them in his absence, imme-'diately disappeared, became a volun-'tary exile from his country, and 'died poor and unnoticed on a foreign 'shore, that his people might, by that 'oath, be obliged to keep his laws in-'violate for ever.

'He whom thou seest not far off 'from these is Eunesimus, a king of 'Pylos, and an ancestor of Nestor. 'During a pestilence that desolated the 'earth, and crouded the banks of 'Acheron with shades newly dismissed 'from above, he requested of the gods 'that he might be permitted to redeem 'the lives of his people with his own: 'the gods granted his request; and 'have here rewarded it with felicity 'and honour, in comparison of which, 'all that royalty upon earth can be-'stow is vain and unsubstantial, like 'a shadow or a dream.

'That old man, whom you see 'crowned with flowers, is Belus. He 'reigned in Egypt, and espoused An-'chinoe, the daughter of the god Ni-'lus, who fertilizes the earth with the 'flood that he pours over it from a se-'cret source. He had two sons, Da-'naiis, whose history you know; and 'Egyptus, from whom that mighty 'kingdom derives it's name. Belus 'thought himself more enriched by 'the plenty which he diffused among 'his people, and the love that he ac-'quired in return, than by all the le-'vies he could have raised, if he had 'taxed them to their utmost ability. 'These, my son, whom you believe to 'be dead, these only are the living; 'those are the dead who languish upon 'earth the victims of disease and sor-'row! the terms are inverted, and 'should be restored to their proper 'place. May the gods vouchsafe thee 'such virtue as this life shall reward; 'a life which nothing shall embitter 'or destroy! But haste now from this 'world, to which thou art yet unborn: 'it is time the search for thy father 'should be renewed. Alas, what 'scenes of blood shalt thou behold be-'fore he is found! What glory awaits 'thee in the fields of Hesperia! Re-'member the counsels of Mentor; let 'these be the guide of thy life; and 'thy name shall be great to the utmost 'limits of the earth, and the remotest 'period of time!'

Such was the admonition of Arce-sius; and he immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory gate, that leads from the gloomy dominions of Pluto. Telemachus parted from him with tears in his eyes; but it was not possible to embrace him: and leaving behind him the shades of everlasting night, he made haste back to the camp of the allies, having joined the two young Cretans in his way, who had accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern, and despaired of his return.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XX.

IN the mean time the chiefs of the army aſſembled, to conſider whether it was expedient to poſſeſs themſelves of Venuſium, a ſtrong town which Adraſtus had formerly taken from a neighbouring people, the Peucetian Apulians. They had entered into the alliance that was formed againſt him, to obtain ſatisfaction for the injury; and Adraſtus, to ſoften their reſentment, had put the town as a depoſit into the hands of the Lucanians; he had, however, at the ſame time, corrupted the Lucanian garriſon and it's commander with money, ſo that he had ſtill more authority in Venuſium than the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had conſented that Venuſium ſhould be garriſoned with Lucanian forces, were thus defrauded in the negociation.

A citizen of Venuſium, whoſe name was Demophantes, had ſecretly offered to put the allies in poſſeſſion of one of the gates by night; an advantage which was of the greater importance, as Adraſtus had placed his magazine of military ſtores and proviſions in a neighbouring caſtle, which could not hold out againſt an enemy that was in poſſeſſion of Venuſium. Philoctetes and Neſtor had already given their opinion, that this offer ſhould be accepted; and the reſt of the chiefs, influenced by their authority, and ſtruck with the facility of the enterprize, and it's immediate advantages, applauded their determination: but Telemachus, as ſoon as he returned, exerted his utmoſt abilities to ſet it aſide.

'I confeſs,' ſaid he, 'that if any 'man can deſerve to be ſurprized and 'deceived, it is Adraſtus, who has 'practiſed fraud againſt all mankind: 'and I am ſenſible, that the ſurprize 'of Venuſium will only put you into 'poſſeſſion of a town, which by right 'is yours already, becauſe it belongs 'to the Apulians, who are confede-'rates in your expedition: I alſo ac-'knowledge, that you may improve 'this opportunity with the greater ap-'pearance of juſtice, as Adraſtus, who 'has made a depoſit of the town in 'queſtion, has at the ſame time cor-'rupted the commander and the garri-'ſon, to ſuffer him to enter it when-'ever he ſhall think fit: and I am con-'vinced, as well as you, that if you 'ſhould take poſſeſſion of Venuſium to-'day, you would to-morrow be maſters 'of the neighbouring caſtle, in which 'Adraſtus has formed his magazine; 'and that the day following, this for-'midable war would be at an end. 'But is it not better to periſh than to 'conquer by means like theſe? Muſt 'fraud be counteracted by fraud? 'Shall it be ſaid that ſo many kings,

'who

'who united to punish the perfidy of 'Adrastus, were themselves perfidious! 'If we can adopt the practices of A'drastus without guilt, Adrastus him'self is innocent, and our attempt to 'punish him injurious. Has all Hes'peria, sustained by so many colonies 'of Greece, by so many heroes return'ed from the siege of Troy, no other 'arms to oppose the fraud and treachery 'of Adrastus than treachery and fraud! 'You have sworn, by all that is most 'sacred, to leave Venusium a depositin 'the hands of the Lucanians: the Lu'canian garrison, you say, is corrupted 'by Adrastus, and I believe it to be 'true; but this garrison is still Luca'nian; it receives the pay of the Lu'canians, and has not yet refused to 'obey them; it has preserved at least 'an appearance of neutrality; neither 'Adrastus nor his people have yet en'tered it; the treaty is still subsisting; 'and the gods have not forgotten your 'oath. Is a promise never to be kept 'but when a plausible pretence to 'break it is wanting? Shall an oath be 'sacred only when nothing is to be 'gained by it's violation? If you are 'insensible to the love of virtue, and 'the fear of the gods, have ye no re'gard to your interest and reputation? 'If you give so pernicious an example 'to mankind, by breaking your pro'mise, and violating your oath, in or'der to put an end to a war, how many 'wars will this impious conduct excite? 'By which of our neighbours will you 'not be at once dreaded and abhorred? 'and by whom will you afterwards be 'trusted in the most pressing necessity? 'What security can you give for your 'faith when you design to keep it? and 'how will you convince your neigh'bours that you intend no fraud even 'when you are sincere? Shall this se'curity be a solemn treaty? You have 'trodden treaties under foot. Shall 'it be an oath? Will they not know 'that you set the gods at defiance, 'when you can derive any advantage 'from perjury? With respect to you, 'peace will be a state of no greater se'curity than war; for whatever you 'do will be considered as the opera'tions of war, either secret or avowed. 'You will be the constant enemies of 'all who have the misfortune to be 'your neighbours. Every affair which 'requires reputation, probity, or con'fidence, will to you become impra'ticable; and you will never be able to 'make any promise that can be be'lieved. But there is yet another in'terest still nearer and more pressing, 'which must strike you, if you are not 'lost to all sense of probity, and wholly 'blind to your advantage; a conduct 'so perfidious will be a canker in the 'very heart of your alliance, which it 'must finally destroy. The fraud that 'you are about to practise against A'drastus will inevitably render him 'victorious.'

At these words the assembly demanded, with great emotion, how he could take upon him to affirm, that the alliance would be ruined by a measure that would procure them certain and immediate victory? 'How can you,' said he, 'confide in each other, if you vio'late the only bond of society and con'fidence, your plighted faith? After 'you have admitted this maxim, that 'the laws of honesty and truth may be 'violated to secure a considerable ad'vantage, who among you will con'fide in another, when that other may 'secure a considerable advantage by 'breaking his promise and defrauding 'you? And when this is the case, what 'will be your situation? which of you 'would not practise fraud to preclude 'the fraudulent practices of his neigh'bour? What must become of an al'liance consisting of so many nations, 'each of which has a separate interest, 'when it is agreed among them, in a 'publick deliberation, that every one 'is at liberty to circumvent his neigh'bour, and violate his engagements? 'Will not the immediate consequence 'be, distrust and dissention; an impa'tience to destroy each other, excited 'by the dread of being destroyed? A'drastus will have no need to attack 'you; you will effect his purpose upon 'yourselves, and justify the perfidy you 'combined to punish.

'Ye mighty chiefs! renowned for 'magnanimity and wisdom, who go'vern innumerable people with expe'rienced command, despise not the 'counsel of a youth. Whatever is your 'danger or distress, your resources 'should be diligence and virtue. True 'fortitude can never despair: but if 'once you pass the barrier of integrity 'and honour, your retreat is cut off, 'and your ruin inevitable; you can

'never

'never more eſtabliſh that confidence, 'without which no affair of importance can ſucceed; you can never make 'thoſe hold virtue ſacred, whom you 'have once taught to deſpiſe it. And, 'after all, what have you to fear? 'Will not your courage conquer, without ſo baſe an auxiliary as fraud? 'Are not your own powers, and the 'ſtrength of united nations, ſufficient? 'Let us fight, and if we muſt, let us 'die; but let us not conquer with the 'loſs of virtue and of fame. Adraſtus, 'the impious Adraſtus, is in our power; and nothing can deliver him but 'our participation of the crimes that 'expoſe him to the wrath of Heaven.'

When Telemachus had done ſpeaking, he perceived that his words had carried conviction to the heart. He obſerved, that of all who were preſent, not one offered to reply; their thoughts were fixed; not indeed upon him, nor the graces of his elocution, but upon the truths that he had diſplayed. At firſt, all was ſilent aſtoniſhment, expreſſed only by the countenance; but after a ſhort time a confuſed murmur ſpread by degrees through the whole aſſembly; they looked upon each other; and all were impatient to declare their ſentiments, though every one was afraid to ſpeak firſt. It was expected that the chiefs of the army ſhould give their opinion; and the venerable Neſtor, at length, ſpoke as follows.

'The gods, O ſon of Ulyſſes! have 'ſpoken by thy voice: Minerva, who 'has ſo often inſpired thy father, has 'ſuggeſted to thee the wiſe and generous counſel which thou haſt given 'to us. I think not of thy youth; 'for when I hear thee, Pallas only is 'preſent to my mind. Thou haſt been 'the advocate of virtue. The greateſt 'advantage without virtue is loſs; 'without virtue, men are ſuddenly 'overtaken by the vengeance of their 'enemies, they are diſtruſted by their 'friends, abhorred by good men, and 'obnoxious to the righteous anger of 'the gods. Let us, then, leave Venuſium in the hands of the Lucanians, 'and think of defeating Adraſtus only 'by our own magnanimity.'

Thus Neſtor ſpoke, and the whole aſſembly applauded: but their eyes were fixed upon Telemachus; and every one thought he ſaw the wiſdom of the goddeſs that inſpired him lighten in his countenance.

This queſtion being determined, the council began immediately to debate another, in which Telemachus acquired equal reputation. Adraſtus, with a perfidy and cruelty natural to his character, had ſent one Acanthus into the camp as a deſerter, who had undertaken to deſtroy the principal commanders of the army by poiſon; and had a particular charge not to ſpare Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave eaſily to entertain ſuſpicion, readily admitted this wretch to his preſence, and treated him with great kindneſs; for having ſeen Ulyſſes in Sicily, he recommended himſelf by relating his adventures. Telemachus took him under his immediate protection, and conſoled him under his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been defrauded, and treated with indignity, by Adraſtus. Telemachus, however, was warming and cheriſhing a viper in his boſom, which his kindneſs only could enable to deſtroy him. Acanthus had diſpatched another deſerter, whoſe name was Arion, from the camp of the allies to Adraſtus, with particular intelligence of it's ſituation; and aſſurances that he would give poiſon to the chief commanders, particularly to Telemachus, the next day, at an entertainment, to which he had been invited as a gueſt. It happened that this man was detected and ſeized, as he was eſcaping from the camp; and, in the terror and confuſion of conſcious guilt, he confeſſed his treachery. Acanthus was ſuſpected to have been his accomplice, becauſe a remarkable intimacy had been obſerved between them; but Acanthus, who had great courage, and was profoundly ſkilled in diſſimulation, made ſo artful a defence, that nothing could be proved againſt him, nor could the conſpiracy be traced to it's ſource.

Many of the princes were of opinion, that he ought certainly to be ſacrificed to the publick ſafety. 'He muſt, at all 'events,' ſaid they, 'be put to death; 'for the life of a private individual is 'nothing in competition with the lives 'of ſo many kings. It is poſſible he 'may die innocent; but that conſideration ſhould have no weight, when 'the

'the vicegerents of the gods are to be 'secured from danger.'

'This horrid maxim,' said Telemachus, 'this barbarous policy, is a 'disgrace to human nature. Is the 'blood of men to be so lightly spilt? 'and are they to be thus wantonly de-'stroyed by those who are set over them 'only for their preservation? The gods 'have made you, to mankind, what the 'shepherd is to his flock; and will 'you degrade yourselves into wolves, 'and worry and devour those whom 'you ought to cherish and protect! 'Upon your principles, to be accused 'and to be guilty is the same thing; 'and every one that is suspected must 'die. Envy and calumny will destroy 'innocence at pleasure; the oppressed 'will be sacrificed to the oppressor; 'and, in proportion as tyranny makes 'kings distrustful, judicial murders 'will depopulate the state.'

Telemachus uttered this remonstrance with a vehemence and authority that gave it invincible force, and covered those who gave the counsel he had reproved, with confusion. He perceived it, and softened his voice: 'As for my-'self,' said he, 'I am not so fond of 'life as to secure it upon such terms. 'I had rather Acanthus should be 'wicked than Telemachus; and would 'more willingly perish by his treason, 'than destroy him unjustly while I 'doubt only of his crime. A king is, 'by his office, the judge of his people; 'and his decisions should be directed 'by wisdom, justice, and moderation: 'let me, then, examine Acanthus in 'your presence.'

Every one acquiesced; and Telemachus immediately questioned him concerning his connection with Arion; he pressed him with a great variety of particulars; and he frequently took occasion to intimate a design of sending him back to Adrastus as a deserter: this, if he had really deserted, would have alarmed him; for Adrastus would certainly have punished him with death; but Telemachus, who watched the effect of this experiment with great attention, perceived not the least token of fear, either in his countenance or his voice; and therefore thought it probable that he was guilty of the conspiracy.

Not being able, however, fully to convict him, he demanded his ring. 'I 'will send it,' said he, 'to Adrastus.' At the demand of his ring Acanthus turned pale; and Telemachus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, perceived that he was in great confusion. The ring being delivered—'I will send Po-'lytropus,' said Telemachus, 'a Lu-'canian whom you well know, to A-'drastus, as a messenger dispatched 'with private intelligence from you, 'and he shall produce this ring as a 'token. If it is acknowledged by A-'drastus, and by this means we dis-'cover that you are his emissary, you 'shall be put to death by torture; but 'if you will now voluntarily confess 'your guilt, we will remit the punish-'ment it deserves, and only banish you 'to some remote island, where every 'thing shall be provided for your sub-'sistence.' Acanthus being now urged both by fear and hope, made a full confession; and Telemachus prevailed with the kings to give him his life, as he had promised it; and he was sent into one of the Echinadian islands, where he passed his days in security and peace.

Not long afterwards, a Daunian of obscure birth, but of a daring and violent spirit, whose name was Dioscorus, came into the camp of the allies by night, and offered to assassinate Adrastus in his tent. This offer it was in his power to make good; for whoever despises his own life, can command that of another. Dioscorus had no wish but for revenge. Adrastus had forcibly taken away his wife, whom he loved to distraction, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herself; and he had determined either to kill the tyrant, and recover his wife, or perish in the attempt. He had received secret instructions how to enter the tent in the night, and had learnt that his enterprize would be favoured by many officers in the service: but he thought it would also be necessary that the allies should attack the camp at the same time; as the confusion would facilitate his escape, and afford him a fairer opportunity to carry off his wife.

As soon as this man had made the confederate princes acquainted with his design, they turned towards Telemachus, as referring implicitly to his decision. 'The gods,' said he, 'who 'have preserved us from traitors, for-'bid us to employ them. It would 'be our interest to reject treachery, if

'we

'we had not sufficient virtue to detest
'it: if we should once practise it against
'others, our example would justify
'others in the practice of it against us;
'and then who among us will be safe?
'If Adrastus should avoid the mischief
'that threatens him, it will recoil up-
'on ourselves; the nature of war will
'be changed; military skill and heroick
'virtue will have no object; and we
'shall see nothing but perfidy, treason,
'and assassination: we shall ourselves
'experience their fatal effects; and de-
'serve to suffer every evil to which we
'have given sanction by our practice. I
'am therefore of opinion, that we ought
'to send back this traitor to Adrastus;
'not for his sake, indeed; but the eyes
'of all Hesperia, and of all Greece, are
'upon us, and we owe this testimony
'of our abhorrence of perfidy to them,
'and to ourselves; we owe it also to
'the gods, for the gods are just.'

Dioscorus was accordingly sent away to Adrastus, who trembled at a review of his danger, and was beyond expression amazed at the generosity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of disinterested virtue. He contemplated what had happened with admiration, a secret and involuntary praise; but he did not dare to applaud it openly, being conscious that it would condemn himself: it brought into his mind the fraud and cruelty he had practised, with a painful sense both of guilt and shame. He endeavoured to account for appearances, without imputing to his enemies such virtue as he could not emulate: and, while he felt himself indebted to them for his life, he could not think of ingratitude without compunction; but in those who are habitually wicked, remorse is of short duration.

Adrastus, who saw the reputation of the allies perpetually increase, thought it absolutely necessary to attempt something of importance against them immediately: as he found they must of necessity foil him in virtue, he could only hope to gain the advantage of them in arms; and therefore prepared to give them battle without delay.

The day of action arrived; and Aurora had scarce strewed her roses in the path of the sun, and thrown open the gates of the east before him, when Telemachus, anticipating the vigilance of experience and age, broke from the soft embraces of Sleep, and put all the commanders in motion. His helmet, covered with horse-hair that floated in the wind, already glittered upon his head; his cuirass diffused a new sun-shine upon the plain; and his shield, the work of Vulcan, besides it's natural beauty, shone with a divine effulgence, which it derived from the ægis of Minerva, that was concealed under it. In one hand he held a lance, and with the other he pointed out the posts which the several divisions of the army were to occupy. Minerva had given a fire to his eye that was more than human, and animated his countenance with an expression of awful majesty, that seemed to be an earnest of victory. He marched, and all the princes of the confederacy, forgetting their dignity and their age, followed him by an irresistible impulse; their hearts were inaccessible even to envy; and every one yielded, with a spontaneous obedience, to him who was under the immediate, but invincible, conduct of Minerva. There was now nothing impetuous or precipitate in his deportment; he possessed himself with the most placid tranquillity and condescending patience; he was ready to hear every opinion, and to improve every hint; but he shewed also the greatest activity, vigilance, and foresight: he provided against the remotest contingencies; he was neither disconcerted himself, nor disconcerted others; he excused all mistakes; regulated all that was amiss; and obviated difficulties even in their causes, before they could take effect: he exacted no unreasonable service, he left every man at liberty, and enjoyed every man's confidence. When he gave an order, he expressed himself with the greatest plainness and perspicuity; he repeated it, to assist the apprehension and memory of those who were to execute it: he consulted all their looks while he was speaking, to know whether he was perfectly understood; and he made them express their sense of his orders in their own words. When he had satisfied himself of the abilities of the persons he employed, and perceived that they perfectly entered into his views, he never dismissed them without some mark of his esteem and confidence: every one, therefore, that was engaged in the execution of his designs, was interested in the success, from a principle of love to their commander, whom they wished, more

than all things, to pleaſe. Nor was their activity reſtrained by the fear of having misfortune imputed to them as a fault; for he blamed none that were unſucceſsful even by miſtake, if their intentions appeared to have been good.

The firſt rays of the ſun now tinged the horizon with a glowing red, and the ſea ſparkled with the reflected fires of the riſing day; the plain was thronged with men and arms, and horſes and chariots were every where in motion. An almoſt infinite variety of ſounds produced a loud but hoarſe noiſe, like that of the ſea, when a mighty tempeſt, at the command of Neptune, moves the world of waters to it's foundation; and Mars, by the din of arms, and the dreadful apparatus of war, began to ſcatter the ſeeds of rage in every breaſt. Spears ſtood erect in the field as thick as corn that hides the furrows of the plough in autumn; a cloud of duſt aroſe in the air, which hid both heaven and earth by degrees from the ſight of man; and inexorable Death advanced, with Confuſion, Horror, and Carnage, in his train.

The moment the firſt flight of arrows was diſcharged, Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, pronounced theſe words: 'O Jupiter, father both of gods and men! thou 'ſeeſt juſtice on our ſide; and peace, 'which we have not been aſhamed to 'ſeek: we draw the ſword with reluctance, and would ſpare the blood of 'men. Againſt even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and profane, 'we have no malice. Judge, therefore, 'between him and us. If we muſt 'die, it is thy hand that reſumes the 'life it has given! If Heſperia is to be 'delivered, and the tyrant abaſed, it is 'thy power, and the wiſdom of Minerva, that ſhall give us victory! 'The glory will be due to thee; for 'the fate of battle is weighed in thy 'balance. We fight in thy behalf, 'for thou art righteous; and Adraſtus 'is therefore more thy enemy than ours! 'If in thy behalf we conquer, the 'blood of a whole hecatomb ſhall 'ſmoke upon thy altars before the day 'is paſt!'

Then, ſhaking the reins over the fiery and foaming courſers of his chariot, he ruſhed into the thickeſt ranks of the enemy. The firſt that oppoſed him was Periander the Locrian: he was covered with the ſkin of a lion, which he had ſlain when he was travelling in Silicia; and he was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous ſize: he had the ſtature and the ſtrength of a giant; and, as ſoon as he ſaw Telemachus, he deſpiſed his youth, and the beauty of his countenance. 'Is it for 'thee,' ſaid he, 'effeminate boy! to 'diſpute the glory of arms with us? 'Hence! and ſeek thy father in the 'dominions of the dead!' He ſpoke, and lifted his ponderous and knotted mace againſt him; it was ſtudded with ſpikes of ſteel, and had the appearance of a maſt. All that were near trembled at it's deſcent; but Telemachus avoided the blow, and ruſhed upon his enemy with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, daſhed it to pieces; and, before Periander could recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood, which guſhed in a torrent from the wound, inſtantly ſtifled his voice; his hands relaxed; and the reins falling upon the necks of his courſers, they ſtarted away with ungoverned fury. He fell from the chariot; his eyes were ſuffuſed with everlaſting darkneſs; and his countenance, pale and disfigured, was ſtill impreſſed with the agonies of death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the ſight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants; reſerving to himſelf the lion's ſkin and mace as trophies of his victory.

He then ſought Adraſtus in the thickeſt of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way: Hileus, who had harneſſed to his chariot two courſers bred in the vaſt plains that are watered by the Aufidus, and ſcarcely inferior to thoſe of the ſun; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almoſt rivalled Eryx in combats with the ceſtus; Crantor, who had been the hoſt and the friend of Hercules, when he paſſed through Heſperia, to puniſh the villainies of Cacus with death; Menecrates, who, in wreſtling, was ſaid to have rivalled Pollux; Hypocoon the Salapian, who, in managing the horſe, had the grace and dexterity of Caſtor; the mighty hunter Eurymedes, who was almoſt ſtained with the blood of bears and wild boars that he ſlew upon the frozen

ſummits

ſummits of the Appenines, and who was ſaid to have been ſo great a favourite of Diana, that ſhe taught him the uſe of the bow herſelf; Nicoſtratus, who had conquered a giant, among the rocks of Mount Garganus, that vomited fire; and Eleanthus, who was betrothed to Pholoe, a youthful beauty, the daughter of the god that pours the River Liris from his urn.

She had been promiſed, by her father, to him who ſhould deliver her from a winged ſerpent which was bred on the borders of the ſtream, and which an oracle had predicted ſhould in a few days devour her. Eleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to deſtroy the monſter, and ſucceeded; but the Fates witheld from him the fruits of his victory; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and timid joy, ſhe learned that he had followed Adraſtus to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely ſtroke. Her ſighs were wafted to the ſurrounding woods and mountains upon every gale; her eyes overflowed with tears; and the flowers which ſhe had been wreathing into garlands were neglected: in the diſtraction of her grief ſhe accuſed Heaven of injuſtice; but the gods beheld her with compaſſion; and, accepting the prayers of her father, put an end to her diſtreſs. Her tears flowed in ſuch abundance, that ſhe was ſuddenly changed into a fountain, which, at length, mingled with the parent ſtream: but the waters are ſtill bitter; no herbage bloſſoms upon the banks; and no tree but the cypreſs refreſhes them with a ſhade.

In the mean time, Adraſtus, who learned that Telemachus was ſpreading terror on every ſide, went in ſearch of him with the utmoſt ardour and impatience. He hoped to find him an eaſy conqueſt, as he had yet ſcarcely acquired the full ſtrength of a man: the tyrant did not, however, truſt wholly to this advantage, but took with him thirty Daunians of uncommon boldneſs, dexterity, and ſtrength, to whom he had promiſed great rewards for killing Telemachus in any manner. If at this time they had met, and the thirty Daunians had ſurrounded the chariot of the young hero, while Adraſtus had attacked him in front, he would certainly have been cut off without difficulty; but Minerva turned this formidable band another way.

Adraſtus, thinking he diſtinguiſhed the voice and figure of Telemachus among a crowd of combatants that were engaged in a ſmall hollow at the foot of a hill, ruſhed to the ſpot, that he might ſatiate his revenge; but, inſtead of Telemachus, he found Neſtor, who, with a feeble hand, threw ſome random ſhafts that did no execution. Adraſtus, in the rage of diſappointment, would inſtantly have ſlain him, if a troop of Pylians had not ſurrounded their king. And now a multitude of arrows obſcured the day, and covered the contending armies like a cloud; nothing was to be heard but the groans of death, and the claſhing armour of thoſe that fell: the ground was loaded with mountains of the ſlain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal Furies, and cloathed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By theſe relentleſs deities, enemies to man, Pity, generous Valour, and mild Humanity, were driven from the field; and Slaughter, Revenge, Deſpair, and Cruelty, raged amidſt the tumult without controul. Minerva, the wiſe and invincible, ſhuddered, and turned with horror from the ſcene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked, with difficulty, with the ſhafts of Hercules, limped to the aſſiſtance of Neſtor with all his might. Adraſtus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that ſurrounded him, laid many of them in the duſt. He ſlew Eteſilaus, who was ſo light of foot that he ſcarcely imprinted the ſand; and, in his own country, left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him: he overthrew alſo Eutiphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hypolitus in the chace; Pterelaus, who had followed Neſtor to the ſiege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his proweſs and valour; Ariſtogiton, who, having bathed in the River Achelous, was ſaid to have received from the deity of the ſtream the ſecret gift of aſſuming whatever form he deſired,

and who had, indeed, a ſuppleneſs and agility that eluded the ſtrongeſt graſp; but Adraſtus, by one ſtroke of his lance, rendered him motionleſs for ever; and his ſoul ruſhed from the wound with his blood.

Neſtor, who ſaw the braveſt of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adraſtus, as ears of corn, ripened into a golden harveſt, fall before the ſickle of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he expoſed himſelf in vain: his attention was wholly fixed upon his ſon Piſiſtratus, whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely ſuſtaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment was come when Neſtor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Piſiſtratus made a ſtroke againſt Adraſtus with his lance, ſo violent, that, if the Daunian had not avoided it, it muſt have been fatal. The aſſailant, having miſſed his blow, ſtaggered with it's force; and, before he could recover his poſition, Adraſtus wounded him with a javelin in the belly: his bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his colour faded like a flower that is broken from it's root; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, ſuſtained him as he fell; and had juſt time to place him in the arms of his father before he expired. He looked up, and made an effort to give the laſt token of his tenderneſs; but, having opened his lips to ſpeak, the ſpirit iſſued with his breath.

Neſtor, now defended againſt Adraſtus by Philoctetes, who ſpread carnage and horror round him, ſtill ſupported the body of his ſon, and preſſed it in an agony to his boſom. The light was now hateful to his eyes; and his paſſion burſt out in exclamation and complaint: 'Wretched man!' ſaid he, 'to 'have been once a father, and to have 'lived ſo long!—Wherefore, O inexorable Fates! would you not take my 'life when I was chacing the Calydonian boar; ſailing in the expedition to Colchos; or courting danger 'in the firſt ſiege of Troy? I ſhould 'then have died with glory, and taſted 'no bitterneſs in death. I now languiſh with age and ſorrow; I am 'now feeble and deſpiſed; I live only 'to ſuffer, and have ſenſibility only for 'affliction!—O my ſon! O my dear 'ſon Piſiſtratus! when I loſt thy brother Antilochus, I had ſtill thee to 'comfort me; but I now have thee no 'more! I poſſeſs nothing; and can receive no comfort! With me all is at 'an end; and even in hope, that only 'ſolace of human miſery, I have no 'portion!—O my children! Antilochus and Piſiſtratus! I feel this day 'as if this day I had loſt ye both; and 'the firſt wound in my heart now 'bleeds afreſh! Alas! I ſhall ſee you 'no more! Who ſhall cloſe my eyes 'when I die? and who ſhall collect 'my aſhes for the urn?—Thou haſt 'died, O my dear Piſiſtratus! like thy 'brother, the death of a hero; and to 'die is forbidden only to me!'

In this tranſport of grief he would have killed himſelf with a javelin that he held in his hand; but he was prevented by thoſe who ſtood by. The body of his ſon was forced from his arms; and, ſinking under the conflict, he fainted: he was carried, in a ſtate of inſenſibility, to his tent; where ſoon after reviving, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not, by a gentle force, been reſtrained.

In the mean time, Adraſtus and Philoctetes were mutually in ſearch of each other: their eyes ſparkled like thoſe of the leopard and the lion when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Caiſter; their looks were ſavage, and expreſſed hoſtile fury and unrelenting vengeance; every lance that they diſmiſſed was fatal; and the ſurrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At laſt, they got ſight of each other; and Philoctetes applied one of thoſe dreadful arrows to his bow which, from his hand, never miſſed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favoured the fearleſs cruelty of Adraſtus, would not yet ſuffer him to periſh: it was the pleaſure of the god that he ſhould prolong the horrors of the war, and increaſe the number of the dead; and he was ſtill neceſſary to Divine Juſtice for the puniſhment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the ſhaft againſt Adraſtus, was himſelf wounded with a lance: the blow was given by Amphimachus, a young

a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus; who, among all the commanders at the siege of Troy, was excelled in person only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, discharged the arrow at Amphimachus. The weapon transfixed his heart; the lustre of his eyes, so beautifully black, was extinguished, and they were covered with the shades of death: his lips, in comparison of which the roses that Aurora scatters in the horizon are pale, lost their colour; and his countenance, so blooming and lovely, became ghastly and disfigured. Philoctetes himself was touched with compassion; and, when his body lay weltering in his blood, and his tresses, which might have been mistaken for Apollo's, were trailed in the dust, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was himself obliged to retire from the field: he became feeble by the loss of blood; and he had exerted himself so much in battle, that his old wound became painful, and seemed ready to break out afresh; for, notwithstanding the divine science of the sons of Æsculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhausted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of the slain that surrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled all the Oebalians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia in dexterity and courage, just at the moment when Adrastus might, with ease, have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to resist him, or retard his victory: all his enemies were either fallen or fled; and he might justly be resembled to a torrent which, having overflowed it's bounds, rushes on with tumultuous impetuosity, and sweeps away the harvest and the flock, the shepherd and the village, together.

Telemachus heard the shouts of the victors at a distance; and saw his people flying before Adrastus with disorder and precipitation; like a timid hind, that, pursued by the hunter, traverses the plain, rushes through the forest, leaps the precipice, and plunges into the flood. A groan issued from his breast, and his eyes sparkled with indignation: he quitted the spot where he had long fought with so much danger and glory, and hasted to sustain his party; he advanced, covered with the blood of a multitude whom he had extended in the dust; and in his way he gave a shout that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameless terror to his voice, which the neighbouring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never heard louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal furies, War and Death. The shout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear. Adrastus himself was moved, and blushed at the confusion that he felt. A thousand fatal presages thrilled him with secret horror; and he was actuated rather by despair than courage: his trembling knees thrice bent under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly pale, and a cold sweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of sullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be starting from their sockets. All his motions had the sudden violence of a convulsion; and he looked like Orestes when he was possessed by the Furies. He now began to believe there were gods; he fancied that he saw them denouncing vengeance; and that he heard a hollow voice issuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlasting torment. Every thing impressed him with a sense that a divine and invisible hand was raised against him, and that it would crush him in it's descent. Hope was extinguished in his breast; and his courage fled as light flies when the sun plunges in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the shades of night.

Adrastus, whose tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed so severe a scourge, the impious Adrastus, had now filled up the measure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He rushed forward to meet his fate with a blind fury, which horror, remorse, indignation, and despair, united to inspire. At the first sight of Telemachus, he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegeton roared to receive him: he uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued open, but he

was

was unable to speak; like a man terrified with a frightful dream, who makes an effort to complain, but can articulate nothing. He discharged a lance at Telemachus with tremor and precipitation; but Telemachus, serene and fearless as the friend of Heaven, covered himself with his buckler; and Victory seemed to overshadow him with her wings, and suspend a crown over his head: in his eye there was something that expressed at once courage and tranquillity; and, such was his apparent superiority to danger, that he might have been taken for Minerva herself. He turned aside the lance that was thrown against him by Adrastus, who instantly drew his sword, that he might prevent Telemachus from discharging his lance in return: Telemachus, therefore, relinquished his spear; and, seeing the sword of Adrastus in his hand, immediately unsheathed his own.

When the other combatants on each side saw them thus closely engaged, they laid down their arms; and, fixing their eyes upon them, waited in silence for the event that would determine the war. Their swords flashed like the bolts of Jove, when he thunders from the sky; and their polished armour resounded with the strokes. They advanced, retired, stopped, and sprung suddenly up; till at length closing, each seized his antagonist at the same moment. The clasping ivy less closely embraces the elm, than these combatants each other. The strength of Adrastus was undiminished; but that of Telemachus was not yet mature. Adrastus frequently endeavoured to surprize and stagger him by a sudden and violent effort, but without success: he then endeavoured to seize his sword; but, the moment he relinquished his grasp for that purpose, Telemachus lifted him from the ground, and laid him at his feet. In this dreadful moment, the wretch, who had so long defied the gods, betrayed an unmanly fear of death: he was ashamed to beg his life; yet, not able to suppress his desire to live, he endeavoured to move Telemachus with compassion. 'O son of 'Ulysses!' said he, 'I now acknow-'ledge that there are gods, and that 'the gods are just; their righteous re-'tribution has overtaken me! It is 'misfortune only that opens our eyes 'to truth: I now see it; and it con-'demns me! But let an unhappy prince 'bring thy father, now distant from 'his country, to thy remembrance, and 'touch thy breast with compassion!'

Telemachus, who kept the tyrant under him with his knee, and had raised his sword to dispatch him, suspended the blow. 'I fight,' said he, 'only for victory and for peace; not 'for vengeance, nor for blood! Live, 'then; but live to atone for the wrongs 'you have committed; restore the dominions you have usurped; and establish justice and tranquillity upon 'the coast of Hesperia, which you have 'so long polluted by cruelty and fraud: 'live, from henceforth, a convert to 'truth and virtue! Learn, from your 'defeat, that the gods are just, and 'that the wicked are miserable; that 'to seek happiness in violence and deceit is to ensure disappointment; and 'that there is no enjoyment like the 'constant exercise of integrity and benevolence! As a pledge of your sincerity, give us your son Metrodorus, 'and twelve chiefs of your nation, for 'hostages.'

Telemachus then suffered Adrastus to rise; and, not suspecting his insincerity, offered him his hand. But the tyrant, in this unguarded moment, perfidiously threw a short javelin at him, which he had hitherto kept concealed: the weapon was so keen, and thrown with such dexterity and strength, that it would have pierced the armour of Telemachus, if it had not been of divine temper; and Adrastus, being now without arms, placed himself, for security, behind a tree. Telemachus then cried out—'Bear witness, Daunians, the victory is ours! The life of 'your king was mine by conquest, and 'it is now forfeited by treachery. He 'that fears not the gods is afraid of 'death: he that fears the gods can fear 'nothing else!' He advanced hastily towards the Daunians as he spoke; and made a sign to his people that were on the other side of the tree, where Adrastus had taken refuge, to cut off his retreat. The tyrant, perceiving his situation, would have made a desperate effort to force his way through the Cretans; but

but Telemachus, ruſhing upon him ſudden and irreſiſtible as the bolt which the father of the gods launches from the ſummit of Olympus to deſtroy the guilty, ſeized him with his victorious hand, and laid him proſtrate in the duſt, as the northern tempeſt levels the harveſt, not yet ripe for the ſickle. The victor was then deaf to entreaty, though the perfidious tyrant again attempted to abuſe the goodneſs of his heart: he plunged the ſword in his breaſt; and diſmiſſed his ſoul to the flames of Tartarus, the juſt puniſhment of his crimes!

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXI.

THE Daunians, as ſoon as Adraſtus was dead, inſtead of deploring their defeat, and the loſs of their chief, rejoiced in their deliverance; and gave their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the ſon of Adraſtus, whom the tyrant had brought up in the principles of diſſimulation, injuſtice, and cruelty, puſillanimouſly fled: but a ſlave, who had been the confidante and companion of his vices, whom he had enfranchized and loaded with benefits, and to whom alone he truſted in his flight, thought only how he might improve the opportunity to his own advantage; he therefore attacked him behind as he fled; and, having cut off his head, brought it into the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime which would put an end to the war: the allies, however, were ſtruck with horror at the fact, and put the traitor to death.

Telemachus, when he ſaw the head of Metrodorus, a youth of great beauty and excellent endowments, whom the love of pleaſure and bad examples had corrupted, could not refrain from tears. 'What an inſtance,' ſaid he, 'of the 'miſchief of proſperity to a young 'prince! The greater his elevation, 'and the keener his ſenſibility, the 'more eaſy and the more certain is his 'ſeduction from virtue! And what 'has now happened to Metrodorus, 'might, perhaps, have happened to 'me, if I had not been favoured by the 'gods with early misfortune and the 'counſels of Mentor.'

The Daunians being aſſembled, required, as the only condition of peace, that they ſhould be permitted to chuſe a king of their own nation, whoſe virtues might remove the diſgrace which Adraſtus had brought upon royalty: they were thankful to the gods who had cut him off; they came in crowds to kiſs the hand of Telemachus, as the inſtrument of Divine Juſtice; and they celebrated their defeat as a triumph. Thus the power which threatened all Heſperia, and ſtruck united nations with terror, fell in a moment, totally and for ever! So the ground that is gradually undermined, in appearance maintains it's ſtability; the ſlow progreſs of the work below is diſregarded or deſpiſed; nothing ſhakes, nothing is broken, and, in appearance, nothing is weak; yet the ſecret ſupport is certainly, though inſenſibly, deſtroyed; and the moment at laſt arrives when the whole falls at once into ruin, and nothing remains but an abyſs, in which the ſurface, and all that covered it, is ſwallowed up. An illegal authority, however founded, is gradually ſubverted

verted by fraud and cruelty; it is gazed at with admiration and terror, and every one trembles before it, till the moment when it ſinks into nothing: it falls by it's own weight, and it can riſe no more, for it's ſupport is not only removed, but annihilated; juſtice and integrity are wanting, which alone can produce confidence and love.

On the next day, the chiefs of the army aſſembled to give the Daunians a king. They ſaw the two camps interminglied by an amity ſo ſudden and unexpected, and the two armies, as it were, incorporated into one, with infinite pleaſure. Neſtor, indeed, could not be preſent; for the death of his ſon was more than the weakneſs of age could ſupport: he ſunk under this misfortune, in the decline of life, as a flower ſinks under the ſhowers of the evening, which was the glory of the field when Aurora firſt gave the day; his eyes continually overflowed from an inexhauſtible ſource; the lenient hand of Sleep cloſed them no more; and the ſoothing proſpects of hope, in which miſery itſelf can rejoice, were cut off. All food was bitter to his taſte, and light was painful to his eye; he had no wiſh but to be diſmiſſed from life, and covered with the veil of eternal darkneſs. The voice of friendſhip ſoothed and expoſtulated in vain; for even kindneſs itſelf diſguſted him, as the richeſt dainties are diſguſtful to the ſick. To ſoft condolance, and tender expoſtulation, he anſwered only by ſounds of inarticulate ſorrow; yet he was ſometimes heard to break out into paſſionate exclamations alone. 'O 'Piſiſtratus!' he would ſay; 'O my 'ſon! thou calleſt me, and I will fol-'low thee: thou haſt made death wel-'come; and I have no wiſh but once 'more to behold thee upon the borders 'of the Styx!' After ſuch burſts of grief, he would paſs whole hours in ſilence, except that, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, groans would involuntarily eſcape him.

In the mean time, the princes that were aſſembled, waited impatiently for Telemachus, who ſtill continued near the body of Piſiſtratus, burning the richeſt perfumes, ſcattering flowers over it with a liberal hand, and mingling the fragrant ſhower with his tears. 'O my dear companion!' ſaid he, 'can our firſt meeting at Pylos, our 'journey to Sparta, and our meeting 'on the coaſt of Heſperia, be forgot-'ten? How many obligations am I 'under to thee! How tenderly did I 'love thee! and how faithfully was 'my love returned! I knew thy va-'lour; it would have rivalled the 'greateſt heroes of Greece: but, alas! 'it has deſtroyed thee! it has, indeed, 'conſecrated thy name; but it has im-'poveriſhed the world! We have loſt 'the virtues that would have been 'equal to thoſe of thy father; another 'Neſtor, whoſe wiſdom and eloquence 'would, in future times, have been 'the pride and admiration of Greece! 'That ſoft perſuaſion was already up-'on thy lips, which, when Neſtor 'ſpeaks, is irreſiſtible; that native 'ſimplicity and truth, that gentle ex-'poſtulation, which ſoothes anger into 'peace; and that authority, which 'equanimity and wiſdom neceſſarily 'acquire, were already thy own! To 'thy voice every ear was attentive, and 'every heart was inclined to approve 'thy judgment! Thy words, plain 'and artleſs, diſtilled upon the heart 'as the dews of Heaven diſtil upon the 'riſing herbage of the field! In thee 'how many bleſſings, within a few 'hours, did we poſſeſs! with thee how 'many bleſſings have we now loſt for 'ever! Piſiſtratus, whom but yeſter-'day I claſped to my breaſt, is now 'inſenſible to my friendſhip; and a 'mournful remembrance of him is 'all that remains! If, inſtead of our 'cloſing thy eyes, thou hadſt cloſed the 'eyes of Neſtor, the gods would have 'ſpared him this ſight of anguiſh and 'horror; and he would not have been 'diſtinguiſhed among fathers by unex-'ampled calamity!'

After theſe exclamations of tenderneſs and pity, Telemachus ordered the blood to be waſhed from the wounded ſide of Piſiſtratus, and the body to be laid upon a purple bier. Upon this bed of death his head reclined, and his countenance pale; he reſembled a young tree, which, having covered the earth with it's ſhade, and ſhot up it's branches to Heaven, is cut down with the axe by an untimely ſtroke; it is ſevered at once from it's root, and from the Earth, a prolifick mother, that cheriſhes her offſpring in her boſom! The branches languiſh, and the verdure fades; it is no longer ſelf-ſupported; it falls to the

ground, and it's ſpreading honours, that concealed the ſky, are ſtretched, withered, and ſapleſs, in the duſt: it is no more a tree, but a lifeleſs trunk; it aſpires, and is graceful no more! Thus fallen, and thus changed, Piſiſtratus was now borne to the funeral-pile, attended by a band of Pylians, moving with a ſlow and mournful pace, their arms reverſed, and their eyes, ſwimming in tears, fixed upon the ground. And now the flame aſcends in ruddy ſpires to the ſky; the body is quickly conſumed, and the aſhes depoſited in a golden urn. This urn, as an invaluable treaſure, Telemachus, who ſuperintended the whole, confided to Callimachus, to whom Neſtor had once confided the ſon whoſe remains it contained. 'Preſerve,' ſaid he, 'theſe 'mournful but precious relicks of one 'whom you tenderly loved! Preſerve 'them for his father; but do not give 'them till he has fortitude enough to 'aſk for them: that which at one time 'exaſperates ſorrow, will ſoothe it at 'another.'

Telemachus, having thus fulfilled the laſt duties to his friend, repaired to the aſſembly of the confederate princes; who, the moment they ſaw him, became ſilent with attention: he bluſhed at the deference that was paid him, and could not be prevailed upon to ſpeak. The acclamations that followed increaſed his confuſion; he wiſhed to hide himſelf: and now, for the firſt time, appeared to be irreſolute and diſconcerted. At laſt he entreated, as a favour, that they would praiſe him no more: 'Not,' ſays he, 'becauſe it diſpleaſes me, eſ'pecially from thoſe who are ſo well 'able to diſtinguiſh virtue; but be'cauſe I am afraid it ſhould pleaſe me 'too much: praiſe is the great cor'rupter of mankind; it renders them 'arrogant, preſumptuous, and vain; 'and ought alike to be deſerved and 'avoided. Nothing is ſo like honeſt 'praiſe as flattery: tyrants, the moſt 'wicked of all men, are moſt the ob'jects of adulation; and what plea'ſure can I derive from ſuch tribute? 'Honeſt praiſe, if I am ſo happy to 'deſerve it, will be paid when I am 'abſent; and, if you believe that I 'have merit, you muſt alſo believe 'that I deſire to be humble, and am 'afraid of being vain. Spare me, 'then, if you eſteem me; and do not 'praiſe me as if you thought praiſe 'was delightful to my ear.'

Telemachus, having thus expreſſed the ſentiments of his heart, took no farther notice of thoſe who ſtill continued loud in extravagant encomiums; and his neglect ſoon put them to ſilence; for they began to fear that their zeal would diſpleaſe him: praiſe, therefore, was at an end, but admiration increaſed; for the tenderneſs which he had ſhewn to Piſiſtratus, and the affectionate aſſiduity with which he had paid the laſt duties of a friend, were univerſally known; and the whole army was more touched with theſe teſtimonies of ſenſibility and benevolence, than with all the prodigies of wiſdom and valour that had diſtinguiſhed his character with unrivalled luſtre. 'He is wiſe,' ſaid they to each other, 'and he is brave: 'he is beloved of the gods; he ſtands 'alone the hero of our age; he is more 'than man! But this is only wonder'ful; this excites no paſſion but aſto'niſhment! He is, beſides, humane; 'he is good; he is a faithful and a 'tender friend; he is compaſſionate, 'liberal, beneficent, and devoted, with'out reſerve, to thoſe who merit his 'affection! Of his haughtineſs, in'difference, and ferocity, nothing re'mains: and he is now, not the won'der only, but the delight of man'kind! His character is now diſtin'guiſhed by uſeful and endearing ex'cellence; by qualities that reach the 'heart, that melt us with tenderneſs, 'that make us not only acknowledge, 'but feel, his virtues, and would 'prompt us to redeem his life with 'our own!'

The princes, having thus given vent to their eſteem and admiration, proceeded to debate the neceſſity of giving the Daunians a king. The greater part of the aſſembly was of opinion, that the territories of Adraſtus ſhould be divided among them as a conquered country; and Telemachus was offered, as his ſhare, the fertile country of Arpos, where Ceres pours out her golden treaſures; Bacchus preſents his delicious fruit; and the olive, conſecrated to Minerva, pays her green tribute twice a year. 'This country,' ſaid they, 'ought to obliterate Ithaca from 'your remembrance; it's barren ſoil, 'it's mean cottages, the dreary rocks 'of Dulichium, and the ſavage foreſts

'of

'of Zacynthus. Think no more of 'your father; who has certainly been 'buried in the deep at the promontory 'of Capareus, by the vengeance of 'Nauplius, and the anger of Neptune; 'nor of your mother, who muſt have 'yielded to her ſuitors in your ab'ſence; nor of your country, which 'the gods have not favoured like that 'which is now offered you.'

Telemachus heard them patiently; but the rocks of Theſſaly and Thrace are not more deaf and inexorable to the complaints of deſpairing love than the ſon of Ulyſſes was to theſe offers. 'I have no wiſh,' ſaid he, 'either for 'luxury or wealth: and why ſhould I 'poſſeſs a wider extent of country, or 'command a greater number of men? 'I ſhould only be more embarraſſed, 'and leſs at liberty. Men of the 'greateſt wiſdom, and moſt moderate 'deſires, have found life full of trou'ble, without taking upon them the 'government of others, who are reſt'leſs and untractable, injurious, frau'dulent, and ungrateful. He that de'ſires to command others for his own 'ſake, without any view but to his 'own power, and pleaſure, and glory, 'is a tyrant, an enemy to the gods, 'and a puniſhment to man! He who 'governs mankind with juſtice and 'equity for their own advantage, is 'rather their guardian than their lord: 'his trouble is inconceivable; and he 'is far from wiſhing to increaſe it by 'extending his authority. The ſhep'herd who does not riot upon the fleſh 'of his flock; who defends them from 'the wolf at the hazard of his life; 'who leads them to the beſt paſture, 'and watches over them night and 'day; has no deſire to increaſe the 'number of his ſheep, or to ſeize upon 'thoſe that belong to his neighbour; 'for this would only increaſe his care 'by multiplying it's objects. Though 'I have never governed, I have learned 'from the laws, and from the ſages by 'whom laws have been made, that 'government is an anxious and la'borious taſk: I am therefore content 'with Ithaca, however ſmall, and how'ever poor; and, if I can reign there 'with fortitude, juſtice, and piety, 'I ſhall have no need to wiſh for a 'larger dominion to increaſe my glory. 'My reign, indeed, may commence 'but too ſoon. Would to Heaven that 'my father, eſcaping the fury of the 'waves, may reign himſelf to the 'longeſt period of human life; and 'that, under him, I may learn to ſub'due my own paſſions, till I know 'how to reſtrain thoſe of a whole na'tion!'

Telemachus then addreſſed the aſſembly in theſe terms: 'Hear, O ye 'princes! what your intereſt makes it 'my duty to declare. If you give the 'Daunians a juſt king, he will make 'them a juſt people; he will ſhew them 'the advantage of keeping their faith 'unbroken, and of not invading the 'territories of their neighbours: a leſ'ſon which, under the impious Adraſ'tus, they could never learn. From 'theſe people, while they are under 'the direction of a wiſe and good 'prince, you will have nothing to fear; 'if ſuch a prince you ſhall give them, 'they will be indebted for him to 'you, and they will be indebted to you 'for the peace and proſperity that they 'will enjoy under him: inſtead of at'tacking, they will bleſs you; and 'both king and people will be, as it 'were, the work of your own hands. 'But, on the contrary, if you divide 'their country among you, the miſ'chiefs which I now predict will cer'tainly come to paſs. The Daunians, 'puſhed to deſperation, will renew the 'war; they will fight in a juſt cauſe, 'the cauſe of liberty; and the gods, 'who abhor tyranny, will fight for 'them: if the gods ſhould take part 'againſt you, firſt or laſt, you muſt be 'confounded, and your proſperity will 'diſſipate like a vapour; counſel and 'wiſdom will be withdrawn from your 'chiefs, courage from your armies, 'and plenty from your country; your 'hopes will be preſumptuous, and your 'undertakings raſh; you will impoſe 'ſilence upon thoſe who warn you of 'your danger; and your ruin will be 'ſudden and irretrievable: it will then 'be ſaid—" Is this the mighty nation 'that was to give laws to the world? 'this that is now vanquiſhed, purſued, 'and trampled in the duſt? Such is 'the deſert of the lawleſs, the haughty, 'and the cruel; and ſuch is the righ'teous retribution of Heaven!"

'Conſider alſo, that if you under'take to divide your conqueſt, your 'will unite all the ſurrounding nations 'againſt you: your alliance, which

'was formed in defence of the common liberty of Hesperia, against the usurpations of Adrastus, will become odious; and you will yourselves be justly accused of aspiring at an universal tyranny. But suppose that you should be victorious against the Daunians, and every other people, your success will inevitably be your ruin. This measure will disunite you: it cannot be taken without a violation of those very rules by which alone you can regulate your own pretensions; it will substitute power for justice; and therefore each of you will make his power the measure of his claim. Not one of you will have sufficient authority over the rest to make a peaceable division of the common property; and thus a new war will commence, of which your descendants, that are not yet born, will probably never see the end. Is it not better to sit down in peace, with justice and moderation, than to follow ambition, where all is tumult, danger, and calamity? Is not perfect tranquillity and blameless pleasure, a plentiful country, and friendly neighbours, the glory that is inseparable from justice? and the authority that must result from an integrity, to which foreign nations refer their contests for decision, more desirable than the idle vanity of lawless conquest? I speak, O princes! without interest; I oppose your opinions, because I love you; I tell you the truth, though I risque your displeasure: should the counsel of Integrity be lightly rejected?' While Telemachus was thus speaking with a new and irresistible authority, and the princes were admiring the wisdom of his counsels in astonishment and suspense, a confused noise spread through the camp, and came at last to the place where they were assembled. It was said that a stranger had just landed, with a company of men in arms; that he was of a lofty port, and had a military greatness in his aspect and demeanor; that he appeared to have endured great adversity, and to be superior to all sufferance. The soldiers, who were stationed to guard the coast, at first prepared to repulse him as an enemy that was invading their country; upon which he drew his sword with an air of intrepidity, and declared that, if he was attacked, he could make good his defence; but that he required only peace and hospitality. He then held out an olive-branch as a supplicant; and, desiring to be conducted to those who commanded that part of the coast, he was accordingly brought to the royal assembly.

The moment after this intelligence was received, the stranger entered. His majestick appearance struck the whole assembly with surprize; he looked like the god of War, when he calls together his sanguinary bands upon the mountains of Thrace; and he addressed the princes in these terms.

'Surely I see the guardians of mankind, assembled to defend their country, or distribute justice! Here, then, a man persecuted by Fortune may hope to be heard; may the gods preserve you from the like calamity! I am Diomede, the king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy; and her vengeance pursues me whithersoever I fly. Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the Sea, has given me up to the fury of the winds and waves, and I have suffered shipwreck almost upon every rock. Inexorable Venus has left me no hope of again returning to my kingdom, or clasping my family to my breast! In the country where I first beheld the light, I shall behold it no more: from all that is dear to me I am severed for ever! Upon this unknown coast, after all my shipwrecks, I seek only security and rest. Jupiter himself is the stranger's tutelary god! If, therefore, ye have any reverence of Heaven, if ye have any feelings of compassion, vouchsafe me some neglected corner of this vast country, some barren spot, some untrodden waste, some sandy plain, some craggy rock, where I may take refuge with my associates in misfortune, and build a little town, a sad memorial of the country we have lost! We ask but a small tract of such ground as is useless to you; we will be peaceable neighbours, and firm allies; we will have no enemy, and no interest but yours; and we desire no other distinction or peculiarity than the liberty of living according to our own laws.'

While Diomede was speaking, Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon him; and all the changes of passion were by turns expressed in his aspect. When the

the hero at first mentioned his long misfortunes, he thought this majestick stranger might be his father, and his countenance brightened with hope: the moment he declared himself to be Diomede, it faded like a flower at the chill blast of the north; and, when he complained of inexorable anger, and an offended goddess, the heart of Telemachus was melted by the remembrance of what his father and himself had suffered from the same cause. The conflict was at last more than he could sustain; and, bursting into tears of grief and joy, he threw himself upon the neck of Diomede, and embraced him.

'I am,' said he, 'the son of Ulysses, 'your associate in the war; who, when 'you carried off the horses of Rhesus, 'was not idle. The gods have treated 'him with unrelenting severity, as 'they have treated you. If the oracles 'of Erebus may be believed, he is still 'alive: but, alas! he is not alive to 'me. I have left Ithaca to seek him; 'and I have now lost him, and my 'country, for ever! Judge, from my 'misfortunes, of my compassion for 'your's; for Misfortune is the parent 'of Pity, and so far it is an advantage. 'In this country I am but a stranger 'myself; and I have, from my infancy, 'suffered various distresses in my own. 'Yet, O mighty Diomede! I was not 'there ignorant of the glory you have 'acquired; nor am I here unable, O 'next to Achilles in courage and prow'ess! to procure you some succour. 'The princes, whom you see in this 'assembly, are not strangers to huma'nity; they are sensible that without 'it there is neither virtue, nor courage, 'nor honour. The truly great be'come more illustrious by adversity; 'without adversity something is want'ing in their character; they cannot be 'examples either of patience or of for'titude: when virtue suffers, every 'heart is melted that is not insensible 'to virtue. Entrust, then, your affairs 'implicitly with us, to whom the gods 'have given you: we receive you as a 'bounty from their hands; and shall 'think ourselves happy in the power 'of alleviating your distress.'

Diomede, astonished at what he heard, fixed his eyes upon Telemachus; and feeling himself moved to the heart, they embraced as if they had been long united by the most intimate friendship.

'O son of the wise Ulysses,' said he, 'how worthy art thou of such a fa'ther! Thou hast the same sweetness 'of countenance, the same graceful elo'cution, the same force of eloquence, 'the same elevation of sentiment, and 'the same rectitude of thought!'

The hero was also embraced by Philoctetes; and they related their unfortunate adventures to each other. 'You 'would certainly,' said Philoctetes, 'be glad once more to see Nestor: he 'has just lost his last surviving child, 'Pisistratus; and to him this world 'is only now a vale of tears leading to 'the grave. Come with me, and com'fort him: an unfortunate friend is 'more likely than any other to soothe 'his distress.'

They went immediately to his tent; but grief had so much affected both his senses and his understanding, that he recollected Diomede with difficulty. Diomede at first wept with him; and the old man felt his grief increased by the interview: the presence of his friend, however, soothed his anguish by degrees; and it was easy to perceive that the sense of his misfortunes was in some degree suspended by the pleasure of relating them, and of hearing what had befallen Diomede in return.

In the mean time, the assembled princes consulted with Telemachus what was proper to be done. Telemachus advised them to bestow the country of Arpos upon Diomede, and to give Polydamas to the Daunians for their king. Polydamas was their countryman; a soldier, of whose eminent abilities Adrastus was jealous; and whom therefore he would never employ, lest he should share the glory of success, which he wished to secure to himself. Polydamas had often told him in private, that, in a war against united nations, his life and the publick welfare were too much exposed, and would have persuaded him to treat the neighbouring states with more justice and equity: but men who hate truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it; they are not touched, either with their sincerity, their zeal, or their disinterestedness. A delusive prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against the counsels of virtue; and the neglect of them afforded him every day a new triumph; for fraud and violence gave him the advantage over all his enemies.

The

The misfortunes which Polydamas predicted did not happen; Adraſtus deſpiſed the timid prudence which foreſaw nothing but difficulty and danger; Polydamas became at length inſupportable; he was diſmiſſed from all his employments, and left to languiſh in poverty and ſolitude.

Polydamas was at firſt overwhelmed with this reverſe of fortune; but, at length, it ſupplied what was wanting in his character, a ſenſe of the vanity of external greatneſs. He became wiſe at his own expence, and rejoiced that he had felt adverſity: he learned, by degrees, to ſuffer; to live upon little; to regale, with tranquillity, upon truth; to cultivate the virtues of private life, which are infinitely more eſtimable than thoſe that glitter in the publick eye; and not to depend for his enjoyments upon mankind. He dwelt in a deſart, at the foot of Mount Garganus, where a rock, that formed a kind of rude vault, ſheltered him from the weather; a river that fell from the mountain quenched his thirſt; and the fruit of ſome neighbouring trees allayed his hunger. He had two ſlaves, whom he employed to cultivate a ſmall ſpot of ground; and he aſſiſted them in their work with his own hands. The ſoil repaid his labour with uſury, and he was in want of nothing. He had not only fruit, herbs, and roots, in abundance, but the moſt fragrant flowers of every kind. In this retirement he deplored the misfortunes of thoſe nations which the mad ambition of their princes puſhes on to their ruin. He expected every day that the gods, who, though long-ſuffering, are juſt, would put an end to the tyranny of Adraſtus: he thought he perceived that the more the tyrant roſe in proſperity, the nearer he approached to deſtruction; for ſucceſsful imprudence, and abſolute authority, in their utmoſt ſtretch, are to kings and kingdoms the certain forerunners of a fall: yet, when he heard of the defeat and death of Adraſtus, he expreſſed no joy, either in having foreſeen his ruin, or in being delivered from his tyranny; he was anxious only for his country, which he feared the conquerors might reduce to a ſtate of ſlavery.

Such was the man whom Telemachus propoſed to give the Daunians for their king. He had been ſome time acquainted both with his abilities and his virtue; for Telemachus, as he had been adviſed by Mentor, applied himſelf with inceſſant diligence to diſcover the good and bad qualities of all perſons who had any conſiderable truſt, whether under the allied princes with whom he ſerved in the war, or among their enemies: and it was one of his principal employments, in every place, to diſcover and examine men who were diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſingular talent or qualification, wherever they were to be found.

The confederate princes were at firſt ſomething unwilling to beſtow the kingdom upon Polydamas. 'We 'have learnt,' ſaid they, 'by fatal ex- 'perience, that a king of the Daunians 'who has a military diſpoſition and 'military ſkill, muſt be extremely for- 'midable to his neighbours: Poly- 'damas is a great commander; and he 'may bring us into great danger.'— 'It is true,' ſaid Telemachus, 'that 'Polydamas is acquainted with war; 'but it is alſo true, that he is a lover 'of peace; which, together, make the 'very character that our intereſt re- 'quires. A man who has experienced 'the difficulties, the dangers, and the 'calamities of war, is much better 'qualified to avoid them than he that 'knows them only by report. Poly- 'damas has learnt to reliſh, and to 'value, the bleſſings of tranquillity; 'he always condemned the enterprizes 'of Adraſtus, and foreſaw the ruin in 'which they would terminate. You 'will have much more to fear from a 'weak prince, without knowledge, and 'without experience, than from one 'who ſees all with his own eye, and de- 'termines all by his own will. The 'weak and ignorant prince will ſee all 'things with the eyes of another; either 'of ſome capricious favourite, or 'ſome flattering, turbulent, and am- 'bitious miniſter: he will, therefore, 'be engaged in a war without intend- 'ing it; and you can certainly have 'no dependence upon him who acts 'implicitly by the direction of others; 'there can be no hope that his promiſes 'will be kept; and you will in a ſhort 'time have no alternative but to de- 'ſtroy him, or ſuffer yourſelves to be 'deſtroyed by him. Is it not there- 'fore more advantageous, more ſafe, 'and, at the ſame time, more juſt and 'more generous, faithfully to fulfil 'the

'the truſt which the Daunians have 'placed in you, and give them a king 'that is worthy of dominion?'

All ſcruples being entirely removed by this diſcourſe, Polydamas was immediately propoſed to the Daunians, who waited the determination of the aſſembly with great impatience. As ſoon as they heard the name of Polydamas, they anſwered—'The allies 'have now proved the ſincerity of their 'intentions, and given us a pledge of 'perpetual peace, by propoſing a man 'of ſuch virtue and abilities for our 'king: if they had propoſed a man 'without ſpirit, without virtue, with-'out knowledge, we ſhould have con-'cluded that they deſigned only to 'make us weak and contemptible, by 'rendering our government corrupt; 'a cruel ſubtlety, which we could not 'have ſeen practiſed againſt us without 'a ſecret but ſtrong reſentment! The 'choice of Polydamas, indeed, is a 'proof of nobler principles: for as 'the allies have given us a king who 'is incapable of doing any thing in-'conſiſtent with the liberty and honour 'of our ſtate, it is manifeſt that they 'expect nothing which can either de-'grade or oppreſs us; and, on our 'part, we take the gods to witneſs, 'that, if the rivers return not back to 'their ſources, we will not ceaſe to 'love thoſe who have treated us with 'ſo noble a beneficence. May our 'lateſt poſterity remember the benefits 'which have this day been conferred 'upon us; and renew, from generation 'to generation, the peace of the gol-'den age in Heſperia, till time ſhall 'be no more!'

Telemachus then propoſed to the Daunians, that the plains of Arpos ſhould be given to Diomede, for the ſettlement of a colony. 'You will 'lay this new people,' ſaid he, 'un-'der an obligation without expence. 'You do not occupy the country in 'which they will ſettle; yet they will 'be indebted for their ſettlement there 'to you. Remember, that all men 'ſhould be united by the bands of 'love; that the earth is of an extent 'much larger than they can fill; that 'it is neceſſary to have neighbours, 'and eligible to have ſuch neighbours 'as are obliged to you for their ſettle-'ment: nor ſhould you be inſenſible 'to the misfortunes of a prince, to 'whom his native country is inter-'dicted for ever. An union between 'him and Polydamas will be immedi-'ately formed, upon mutual princi-'ples of rectitude and benevolence, 'the only principles upon which any 'union can be laſting: you will, there-'fore, ſecure all the bleſſings of peace 'to yourſelves, and become ſo formi-'dable to all the neighbouring ſtates, 'that none of them will attempt the 'acquiſition of greatneſs and power 'that would be dangerous to the reſt. 'As we have given to your country 'and people a king who will procure 'to both the higheſt degree of proſpe-'rity and honour, let your liberality, 'at our requeſt, beſtow a country, that 'you do not cultivate, upon a king who 'has an undubitable claim to your 'aſſiſtance.'

The Daunians anſwered, that they could refuſe nothing to Telemachus, who had given them Polydamas for a king; and they went immediately to ſeek him in his deſart, that they might place him upon the throne. Firſt, however, they granted the fertile plains of Arpos to Diomede for a new kingdom; and their bounty to him was extremely pleaſing to the allies, becauſe his colony of Greeks would powerfully aſſiſt them to repreſs the Daunians in any future attempt to make encroachments upon the neighbouring ſtates, of which Adraſtus had given them ſo pernicious an example.

All the purpoſes of the alliance being now accompliſhed, the princes drew off their forces in ſeparate bodies; and Telemachus departed with his Cretans, having firſt tenderly embraced his noble friend Diomede; Neſtor, ſtill inconſolable for the loſs of his ſon; and Philoctetes, who poſſeſſed and deſerved the arrows of Hercules.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXII.

TELEMACHUS was now impatient to rejoin Mentor at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father would arrive before him. As he approached the city, he was astonished to see that the neighbouring country, which he had left almost a desart, was now in the highest state of cultivation, and swarmed like a hive with the children of industry and labour: this change he imputed to the wisdom of Mentor. But when he entered the city, and perceived that it's appearance was much less magnificent, and that fewer hands were employed to furnish the luxuries of life, he was displeased; for he was naturally fond of elegance and splendor: his displeasure, however, soon gave way to other sentiments; he saw Idomeneus and Mentor, at a distance coming to meet him; and his heart instantly overflowed with tenderness and joy. It was not, however, without some mixture of anxiety; for, notwithstanding his success in the expedition against Adrastus, he doubted whether his conduct, upon the whole, would be approved by Mentor, and endeavoured to read his sentiments in his eyes as he approached.

Idomeneus embraced Telemachus with the affection of a parent; and Telemachus, as soon as he was disengaged, threw himself upon the neck of Mentor, and burst into tears, 'I am satisfied,' said Mentor: 'you have, indeed, committed great faults; but they have 'acquainted you with your infirmities, 'and warned you of self-confidence. 'More advantage is sometimes derived from disappointment than success. 'Great atchievements frequently produce contemptible vain-glory and 'dangerous presumption: but disappointments from ill-conduct make the 'man a censor of himself, and restore 'the wisdom which success had taken 'away. You are not to seek praise 'from men; but to offer it, with humility, to the gods. You have, indeed, performed noble exploits; but 'you must confess that you was rather 'the instrument than the agent: were 'they not effected by powers communicated from without? and were they 'not frequently endangered by your 'precipitation and imprudence? Are 'you not secretly conscious that Minerva exalted you into a nature superior to your own; and that, after this 'transformation only, you became 'equal to the atchievements that you 'performed? Minerva suspended your 'passions, as Neptune suspends the 'swelling of the surge when he commands the tempest to be still.'

While Idomeneus was gratifying his curiosity, by making various enquiries of

of the Cretans that were returned with Telemachus from the war, Telemachus was listening to the wisdom of Mentor. At length, looking round him with astonishment—'I see many 'alterations here,' said he, 'of which 'I cannot comprehend the cause: has 'any misfortune happened to Salentum in my absence? The magnificence 'and splendor in which I left it have 'disappeared. I see neither silver, nor 'gold, nor jewels; the habits of the 'people are plain; the buildings are 'smaller and more simple; the arts languish, and the city is become a desart.'

'Have you observed,' replied Mentor with a smile, 'the state of the 'country that lies round it!'—'Yes,' said Telemachus; 'I perceive that 'agriculture is become an honourable 'profession, and that there is not a field 'uncultivated.'—'And which is best,' replied Mentor; 'a superb city, abounding in marble, and silver, and gold, 'with a sterile and neglected country; 'or a country in a state of high cultivation, and fruitful as a garden, 'with a city where decency has taken 'place of pomp? A great city, full of 'artificers, who are employed only to 'effeminate the manners, by furnishing 'the superfluities of luxury, surrounded by a poor and uncultivated country, resembles a monster, with a head 'of an enormous size, and a withered 'enervated body, without beauty, vigour, or proportion. The genuine 'strength and true riches of a kingdom consist in the number of people, 'and the plenty of provisions; and innumerable people now cover the whole 'territory of Idomeneus, which they 'cultivate with unwearied diligence 'and assiduity. His dominions may 'be considered as one town, of which 'Salentum is the centre; for the people that were wanting in the fields, 'and superfluous in the city, we have 'removed from the city to the fields; 'we have also brought in many foreigners; and, as the produce of the earth 'will always be in proportion to the 'number of people that till it, this 'quiet and peaceable multitude is a 'much more valuable acquisition than 'a new conquest. We have expelled 'those arts which divert the poor from 'procuring, by agriculture, the necessaries of life, and corrupt the wealthy, 'by giving them the superfluities of 'luxury and pride; but we have done 'no injury to the polite arts, nor to 'those who have a true genius for their 'cultivation. Idomeneus is thus become much more powerful than he 'was when you admired his magnificence; a false splendor, which, by 'dazzling the eye, concealed such 'weakness and misery as would, in a 'short time, have subverted his empire. 'He has now a much greater number 'of subjects, and he subsists them with 'greater facility: these people, enured 'to labour and hardship, and set above 'a fond and effeminate attachment to 'life, by the wise institutions of the government under which they live, are 'always ready to take the field in defence of the country which they have 'cultivated with their own hand; and 'the state which you think is in decay 'will shortly be the wonder of Hesperia.

'Remember, O my son! that there 'are two evils in government which 'admit of no remedy; an unequitable 'and despotick power in the prince, and 'a luxurious depravity of manners in 'the people. Princes who have been 'accustomed to consider their will only 'as law, and to give the reins to their 'passions, may do any thing; but their 'power of doing any thing is necessarily subverted by it's own excess: 'their government is capriciously administered without maxim or principle; they are universally feared and 'flattered; their subjects degenerate 'into slaves; and, of these slaves, the 'number is perpetually diminishing. 'Who shall dare to affront them with 'truth? Who shall stem the torrent of 'destruction! it swells over all bounds; 'the wise fly before it, and sigh in secret over the ruin of their country. 'Some sudden and violent revolution 'only can reduce this enormous power 'within proper bounds; and by that, 'which alone can restrain it, it is frequently destroyed. Nothing is so 'certain a presage of irremediable destruction as authority pushed to excess; it is like a bow that is overbent, 'which, if not relaxed, will suddenly 'fly to pieces; and who shall venture 'to relax it? This excessive, this fatal, but flattering, power, has been 'once the ruin of Idomeneus; he was 'dethroned, but not undeceived: and

'of that power, which, as it is not intended for mankind, can be assumed only to their ruin, he would still have been the dupe, if the gods had not sent us hither for his deliverance; and after all, events, scarce less than miracles have been necessary to open his eyes.

'The other incurable evil is luxury. As the prince is corrupted by an excess of power, the people are corrupted by luxury. It has been said, indeed, that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich; but certainly the poor may be subsisted by useful employments; if they apply themselves to multiply the products of the earth, they will be under no necessity to corrupt the rich by the refinements of luxury. A deviation from the simplicity of nature is sometimes so general, that a whole nation considers the most trifling superfluities as the necessaries of life: these fictitious necessaries multiply every day, and people can no longer subsist without things, which, thirty years before, had never been in being. This luxury is called taste, improvement, and politeness; and, though a vice which superinduces almost every other, it is cultivated and commended as a virtue. It's contagion spreads from the prince to the meanest of the people: the royal family imitate the magnificence of the king, the nobles that of the royal family, the middle class that of the nobles; for who makes a just estimation of himself? and the poor would intrude upon the class above them. Every one lives above his condition: some from ostentation, and to glory in their wealth; some from a false shame, and to conceal their poverty. Even those who discover the mischief of this general folly, want fortitude to set the first example of reformation: all conditions are confounded, and the nation is undone. A desire of gain to support this idle expence, taints by degrees the purest minds; wealth is the only object of desire, and poverty the only mark of disgrace. You may have learning, talents, and virtue; you may diffuse knowledge, you may win battles, save your country, and sacrifice your interest; and, after all, if your merit is not set off by the glitter of fashionable expence, you will sink into obscurity and contempt. Even those who are without money will not appear to want it; they live at the same expence as if they had it; they borrow, they cheat, and practise a thousand scandalous expedients to procure it: and who shall apply a remedy to these evils? New laws must be instituted, and the taste and habit of the whole nation must be changed: and who is equal to such an undertaking but he who is at once a philosopher and a prince? who, by the example of his own decency and moderation, can shame the fools that are fond of ostentation and parade, and keep the wife in countenance, who would rejoice to be encouraged in an honest frugality.'

Telemachus, while he listened to this discourse, perceived the delusions of his mind vanish, like a man that wakes from a dream. He was now conscious to truth; and his heart was transformed to it's image, as marble to the idea of the sculptor, when he gives it the features, the attitude, and almost the softness, of life. At first he made no reply; but, while he recollected what he had heard, he attentively reviewed the alterations that had been made in the city.

At length, turning to Mentor—'You have,' said he, 'made Idomeneus one of the wisest princes upon earth; I no longer know either him or his people. I am now convinced, that your atchievements here are much greater than ours in the field. The success of war is, in a great degree, the effect of personal prowess and chance; and the commander must always share the glory of conquest with his men: but your work is properly and exclusively your own; you have alone opposed a whole nation, and it's prince; and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The success of war is always fatal and horrid; but all here is the work of celestial wisdom; all is gentle, pure, and lovely; all indicates an authority more than human. When man is desirous of glory, why does he not seek it by works of benevolence like these? O how false are their notions of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravaging the earth, and destroying mankind?' At this exclamation of Telemachus, Mentor felt a secret

a ſecret joy, that brightened in his countenance; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conqueſt and triumph to their true ſtandard, at an age when it would have been but natural to over-rate the glory he had acquired.

'It is true,' replied Mentor, after a pauſe; 'all that Idomeneus has done 'here is right, and deſerves commen- 'dation: but he may do ſtill better. 'He has now brought his paſſions un- 'der ſubjection, and he applies him- 'ſelf to the government of his people 'upon juſt principles: but he has ſtill 'great faults, which ſeem to be the 'progeny of faults that are paſt. When 'we make an effort to leave familiar 'vices, they ſeem to follow us; bad 'habits, relaxation of mind, invete- 'rate errors, and ſtrong prejudices, 'long remain. Happy are thoſe who 'never deviated into error; for their 'rectitude, and theirs only, can be uni- 'form and conſtant. The gods, O 'Telemachus! require more from you 'than from Idomeneus; becauſe you 'have been made acquainted with truth 'from your earlieſt infancy, and have 'never been expoſed to the ſeduction 'of unbounded proſperity.

'Idomeneus,' continued Mentor, 'is by no means deficient either in pe- 'netration or knowledge; but he waſtes 'his abilities upon little things: he is 'too much buſied upon parts to com- 'prehend the whole; and he arranges 'atoms inſtead of conceiving a ſyſtem. 'The proof of abilities in a king, as 'the ſupreme governor of others, does 'not conſiſt in doing every thing him- 'ſelf: to attempt it is a poor ambition; 'and to ſuppoſe that others will be- 'lieve it can be done, an idle hope. 'In government, the king ſhould not 'be the body, but the ſoul; by his in- 'fluence, and under his direction, the 'hands ſhould operate, and the feet 'ſhould walk: he ſhould conceive 'what is to be done, but he ſhould ap- 'point others to do it; his abilities 'will appear in the conception of his 'deſigns, and the choice of his inſtru- 'ments. He ſhould never ſtoop to their 'function, nor ſuffer them to aſpire to 'his: neither ſhould he truſt them im- 'plicitly; he ought to examine their 'proceedings, and be equally able to 'detect a want of judgment or inte- 'grity. He governs well who diſ- 'cerns the various characters and abi- 'lities of men, and employs them to 'adminiſter government, under him, 'in departments that are exactly ſuited 'to their talents. The perfection of 'ſupreme government conſiſts in the 'governing of thoſe that govern: he 'that preſides ſhould try, reſtrain, and 'correct them; he ſhould encourage, 'raiſe, change, and diſplace them; he 'ſhould keep them for ever in his eye, 'and in his hand; but, to make the 'minute particulars of their ſubordi- 'nate departments objects of perſonal 'application, indicates meanneſs and 'ſuſpicion, and fills the mind with 'petty anxieties, that leave it neither 'time nor liberty for deſigns that are 'worthy of royal attention. To form 'great deſigns all muſt be freedom 'and tranquillity; no intricacies of 'buſineſs muſt embarraſs or perplex, 'no ſubordinate objects muſt divide 'the attention. A mind that is ex- 'hauſted upon minute particulars re- 'ſembles the lees of wine, that have 'neither flavour nor ſtrength; and a 'king that buſies himſelf in doing the 'duty of his ſervants is always deter- 'mined by preſent appearances, and 'never extends his views to futurity: 'he is always abſorbed by the buſineſs 'of the day, that is paſſing over him; 'and this, being his only object, ac- 'quires an undue importance, which, 'if compared with others, it would 'loſe. The mind that admits but one 'object at a time muſt naturally con- 'tract; and it is impoſſible to judge 'well of any affair without conſidering 'many, comparing them with each 'other, and ranging them in a certain 'order, by which their relative impor- 'tance will appear. He that neglects 'this rule in government reſembles a 'muſician, who ſhould content him- 'ſelf with the diſcovery of melodious 'tones, one by one, and never think 'of combining or harmonizing them 'into muſick, which would not only 'gratify the ear, but affect the heart. 'Or he may be compared to an archi- 'tect, who ſhould fancy the powers of 'his art exhauſted, by heaping toge- 'ther large columns, and great quan- 'tities of ſtone curiouſly carved, with- 'out conſidering the proportion of his 'building, or the arrangement of his 'ornaments: ſuch an artiſt, when he 'was building a ſaloon, would not

'reflect that a suitable stair-case should 'be added; and when he was busy upon 'the body of the building, he would 'forget the court-yard and the portal; 'his work would be nothing more 'than a confused assemblage of parts, 'not suited to each other, not concur-'ring to form a whole; such a work 'would be so far from doing him ho-'nour, that it would be a perpetual 'monument of disgrace; it would shew 'that his range of thought was not 'sufficient to include all the parts of 'his design at once, that his mind was 'contracted, and his genius subordi-'nate; for he that sees only from part 'to part, is fit only to execute the de-'signs of another. Be assured, my 'dear Telemachus, that the govern-'ment of a kingdom requires a certain 'harmony, like musick; and just pro-'portions, like architecture.

'If you will give me leave to carry 'on the parallel between these arts and 'government, I can easily make you 'comprehend the inferiority of those 'who administer government by parts, 'and not as a whole. He that sings 'particular parts in a concert, how-'ever great his skill, or excellent his 'voice, is still but a singer; he who 'regulates all the parts, and conducts 'the whole, is the master of musick: 'so, he that fashions the columns, and 'carries up the side of a building, is no 'more than a mason; but he who has 'designed the whole, and whose mind 'sees all the relations of part to part, 'is the architect. Those, therefore, 'who are most busy, who dispatch the 'greatest number of affairs, can least 'be said to govern; they are inferior 'workmen; the presiding mind, the 'genius that governs the state, is he 'who, doing nothing, causes all to be 'done; who meditates and contrives; 'who looks forward to the future, 'and back to the past; who sees rela-'tive proportions, arranges all things 'in order, and provides for remote 'contingencies; who keeps himself in 'perpetual exercise to wrestle with for-'tune, as the swimmer struggles with 'a torrent; and whose mind is night 'and day upon the stretch, that, anti-'cipating all events, nothing may be 'left to chance.

'Do you think, my dear Telema-'chus, that a great painter is incess-'santly toiling, that he may dispatch 'his work with the greater expedition? 'No; such drudgery and constraint 'would quench all the fire of imagi-'nation; he would no longer work 'like a genius; for the genius works, 'as he is impelled by the powers of 'fancy, in sudden, vigorous, but irre-'gular sallies. Does the genius grind 'his colours, or prepare his pencils? 'No; he leaves that to others, that are 'as yet but in the rudiments of his 'art: he reserves himself for the la-'bours of the mind; he transfers his 'ideas to the canvas in some bold and 'glowing strokes, which give dignity 'to his figures, and animate them, 'not only with life, but passion. His 'mind teems with the thoughts and 'sentiments of the heroes he is to re-'present; he is carried back to the 'ages in which they lived, and is pre-'sent to the circumstances they were 'placed in. But, with this fervid en-'thusiasm, he possesses also a judgment 'that restrains and regulates it; so 'that his whole work, however bold 'and animated, is perfectly consonant 'to propriety and truth. And can it 'be imagined, that less elevation of 'genius, less effort of thought, is ne-'cessary to make a great king than a 'good painter? Let us therefore con-'clude, that the province of a king 'is to think, to form great designs, 'and to make choice of men properly 'qualified to carry them into execu-'tion.'

'I think,' said Telemachus, 'that 'I perfectly comprehend your mean-'ing: but surely a king who leaves 'the dispatch of publick business to 'others, will be often imposed upon.' —'You impose upon yourself,' replied Mentor: 'a general knowledge of go-'vernment will always secure him 'against imposition. Those who are 'not acquainted with radical princi-'ples, and have not sagacity to discern 'the talents and characters of men, 'are always seeking their way, like 'men in the dark. If these, indeed, 'escape imposition, it is by chance; 'for they have not a clear and perfect 'knowledge of what they seek, nor in 'what direction they should move to 'find it: their knowledge is just suffi-'cient to excite suspicion; and they are 'rather suspicious of integrity, that 'opposes them with truth, than of 'fraud, that seduces them by flattery.

'Those,

'Thoſe, on the contrary, who know 'the principles of government, and can 'diſtinguiſh the characters of men, 'know what is to be expected from 'them, and how to obtain it; they 'know, at leaſt, whether the perſons 'they employ are in general proper in-'ſtruments to execute their deſigns; 'and whether they conceive and adopt 'their views with ſufficient preciſion 'and abilities to carry them into ef-'fect. Beſides, as their attention is 'not divided by embarraſſing particu-'lars, they keep the great object ſtea-'dily in view; and can always judge 'whether they deviate or approach it. 'If they are ſometimes deceived, it is 'in accidental and trifling matters, 'that are not eſſential to the principal 'deſign. They are alſo ſuperior to 'little jealouſies, which are always 'marks of a narrow mind, and gro-'velling diſpoſition: they know that, 'in great affairs, they muſt in ſome 'particulars be deceived, becauſe they 'are obliged to make uſe of men, and 'men are often deceitful; and more is 'loſt by the delay and irreſolution 'which ariſes from want of confidence 'in thoſe who muſt be employed, than 'from petty frauds by which that con-'fidence is abuſed. He is compara-'tively happy who is diſappointed 'only in affairs of ſmall moment: the 'great work may go on with ſucceſs; 'and it is about this only that a great 'man ought to be ſolicitous. Fraud, 'indeed, ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed 'when it is diſcovered; but he that 'would not be deceived in matters of 'importance, muſt in trifles be con-'tent to be deceived. An artificer in 'his work-room ſees every thing with 'his own eye, and does every thing 'with his own hand; but a king, who 'preſides over a great nation, can nei-'ther ſee all, nor do all: he ought, in-'deed, to do nothing himſelf but what 'another cannot do under him, and to 'ſee nothing that is not eſſential to 'ſome determination of great impor-'tance.

'You, Telemachus,' continued Mentor, 'are a favourite of the gods; 'and it is their pleaſure to diſtinguiſh 'your reign by wiſdom. All that you 'ſee here is done leſs for the glory of 'Idomeneus than for your inſtruction: 'and, if your virtues correſpond with 'the deſigns of Heaven, the wiſe in-'ſtitutions that you admire in Salen-'tum are but as ſhadows to the ſub-'ſtance, in compariſon of what you 'will one day do in Ithaca. But Ido-'meneus has now prepared a ſhip for 'our departure; and it is time that we 'ſhould think of quitting the coaſts of 'Heſperia.'

At the mention of their departure, Telemachus opened his heart to his friend with reſpect to an attachment which made it impoſſible for him to leave Salentum without regret. The ſecret, however, coſt him ſome pain. 'You will blame me, perhaps,' ſaid he, 'for yielding too eaſily to impreſ-'ſions of love in the countries through 'which I paſs; but my heart would 'always reproach me if I ſhould hide 'from you the paſſion that I have con-'ceived for Antiope, the daughter of 'Idomeneus. This, my dear Men-'tor, is not a blind impulſe, like that 'which you taught me to ſurmount in 'the iſland of Calypſo. I know that 'the wound which my heart received 'from Eucharis was deep: neither 'time nor abſence can efface her image 'from my heart; and I cannot, even 'now, pronounce her name without 'emotion. After ſuch experience of 'my weakneſs, I muſt be diffident of 'myſelf: yet what I feel for Anti-'ope is wholly different from what I 'felt for Eucharis; it is not the tu-'multuous deſire of paſſion, it is the 'calm complacency of reaſon, a tender 'approbation and eſteem. I deſire her, 'as the ſiſter of my ſoul, my friend, 'and companion, for life; and, if the 'gods ſhall ever reſtore my father to 'me, and I am permitted to chuſe, my 'fate and the fate of Antiope ſhall be 'one. The charms that have attached 'me to Antiope are the glowing mo-'deſty of her countenance; her ſilent 'diffidence, and ſweet reſerve; her 'conſtant attention to tapeſtry, em-'broidery, or ſome other uſeful and 'elegant employment; her diligence 'in the management of her father's 'houſhold ſince the death of her mo-'ther; her contempt of exceſſive finery 'in her dreſs; and her total forget-'fulneſs, or rather ignorance, of her 'beauty. When, at the command of 'Idomeneus, ſhe leads the dance, with 'the beauties of Crete, to the ſoft

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'sound of the flute, she might be well 'taken for Venus, the queen of Smiles, 'with the Graces in her train. When 'he takes her with him to the chace, 'she discovers such skill in the bow, 'and such dignity of deportment, as 'distinguish Diana when she is sur-'rounded by her nymphs: of this su-'periority she alone is ignorant, while 'every eye remarks it with admira-'tion. When she enters a temple with 'sacred offerings to the gods, she might 'herself be taken for the divinity of 'the place: with what devotion and 'awe she presents her gifts, and pro-'pitiates the gods, when some crime 'is to be expiated, or some fatal omen 'averted! And when she appears with 'a golden needle in her hand, sur-'rounded by the virgins of her train, 'we are tempted to believe that Mi-'nerva has descended in a human form 'to the earth, and is teaching the po-'lite arts to mankind. She encourages 'others to diligence by her example; 'she sweetens labour, and suspends 'weariness, by the melody of her voice, 'when she sings the mysterious history 'of the gods; and she excels the most 'exquisite painters in the elegance of 'her embroidery. How happy the 'man whom Hymen shall unite with 'her by a gentle band! What can he 'suffer but her loss? What can he fear 'but to survive her?

'But I take the gods to witness, my 'dear Mentor, that I am ready to de-'part. I shall love Antiope for ever; 'but she shall not delay my return to 'Ithaca a moment. If another should 'possess her, I shall be wretched; yet 'I will leave her. Although I know 'that I may lose her by absence, I will 'not mention my love either to her or 'to her father; for I ought to conceal 'it in my bosom from all but you, till 'Ulysses, again seated upon his throne, 'shall permit me to reveal it. Judge, 'then, my dear Mentor, how much 'my attachment to Antiope differs 'from that passion for Eucharis, by 'which, you remember, both my vir-'tue and reason to have been over-'borne!'

'I am sensible of this difference,' said Mentor: 'Antiope is all gentle-'ness, prudence, and simplicity. Her 'hands do not despise labour; she looks 'forward with a provident forecast; 'she provides for contingencies; she 'dispatches pressing business with silent 'expedition; she is always busy, but 'never confused; for every thing is 'referred to it's proper time and place. 'The elegant regularity of her fa-'ther's household is her glory: a no-'bler distinction than youth and beauty! 'Though the whole is submitted to 'her management, and it is her pro-'vince to reprove, to deny, to spare, 'which make almost every other wo-'man hated, yet she is beloved by the 'whole house; for she discovers nei-'ther passion nor obstinacy, nor levity 'nor caprice, which are so often ble-'mishes in the sex: a glance of her 'eye is a sufficient command; and 'every one obeys from an unwilling-'ness to displease her. She gives par-'ticular directions with exactness and 'precision; and commands nothing 'that cannot be executed: there is 'kindness even in her reproof; and 'she enccurages to amendment while 'she blames for misconduct. She is 'the solace of her father's fatigue and 'care; and to her his mind retreats for 'rest, as a traveller, fainting with heat 'in the summer's sun, retreats to the 'shade of a grove, and reposes in luxu-'rious ease upon the downy turf. 'Antiope is, indeed, a treasure that 'would repay the most distant and la-'borious search. Her mind, no more 'than her body, is dishonoured by 'trifling ornaments: her imagination 'is lively, but not uncontrouled; she 'speaks only when it is improper to re-'frain; and in her speech there is an 'artless grace, a soft but irresistible 'persuasion; all listen in silence, and 'she blushes with confusion. The de-'ference and attention with which she 'is heard, make it difficult for her 'modesty not to suppress what she in-'tended to say. We have, indeed, 'heard her speak but seldom; yet you 'once heard her upon an occasion 'which, I am sure, you cannot forget. 'She was one day sent for by her fa-'ther, when he was about to punish 'one of his slaves with exemplary se-'verity: she appeared, with her head 'modestly reclined, and her face co-'vered with a long veil. She spoke; 'but said no more than was just ne-'cessary to appease his anger. At first 'she seemed to take part in his resent-

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'ment; she then softened it by insensible degrees: at last, she insinuated an apology for the offender; and, without wounding the king by the mortifying sense of excessive anger, she kindled in his bosom sentiments of justice and compassion. The tumult of his mind subsided under an easy but irresistible influence, as the yielding waves insensibly lose their undulation, when hoary Nereus is soothed into peace by the gentle blandishments of his daughter Thetis. Thus will the heart of a husband, one day, correspond with the influence of Antiope, though she assumes no authority, nor takes advantage of her charms; as the lute now answers to her touch, when she awakes it to the tendereſt strains. Antiope is, indeed, worthy of your affection, and she is intended for you by the gods; but, though your love for her is justified by reason, you must wait till she is given you by Ulysses. I commend you for having concealed your sentiments; and I may now tell you, that, if you had made any propositions to Antiope, they would have been rejected, and you would have forfeited her esteem: she will enter into no engagement, but leaves herself wholly to the disposal of her father. He that hopes to be her husband must reverence the gods, and fulfil every duty to men. I have observed, and has it not been observed by you, that she is less seen, and that her eyes are more frequently fixed upon the ground, than before your expedition? She is not a stranger to any of your atchievements in the war; she is acquainted with your birth and your adventures; and she knows the endowments which you have received from the gods: this knowledge has increased her reserve. Let us, then, depart for Ithaca: my task will be accomplished when I have assisted you to find your father, and put you in a condition to obtain such a wife as might have increased the felicity of the golden age. If Antiope, a royal virgin, the daughter of Idomeneus, King of Salentum, was a keeper of sheep upon the bleak summit of Mount Algidus, the possession of Antiope would still be happiness and honour.'

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIII.

IDOMENEUS, who dreaded the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, formed many pretences to delay them. He told Mentor, that he could not, without his assistance, determine a dispute which had arisen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the omens that were to be drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. 'And why,' said Mentor, 'should you concern yourself about 'sacred things? Leave questions of religion to be decided by the Etrurians, 'who have preserved the most ancient 'oracles by tradition, and who are by 'inspiration interpreters of the gods 'to men. Employ your authority 'only to suppress these disputes in the 'beginning; act with perfect neutrality 'while they continue; and content 'yourself with supporting the decision 'when it shall be made. Remember, 'that kings ought to submit to religion, and not make it: religion is 'from the gods, and above regal authority. If kings concern themselves 'with religion, they do not protect it 'as a divine institution, but degrade it 'to a mere instrument of state policy. 'The power of kings is so great, and 'that of others so little, that religion 'would be in danger of becoming just 'what the sovereign would wish to 'make it, if he should undertake to 'determine any question about it's 'doctrines or duties. Leave, then, 'the decisions implicitly to the friends 'of the gods; and exert your authority only against those who will not 'conform to your determination when 'it is made.'

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity he suffered from the great number of causes between private persons, which he was pressed with great importunity to decide. 'Decide,' said Mentor, 'all new questions of right, 'by which some general maxim of jurisprudence will be established, or 'some precedent given for the explanation of laws already in force: but 'do not take upon you to determine all 'questions of private property; they 'overwhelm and embarrass you by 'their variety and number; justice 'would necessarily be delayed for your 'single decision; and all subordinate 'magistrates would become useless. 'You would be overwhelmed and confounded; the regulation of petty affairs would leave you neither time 'nor thought for business of importance; and, after all, petty affairs 'would not be regulated. Avoid, 'therefore, a state of such disadvantage and perplexity; refer private 'disputes to subordinate judges, and

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'do nothing yourself but what others 'cannot do for you: you then, and 'then only, fulfil the duties of a king.' —'But,' said Idomeneus, 'there are 'many persons of high birth about 'me, who have followed my fortunes, 'and lost great possessions in my ser- 'vice: these persons seek some kind of 'recompence for their losses, by ob- 'taining certain young women of 'great wealth in marriage; they urge 'me, with incessant importunity, to 'interpose in their behalf, and a single 'word from me would ensure them 'success.'

'It is true,' said Mentor, 'a single 'word from you would be sufficient; 'but that single word would cost you 'too dear. Would you deprive fa- 'thers and mothers of the liberty and 'consolation of chusing their sons-in- 'law, and, consequently, their heirs? 'This, surely, would reduce them to 'the severest and most abject slavery, 'and make you answerable for all the 'domestick evils of your people. Mar- 'riage, at the best, is not the couch of 'unmingled delight: and why should 'you scatter new thorns among the 'down? If you have faithful servants 'to reward, distribute among them 'some unappropriated lands; and give 'them, besides, rank and honours suit- 'ed to their merits and condition. If 'more still is necessary, add to these 'pecuniary gratifications from your 'treasury; and make good the defi- 'ciency by retrenching your expences: 'but never think of paying your own 'debts with the property of others; 'much less with property transferred 'in violation of the most sacred rights, 'by giving a daughter in marriage 'without the consent of her parents.'

This difficulty being removed, Idomeneus immediately proposed another. 'The Sibarites,' said he, 'complain 'that certain districts, which we have 'given as uncultivated lands among 'the strangers whom we have drawn 'to Salentum, belong to them. Must 'I admit this claim? And shall I not 'encourage other nations to make de- 'mands upon our territory if I do?'

'The Sibarites,' said Mentor, 'should not be implicitly believed in 'their own cause; nor is it just to be- 'lieve you implicitly in yours.'— 'Upon whose testimony will you then 'depend?' said Idomeneus. 'Upon 'that of neither of the parties,' replied Mentor: 'some neighbouring 'nation, that cannot be suspected of 'partiality to either, must determine 'between you. The Sipontines are 'such a nation: they have no interest 'that is incompatible with yours.'— 'But am I obliged,' said Idomeneus, 'to submit to an umpire? Am I not a 'sovereign prince, to leave the extent 'of his dominions to the decision of 'foreigners?'

'If you resolve to keep the lands in 'question,' answered Mentor, 'you 'must suppose that your claim to them 'is good: if the Sibarites insist upon a 'restoration, they must, on their part, 'suppose their right to be incontestable. 'Your opinions being thus opposite, 'the difference must either be accom- 'modated by an umpire mutually 'chosen, or decided by force of arms: 'there is no medium. If you should 'enter a country inhabited by people 'who had neither judge nor magistrate, 'and among whom every family as- 'sumed a right of determining diffe- 'rences with a neighbouring family 'by violence, would you not deplore 'their misfortune, and think, with 'horror, of the dreadful confusion 'which must arise from every man's 'being armed against his fellow? Can 'you, then, believe that the gods would 'look with less horror upon the earth, 'of which all the inhabitants may be 'considered as one people, if every na- 'tion, which is but a more numerous 'family, should assume the right of de- 'termining, by violence, all differences 'with a neighbouring nation? An in- 'dividual, who possesses his field as an 'inheritance from his ancestors, de- 'pends wholly upon the authority of 'the laws, and the judgment of the 'magistrate, for the security of his 'property; and would be severely pu- 'nished, as guilty of sedition, if he 'should endeavour to secure by force 'what was given him by right: do 'you, then, believe that kings are at 'liberty to support their pretensions by 'violence, without having first tried 'what could be done by expedients 'more consonant to reason and hu- 'manity? Is not justice yet more sa- 'cred and inviolable, as an attribute 'of kings, when it has whole nations 'for it's object, than as a private vir- 'tue in an individual, when it relates

'only to a ploughed field? Is he a 'villain and a robber who ſeizes only 'a few acres? and is he juſt, is he a 'hero, who wreſts whole provinces 'from their poſſeſſor? If men are ſub-'ject to prejudice, partiality, and er-'ror, with reſpect to trifling concerns 'of private property, is it probable 'that they ſhould be leſs influenced 'by ſuch motives in affairs of ſtate? 'Should we rely upon our own judg-'ment, where it is moſt likely to be 'biaſſed by paſſion? And ſhould not 'error be moſt dreaded where it's con-'ſequences will be moſt fatal? The 'miſtake of a prince, with reſpect to 'his own pretenſions, is the cauſe of 'revenge, famine, and maſſacres; of 'irreparable loſs to the preſent gene-'ration, and of ſuch depravation of 'manners, as may extend calamity to 'the end of time. A king knows that 'he is always ſurrounded by flatterers; 'ſhould he not, therefore, ſuppoſe that, 'upon ſuch occaſions, he will be flat-'tered? If he leaves his differences to 'arbitration, he ſhews himſelf candid, 'equitable, and diſpaſſionate: he ſtates 'the reaſons upon which his claim is 'founded; the umpire is an amicable 'mediator, not a rigorous judge; and, 'though his determinations do not 'compel implicit obedience, yet the 'greateſt deference ſhould be paid to 'them. He does not pronounce ſen-'tence like a judge, from whoſe au-'thority there is no appeal; but he 'propoſes expedients: and, by his ad-'vice, the parties make mutual con-'ceſſions for the preſervation of peace. 'If war is at laſt inevitable, notwith-'ſtanding the king's utmoſt endea-'vours to avoid it, he will at leaſt have 'ſecured the teſtimony of a good con-'ſcience, the eſteem of his neighbours, 'and the protection of the gods.' Idomeneus felt the force of this reaſoning; and conſented that the Sipontines ſhould mediate between him and the Sibarites.

The king, finding theſe expedients to prevent the departure of the two ſtrangers ineffectual, endeavoured to detain them by a ſtronger tie. He had obſerved the attachment of Telemachus to Antiope; and he hoped that, by ſtrengthening this, he might accompliſh his purpoſe. When he gave an entertainment, therefore, he frequently commanded his daughter to ſing; ſhe obeyed from a ſenſe of duty; but it was with ſuch regret and confuſion as made it eaſy to perceive how much ſhe ſuffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went ſo far as to intimate his deſire, that the ſubject of her ſong might be the victory which had been obtained over the Daunians and Adraſtus: but ſhe could not be prevailed upon to ſing the praiſes of Telemachus; ſhe declined it with modeſt reſpect; and her father thought fit to acquieſce. There was ſomething in her voice inexpreſſibly tender and ſweet: Telemachus felt all it's power; and his emotion was too great to be concealed. Idomeneus remarked it with pleaſure; but Telemachus appeared not to perceive his deſign: he could not quench the ſenſibility of paſſion; but reaſon precluded it's effects. He was no longer that Telemachus, whom Love, the tyrant of the mind, had once held captive in the iſland of Calypſo: while Antiope ſung he was ſilent; and, as ſoon as the ſong was over, he turned the converſation to ſome other ſubject.

The king being again diſappointed, reſolved to give his daughter the pleaſure of a great hunting-match. She declined the ſport, and entreated, with tears, to be left behind; but the commands of Idomeneus were peremptory, and ſhe was obliged to obey. She was mounted upon a fiery ſteed, which, like thoſe that Caſtor had trained to war, diſdained the ground, and was impatient of the rein: yet ſhe governed him with ſuch eaſy negligence, that he ſeemed to move by the ſecret impulſe of her will. A train of virgins followed her with that ardour which is the diſtinction and felicity of youth; and ſhe might have been taken for Diana with her nymphs. The king followed her inceſſantly with his eye; and, while he gazed upon his child, forgot the paſt misfortunes of his life: ſhe fixed alſo the attention of Telemachus, who was more touched with her modeſty than with the graces of her perſon, or her dexterity in the field.

The dogs gave chace to a wild boar of an enormous ſize. He was more furious than that of Calydon: the briſtles of his back were as rigid as iron, and as ſharp and long as a dart; his eyes ſeemed to ſparkle with fire, and to be ſuffuſed with blood; his breath

Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate VI.

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breath was heard at a remote diſtance, like the hoarſe murmurs of rebellious winds when Æolus recals them to his cave, that the tempeſt may ceaſe; his long tuſks were crooked like a ſickle; nor could the trees of the foreſt ſtand before them. He gored all the dogs that had courage to approach him; and the boldeſt hunters that purſued him were afraid he ſhould be overtaken: yet Antiope, who in the courſe was ſwifter than the wind, came up and attacked him; ſhe threw a javelin at him, which wounded him in the ſhoulder; the blood guſhed out in a torrent, and he turned upon his adverſary with new fury. The horſe of Antiope, however bold and ſpirited, ſhuddered, and drew back: the monſter then ruſhed againſt him, and the ſhock was like that of the ponderous engines that overturn the bulwarks of the ſtrongeſt city; the horſe could not ſuſtain it, and fell. Antiope was now upon the ground, in a ſituation that left her no power to avoid the tuſks of the furious animal whom ſhe had provoked: but Telemachus, whoſe attention had been engroſſed by her danger, was already diſmounted; and, with a rapidity ſcarce leſs than that of lightning, threw himſelf between her and the boar, that was foaming to revenge his wound. The prince inſtantly plunged a hunting-ſpear in his body; and the horrid monſter fell, agonized with fury, to the ground.

Telemachus cut off the head, which aſtoniſhed the hunters, and was ſtill terrible when nearly viewed: he preſented it immediately to Antiope, who bluſhed, and conſulted the eyes of Idomeneus to know what ſhe ſhould do. Idomeneus, who had been terrified at her danger, and was now tranſported with joy at her deliverance, made a ſign that ſhe ſhould accept the preſent: ſhe took it, therefore, with an elegant acknowledgment. 'I receive from you 'with gratitude,' ſaid ſhe, 'a more 'valuable gift; I am indebted to you 'for my life.' The moment ſhe had ſpoken, ſhe feared ſhe had ſaid too much, and fixed her eyes upon the ground. Telemachus, who perceived her confuſion, could only reply—'How 'happy is the ſon of Ulyſſes, to have 'preſerved a life ſo precious! How 'much more happy if he could unite 'it with his own!' Antiope made no anſwer; but mixed haſtily with her young companions, and immediately remounted her horſe.

Idomeneus would immediately have promiſed his daughter to Telemachus; but he hoped that, in a ſtate of uncertainty, his paſſion would ſtill increaſe, and that the hope of enſuring his marriage would prevent his departure from Salentum. Such were the principles upon which Idomeneus reaſoned: but the gods deride and diſappoint the wiſdom of men; the very project that was formed to detain Telemachus haſtened his departure. That tumult of love, and hope, and fear, which he now felt in his breaſt, made him juſtly diſtruſt his reſolution. Mentor laboured with double diligence to revive his deſire of returning to Ithaca; and the veſſel being now ready, he alſo preſſed Idomeneus to diſmiſs them. Thus the life of Telemachus being every moment regulated by the wiſdom of Mentor, with a view to the conſummation of his glory, he was ſuffered to remain no longer at any place than was neceſſary to exerciſe his virtues, and add experience to knowledge.

Mentor, as ſoon as Telemachus arrived, had given orders that a veſſel ſhould be got ready. Idomeneus had ſeen the preparations with inexpreſſible regret; and, when he perceived that the gueſts, from whom he had derived advantages ſo numerous and important, could be detained no longer, he gave himſelf up to melancholy and deſpair: he ſhut himſelf up in the innermoſt receſſes of his palace, and endeavoured to ſoothe his anguiſh by venting it in ſighs and tears. He forgot that nature was to be ſuſtained with food, and no interval of tranquillity was beſtowed by ſleep; his health gradually declined, and the ſecret anxiety of his heart conſumed him: he withered like a ſtately tree which covers the earth with it's ſhadow, but is gnawed by a worm at the root; the winds, in their fury, may have attacked it in vain, the earth may have nouriſhed it with delight, and it may have been ſpared in reverence by the axe; but if the latent miſchief is not diſcovered, it will fade; it's leaves, which are it's honours, will be ſcattered in the duſt; and the trunk and branches only, rifted and ſapleſs, will

remain. Such, in appearance, was Idomeneus, the victim of inconsolable grief.

Telemachus was tenderly affected at his distress, but did not dare to speak to him; he dreaded the day of departure, and was always busied in finding pretences for delay: but he was at length delivered from this state of embarrassment and suspense by Mentor. 'I am glad,' said he, 'to see this alteration in your temper: you were 'by nature obdurate and haughty, sensible only to your own convenience 'and interests; but you are now softened into humanity, and your own 'misfortunes have taught you to compassionate the sufferings of others. 'Without this sympathy there can be 'neither goodness nor virtue, nor ability to govern: but it must not be 'carried to excess, nor suffered to degenerate into feminine softness. I 'would myself solicit Idomeneus to 'dismiss you, and spare you the embarrassment of so painful a conversation; but I am unwilling that a 'false shame, and unmanly timidity, 'should predominate in your breast. 'You must learn to blend fortitude 'and courage with the tenderness and 'sensibility of friendship: you should 'preserve an habitual fear of giving 'unnecessary pain. When you are 'compelled to grieve any man, you 'should participate his sorrow, and 'make the blow fall lightly which 'you cannot avert.'—'That an inevitable stroke may be thus lightened,' said Telemachus, 'is the reason why 'I wish that Idomeneus should be acquainted with our departure rather by 'you than myself.'

'My dear Telemachus,' said Mentor, 'you mistake your motive. You 'are like all other children of royalty, 'whose passions have been flattered, 'and their wishes prevented, in their 'earliest youth; they expect that every 'thing should be managed so as to coincide with their desires, and that the 'laws of Nature should be subservient 'to their will; yet they have not resolution to oppose any man to his face. 'They avoid an opposition, not in tenderness to others, nor from a principle of benevolence that fears to give 'pain, but from a regard to their own 'convenience and gratification: they 'cannot bear to be surrounded with 'mournful or discontented countenances; and are touched with the miseries of men, only as objects disagreeable to their eye: they will not hear 'of misfortune, because it is a disgustful subject; and, lest their fancy 'should be offended, they must be told 'that all is prosperity and happiness; 'they are surrounded with delights, 'and will neither see nor hear any 'thing that may interrupt their joy. 'If misconduct is to be reproved, 'error detected, importunity repressed, 'false claims opposed, or factious turbulence controuled, they will always 'depute another for the purpose, rather than declare their own will with 'that gentle firmness which enforces 'obedience without kindling resentment. They will tamely suffer the 'most unreasonable favours to be extorted, and the most important affairs 'to miscarry, rather than determine for 'themselves against the opinion of 'those who are continually about them. 'This weakness is easily discovered, 'and every one improves it to his advantage; every request becomes in 'effect a demand; it is urged with the 'most pertinacious and troublesome 'importunity; and is granted, that importunity may be troublesome no 'more. The first attempt upon the 'prince is by flattery; by this designing parasites recommend themselves 'to favour: but they are no sooner 'trusted to serve, than they aspire to 'govern; they rule their lord by the 'very power they have derived from 'him; their bridle is in his mouth, 'and their yoke upon his shoulders; 'he groans under it, and sometimes he 'makes an effort to throw it off; this 'effort is soon remitted, and he bears 'the yoke to his grave; he dreads the 'appearance of being governed, yet 'tamely suffers the reality. To be governed is, indeed, necessary to such 'princes; for they resemble the feeble 'branches of a vine, which, not being 'able to support themselves, always 'creep round the trunk of some neighbouring tree. I must not suffer you, 'O Telemachus, to fall into this state 'of imbecillity, which cannot fail to 'render you wholly unfit for command. Though you dare not speak 'to Idomeneus, lest you should wound 'your sensibility, you will yet have no 'sense of his affliction when the gates

'of

'of Salentum are behind you; you are 'even now less melted by his grief than 'embarrassed by his presence. Go, 'then, and speak to him for yourself: 'learn upon this occasion to unite the 'tender and the firm; let him see that 'you leave him with regret, but that 'you are determined to leave him.'

Telemachus did not dare to oppose Mentor, nor yet to seek Idomeneus; he was ashamed of his timidity, and yet unable to surmount it; he hesitated, he went forward a few steps, and then returned to Mentor with some new pretence for delay. He was about to speak; but the very look of Mentor deprived him of the power, and silently confuted all that he would have said. 'Is this, 'then,' said Mentor with a smile of disdain, 'the conqueror of the Dau-'nians, the deliverer of Hesperia? Is 'this the son of the wise Ulysses, who 'is to succeed him as the oracle of 'Greece? And does he not dare to tell 'Idomeneus, that he can no longer de-'lay his return to his country, where 'he hopes once more to embrace his fa-'ther?—O wretched Ithaca! how great 'will be thy misfortune, if thou art 'one day to be governed by a prince 'who is himself a slave to an unworthy 'shame; and who, to gratify his weak-'ness in the lightest trifle, will sacri-'fice the most important interest!—Re-'mark now, the difference between the 'sedate fortitude of the closet and the 'tumultuous courage of the field. You 'feared not the arms of Adrastus, yet 'are intimidated by the grief of Ido-'meneus: this inequality often brings 'dishonour upon those princes who 'have been distinguished by the noblest 'atchievements; after they have ap-'peared heroes in battle, they have 'been found less than men in common 'occurrences, in which others have 'been consistent and steady.'

Telemachus, feeling the force of these truths, and stung with the reproach they contained, turned abruptly away, and debated no longer even with himself. But when he approached the place where Idomeneus was sitting, pale and languishing, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his heart overwhelmed with sorrow, they became, in a moment, afraid of each other; they did not dare to interchange a look, and their thoughts were mutually known without language; each dreaded that the other should break silence; and in this painful suspense both burst into tears. At length Idomeneus, pressed by excess of anguish, cried out—'Why 'should we seek Virtue, since those 'who find her are thus wretched! I am 'made sensible of my weakness, and 'then abandoned to it's effects. Be it 'so; and let the past calamities of my 'life return. I will hear no more of 'good government; I know not the 'art, and am weary of the labour.—'But as for you, Telemachus, whi-'ther would you go? To seek your 'father is vain; for among the living 'he is not to be found: Ithaca is in 'possession of your enemies, who will 'destroy you if you return, and one of 'whom is now certainly the husband 'of your mother. Be content, there-'fore, to continue at Salentum; my 'daughter shall be your wife, and my 'kingdom your inheritance. Your 'power here, even while I live, shall 'be absolute, and my confidence in you 'without limits. If these advantages 'are unworthy of your acceptance, at 'least leave me Mentor; Mentor is 'my last resource. Speak! answer me! 'Let not your heart be steeled against 'me, nor deny your pity to the most 'unfortunate of men! Alas, you are 'still silent; the gods are still inexora-'ble: I feel more sensibly their resent-'ment at Salentum than at Crete; and 'the loss of Telemachus wounds me 'deeper than the death of my son!'

Telemachus replied, in a timid and faltering tone—'My departure from 'Salentum is not choice, but fate. I 'am commanded to Ithaca by the 'gods; their wisdom is communicated 'to Mentor, and Mentor has urged my 'departure in their name. What then 'can I do? Should I renounce my fa-'ther, my mother, and my country, 'that should be yet dearer than both? 'As I am born to royalty, a life of 'ease and pleasure must not be my 'portion; nor must inclination be my 'guide. With your kingdom, I should 'possess more wealth and power than 'my father's can bestow: but I 'ought to prefer what the gods have 'decreed me, to what your bounty has 'offered in it's stead. If Antiope was 'my wife, I should think myself too 'happy to desire your kingdom; but 'that I may deserve Antiope, I must 'go whither I am called by duty, and

'she

'she must be demanded for me by my 'father. Did you not promise to send 'me back to Ithaca? And was it not 'under this promise that I marched 'against your enemy Adrastus with 'the army of the allies? And is it not 'now time that I should attend to my 'own interest, and endeavour to redress 'the misfortunes of my family? The 'gods, who have given me to Mentor, 'have also given Mentor to the son of 'Ulysses, that, guided by his wisdom, 'he might fulfil their purpose: would 'you, therefore, have me lose Mentor, 'when all but Mentor is lost already? 'I have now no certain portion, retreat, 'or parent, or country. One man, 'distinguished for virtue and for wis-'dom, is all that remains; and this, 'indeed, is the most valuable donation 'of Jove: judge, then, if I can re-'nounce the bounty, and consent to be 'totally destitute and forlorn. I would 'cease to be, rather than be thus: life 'itself is of less value than a friend; 'take my life, therefore, but leave me 'Mentor!'

While Telemachus was thus speaking, his voice became stronger, and his timidity vanished. Idomeneus could not acquiesce, though he knew not what to reply; and, being unable to speak, he endeavoured to excite pity by looks and gestures of distress.

At this moment he perceived Mentor, who addressed him in a solemn tone, but without severity. 'Do not 'give way,' said he, 'to unreasonable 'sorrow. We leave you; but we leave 'you to that wisdom which presides in 'the counsels of the gods. Remem-'ber, with gratitude, that we were 'sent, by the direction of that wisdom, 'to correct your errors, and preserve 'your state. We have restored Philo-'cles; and he will serve you with fide-'lity: reverence for the gods, delight 'in virtue, love for the people, and 'compassion for the wretched, will be 'always predominant in his bosom. 'Listen to his advice, and employ him 'without jealousy or distrust. The 'most important service he can render 'you is to tell you your faults without 'disguise or palliation; require this 'service of him, therefore, in the first 'place. A good king is distinguished 'by the noblest fortitude: he fears not 'the monitor in the friend, nor shrinks 'from the sight of his own failings. If 'you are endowed with this fortitude, 'you have nothing to fear from our 'absence; the felicity of your life is 'secure: but if flattery, which steals 'it's winding way like a serpent, 'should once more get access to your 'heart, and render you suspicious of 'disinterested counsel, you are undone. 'Pine no longer in voluntary subjec-'tion to sorrow; but follow virtue 'with the utmost effort of your mind. 'I have instructed Philocles to lighten 'your cares, and deserve your confi-'dence; and I will be answerable for 'his integrity. The gods have given 'him to you, as they have given me 'to Telemachus: the destiny which 'they have allotted us we should ful-'fil boldly; for to regret it is vain. 'If my assistance should be necessary, 'after I have restored Telemachus to 'his father and his country, I will re-'turn: and what could give me more 'sensible delight? I seek for myself 'neither wealth nor power; and I wish 'only to assist others in the search of 'justice and virtue, To you I have a 'particular attachment; for the gene-'rous confidence of your friendship can 'never be forgotten.'

While Mentor was speaking, Idomeneus became conscious to a sudden and pleasing change; he felt his passions subside into peace, as the waves sink to rest, and the tempest is hushed to silence, when the father of the deep lifts his trident against them. Nothing now remained but a kind of tender regret; something that was rather a soft and soothing melancholy than grief; and courage, hope, virtue, and confidence in the gods, began once more to kindle in his bosom.

'Well then, my dear Mentor,' said he, 'I must lose all, and be content: 'let me, however, be still present to 'your mind. When you shall have 'arrived in Ithaca, where the reward 'of wisdom shall fill all your wishes, 'remember that Salentum is your own 'work, and that Idomeneus, inconso-'lable for your loss, had no hope but 'in your return.—Farewel, O son of 'Ulysses! my ports shall detain you 'no more: the gods reclaim the trea-'sure which they lent; and it is my duty 'to comply.—Farewel, Mentor, the 'greatest and wisest of men! If such 'excellence as thine is within the li-'mits of our nature, and thou art not

'a divinity

'a divinity that haſt aſſumed the form, 'to call ſtrength from weakneſs, and 'from ſimplicity wiſdom; be ſtill the 'guide and guardian of Telemachus, 'who is more fortunate to be thy 'charge than to be the conqueror of 'Adraſtus. I diſmiſs you both: I will 'reſtrain my words; my ſighs are in-'voluntary, and may therefore be for-'given.—Go, live together; and toge-'ther be happy! I have nothing left 'but the remembrance that I once 'ſhared your felicity: the golden mo-'ments are paſt, and I knew not their 'value; they fled in haſte, alas! and 'they will never return! I have poſ-'ſeſſed you; but the joy is vaniſhed! 'I now ſee you, but I ſhall ſee you no 'more!'

Mentor took this opportunity to withdraw: he embraced Philocles, who burſt into tears, and was unable to ſpeak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand, that he might have quitted that of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus, placing himſelf between them, went towards the port: he gazed upon them by turns; he ſighed; and he frequently began to ſpeak; but his voice faltered, and he left the ſentence unfiniſhed.

And now they heard, in a confuſed murmur, the voices of the mariners that crouded the ſhore; the cordage was ſtretched, the ſails were made ready, and a favourable gale ſprung up. Telemachus and Mentor, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them long in his arms, and followed them with his eyes as far as they could be ſeen.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIV.

THE sails now swell with the breeze, and the shore seems to retreat: the pilot perceived at a distance the promontory of Leucate, which conceals it's summit in hoary mists, that are blown round it by the freezing whirlwind; and the Acroceraunian mountains, which still lift their presumptuous brows to Heaven, though blasted so often by the bolts of Jove.

'I believe,' said Telemachus to Mentor, during the voyage, 'that I 'now perfectly understand the maxims 'of government that you have given 'me. They appeared at first like the 'confused images of a dream; but, 'by degrees, they became clear and 'distinct: so all objects appear obscure 'and cloudy at the first dawn of the 'morning; but, at length, they rise 'gradually, like a new creation out of 'chaos; as the light, increasing by in-'sensible degrees, dissipates the mist 'that surrounds them, defines their 'true figure, and tinges them with 'their proper hue. I am persuaded 'that the great secret of government 'is to distinguish the different cha-'racters of men, to select them for 'different purposes, and allot each to 'the employment which is most suited 'to his talents; but I am still to learn 'how characters are thus to be distin-'guished.'

'Mankind,' replied Mentor, 'to 'be known, must be studied; and to be 'studied, they must frequently be seen 'and talked to. Kings ought to con-'verse with their subjects, hear their 'sentiments, and consult them: they 'should also trust them with some 'small employment, and take an ac-'count how they discharge it, in order 'to judge whether they are capable of 'more important service. By what 'means, my dear Telemachus, did you 'acquire your knowledge in horses? 'Was it not by seeing them frequently, 'and conversing with persons of expe-'rience concerning their excellencies 'and defects? In the same manner 'converse with the wise and good, who 'are grown old in the study of human 'nature, concerning the defects and 'excellencies of men. You will thus 'insensibly acquire a nice discernment 'of character, and know what may be 'expected from every man that falls 'under your observation. How have 'you been taught to distinguish the 'poet from the mere writer of verses, 'but by frequent reading, and conver-'sation with persons who have a good 'taste for poetry? And how have you 'acquired judgment in musick, but 'by the same application to the sub-'ject?

'ject? How is it possible that men 'should be well-governed if they are 'not known? And how can the know-'ledge of men be acquired but by liv-'ing among them? But seeing them in 'publick, where they talk of indiffe-'rent subjects, and say nothing even 'of them that has not been premedi-'tated, is by no means living among 'them: they must be seen in private; 'their latent sentiments must be traced 'to the secret recesses of the heart; 'they must be viewed in every light; 'all their depths and shallows must be 'tried, and their principles of action 'ascertained. But, to form a right 'judgment of mankind, it is princi-'pally necessary to know what they 'ought to be: a clear and definite idea 'of real merit is absolutely necessary 'to distinguish those who have it from 'those who have it not. Men are con-'tinually talking of virtue and merit; 'but there are few who know pre-'cisely what is meant by either: they 'are splendid terms indeed; but, with 'respect to the greatest part of those 'who take a pride in perpetually re-'peating them, of uncertain signifi-'cation. Justice, reason, and virtue, 'must be resolved into some certain 'principles before it can be deter-'mined who are just, reasonable, and 'virtuous: the maxims of a wise and 'good administration must be known 'before those who adopt them can be 'distinguished from those who substi-'tute false refinement, and political 'cunning, in their stead. To take the 'dimensions of different bodies, we 'must have a standard measure; to 'judge of qualities and characters, we 'must have some fixed and invariable 'principles, to which they may be re-'ferred. We must know precisely 'what is the great purpose of human 'life, and to what end the government 'of mankind should be directed: the 'sole end of all government is to ren-'der mankind virtuous and happy; 'and, with this great end, the notion 'that a prince is invested with the 'regal power and authority for his 'own sake is wholly incompatible. 'This notion can only gratify the 'pride of a tyrant: a good king lives but 'for his people, and sacrifices his own 'ease and pleasure to their advantage. 'He whose eye is not invariably fixed 'upon this great end, the publick 'good, if in any instance he attains it, 'will attain it by chance; he will float 'on the stream of time, like a ship in 'the ocean, without a pilot, the stars 'unmarked, and the shores unknown; 'in such a situation is it possible to 'avoid shipwreck?

'It frequently happens that princes, 'not knowing in what virtue consists, 'know not what they ought to seek in 'mankind: they mistake virtue for 'austerity; it offends them, by appear-'ing to want complacency, and to 'affect independence; and, touched at 'once with fear and disgust, they turn 'from it to flattery. From this mo-'ment, sincerity and virtue are to be 'found no more; the prince is seduced 'by a phantom of false glory, which 'renders him unworthy of the true; 'he persuades himself that there is no 'such thing as virtue upon the earth; 'for, though the good can distinguish 'the wicked, the wicked cannot dis-'tinguish the good; and what they 'cannot distinguish they suppose not 'to exist. They know enough to ren-'der them suspicious; but, not know-'ing more, they suspect all alike: they 'retire from the publick eye, and im-'mure themselves in their palaces; they 'impute the most casual trifles to craft 'and design; they are a terror to man-'kind, and mankind is a terror to 'them; they love darkness, and dis-'guise their characters; which, how-'ever, are perfectly known. The ma-'lignant curiosity of their subjects pe-'netrates every veil, and investigates 'every secret; but he that is thus 'known by all knows nobody: the 'self-interested wretches that surround 'him rejoice to perceive that he is in-'accessible; and a prince that is in-'accessible to men is inaccessible to 'truth. Those who avail themselves 'of his blindness are busy to calumni-'ate or to banish all who would open 'his eyes: he lives in a kind of savage 'and unsociable magnificence, always 'the dupe of that imposition which he 'at once dreads and deserves. He that 'converses only with a small number, 'almost necessarily adopts their pas-'sions and their prejudices; and from 'passions and prejudices the best are 'not free: he must also receive his 'knowledge by report; and therefore 'lie at the mercy of tale-bearers; a 'despicable and detestable race, who

'are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

'Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus! be man. Examine him; hear one man's opinion of another; try them by degrees; trust implicitly to none; and profit by your own experience, when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen. Wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected; form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; and do not hastily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous: and thus, even from error, you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him; for such men love that others should appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue by trusting them with absolute power; for many men, who have stood against common temptations, have fallen, when unlimited authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severer test. The prince who shall be so far favoured of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same characters to fill the inferior departments of state: and thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others, whom his own eye could never reach.'

'But I have often heard,' said Telemachus, 'that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting.'—'The service of such men,' replied Mentor, 'is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed; and have acquired the confidence of persons in power, who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion: they must be employed for a time; but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and, even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret invests them with power, of which from that moment he will be the slave: by this secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negociate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty even by their passions, for by their passions only they can be held: but let them never be admitted to secret and important deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion when it is fit they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key either of his bosom or his state. When the publick commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant; but even then they should be well treated; for to be ungrateful, even to the wicked, is to be like them: but in all kindness shewed to such characters, there should be a view to their amendment; some of their faults should be overlooked as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed, that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good, is a misfortune; and, though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince, who has no wish but to establish order, and distribute justice, will soon find honest men, of sufficient ability to effect his purposes; and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform.

'But

'But it is not enough for a king to find good ſubjects; he muſt make them.'—'That,' ſaid Telemachus, muſt ſurely be an arduous taſk.'—'Not at all,' replied Mentor: 'the very ſearch after virtue and abilities will produce them; for rewards, well beſtowed, will excite univerſal emulation. How many languiſh in idleneſs and obſcurity, who would become diſtinguiſhed, if the hope of fortune was to excite them to labour? And how many, deſpairing to riſe by virtue, endeavour to ſurmount the diſtreſſes of poverty by vice? If you diſtinguiſh genius and virtue by rewards and honours, your ſubjects will excel in both characters, by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own: and how much farther may you carry that excellence, by gradually bringing forward the merit that is thus produced, and advancing thoſe that appear capable of publick and important ſervice, from the loweſt to the higheſt employments? You will exerciſe their various talents; and bring the extent of their underſtanding, and the ſincerity of their virtue, to the teſt. Thoſe who fill the great offices of ſtate will then have been brought up under your own eye, in lower ſtations; you will have followed them through life, ſtep by ſtep; and you will judge of them, not from their profeſſions, nor from a ſingle act, but the whole tenor of their conduct.'

While Mentor and Telemachus were engaged in this converſation, they perceived a Phæacian veſſel, which had put into a little iſland wholly deſolate, and ſurrounded by craggy precipices of an enormous height. It was at this time a dead calm, ſo that the zephyrs themſelves ſeemed to hold their breath: the whole ſurface of the ſea was bright and ſmooth as a mirror; the ſails, which clung to the maſt, could no longer impel the veſſel in it's courſe; and the rowers, exhauſted with labour, endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency of the gale in vain. It became therefore abſolutely neceſſary to go on ſhore at this place, which was rather a rock of the ſea than an habitation for men; and, at another time, it could not have been approached without the utmoſt danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, were not leſs impatient of delay than the mariners of Salentum, who had the conduct of Telemachus and Mentor. As ſoon as Telemachus was on ſhore, he advanced over the crags, towards ſome of theſe people, who had landed before him; and enquired of the firſt man he met, whether he had ſeen Ulyſſes, the King of Ithaca, at the palace of Alcinous.

It happened, that the perſon to whom he addreſſed himſelf was not a Phæacian, but was a ſtranger, whoſe country was unknown: he was of a majeſtick deportment, but appeared ſorrowful and dejected. When he was accoſted, he was loſt in thought, and ſeemed not to hear the queſtion that was aſked him; but ſoon recollecting himſelf, he replied—'You ſuppoſe that Ulyſſes has 'been ſeen in the iſland of the Phæacians; and you are not miſtaken; he 'was received at the palace of Alcinous, as at a place where the gods are 'reverenced, and the duties of hoſpitality fulfilled: but he ſoon after left 'that country, where you will now 'ſeek him in vain. He ſet out, that 'he might once more ſalute his houſehold gods in Ithaca, if the ſuperior 'powers ſhall forget their anger, and 'vouchſafe the bleſſing.'

The ſtranger pronounced theſe words in a mournful voice, and immediately ruſhed into a wild thicket upon the top of a rock; where, fixing his eyes upon the ſea, he ſeemed deſirous of ſolitude, and impatient to depart. Telemachus remarked him with great attention; and the more he gazed, the greater were his emotion and aſtoniſhment. 'The anſwer of this ſtranger,' ſaid he to Mentor, 'is that of a man ſo abſorbed 'in affliction, as ſcarce to take cogniſance of external objects. The unfortunate have my pity, for I am myſelf unfortunate; and, for this man 'I am particularly intereſted, without 'knowing why: he has not treated me 'with courteſy, he ſeemed to pay no 'attention to what I ſaid, and he ſcarce 'vouchſafed me an anſwer; yet I cannot but wiſh that his misfortunes 'were at an end.'

'See, then,' ſaid Mentor with a ſmile, 'what advantage is derived from 'the calamities of life; they humble 'the pride of greatneſs, and ſoften inſenſibility to compaſſion. Princes, 'who have been fatally flattered with 'perpetual proſperity, imagine themſelves to be gods; if they have an idle

'wish to be gratified, they expect 'mountains to sink, and seas to vanish; 'they hold mankind as nothing, and 'would have all nature the mere in-'strument of their will: when they 'hear of misfortune, they scarce un-'derstand the term; with respect to 'them, misfortune is a dream; and 'they know not the difference between 'good and evil. Affliction only can 'teach them pity; and give them, for 'the adamant in their bosom, the heart 'of a man: when they are afflicted, 'they become sensible that they parti-'cipate a common nature with others, 'to whom they should administer the 'comfort of which they feel the want. 'If a stranger has thus forcibly excit-'ed your pity, because, like you, he is 'a wanderer upon the coast, how much 'more compassion should you feel for 'the people of Ithaca, if hereafter you 'should see them suffer! Yet the peo-'ple of Ithaca, whom the gods will 'confide to your care, as a flock is 'confided to a shepherd, may, perhaps, 'become wretched by your ambition, 'your prodigality, or imprudence; for 'nations are never wretched but by 'the fault of kings, who, like their 'guardian gods, should watch over 'them for good.'

To this discourse of Mentor Telemachus listened with grief and trouble; and at length, with some emotion, replied—'If these things are true, 'royalty is, of all conditions, the most 'wretched. A king is the slave of 'those whom he appears to command; 'his people are not subordinate to him, 'but he is subordinate to his people: 'all his powers and faculties are re-'ferred to them as their object; he is 'the servant, not of the community 'only, but of every individual; he must 'supply all their wants, accommodate 'himself to all their weaknesses, cor-'rect their vices, teach them wisdom, 'and endow them with happiness. 'The authority with which he appears 'to be invested is not his own: he is 'not at liberty to exert it, either for 'his glory or his pleasure; it is, in-'deed, the authority of the laws, to 'which he must himself be obedient, 'as an example to others. The laws 'must reign, and of their sovereignty 'he must be the defence; for them he 'must pass the night in vigils, and the 'day in labour: he is less at liberty 'and at rest than any other in his do-'minions; for his own freedom and 'repose are sacrificed to the freedom and 'happiness of the publick.'

'It is true,' replied Mentor, 'that 'a king is invested with the character, 'only that he may be to his people 'what a shepherd is to his flock, or a 'father to his family: but can you 'imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a 'king, who is continually employed 'to make multitudes happy, can him-'self be wretched? He corrects the 'wicked by punishment; he encourages 'the good by rewards; he forms the 'world to virtue, a visible divinity, the 'vicegerent of Heaven! Is it not suffi-'cient glory to secure the laws from 'violation? To affect being above their 'authority, is not to acquire glory, but 'to become the object of detestation 'and contempt. A king, if he is 'wicked, must indeed be miserable; 'for his passions and his vanity will 'keep him in perpetual tumult and so-'licitude: but, if he is good, he will 'enjoy the purest and most sublime 'of all pleasures, in promoting the 'cause of virtue, and expecting an eter-'nal recompence from the gods.'

Telemachus, whose mind was in great uneasiness and agitation, seemed at this time never to have comprehended these principles, though they had long been familiar to his mind, and he had often taught them to others: a splenetick humour, the frequent concomitant of secret infelicity, disposed him, contrary to his own sentiments, to reject the truths which Mentor had explained with subtile cavils and pertinacious contradiction. Among other objections, he urged the ingratitude of mankind: 'What,' says he, 'shall life be devot-'ed to obtain the love of those who 'will perhaps hate you for the attempt; 'and to confer benefits upon wretches, 'who may probably use them to your 'destruction!'

'Ingratitude,' replied Mentor with great calmness, 'must be expected from 'mankind; but though mankind are 'ungrateful, we should not be weary 'of doing good; we should serve them, 'less for their own sakes, than in obe-'dience to the gods, who command it. 'The good that we do is never lost; if 'men forget it, it is remembered and 'rewarded by the gods. Besides, if 'the multitude are ungrateful, there

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'will always be virtuous men, by 'whom virtue will be regarded with re- 'verence and love; and even the mul- 'titude, however inconstant and capri- 'cious, will, sooner or later, be just 'to merit. But if you would prevent 'the ingratitude of mankind, do not 'load them with such benefits as, in 'the common estimation, are of most 'value: do not endeavour to make 'them powerful and rich; do not make 'them the dread or the envy of others, 'either by their prowess or their plea- 'sures. This glory, this abundance, 'these delights, will corrupt them; 'they will become more wicked, and 'consequently more ungrateful. In- 'stead, therefore, of offering them a 'fatal gift, a delicious poison, endea- 'vour to improve their morals, to in- 'spire them with justice, sincerity, the 'fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, 'moderation, and disinterestedness: by 'implanting goodness, you will eradi- 'cate ingratitude; when you give vir- 'tue, you give a permanent and sub- 'stantial good; and virtue will always 'attach those who receive it to the 'giver. Thus, by communicating real 'benefits, you will receive real benefit 'in return; and the very nature of your 'gift will make ingratitude impossible. 'Is it strange that men should be un- 'grateful to princes, who have trained 'them to nothing but injustice and am- 'bition; and taught them only to be jea- 'lous, arrogant, perfidious, and cruel! 'A prince must expect that his people 'will act towards him as he has taught 'them to act towards others. If he 'labours to render them good, both 'by his example and authority, he 'will reap the fruit of his labour from 'their virtue; or, at least, in his own, 'and in the favour of the gods, he will 'find abundant consolation for his dis- 'appointment.'

As soon as Mentor had done speak- ing, Telemachus advanced hastily to- wards the Phæacians, whose vessel lay at anchor near the shore. He found among them an old man, of whom he enquired whence they came, whither they were going, and if he had not seen Ulysses? 'We are come,' said the old man, 'from our own island Corcyra, 'and we are going for merchandize to 'Epirus: Ulysses, as you have been 'told already, has been in our coun- 'try, and has now left it.'

'But who,' said Telemachus, 'is 'he that, while he waits for the de- 'parture of your vessel, seems to be 'absorbed in the contemplation of his 'own misfortunes, and retires from so- 'ciety to the most solitary parts of the 'island?'—'He,' said the old man, 'is a stranger, of whom we have no 'knowledge. It is said that his name 'is Cleomenes; that he is a native of 'Phrygia; and that, before his birth, 'it was declared by an oracle to his 'mother, that if he quitted his coun- 'try he should be a king; but that, if 'he continued in it, the gods would de- 'nounce their anger against the Phry- 'gians by a pestilence.

'He was therefore delivered to some 'sailors by his parents as soon as he 'was born, who conveyed him to the 'island of Lesbos, where he was pri- 'vately educated at the expence of his 'country, which had so great an inte- 'rest in keeping him at a distance. As 'he increased in stature, his person be- 'came at once comely and robust, and 'he excelled in all exercises that render 'the body agile and strong; he also 'applied, with great genius and taste, 'to science and the polite arts; but no 'people would suffer him to continue 'among them. The prediction of the 'oracle concerning him became gene- 'rally known, and he was soon disco- 'vered wherever he went: kings were 'every where jealous, lest he should 'supplant them in their thrones; and 'thus he became a fugitive from his 'youth, wandering about from coun- 'try to country, without finding any 'place in which he might be allowed 'to remain. He has visited nations 'very remote from his own; but the 'secret of his birth, and the oracle con- 'cerning him, are discovered as soon as 'he arrives. He endeavours to con- 'ceal himself wherever he comes, by 'entering into some obscure class of 'life; but he is soon discovered, by 'his superior talents for war, literature, 'and government, which break out 'with irresistible splendor, notwith- 'standing his efforts to repress them. 'In every country he is surprized into 'the exertion of his abilities by some 'unforeseen occasion, and these at once 'make him known to the publick. His 'merit is his misfortune; for this he 'is shunned wherever he is known, and 'excluded from every country where he

'would

'would reſide: it is his deſtiny to be 'every where eſteemed, beloved, and 'admired, and to be excluded from all 'civil ſocieties upon earth.

'He is now advanced in years; and 'yet he has not hitherto been able to 'find any diſtrict, either of Aſia or 'Greece, where he may be permitted 'to live in unmoleſted obſcurity. He 'appears to be wholly without ambi-'tion, and to deſire neither honour nor 'riches; and if the oracle had not pro-'miſed him royalty, he would think 'himſelf the happieſt of mankind. 'He indulges no hope of returning to 'his native country; for he knows 'that to return thither would be to 'give up every family to mourning and 'tears. Even royalty itſelf, for which 'he ſuffers, is not deſirable in his opi-'nion: he is fulfilling the condition 'upon which it is to be acquired, in 'ſpite of himſelf; and, impelled by an 'unhappy fatality, he purſues it from 'kingdom to kingdom, while it flies, 'like a ſplendid illuſion, before him; 'as it were to ſport with his diſtreſs, 'and continue an idle chace, till life 'itſelf ſhall have loſt value with it's 'uſe. How fatal a gift is reſerved for 'him by the gods! How has it embit-'tered thoſe hours which youth would 'have devoted to joy! And how has it 'aggravated the infirmities of age, 'when the only felicity of wearied na-'ture is reſt!

'He is now going,' continued the old mariner, 'to Thrace, in ſearch of 'ſome rude and lawleſs ſavages, whom 'he may collect into a ſociety, civilize, 'and govern for a certain time; that 'thus, having accompliſhed the oracle, 'the moſt flouriſhing ſtate may admit 'him without fear. If he ſucceeds in 'this deſign, he will immediately re-'tire to a village in Caria, and apply 'himſelf wholly to his favourite em-'ployment, agriculture. He is a wiſe 'man, his deſires are moderate, he fears 'the gods, and he knows mankind; 'and, though he does not think them 'worthy of eſteem, can live peaceably 'among them. Such is the account 'that I have heard of the ſtranger after 'whom you enquire.'

Telemachus, while he was attending to this narrative, often turned his eyes towards the ſea, which began to be troubled: the wind now ſwelled the ſurface into waves, which, breaking againſt the rocks, whitened them with foam. The man obſerved it; and, turning haſtily to Telemachus—'I 'muſt be gone,' ſaid he, 'or my com-'panions will ſail without me.' He then ran towards the veſſel, the mariners hurried on board, and a confuſed clamour echoed along the ſhore.

The ſtranger, whom they called Cleomenes, had wandered about in the middle of the iſland; and, climbing to the ſummit of many of the rocks, had eyed the boundleſs diffuſion of waters around him with a fixed and mournful attention. Telemachus had ſtill kept ſight of him, and remarked him in every ſituation; not with an idle curioſity, for his heart melted with compaſſion for a man who, though virtuous, was wretched, and a fugitive, formed for great atchievements, yet condemned to be the ſport of Fortune, and a ſtranger to his country. 'I,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'may once more ſee Ithaca; but 'the return of this Cleomenes to Phry-'gia is impoſſible.' Thus Telemachus received comfort from contemplating the miſery of a man more wretched than himſelf.

The ſtranger no ſooner perceived his veſſel ready to ſail, than he ruſhed down the craggy ſides of the rock, with as much agility and ſpeed as Apollo bounds from precipice to precipice in the foreſts of Lycia, when, with his ſilver hair, gathered in a knot behind him, he purſues the ſtags and the boars that fly from the terrors of his bow in vain. When the ſtranger was on board, and his veſſel, dividing the waves, became gradually more diſtant from the ſhore, the heart of Telemachus died within him; he felt the keeneſt affliction without knowing the cauſe; the tears flowed unbidden from his eyes, and he found nothing ſo pleaſing as to weep.

In the mean time, the mariners of Salentum, overcome with fatigue, were ſtretched upon the graſs near the beach in a profound ſleep. A ſweet inſenſibility was diffuſed through every nerve; and the ſecret but powerful influence of Minerva had, in full day, ſcattered over them the dewy poppies of the night. Telemachus was aſtoniſhed to ſee the Salentines thus reſign themſelves to ſleep, while the Phæacians, ever active and vigilant, had improved the gale; yet he was more intent upon watching their veſſel, which was now

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fading from his sight in the horizon, than upon recalling his mariners to their duty. A secret and irresistible sense of astonishment and concern kept his eyes fixed upon the bark that had left the island, and of which the sails only could be seen, which, by their whiteness, were just distinguished from the azure of the sea. Mentor called to him; but he was deaf to his voice; his faculties seemed to be suspended as in a trance; and he had no more the possession of himself than the frantick votaries of Bacchus, when, grasping the Thyrsis in their hands, the ravings of their phrenzy are re-echoed from the banks of the Hebrus, and the rude acclivities of Isinarus and Rhodope.

At length, however, the fascination was suspended; and, recovering his recollection, he again melted into tears. 'I do not wonder,' said Mentor, 'my 'dear Telemachus, to see you weep; 'for the cause of your trouble, though 'to you a secret, is known to me. 'Nature is the divinity that speaks 'within you; it is her influence that 'you feel, and at her touch your heart 'has melted. A stranger has filled 'your breast with emotion; that stran-'ger is the great Ulysses. What the 'Phæacian has told you concerning 'him, under the name of Cleomenes, 'is nothing more than a fiction, in-'vented more effectually to conceal his 'return to Ithaca, whither he is now 'going; he is already near the port; 'and the scenes so long desired are at 'length given to his view. You have 'seen him, as it was once foretold you, 'but have not known him; the time is 'at hand when you shall see him again, 'when you shall know him, and be 'known by him: but the gods would 'permit this only in Ithaca. His heart 'did not suffer less emotion than yours: 'but he is too wise to trust any man 'with his secret, while it might expose 'him to the treachery and insults of 'the pretenders to Penelope. Your 'father Ulysses is the wisest of man-'kind; his heart is an unfathomable 'depth; his secret lies beyond the line 'of subtlety and fraud; he is the friend 'of truth, he says nothing that is false; 'but, when it is necessary, he conceals 'what is true; his wisdom is, as it 'were, a seal upon his lips, which is 'never broken but for an important 'purpose: he saw you, he spoke to you, 'yet he concealed himself from you. 'What a conflict must he have sustain-'ed! What anguish must he have felt! 'Who can wonder at his dejection and 'sorrow!'

During this discourse, Telemachus stood fixed in astonishment, and at length burst into tears: his wonder was mingled with the tenderest and deepest distress; and it was long before the sighs that struggled in his bosom would permit a reply. At length he cried out—'O my dear Mentor! there was 'indeed in this stranger something that 'controuled all my heart, something 'that attracted and melted me; a pow-'erful influence without a name! But, 'if you knew him, why did you not 'tell me, before he departed, that he was 'Ulysses? and why did you not speak 'to him yourself, and acquaint him 'that he was not concealed from you? 'What do these mysteries conceal? 'Is it that I shall be wretched for ever! 'Will the gods, in their anger, doom 'me to the torments of Tantalus, 'whose burning lips a delusive stream 'approaches for ever, and for ever 'flies! O my father! hast thou escaped 'me for ever! Perhaps I shall see thee 'no more; perhaps the suitors of Pe-'nelope may take thee in the snares 'which they spread for me! O had I 'followed thee; then, if life had been 'denied us, we might at last have died 'together!—O Ulysses, Ulysses! if thou 'shalt escape another shipwreck, which, 'from the persevering malice of For-'tune, there is reason to doubt, I fear 'lest thou shouldst meet, at Ithaca, as 'disastrous a fate as Agamemnon at 'Mycene.—But wherefore, O my dear 'Mentor! did you envy my good for-'tune? Why have I not already em-'braced my father? Why am I not 'now with him in the port of Ithaca? 'Why not fighting at his side, and ex-'ulting in the destruction of his ene-'mies?'

'Let me now, my dear Telema-'chus,' said Mentor, with a smile, 'shew thee to thyself, and thus ac-'quaint thee with the weakness of man-'kind? To day you are inconsolable, 'because you have seen your father 'without knowing him; but what 'would you have given, yesterday, to 'know that he was not dead! To-day 'your own eyes assure you that he lives; 'and this assurance, which should

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'transport you with joy, overwhelms 'you with distress. Thus do mankind, by the perverse depravity of 'their nature, esteem that which they 'have most desired as of no value the 'moment it is possessed, and torment 'themselves with fruitless wishes for 'that which is beyond their reach. 'It is to exercise your patience that the 'gods thus hold you in suspense. You 'consider this time as lost; but be assured that it is, more than any other, 'improved. The distress which you 'now suffer will exercise you in the 'practice of that virtue, which is of 'more importance than all others to 'those who are born to command. 'Without patience you can be master 'neither of others nor yourself. Impatience, which appears to be the 'force and vigour of the soul, is, indeed, a weakness; the want of fortitude to suffer pain. He that knows 'not how to wait for good, and to endure evil, is subject to the same imbecillity as he that cannot keep a secret; they both want power to restrain 'the first impulse of the mind; and resemble a charioteer, whose hand has 'not strength to restrain his impatient 'coursers in their headlong speed; they 'disdain the bridle, they rush forward 'with ungoverned fury, the chariot is 'overturned, and the feeble driver is 'crushed under the wheels. An impatient man is thus precipitated to 'ruin by the violence of impetuous 'and ungoverned desire. The more 'elevated his station, the more fatal his 'impatience; he waits for nothing, he despises deliberation, and takes all 'things, as it were, by storm; every 'enjoyment is a violence and an injury; he breaks down the branches, 'to gather the fruit before it is ripe; 'he forces the door rather than wait 'till it is opened; and resolves to reap, 'when the prudent husbandman would 'sow; all his actions are precipitate, 'and out of season: all that he does, 'therefore, is done amiss, and must be 'futile and transient as his own desires. Such are the extravagant projects of a man who vainly imagines 'that he can do all things, and abandon himself to every impatient wish 'that prompts him to abuse his power. 'Your patience is thus tried, my dear 'Telemachus, that you may learn to 'be patient; and, for this cause, the 'gods have given you up to the caprices of Fortune, and suffered you to 'be still a wanderer, to whom all things 'are uncertain. Every object of your 'hope has just appeared and vanished, 'like the fleeting images of a dream, 'when the slumbers of the night are 'past, to apprize you that the blessings 'which we imagine to be within our 'grasp elude us, and disappear in a 'moment. The best precepts of the 'wise Ulysses would instruct you less 'than his absence, and the sufferings 'which, while you sought him, you 'have endured.'

Mentor then determined to bring the patience of Telemachus to another trial, yet more severe than any that were past: at the moment, therefore, when the young hero was urging the mariners to set sail without delay, Mentor suddenly stopped him, and proposed that they should offer a solemn sacrifice to Minerva upon the beach. Telemachus consented, without remonstrance or complaint; two altars of turf were immediately prepared, the incense smoked, and the blood of the victims was shed; the youth looked up to Heaven, with a sigh of tenderness and devotion, and acknowledged the powerful protection of the goddess.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the darkest recesses of a neighbouring wood; and here he suddenly perceived the countenance of his friend assume a new form: the wrinkles disappeared, as the shadows of the night vanish, when the rosy fingers of Aurora throw back the portals of the east, and kindle the horizon with the beams of day; his eyes, which were keen and hollow, changed to a celestial blue, and sparkled with divine radiance; his beard, grisled and neglected, totally vanished; and the sight of Telemachus was dazzled by new features, which were at once mild and awful, lovely and majestick. He beheld the countenance of a woman, soft and delicate as the leaves of a flower just opening to the sun, and blooming with the tints both of the lily and the rose; it was distinguished by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth, and the easy dignity of familiar greatness; her flowing hair impregnated the gale with ambrosial odours, and her robes shone with a various and vivid splendor, like the clouds of Heaven, which

which the sun diversifies and irradiates with his earliest light. The divinity was no longer supported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which she floated like a bird in it's flight. In her hand was the shining lance, at which nations tremble, and Mars himself becomes sensible to fear: her voice was sweet and placid, but penetrating and strong; her words pierced the heart of Telemachus like shafts of fire, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain; upon her helmet appeared the solitary bird of Athens; and her dreadful ægis glittered upon her breast. By these characteristicks Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

'And is it thou thyself,' said he, 'O goddess! who, for the love that 'thou beareſt to Ulysses, hast vouch-'safed guidance and protection to his 'son!' He would have said more; but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that rushed, with impetuous tumult, from his heart, his tongue laboured to express in vain: he was overwhelmed by the presence of the divinity, like a man who is oppressed, to the loss of breath, in a dream; and who, although agonized with an effort to speak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddess addressed him in these words: 'Hear me, O son of 'Ulysses, for the last time! I have hi-'therto favoured no mortal with such 'instruction as I have vouchsafed to 'thee. In countries unknown, in ship-'wreck, in battle, in every situation of 'danger and distress by which the 'heart of man can be tried, I have 'been thy protection. For thee I have 'illustrated, by experiment, all max-'ims of government, both false and 'true; and I have improved, not thy 'misfortunes only, but even thy faults, 'into wisdom. Who can govern, that 'has never suffered? Who can avoid 'error but by experience of it's evil? 'Thou hast filled earth and ocean with 'disastrous adventures, like thy fa-'ther; and art now worthy to follow 'him to Ithaca, where he is this mo-'ment arrived, and whither thy pas-'sage is short and easy. In battle, 'let thy station be at his side; obey 'him with implicit reverence, and let 'the meanest subject learn his duty 'from thy example. He will give 'Antiope to thy wishes: in this al-'liance thy object was rather merit 'than beauty; and it shall be happy. 'When thou shalt be invested with so-'vereign power, let it be thy only am-'bition to restore the golden age; let 'thy ear be open to all, but thy confi-'dence restrained to few: trust not im-'plicitly to thy own virtue, or thy 'own wisdom; fear to deceive thyself, 'but fear not that others should know 'thou hast been deceived. Love thy 'people; and neglect nothing that may 'inspire them with love of thee: those 'whom love cannot influence, must be 'ruled by fear; but this expedient, 'like a violent and dangerous remedy, 'should always be used with reluc-'tance. Undertake nothing of which 'thou hast not considered the most re-'mote consequences: look steadily at 'the future, whatever evils it may 'present; for true courage consists in 'the anticipation and contempt of ne-'cessary danger. He who will not vo-'luntarily look danger in the face, 'will shrink from the sight when it is 'obtruded upon him: he only is wise 'and brave who willingly looks on all 'that can be seen, who shuns all that 'can be shunned, and meets that which 'is inevitable with equanimity. Avoid 'luxury, profusion, and pomp; and 'place thy glory in simplicity: let thy 'virtues be the ornaments of thy per-'son and thy palace; let these be the 'guard that surrounds thee; and let 'thy example teach the world in what 'honour consists. Let it be constantly 'present to thy mind, that kings reign 'not for their own glory, but for the 'good of their people. The virtues 'and the vices of kings entail happi-'ness or misery upon mankind to the 'remotest generations; and a bad reign 'sometimes produces calamity for an 'age. Above all, guard against thy 'humour; that peculiarity of dispo-'sition which, independent both of 'the passions and reason, distinguishes 'mankind from each other; that ca-'pricious principle which chuses and 'rejects, loves and hates, approves 'and condemns, not in consequence of 'qualities in the object, but propen-'sities in the mind. This humour is 'a bosom enemy, which every man is 'condemned to carry with him to the 'grave; it will enter into all thy coun-'cils; and, if indulged, will certainly 'pervert them; it will prevent thee 'from improving opportunities of ad-

'vantage; it will prefer shadows to 'the substance, and determine im- 'portant affairs by petty considerations; 'it obscures talents, depresses courage, 'and renders a man feeble, inconstant, 'odious, and contemptible: against 'this enemy be continually upon thy 'guard. Let the fear of the gods, O 'Telemachus! be the ruling passion 'of thy heart; keep it sacred in thy 'bosom as the dearest treasure; for 'with this thou shalt possess wisdom 'and justice, tranquillity and joy, 'unpolluted pleasure, genuine free- 'dom, peaceful affluence, and spotless 'glory.

'I now leave thee, O son of Ulysses! 'But so long as thou shalt feel the 'want of my wisdom, my wisdom 'shall remain with thee. It is now 'time that thou shouldst walk by the 'light of thy own mind: I withdrew 'from thee in Egypt and at Salentum, 'that I might reconcile thee to the 'want of that assistance and comfort 'which I afforded by degrees, as a 'mother weans an infant from the 'breast when it is no longer necessary 'to indulge him with milk, and he is 'able to subsist upon coarser food!'

Such was the last counsel of Minerva to Telemachus! And, while her voice yet vibrated upon his ear, he perceived her rise slowly from the earth, and, a cloud of intermingled azure and gold surrounding her, she disappeared. Telemachus stood a moment astonished and entranced; then sighing, prostrated himself upon the ground, and stretched out his hands towards Heaven. After this homage was paid, he arose, awakened his companions, hastened their departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found his father under the friendly roof of his faithful Eumenes.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Candid and Critical Reader will find himſelf very little diſpoſed to cenſure thoſe Peculiarities of Stile which he cannot fail to obſerve in the following Work, when he reflects that the whole was written in Engliſh by MONSIEUR DE VERGY; and that it is now printed verbatim as originally publiſhed by the ingenious AUTHOR, purſuant to the EDITOR's invariable Plan.

HENRIETTA,

COUNTESS OSENVOR.

A

SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS

TO

LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY,

BY MR. TREYSSAC DE VERGY,

COUNSELLOR IN THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

" LOVE AND VIRTUE HELD THE PEN."

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXV.

TO

LADY HARRIET STANHOPE.

MADAM,

WERE Virtue, Beauty, and the Graces, to appear among us, they would aſſume your ſhape, your features—talk and feel as you do.

I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt humble and

Obedient Servant,

TREYSSAC DE VERGY.

PREFACE.

OF my former works Love and Nature were the authors; they boldly held the pencil, and drew the pictures of the LOVERS. The drapery intended to conceal their voluptuouſneſs making them the more conſpicuous, a few fools aroſe againſt the performance, and announced it as an apology for adultery. As I deſpiſed their judgment, I appealed only to my own reaſon, and ſat contented with the eſteem of the ſenſible, and laughing heartily at the noiſy buzzing of the harmleſs inſects.

HENRIETTA Virtue has written; and I doubt not but for that very reaſon it will be damned. Men judging according to their age and paſſions, I wonder not at the praiſe and ſatire laviſhed by them on the ſame work. A woman, as ſhe ſmiles or frowns, partakes of it's fate; like it, ſhe has her cenſors and admirers: no more than ſhe do I pretend to pleaſe all; too well am I acquainted with the human heart to indulge the idle, flattering conceit. As we feel, we ſee and read; the gay and paſſionate, the devotee and indifferent, having a ſoul the reverſe of each other, muſt neceſſarily differ in their opinion of a beauty and a novel.

Of Henrietta I will ſay but this: all the characters are new. If good, the publick will do it juſtice; if bad, to commend it would be ridiculous.

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HENRIETTA,

COUNTESS OSENVOR.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LETTER I.

HENRIETTA COUNTESS OSENVOR, TO LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY.

TOO cruel Suſannah! Did you know the full extent of my miſery, your curioſity would die away, and reſpect my ſorrow! You would not attempt to renew in my heart a pain too exquiſite to be borne! Oh, let me not call the paſt to my mind! my ſoul ſinks at the remembrance of it. Five years are elapſed, it is true: time has no power over ſufferings like mine; it may have blunted their former fierceneſs; but they are ſtill keen, ſtill intolerable; I have no ſtrength to ſupport them. You ſay I pine away. I know it. What is life when deprived of the only charm which could make it agreeable! Would I were no more! That at this very moment death would ſweep me away! Religion ſtops my arm; nay, your friendſhip is a comfort I enjoy in the midſt of grief, troubles, and deſpair. When I ſee you, I am leſs unhappy. You are, to me, like a fine day to the diſpirited ſeamen, after a night of ſtorm; you enliven my ſpirits, and ſometimes force a ſmile on my lips: but, when abſent, memory betrays me again into the feeling of my wretchedneſs; I have then no other company than my thoughts, and theſe thoughts are a perpetual torment.

Suſannah! inſiſt no more to know a ſecret which muſt be buried with me in the grave! it would be too painful to relate. If you love me, demand not what I wiſh to grant, but indeed cannot, without being a prey to the moſt torturing agony. Abuſe not thy power over thy Henrietta. Adieu!

LETTER II.

NO longer will I deny your entreaties; your friendſhip deſerves a ſacrifice: I will make it in your favour, dear Suſannah; I will forget myſelf. You ſhall know every anecdote of my life; the hiſtory of every thought, and of every feeling. I will hide nothing from you. Self-love I ſhall not liſten to; truth will guide my pen. Adieu.

LETTER III.

HAPPILY bleſt with a ſenſible mother, the dawn of my infancy announced accompliſhments which ſince have obtained your applauſes, and the praiſes of men. Under the care of Mrs. Verman, the ſuſceptibility of my mind, like marble under the chiſſel of Phidias, received the moſt exquiſite form which taſte and judgment can give. At ſixteen, very few were the talents I did not poſſeſs; very few the ſciences in which I was not an adept. The knowledge of the human heart Shakeſpeare

displayed to me: his works, and the Spectator, taught me to think and to compare. The power of the passions I learned in ancient and modern history; their effects filled my soul with apprehension and diffidence; but when Nature began to bring forth their dormant seed in my heart, I trembled and shuddered at their opposition to the religious law. However strong the impression we imbibe in the earliest time of life, and sincere our resolution is never to alter them, the passions will talk, and silence reason. This truth I have experienced. Though prepared, and in arms against the seductions of pride and ambition, I have been subdued, and their slave. Would I had been born in a lonely cottage, far from men, and free from knowledge! I trusted to Reason for the conquest of pleasure; fool that I was not to know she spoke and acted like a coward, seemingly ready to engage, though determined to fly!

LETTER IV.

WHEN, from the involuntary pantings of my bosom, Mrs. Verman discovered that my heart began to beat to desire, she renewed her satire on man. I listened; but still my heart beat, and the monster man gave the impulse.

Like the child who, attracted by the beauty of a rose, advances eagerly his hand to pluck it up, and forgets the thorn which lies under it, we welcome the flattering sensation, totally neglectful of the evils it may bring upon us. Our senses put reason to defiance; we only think when pain or sorrow warns us of our imprudence.

The frightful picture my mother drew of man, however true in respect to his political life, my heart thought false in his character of a lover. This character nature formed with ingenuity: it is as inconsistent with falsehood as the wit of Lady Waldegrave with impertinence and foppery. Education changes not the real feelings of the human heart. Sentiments vary not like opinions.

Mrs. Verman opposed her experience to my judgment. 'You expect,' said she to me one day, 'to be loved for 'yourself; that the man who will tell 'you of his passion will not feign it. 'This error has caused the ruin of 'many virtuous, unsuspecting maids; 'it leaves them defenceless against the 'attacks of their ungenerous enemy.' And then she acquainted me with the character of a S——h, a R—y, and of a hundred more, who, under the mask of love and friendship, talked innocence into credulity, only to abuse, and then to abandon her to infamy and despair.

Such a corruption in the manners of men in the highest life, I would hardly believe. What was I to think of the rest of mankind, when those born to be an example of honour and virtue were living devotees to vice and perjury? Where are we to look for truth and integrity? These instances of open profligacy made me fearful: for a long time I hated the sight of men, and sought but in myself for happiness.

At eighteen, spite of sighs, oglings, whisperings, and publick homage of a crowd of adorers, my heart was my own; it was not to continue any longer passive under the load of indifference. The hour came when I yielded to the enchanting passion; when both love and nature, springing up a new life in me, their charms silenced my fears, and painted man as a friend.

LETTER V.

MRS. Verman and I were on a visit at an alderman's in the city; when a young gentleman of the most agreeable countenance entered the room with the familiar steps of friendship. Lady Bennet, the mistress of the house, presented him to us as a near relation lately come from Germany. A salute was given; but not received without a half blush, the natural effect of the concern forced by him in my breast. Never before had I seen fine features and modesty so happily blended: he looked as if insensible of his personal advantages; and talked not to be admired, but to please.

Lady Bennet appeared so sensibly proud of having such a nephew, that, my attention increasing in proportion to her esteem of him, I thought him the most accomplished young man I had

had ever beheld. 'It is not poſſible,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'that a baſe ſoul can 'be lodged in ſo perfect a body! No! 'his heart muſt partake of the excel-'lency of his perſon! Happy will be 'the woman he ſhall love!' After this private ſoliloquy, whoſe ſenſe I took care not to truſt to my eye, leſt it's diſcovery ſhould weaken the few charms I poſſeſſed, I played the woman, and acted the very reverſe of what I thought.

I know, Suſannah, that too eaſy a conqueſt is diſdained; and that, oftener than our beauty, the glory of warming an inſenſible heart enflames a man to the enthuſiaſm of love. All paſſions are fed only by difficulties. A good under your hand palls preſently your deſires. Life would be a torment, could we enjoy as ſoon as we wiſh.

The civilities of Mr. Romney (ſuch was the gentleman's name) were not, for an hour, fixed to any particular object: he divided his attention between two young ladies and me; and neither of us had to boaſt his partiality. My pride called his behaviour injuſtice, and made me reſolve on revenge. A city fop, the moſt unaccountable and ridiculous animal upon earth, mimicking the airs of a courtier, had impertinently leaned upon the back of my chair, and whiſpered a praiſe on my perſon; nay, ſwore he would bett ten to one in favour of my charms againſt all the women in England. This man, whom I had not deigned to anſwer, continuing to peſter me with his aſſiduity, I diſſembled my diſlike, and dropped a few words which fixed him by me. His dear ſelf-importance was ſo pleaſed with the diſtinction I paid him, that, in the height of his gratitude, he diſplayed all his borrowed wit, and did not think it loſt upon me.

A fool will ſometimes be diverting, Suſannah: the impertinencies the fellow uttered had a novelty which amuſed me; like the tittle-tattle of children, they were ſo extravagantly mixed with a few ſallies of good-ſenſe, that my wonder at that curious piece of folly gave me preciſely the looks I wanted to humble Mr. Romney.

A man, however modeſt, is not dead to the deſire of being eſteemed; he neceſſarily knows his ſuperiority when in oppoſition to a fop. My behaviour Mr. Romney felt. The error of my judgment he laid to the account of my heart: he thought me the more prepoſſeſſed, as I was the leſs rational. This idea deadened his vivacity; he anſwered a No for a Yes; and ſome traces of ſadneſs were viſible on his face. A ſide-glance I darted at him told me his uneaſineſs; and my heart panted with joy at the diſcovery. Fearful leſt pride only ſhould have worked Mr. Romney into a reverie and abſence of mind, I artfully ſupported the fop's imagination with ſmiles of content. He had a fine voice: this he hinted to me; and, indeed, he exceeded my expectations. 'You ſhould always ſing, and 'not talk!' This I half whiſpered to him: the man took it for a compliment, bowed, and thanked me.

Women, Suſannah, are better hypocrites than the moſt refined courtiers. Ambition may be eaſily ſeen through, their boaſted love of independence; but paſſions lie buried in our hearts, as ſilent as the dead in their graves. Under the cloak of a natural levity, I concealed from every eye the inclination I began to feel; while Mr. Romney's impatient ingenuity ſpoke his ſoul in every motion. There I read, I was the woman he loved! This intelligence changed not my plan: prudence told me to be falſe; and I continued the deceit.

LETTER VI.

A General ſilence, and a few yawnings, having ſucceeded to the eulogiums beſtowed on Mr. Lewis's voice, cards were propoſed, as the ſole means not to feel the weight of time, the mortal enemy of the idle and ſtupid. Then Mr. Romney drew near me, opened his lips, and, with a ſigh, cloſed them again. Unwilling to hear what I already knew, leſt my ſenſibility ſhould betray me, I aroſe, curtſied, and went to the whiſt-table.

In vain did Mr. Romney endeavour to truſt my ear with the tale of his woe; in vain did he expreſs in his eyes the ſecret of his heart: I feigned neither to hear, nor to ſee. My gaiety contraſted his languiſhing looks; and, though extremely delighted, he could not diſſemble his paſſion: not once did he catch in my features the ſatisfaction I enjoyed.

'So handsome; yet so indifferent!'

I turned my head, frowned, and carelessly attended to my game.

'Indifferent! I was wrong!—Mr. 'Lewis is the man!'

'Trump!' exclaimed I; and I played the ace of diamonds. Mr. Romney returned to the chimney-corner; but not, however, before he had complimented me with—'I have seen you! I 'am undone!'

Give a child the toy he longs for, he will throw it aside, and wish for another; deny it to him, you will enhance it's value, and endear it to his fancy. Thus man must be treated, or disgust will follow his enjoyment.

My fop, and my discretion, helped me the whole evening against the attacks of my already enamoured heart. It's emotions—guests I never had entertained before—I treated with the familiarity of habit; and not once Mr. Romney, though watching attentively every smile, and every word, could suspect his power over me.

Dissimulation I discarded when I came home.

'How do you like Lady Bennet's 'nephew, Henrietta?' asked Mrs. Verman.

That question I answered with sincerity. My mother had too much experience not to discover a lover in my praises of Mr. Romney.

'I own,' said she, with a sneer, 'that 'he may, at a first sight, prejudice in 'his favour. Were the virtues of a 'man centered in an exquisitely-made 'shape and comely presence, he would 'certainly deserve the eulogiums you 'have lavished upon him: but, Miss, 'these are too often the deluding qualities under which are concealed vice 'and folly. Study the character before you judge of the man: not to 'your heart, but to your reason, apply 'for the knowledge of mankind. The 'old woman whom you mistook once 'at the opera for a beauty, so much 'altered by patches and paint her features were, is the picture of all the 'objects before you. The senses are 'not the judges of truth.'

And then, fixing her eyes upon mine—

'As Mr. Romney is but an acquaintance, your good opinion of him is 'an harmless error. It matters not 'what you think of people in his 'situation of life, since it is not amongst 'them you are to look for a friend, 'or a husband. My Henrietta is worthy of a nobler fate.'

The sense of this speech told so expressly that she would not favour my new inclination, that I immediately declared her views for my establishment were the more agreeable; that they perfectly coincided with my ambition, and would contribute to her happiness. So easy and natural was the tone of my voice, that the suspicious Mrs. Verman doubted not my veracity: she embraced me; and, a few minutes after, I retired to my apartment.

LETTER VII.

I Was no sooner alone than I reflected on the inconsistency of our passions. My mother loved me with the utmost tenderness, yet could not think to see me happy but in her own way: to her feelings I was to chain my sensibility; and, at the impetuous season of desires, adopt the cool reason of a woman of forty. A nobleman for her son-in-law was the real cause of her unceasing fondness. What fondness is that which my opposition to her choice would have easily changed into hatred? It was too evident she loved me but for herself. This thought made me not forget the benefits I had received from her: I remembered, with gratitude, the peculiar care she had taken of my education. To her I was indebted for every quality I had to boast: but was I, in her hands, like a curious piece of mechanism in those of an ingenious artist, to be made use of only for her personal advantage? Both my heart and reason exclaimed a 'No!' I could not think to be led forcibly to the arms of an undeserving husband, like the unfortunate victims of the French pride, who, to the everlasting disgrace of humanity, are buried for life in the walls of a convent. The laws of England are the friends of Nature: we detest the inhuman sacrifices she is perpetually compelled to make in the countries governed by ignorance, despotism, and superstition!

I resolved, Susannah, on attempting to erase from my heart the memory of Mr.

Mr. Romney; (it was all filial duty could require from me) and on loving, if the attempt proved unsuccesful. This determination calmed my mind, and lulled me to rest.

LETTER VIII.

MY first thought, when I awoke, was about Mr. Romney; and almost half an hour was devoted to him: I could not help it. The next reverie was on the means to reconcile my mother's peace with my own; and this, to my sorrow, could not be effected without hypocrisy. I had too much virtue to be true at the expence of her happiness: besides, I flattered myself that the present advantages resulting from a marriage with a man of Mr. Romney's fortune, would overbalance the brilliant uncertainty she fed her imagination with. From a woman, with whose ambitious disposition I was perfectly acquainted, it was not wise to expect such a sacrifice: but she was my mother; I hated to think her imprudent and ungenerous.

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MRS. Verman took me into her closet after breakfast. The air of mystery she had assumed when she bid me follow her, and the orders she gave not to be interrupted, announcing plainly the subject of her conversation, I put myself on my guard, and defied her sagacity.

'Sit down, Henrietta; and listen, 'not to a mother, but a friend, who 'knows the world, and will not deceive 'you.

'You are at an age when the pas-'sions, commanding an absolute obe-'dience to their dictates, throw the 'head into confusion, and blind our 'understanding. Once the slaves of 'desire, it is not in our power to re-'move the veil spread between reason 'and us. To free you from the danger 'of such a situation is my duty.

'The ingenuity of youth is an ene-'my to their happiness: like honour 'in the man who wants to be prefer-'red, it is a weapon we furnish a villain 'with against ourselves; a weapon the 'more secure in his hand, as our hearts 'are incessantly exposed to the blow it 'strikes.

'Consider mankind under the two 'classes of knaves and fools. However 'shocking this assertion may be to 'your good-nature, believe it true. 'The principles of education are never 'so deeply rooted, but they sooner or 'later give way to the maxims of the 'society we live in. Had you, with the 'eye of a philosopher, observed the ac-'tions of the persons you have visited, 'heard, and conversed with, you would 'have easily distinguished between their 'tongues and hearts, their counte-'nances and judgment. Every sen-'sible man or woman adopts indiffe-'rently the character of those they 'want to please or deceive. As vir-'tue, like the language of a pedantick 'fellow, is entirely out of fashion with 'the polite world, and this polite world 'contains the very choice of a nation, 'we readily assent to their opinions, 'rather than to be laughed at, and 'ranked among the vulgar. Thus 'pride forms our second education the 'more prevailing over the former, that 'it agrees with our desires, and favours 'every passion.

'The whole end of this life, Hen-'rietta, is to pass it away in as much 'pleasure and as little pains as we 'can. Fortune, and a high rank, pro-'cure us every bliss, when we know 'how to enjoy them: they are the mi-'raculous spring which washes every 'fault, and turns foibles into per-'fections.

'Trust to sentiment for happiness, 'no more than you would take a blind 'man for your guide in a thorny path 'bordered with precipices. Love is a 'word with which we ennoble the 'wants of the senses. Did we examine 'our hearts, and conclude impartially 'from their longings, we should own, 'that man in general, and not this or 'that, is the object of our wishes. It 'may happen, that a similarity of dis-'position will cause what they call 'sympathy, and fix our affections upon 'one in preference to another: but 'those who are well acquainted with 'humanity, will convince you, Hen-'rietta, that a perfect harmony, like a 'total difference between two cha-'racters, is incompatible with real 'happiness. Dislike or hatred must 'be our lot, when we can command 'bliss, or cannot entertain the hope of 'ever enjoying it.

'Constancy

'Constancy is a forced state, which, 'like a delirium, supposes the patient 'incapable of reflecting: it cannot 'subsist long, unless the passions be 'kept in a perpetual ferment; and ex- 'perience tells us that none outlive the 'possession of the objects we pant af- 'ter. This the lovers will not suffer 'reason to demonstrate, till indifference 'has taught them their error.

'Folly, Henrietta, is not peculiar 'to love; it belongs to every other 'passion of the heart and mind: it is a 'general disease, more or less dange- 'rous, according as we are more or less 'infested with it.'

LETTER IX.

'THERE is a foible in our cha- 'racter, which owes it's birth to 'the establishment of society, and is 'more powerful and lasting than any 'of the passions we are fated to feel: 'that foible is pride; it begins at the 'prime of life, and vanishes only upon 'the death-bed; nay, often survives 'the horrors which then surround us, 'and reigns in the will it dictates. As 'a Christian, I detest it's sway: as a 'woman, I yield to it. Religion and 'philosophy avail not against the plea- 'sure of living in all the luxuriancy of 'greatness and independence. The 'superiority of our charms over those 'of our rivals procures not half the 'delight we enjoy in the respects and 'compliance of a world of courtiers. 'Elegant equipages, sumptuous tables, 'costly dresses, and a splendid retinue, 'leave not our souls the time of think- 'ing: every sense is constantly grati- 'fied and kept alive by variety, and 'the brilliant imagination of the num- 'berless slaves, whose only study is to 'divert and to please.

'Pride, instead of decaying, like 'love, is daily increasing in our hearts: 'it knows not the transitions from 'raptures to disgust, but is always new 'and enchanting; it has in our old 'age the same charms it possessed in 'our youth. Never an abatement is 'sensible in the transports it causes.

'The wise, Henrietta, believe not in 'the reality of love; but all agree that 'pride exists naturally: they compare 'the man we prefer to a silk we chuse 'amongst a thousand at Van Sommers, 'rather as the effect of the necessity of 'making a choice than of the resolves 'of our taste and judgment. That 'man and that silk have the same fate: 'it is needless to tell you the conse- 'quence.

'Your beauty and accomplishments 'call daily the homages of men in the 'highest life: by them only are you 'esteemed at your real value. Like an 'excellent picture from the Roman 'school, which is unnoticed by the 'ignorant, and admired by the vir- 'tuoso, you are praised by the great, 'the sole connoisseurs in wit, talents, 'and sensibility. Your perfections, 'among a lower class of mankind, 'would be entirely lost; and, perhaps, 'thought as many defects. I have 'once seen a savage shutting his ears 'to the most perfect harmony; and 'heard him say he could not conceive 'what pleasure such a confusion could 'afford. How many men are like that 'savage!

'Exert your reason, that you may 'not be a dupe to your heart: look on 'all men with indifference, and leave 'to pride the disposal of your hand. 'This foible once satisfied, life is a 'continual scene of bliss.'

LETTER X.

THE manner of delivery, and the art of the speaker, convince oftener than the reasons with which he defends his opinion. Our vanity, alarmed at the superiority he may gain, is ever ready to oppose the latter; but our hearts are easily subdued by the former. Truth and falsehood are equally credited when the orator talks to our passions, and not to our understanding.

Mr. Romney had not made such an impression upon me as to make me insensible of the real advantages inherent in titles and grandeur: these I had been long accustomed to consider as the rights of beauty; and my imagination, more than once, had enjoyed all their charms. The panegyrick Mrs. Verman made of them awakened my ambition, and forced a smile from my lips.

My mother, attentive to my motions, guessed the approbation my heart gave,

'I am

'I am glad, Henrietta, that it is in your power to determine for yourself. The woman who listens to the insidious language of passion, like the religious enthusiast, is a satire on human reason. Continue to be cool, and not mistake illusion for reality: one error is the spring of thousands. From the emotions your soul is affected with, form not your judgment of them: there are hours when we are absolutely unable to compare and to judge. The passions inebriate the soul: at that time, like those of the man intoxicated with liquor, her faculties are in a total inertness, or in a deadly agony.

'Trust to me your feelings, Henrietta, when their novelty will strike you; I will then tell you their nature, and administer their antidote. A distemper, though ever so bad, is easily removed, when, at it's first appearance, a skilful physician is called; but, if we leave the cure to time, or our own abilities, it makes such a progress as to defy art and experience.'

LETTER XI.

MY inclination for Mr. Romney, Susannah, engaged not upon equal terms with my self-love: as readily did I at last acknowledge the authority of Mrs. Verman's counsels, as if he had been an absolute stranger to me. No resistance of any moment was made: although the first onset had announced victory, it was not supported; and my mother's triumph was compleat. I blushed at the surprize of my senses, and told her the power of their illusions over my judgment.

'I wonder not, Henrietta, at your having been moved by the presence of an handsome man. Beauty, in both sexes, has irresistible charms; the sensations it gives are as pleasing as natural: but it is like a rose we smell, like a melodious voice we hear; whilst we breathe the perfume, or listen, we forget the thorn, and want of taste.

'I do not intend to make the satire of Mr. Romney: he may possess as noble a soul as his shape is excellent, be endowed with every virtue, and deserving of your love and esteem; but he may also be the reverse of what I suppose him to be. Were I to judge of him from the education he has received, and the unexpected turn of fortune which made his father rich, and enables him to gratify every call of his passions, I might, without injuring his character, be prejudiced against him: he looks grave and sedate, it is true; but no mien whatever is a proof of our wisdom and morality. The real inclinations of men and women I do not search for in their air, since fashion and want have made us a necessity of being false. You will tell me that Mr. Romney, not having been brought up within the atmosphere of St. James's, has not perhaps adopted the polite vices of a courtier. It is an error, Henrietta: these vices are not the property of the great; their refinements, I own, nobody has but themselves. None, with such a good grace, will tell a lie; will caress a man into the belief of their friendship whilst they solicit his disgrace; and pant for pleasures they cannot enjoy without violating the laws, or driving a whole family to despair. These advantages are the effects of a long habit, and the noble assurance peculiar to high birth and power*. If you except the heroism of being openly a deist, a libertine, and an adulterer, you will find that almost every individual in the society is tainted with the same vices and follies. Fear hides the corrupted heart of a commoner; to that only you may ascribe the appearance of more virtue in the citizen than in the man of the world. Since, then, Henrietta, you cannot flatter yourself to know the man of true honour amongst a thousand hypocrites, would you hesitate in the choice of an husband? With the great you will be censured, but respected: the spleen of the plebeian, raised by their superiority over him, never goes so far as to annihilate

* Like me, the reader must take this for a satire rather than for Mrs. Verman's real opinion: though seemingly in earnest, she had too much sense not to know the errors she commended. Had she painted them to her daughter under their true colours, she would not have acted the part she wanted to perform.

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'his servility; he murmurs, shakes 'his chain, but continues the slave. A 'false step in a woman of the city ex-'poses her to contempt and misery; in 'a lady it is called gallantry, and an-'nounces to the publick her beauty 'and merit. For one husband, un-'fashionable enough to take the alarm, 'and sue for a divorce, hundreds laugh 'at a disgrace they could not avoid, 'or seem not to know it. An amia-'ble companion, rather than a faithful 'wife, is the taste of the great. Sen-'sible that sentiment has it's ebb and 'flow, they do not require a constancy 'which their reason proves to them to 'be a chimera, the hobby-horse of the 'fools and humble tradesmen. Such 'an enlightened indifference you can-'not expect from the latter: their 'base-born souls are entirely taken up 'with the ideas of order and decency; 'which, among the polite, are but as 'many incentives to enjoy.

'Your virtue, Henrietta, needs not 'this picture to determine your choice 'in favour of men of quality: I am 'conscious you detest the thought of 'ever abusing the man you will bless 'with your hand; but what in one hour 'appears impossible to happen, may in 'the next, by the power of circum-'stances, come to pass. Did a young 'man, of a generous disposition, think 'he would rob, at fifty, his country-'men of several millions? No! it is 'Fortune's fault: the temptations she 'laid before him were too strong for 'his virtue; he could not possibly re-'sist, and therefore turned a plunderer 'and a villain.

'No man, no woman, premeditates 'a crime in cool blood: so long as we 'reason we abhor it; but when passion 'takes the sway, it loses all it's hor-'rors; and ten to one we commit it. 'Like the talents of a general, which 'are not generally esteemed before he 'meets and defeats an enemy as brave 'as himself, our virtues are abso-'lutely unknown till we have opposed 'the seductions of desire, and con-'quered.'

LETTER XII.

THE maxims of Mrs. Verman, though most of them the contrast of her conduct and of my way of think-ing, pleased my mind, and obliterated the charms of Mr. Romney. So cool were her contempt of the citizen, and her esteem of the great, that my theory in the knowledge of mankind yielded readily to the authority of her practical experience. How could I mistrust her assertions, when the life she had led among the different classes of men had needs taught her their real worth? Books tell not the passions of men so well as a constant intercourse with them: a few days of familiar conver-sation betray a heart which the history of it's feelings does not always unfold. Too often does an author mistake his own affections for those of the person-ages he gives a part to perform in the novel he writes; too often is he a slave to prejudice, and draws a false picture. For one Montesquieu who composes for the men of all nations, how many only for the society they live in! The same partiality which guides the pen of po-litical writers, you easily discover in those of the memoirs which are daily published: to them both might be just-ly applied the following French line for a device—

Hors nous et nos amis, nul n'aura de Mérite.

My mother's conversation restored the calm to my heart. If I thought of Mr. Romney, it was only with the half pleasure we feel at the second sight of a fine perspective, or the repetition of a bon-mot. Lest, however, his presence should revive the past illusion, and wheedle me out of the hopes of a gran-deur I flattered myself to enjoy one day, I resolved on not seeing him. A tender woman should never suffer the visits of the man she fears, when her reason is weak enough to dissemble the reality of the danger she runs. Nature is not an enemy to be easily conquered: she laughs at our boasted prudence, and often defeats it at the very minute we are the more certain of our triumph. I trusted not to reason for victory; but desired my mother to prevent, by her care, the return of a sentiment, which, as I had once indulged it, might again be welcome to my heart.

LETTER XIII.

MY confidence in Mrs. Verman endeared me to her; she no long-er saw in me the child she had born, but

but the woman she had educated. Like a lump of clay, which the art of the sculptor metamorphoses into a Venus, from her I had received a form which shewed the merit of the artist. I was a work her reason only had to boast: her empire over my mind flattered her the more, that she affected to have none over my person.

'I abjure the power which nature 'and the laws have given me over you.' Had she told me when the solidity of my judgment answered for my discretion—'I will direct your choice, but 'never force mine upon you.'

Thus, Susannah, by seemingly leaving me to myself, she had artfully disposed my heart to feel agreeably to her dictates, and not to perceive that I acted as she pleased. The art of an orator is to arm the passions one against another, and appear rather to adopt the opinion of his auditors than to establish his own. Whoever knows how to flatter our pride, is the master of our affection: at his voice, vice and virtue, wisdom and folly, change their nature, and obtain alternately our esteem or contempt.

* *

SOME days passed without my hearing from Mr. Romney. I will own to you, that I was not a little piqued at the indifference of a man whom I had thought deeply enamoured of me. My pride hated to reflect on the mistake I had made; and, far from welcoming this new remedy against him, I was heartily vexed he himself had furnished me with it. However determined not to love, I could not help wishing for his tenderness: his insensibility was a disgrace to my charms. When their power is in question, Susannah, what woman will not resent the affront, and meditate a revenge?

'I will lay all the illusions of beauty 'in ambush for him; and when his 'heart has surrendered, treat it with 'all the haughtiness of an offended 'conqueror: from me he shall have no 'mercy; he shall suffer all the tortures 'of an unhappy passion.'

These counsels of my indignation I concealed from Mrs. Verman, lest she should point to me the danger attached to the attempt, and dissuade me from it. More than one indiscreet vain maid has lost her liberty, and been chained with the fetters she destined to the rebel or insensible. That truth glanced on my mind; there nothing could penetrate and fix, but the means of gratifying my pride and assuring my success.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. Verman and I were walking in Richmond Park, when, at the turning of an avenue, we met with Lady Bennet. The first cast of my eyes was in favour of her nephew: I looked for him, and saw him not. We had not been long with Lady Bennet, before she whispered me—

'How chagrined Mr. Romney will 'be, not to have attended me to Rich-'mond, when he hears you was there! 'I am certain that the pleasures he has 'been desired to partake at Hampstead 'will not compensate for the loss of 'your company.'

'At his age, Madam, that loss is 'insensible. Young men, in the midst 'of their amusements, think not of 'another happiness. Very easily can 'he find a woman more agreeable and 'entertaining: the assurance of the 'contrary is only a compliment paid to 'vanity, mere fashionable words, on 'which reason sets no value.'

'Indeed, Miss, you wrong my ne-'phew. His good sense scorns to tell 'what he does not think; never will 'he sacrifice truth to the honour of 'passing for a polite man. He told 'me of his love for you: I answer for 'his veracity.'

'Of his love for me? Ah! ah! ah! 'This jest I did not expect from you, 'my lady.'

'I am in earnest, Miss; and, if your 'heart has no objection, his hand is at 'your commands.'

'These words confirm the jest, Ma-'dam. What man of any prudence 'would so quickly determine for ma-'trimony with a woman whose incli-'nations he is hardly acquainted with; 'venture the happiness of his whole 'life to gratify a caprice? The man 'who submits not his taste to the ex-'amination of his judgment is not a 'husband for me. Levity, in a busi-'ness of so great a moment, shews not 'Mr. Romney to his advantage: he is 'too prudent to consult but his fancy 'in the choice of his wife.'

'He is enchanted with your beauty;

'and I have convinced him of your virtues.'

'Talk no more; talk no more!'

And, with a ſmile, I put my hand on her lips, and joined Mrs. Verman.

LETTER XV.

SO eaſy a conqueſt, my lady, no longer flattered my vanity. My indignation ſubſided; and had Mr. Romney appeared then before us, I would have received him with the killing gaiety of indifference.

Lady Bennet attempted a ſecond whiſper: I turned my ear.

'Liſten to me.'

And ſhe took me by the hand.

'Well, what have you to ſay, dear 'Madam?'

'Think of my nephew. You can'not be inſenſible to his paſſion for 'you; can you?'

'Pray, Madam, ſpare me the repe'tition of that nonſenſe. I am free, 'abſolutely free; and leave the diſpo'ſal of my hand to my mother.'

'To you only will he be indebted 'for it; your mother's conſent is but 'an acceſſary to his happineſs. What 'would her conſent avail a man of de'licacy, were yours to be influenced 'by it? Freely return love for love. 'My nephew is charming; he has wit, 'riches, and generoſity. With him, 'every wiſh you may form ſhall be ſa'tisfied; he will breathe but to pleaſe, 'and make you ſupremely happy. He 'has ſeen you but once; but can you 'from hence queſtion his ſincerity? 'Reflect on yourſelf, and conſult not 'your modeſty. Are not you conſci'ous he muſt love?'

What a dangerous flatterer this Lady Bennet! Such an art in a knight's wife! I know not what reply I would have made, had not Mrs. Verman called for me. I inſtantly tripped to her; and the glow which Lady Bennet had raiſed on my cheek retreated into my heart.

No more did I leave my mother, and lend my ears to the too eloquent, perſuaſive tongue, of Lady Bennet. One minute, however, ſhe found, as we left the park, to preſs my hand, and enforce her action with the following words.

'The more I know you, the more 'I wiſh you for my niece. My poor 'nephew! how he loves you! Would 'you believe it, your heart would melt 'with ſympathy, and—'

I curtſied, and ſtepped into the coach.

LETTER XVI.

THE certainty of my triumph deſtroyed all the merit of Mr. Romney. I compared him to a beautiful decoration, which pleaſes the eye, and affects not the ſoul; though, till it vaniſhes, every ſenſe ſeems to enjoy. When this miſtake in our ſenſations warms a head in favour of an object, the heart catches neceſſarily the diſtemper, and feels pleaſurably under the deluſions of a prepoſſeſſed fancy. A doctor, infatuated with an error, defends it with all the fire and eloquence of a devotee to truth. We all are that doctor. Who among mankind can ſay he knows himſelf, and acts according to reaſon?

'I love not,' ſaid I to my mother, when we ſat in the coach; 'I love not. 'Had not Lady Bennet convinced me 'of her nephew's attachment to me, I 'might have endangered my liberty 'from too eager a deſire of captivat'ing him. He is mine; no longer am 'I his.'

And then I related to her the project I had formed,

'True woman!' exclaimed ſhe, tapping her fan upon my ſhoulder; 'true woman! We never make uſe of 'our underſtanding but when in no 'need of it.'

To compleat my cure, Mrs. Verman propoſed to ſlip the remainder of the evening at Lady B——y's rout.

'There, Henrietta, in the amaze'ment which the diverſity of many 'hundred characters will cauſe, you 'will loſe the idea of Mr. Romney. 'Be not offended at the publick, pri'vate, or familiar homage which men 'will pay to your charms, and at the 'loud whiſperings which envy or ill'nature will force from the women 'againſt you. Have no ears in the po'lite world; and move your eyes but 'to applaud.

'The art of uſing our organs is of 'the greateſt importance; and it ſhould 'be the principal part of our education:

'but

'but the ignorant low wretches entrusted with it, like a painter's boy, whose sole study is to prepare the colours, leave to genius and experience the finishing of our minds. A man of fortune lavishes thousands of pounds a year upon horses and furniture; and grudges a few hundreds for perfecting the reason of his children! Instead of chusing a governor among the adepts in the science of the world, he picks up a base-born fellow, whose whole understanding is confined to the opinions of the university he has lived in. This is the spring of most of the imprudences young men are guilty of at their first appearance in society. Like an extensive thick-set, unfrequented forest, which offers no retreat to the bewildered traveller against the attacks of wild beasts, the stage of the unknown social life has no asylum for an innocent heart against falshood and perfidy. Youth, taught only what they ought not to believe or practise, must needs be a prey to errors, vice, and folly.

'The education of women, Henrietta, is still more unenlightened. The modern plans are the full measure of stupidity, the fittest I ever knew or heard of to turn a head, and corrupt a heart. A virgin at fifteen is no less a wonder to me than a discreet man at eighteen. The existence of these two beings is as inconsistent with the manner they are brought up, as ambition with an absolute want of talents.'

* *

We were then within a few yards of Lady B——y's house. An hundred carriages announcing a numerous assembly; though elegantly dressed, and of a form to be admired, I felt a fear, and as instantly a colouring declared it to Mrs. Verman.

'As Lady B——y's rout is the rendezvous of almost all the people of fashion, and it is the first time you venture among such a number of them, I owe you one advice.

'Blush not when you enter the apartments, but present yourself with the ease of a woman habituated to act in the brilliant scenes of life. Were they to perceive the smallest alteration in your features, diffidence in your steps, and confusion in the compliments you will pay or return, their pride would shew you immediately their superiority. The woman who differs in her dress, her speech, and her countenance, or mimicks only those of the company she visits, is considered by them as an exotick transplanted on a foreign soil; the shadow of a reality. Resume your spirits, Henrietta, and yield them not an advantage you partake with them. Your modesty you should leave in the coach; it is a bad companion among the great; it may murder the inexpressible charms of your shape, and rob your graces of their enchanting play. Never forget that a becoming vice is much more esteemed than an aukward virtue.'

LETTER XVII.

LIKE a sensible Frenchman, who never beheld but the borrowed charms of the ladies of Paris, on entering Ranelagh fixes upon a beauty wherever he casts his eyes, and at that heavenly sight thinks himself in a terrestrial paradise, my soul panted with delight at the first glance I threw before and round me in Lady B——y's apartment. Though I had many times added to the number of the idle and the gay at a lady of quality's rout, never had I seen the same sumptuosity and magnificence displayed. My admiration did not, however, confuse my head; I curtsied, talked, listened, and answered, with all the coolness of a satisfied pride. The respect shewed me by some noblemen of our acquaintance, called soon the general attention; men and women with the most impertinent curiosity eyed me from head to foot: from the smiles of the former, and the uneasiness of the latter, I quickly discovered I made a tolerable figure. The spite of our own sex is the best panegyrick of our charms: words have not half it's expression and eloquence, and it is the more flattering, that it is forced from our real enemies.

* *

So volatile a company, so dissipated, and seemingly more devoted to pleasure than to sentiment, made me fancy every individual out of the reach of the passions. 'Whoever thinks not,' said I to myself, 'cannot feel;' and really

their language and manners belied reason, wit, and common sense.

Mrs. Verman read in my heart.

'That behaviour and that language, 'Henrietta, which offend your sensibi- 'lity, are the effects of a refined poli- 'tick. Thoughtlessness is the excuse 'for the faults rank and fortune do 'not justify, and a guard against the 'indiscretions of too open a character; 'they save the trouble to blush, and 'defeat the hatred of an enemy, or the 'sagacity of a rival. Another time I 'will explain to you the hidden mys- 'teries of such a conduct, and convince 'you of it's propriety. It is enough 'now to assure you, that none here are 'really what they appear to be.'

'But the old, Madam, why do they 'play the fools? The levity of youth 'agrees with the wrinkles on their faces 'no more than the libertinism of a bi- 'shop with the sanctity of his station. 'Their airs and their age are the most 'incompatible things I ever saw: their 'union is a most violent satire of rea- 'son and decency. I wish I had not 'beheld the odious spectacle.'

'When you know mankind better, 'you will take these contradictions as 'the natural effects of a social life. 'The fear of being forsaken when we 'can no longer procure a diversion or 'a pleasure, compels us to assume the 'looks of approbation and indulgence; 'by conforming, in appearance, to the 'follies of young people, we ennoble 'and authorize them; their gratitude 'gives, in return, respects and atten- 'dance. Thus our pride enjoys when 'every other sentiment is dead. The 'miseries of a solitude, after having 'long lived in the world, are not to be 'borne. We must still see, talk, and 'slander. A woman who has not that 'comfort at sixty might as well be bu- 'ried: the torment of reflecting is 'worse than death; hardly one in ten 'thousand can think coldly on the past, 'and be a tolerable companion to her- 'self.

'Continue your observations, Hen- 'rietta. This is a school where you 'may form your judgment, and then 'be in no need of a guide in the thorny 'path of life. I advise you not to 'shew so much wit, that they may think 'they have more than you: this supe- 'riority, rather than that of beauty, 'most women are desirous to possess, 'as the latter is the gift of nature, and 'the former their own work. Allow 'them that advantage, and your own 'rivals will praise you.'

LETTER XVIII.

SUCH a group of foolish heads, though the greatest part of them esteemed the wisest of the nation, plunged me a few minutes into a sad reverie, and caused the following soliloquy.

'What men! what women! This 'the chosen set of mankind recom- 'mended me by my mother! The cir- 'cle into which she destines me to move! 'However plausible her justification of 'them, no real worth can be hid un- 'der so visible a contempt of them- 'selves. He who has merit is fond of 'glory, and not of shame. She who 'has virtue, prides not in the airs of 'vice. Their folly is too natural to be 'affected. What! not one thought 'that can reveal their reason! Every 'where the looks of self-sufficiency! 'Have we, then, no other value than 'that we receive from a costly dress 'and a graceful mien! People so much 'taken up with their dear persons can- 'not concern themselves in another's 'happiness; their souls must be to- 'tally dead to tender feelings: love, 'pity, and generosity, are unknown to 'them; their affections centre in them, 'in them only. How can a woman 'resist long the pressing passions of her 'heart, and the attacks of a lover, when 'her virtue is not supported by the 'esteem and tenderness of her husband! 'How can this not hate his wife, 'when cards, dissipation, and the de- 'sire of pleasing, are the delights she 'prefers to his attachment? Oh! true 'happiness proceeds from our feelings, 'and not the vain satisfaction of a false 'pride! It may be a torment to be de- 'prived at once of the appearances of 'rank and fortune; but when we en- 'joy them, poor, poor indeed, is the 'pleasure they give!'

Then, Susannah, I thought of Mr. Romney; take my word for it. From my comparing him to the company I was with, he gained infinitely in my esteem. I reflected on a conjugal life, enlivened

enlivened by a mutual love: it appeared to me the only bliſs to be wiſhed for. I ſighed at the ambition of my mother.

LETTER XIX.

THE men were too politely bred up not to offend my modeſty with the tender of their homage. My charms, for an hour, were the topick of their indefatigable tongues. Never before were my ears ſtunned with ſuch a torrent of impertinent eulogiums. I was an angel juſt eſcaped from Heaven for the delight of mankind, the only temptation the devil could reaſonably think of to plunge them deeper and deeper into ſin. No woman could be without envy, no man without love, at the ſight of ſo tranſcendent a beauty: what quarrels, what diſſentions, I would cauſe in ſociety!

Thus, dear Suſannah, was I peſtered and tormented, till a fine lady ſtopped this tide of falſhood and civility, by deſiring me to make one with her at quadrille.

'I never play, Madam.'

This anſwer confounded her.

'You never play! Amazing!'

And, ſhrugging her ſhoulders up with contempt, left me, with—'Good God! 'what company has ſhe kept!'

'Pray, Miſs,' aſked another, with the ſupercilious air of a new-made counteſs, 'ſince you do not play, how 'do you kill the tedious hours of an 'evening? For my part, I would die 'were I to tell them by myſelf at my 'chimney-corner. How do you mur'der them away, Miſs?'

'In the converſation, my lady, of a 'few of my mother's choſen friends.'

'But, Miſs, we cannot always 'chatter.'

'We think, Madam.'

'You think! Ah! ah! ah! that is 'odd enough! Fine diverſion indeed!'

And, with the ſmile of pity, ſhe went to whiſper my anſwer to every card-table.

The ſingularity of my replies freed me from my admirers; they could not, with honour to themſelves, differ in my favour from the opinion of a quality-toaſt. I was truly a very fine creature; but how could I have any merit, ſince I played not at cards, and durſt to boaſt I thought ſometimes? This judgment formed upon me, I read in almoſt every look: ſome ſmiled their approbation of me; but none preſumed to take my part.

LETTER XX.

MY mother was upon the rack; I ſaw it: but honeſt pride had prevailed over falſe vanity; I was inſenſible of her ſufferings.

'A pretty world this!' ſaid I to myſelf: 'they courted me when they took 'me for a fool, and forſake me when 'I prove I am not ſo!'

The reflected contempt they inſpired me for them, ſpread itſelf on my countenance; nor did I attempt to conceal it. Ready wit, or ſuperiority of birth, had not availed me ſo much: it gave me an importance which ſtruck theſe little ſouls, and gave again a life to their deceitful flattering tongue, Had I betrayed a ſenſibility at the affront intended upon me, I ſhould have been avoided and laughed at: but my indifference announcing both my knowledge of the world, and my diſdain of them, their haughtineſs vaniſhed, and I was once more courted and admired.

This ſudden turn threw the counteſs into no ſmall confuſion. From the bad opinion ſhe entertained for the company, ſhe had hoped they would not perceive the advantage ſhe had given me, or ſide with me againſt an heroick ſupporter of their invaded rights. Like an army of ſcribblers, always ready to engage the firſt genius who dares to monopolize the publick eſteem, the fools of quality ſhould conſtantly ſtand in defence of one another, and with ſneers, jargon, and ſcorn, beat their enemy out of the field.

For the firſt time, the ſenſe of her folly brought a glow on the cheeks of a fine lady; ſpite of her fan, which ſhe placed between her ſhame and us, I diſcovered it. It was not the colouring of an humbled pride, but of the conſciouſneſs of having acted contrary to the dictates of her heart. This diſcovery made me her friend, at the ſame time that it filled me with indignation againſt the manners of the age, which had thus ennobled falſhood and impertinence, to the diſgrace of nature and reaſon.

My miſtake of the counteſs's character made me inſtantly repeal the ſentence I had pronounced againſt the men and women before me. They might all, for what I knew, wear the ſame maſk, and have a ſoul the very contraſt of their air. Does the moral he preaches tell always the real ſentiments of a clergyman; and a promiſe, on his honour, the integrity of a nobleman? No; not one in twenty agrees with his ſermons, or his words: their hearts are in a perpetual contradiction with their tongues. How difficult to know mankind! That knowledge we can acquire no more than that of ourſelves: like the myſteries, they bid defiance to our reaſon and experience.

LETTER XXI.

I Muſt not for the future believe the appearances; but, like a circumſpect philoſopher, wait till every doubt be elucidated to form my judgment.

This reſolution reconciled me to the company; whom I looked then upon as a particular kind of men who had their own language, opinions, and manners; and whoſe hearts, doubly guarded by pride and policy, never truſted their real feelings to the indiſcretion of a look or a feature. I went ſo far in their favour, as to doubt whether their apparent folly was not true wiſdom, ſince the generality of mankind continued to proſtrate at their feet, adore their whims, and be ruled by them.

Theſe changes in my way of thinking were the natural effects of the different lights under which they appeared to me. I was in the caſe of a man who, ſeeing a cameleon in a green colour, thought it was it's genuine form, till he perceived it turned into white, then black, then red, according to the various-coloured objects near which it ſtood. The diverſity of the characters of thoſe whom he has intereſt to pleaſe or deceive, is the coloured object from which the great borrow their countenances; and ſo expreſſive is then the figure they put on, that within a few hours they may rationally be eſteemed or deſpiſed.

Tired to liſten, and be compelled to ſmother every bluſh their perpetual attacks on my delicacy called on my cheeks, I got up; and, after having walked round ſeveral card-tables, ſtepped to that where the counteſs played. So much of good-nature and friendſhip was in my looks, that ſhe beheld me without hatred. This paſſion, as a ſpecifick againſt the ſenſe of our injuſtice, prevails ſo often in the hearts of thoſe who offend, that the abſence of it in the counteſs confirmed my eſteem of her.

There was by her an empty chair. She looked at it; then ſmiled upon me. I underſtood her, and ſat down. She ſtooped to my ear.

'I was a fool—forgive. Upon the 'ſtage my rank has placed me, there 'are parts I am obliged to perform, to 'comply with the taſte of the ſpecta-'tor. The more we ſwerve from na-'ture, and depart from other men's 'opinions and manner of acting, the 'greater our glory, the louder and 'more inceſſant the applauſes they be-'ſtow. Though ſenſible that our tri-'umphs are the contempt of the wiſe, 'theſe are ſo few, compared to the 'multitude who admire us, that our 'reaſon argues always in favour of 'our pride: add to this the ſilly at-'tempts of the publick, which afford 'us as much pleaſure as Holland's 'ſervile imitation of Garrick's man-'ner gives a diſguſt to the beſt judges 'of theatrical merit; and you will 'ceaſe to wonder we ſtill continue to 'wear a maſk which every body endea-'vours to take away from us, to adorn 'themſelves with. Let us be friends, 'Miſs; you will find me worthy of 'your eſteem: to you I will ſhew the 'woman I muſt conceal from the pub-'lick eye. Merit, in the polite world, 'has the fate of an ill-written novel; 'it is an intruder, whoſe ſight is con-'ſtantly deteſted and avoided.'

Her partner then begging ſhe would attend to her cards—

'If you deſpiſe me not, Miſs, come 'to ſee me; I will be proud of an inti-'macy with you. Will you?'

I curtſied to her invitation, and promiſed to go.

LETTER XXII.

'WHAT!' ſaid I to myſelf, as I was going to Mrs. Verman; 'for the ſake only of differing 'from

'from their inferiors, the great degrade themselves from the dignity of man, and leave, shamelessly, to those they scorn, the appearances of a superiority of merit and virtue! Is it possible that the ingenuity and good-sense of the Countess Mortimer should be such a defect as to expose her to a blush, or the secret malicious whispers of a polite circle, were she bold enough to talk and behave in character! A torment to a generous heart must be a life thus forcibly devoted to falshood and folly. They look happy; it is a lye. Happiness cannot consist in the perpetual sacrifice of our tastes and inclinations, in the frivolous regard of those we despise, or in the natural contempt we must have of ourselves. The pleasures of pride are not a compensation for the loss of the publick esteem; their indifference of it is not sincere: every man, every woman, unless absolutely insensible of honour, is proud to obtain and deserve it.'

* *

FAR from healing the wound which my heart had received, the company renewed it's sensibility. The despair of ever enjoying happiness with a courtier, who, from his circumstances in life, had none to procure, revived the idea of Mr. Romney. 'A man of his rank had not the noble privilege of being a fool, without incurring the contempt of the world: on his merit only could he rely for an honourable distinction in a society, where fortune, unattended by a high birth, entitles not the individuals to the airs, vices, and follies of people of quality. When the depravity of our hearts is not encouraged by flatterers and the insignificancy of our enemies, we seldom laugh voluntarily at morality, and give a loose to every desire. From Mr. Romney's real necessity of obeying the calls of honour and decency, I may safely conclude he is the man my reason must prefer.'

Certain that the knowledge of this last thought would displease Mrs. Verman, I took care to conceal it from her.

'So thoughtful, Henrietta, in this gay circle?'

'I am not well, Madam; I am as much suffocated from the want of air, as tired with their senseless praises. Modesty is here in a perpetual agony: it seems they out-vie one another in their attacks against her; and exert all the powers of refined civility to give her the deadly blow. Though you have taught me to answer their language, you have not made me insensible of the poison it contains. In vain does the ambitious gild the pill of infamy to conquer the scruples of the man he wants; this soon parts it from it's talisman, and sees it as it is. My feigned indifference is an injury to virtue: I hate to be witty on an immoral subject.'

'Few women, Henrietta, would mistake compliments for offences, and none be so severe upon themselves. Words from those men's lips, like a trifling noise in a solitary place, can alarm or frighten but the fools and cowards. Wherever you go, you will meet the same men: all have desires, and will tell you of them; they differ only in the manner and expression. The audacity of a beau, and the respectful homage of a man diffident of his merit, are adapted to their characters; both talk as they feel, and behave as they dare. Forgive mankind their errors; but take care not to be their victim. Like you, I want to breathe: let's go.'

LETTER XXIII.

THE woman of gallantry rejoices no more at the vain attempts of her jealous husband to surprize her upon the bed of guilt, and a prime minister at having secured a majority in his favour in both houses, than I did when I left Lady B——y's rout. My heart, free from constraint, dilated with inexpressible delight at the recovery of it's liberty. Like the light which dispels the fears of a child trembling in the dark, and gives him back the favourite toy he had lost, the freedom I enjoyed obliterated the odious hours, during which my mind had been the slave of fashion, and endeared to my senses the memory of Mr. Romney.

No longer did I suffer pride to sway over love, and fancy to impose upon my reason. The blind which the glitter-

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ing apparatus of grandeur, and the counsels of my mother, had put on my eyes, vanished as soon as I began to reflect. When in the cool hours of retirement, the soul being not then biassed by the presence of the delusive objects which attracted her attention, we appeal to our understanding from the judgment of our passions, how different the consequence we draw, the sentence we decree! At those hours, the ambitious, the miser, the voluptuous, and the lover, may see as clearly in their hearts, as they behold their features in a faithful glass. The vanity of their pursuits, and the ridicule of their wishes, are written in large characters before them; yet, though all have the power to read, how few will or can exert it! We are so averse to be enlightened, so unwilling to sacrifice errors to truth, that it would seem we are, from the moment we are born, put under the guard of folly. Reason, Reason! I am afraid thou art but an empty name! I see Ambition conquer Love, and Love conquer Avarice; but what passion ever yielded to the cool voice of Reason! That man is feebly affected whose soul can be easily argued into moderation; whose feelings, like the airs of a coquette, are at the command of his judgment.

LETTER XXIV.

SO apt is our mind to change and pass from one determination to another, that, unless the heart be absolutely taken up with a sensation, none can flatter themselves to welcome, the next day, the opinion they had the day before: such a fickleness is the satire of the modern education. If, at a time when our understanding may be modified at the pleasure of our instructors, we were not, through their ignorance, led into a false knowledge of the foibles of humanity, we would not labour under the mortal pang of suspense: our choices would be as unalterable as the fervour of a devotee, fully convinced of the existence and power of the God he adores. Some boast their constancy when once resolved; I believe them no more than I would a criminal, who pleads not guilty, in hope his guilt shall not be detected.

I was the next morning wavering still between love and pride, when the unexpected presence of Mr. Romney gave the victory to the former.

Mrs. Verman being not at home, I knew not at first whether I should receive him; but my heart talking in his favour, he was introduced.

My countenance did not bespeak the proud Henrietta; my sight had, however, such an effect upon him as to make his bow and his compliment extremely ungraceful and unmeaning.

'This man,' said I to myself, 'knows how to flatter: his confusion 'tells his respect; I must reward him 'for it.'

And I immediately called his spirits to order, by assuring, with a smile, I was pleased to see him.

'Oh! say again you are pleased!'

'What sense do you give to these 'words, that you wish to hear them repeated?'

'They have such a charm as to 'strike my soul with unspeakable de'light! Forgive—but—Oh! Miss 'Henrietta, would this heart could 'lay open before you!'

'I am quite a stranger to the lan'guage of a heart: I beg you would 'speak in a tongue I may understand 'and answer. How does Lady Ben'net?'

And I sat down.

'Very well.'

And, with a sigh, he drew a chair near me.

'This opportunity I have long de'sired for. Frown not; my happiness 'depends wholly upon your smiles. 'Beggar me not of this minute of bliss; 'my honesty has a friend in your vir'tue. A true love can never give of'fence; it is an homage due to beau'ty.'

I had not the heart, Susannah, to play the coquette, and plague the man whose sincerity I could not question.

'I thought, Sir, you esteemed me 'too much to talk to my pride rather 'than to my reason. Do you believe 'me so void of sense as not to be able 'to hear but of flattery? What a mise'rable opinion they entertain of the 'young women in this polite age! 'Pray, Sir, find another topick than 'my own person, or give me leave to 'retire. I am too proud to stay with 'a man who compliments my vanity at 'the expence of my character.'

'Mistake

'Miſtake me not: I both eſteem and 'love you. I have, undoubtedly, many 'of the faults peculiar to my age; but 'I deteſt falſhood. Never have my 'lips belied my heart, and betrayed a 'virtuous woman into the belief of a 'paſſion I did not feel.'

'Theſe are the very looks, the very 'expreſſions of deceit; all uſe them to 'betray.'

'In me they are the interpreters of 'truth.'

'If the moſt experienced women 'are daily dupes to the arts of men, 'what innocent maid is able to diſtin-'guiſh it from nature, and be free 'from doubt and fear! Imprudence 'and ſelf-ſufficiency may eaſily be-'lieve, and truſt their charms for the 'ſecurity of a man's words. So long 'as I am not a fool, for me probability 'will not be conviction.'

'Will not you make an exception?'

'In your favour?'

'Indeed, I deſerve it.'

'I have but your word; and you are 'a man.'

'Do you take me for an enemy?'

'No; but I will act as if you were.'

'So ſuſpicious, and you live happy!'

'For that very reaſon I am not mi-'ſerable.'

'What charms are there in inſenſi-'bility?'

'Thoſe of being ſafe from the pains 'of repentance.'

'How can you feel thoſe when unit-'ed to a man of honour?'

'The ſcarcity of ſuch a character is 'not a temptation to credit it's re-'ality.'

'How ſevere your ſatire of man-'kind! what, not one man of true 'merit?'

'What do you underſtand by true 'merit? I never heard of any thing 'ſo much ſpoken of; but it is ſo dif-'ferently defined, that one would be 'apt to think it does not exiſt.'

'True merit conſiſts in never doing 'or talking againſt the dictates of one's 'heart.'

'You frighten me. What! an 'avowed libertiniſm is the character of 'true merit! Who would not be a 'plague to ſociety, were he to obey 'but the calls of his paſſions?'

'The natural depravity of our hearts, 'charming Henrietta, is corrected by 'an excellent education. A man of 'liberal principles is humane, gene-'rous, indulgent to all men, and ſe-'vere only to himſelf.'

'But, Sir, the courtier's creed is 'abſolutely the reverſe of yours. You 'do not pretend, ſurely, to a greater 'degree of wiſdom, which of you is 'right?'

'I appeal to your heart for a judg-'ment between us.'

'I pronounce in your favour.'

He took my hand to his lips, and printed a kiſs upon it.

'What avails my deciſion, if I fa-'voured only a chimera? Where is the 'man reſembling your deſcription? 'By what ſigns may I know him from 'his mimick? Buffoons excel often in 'the parts they imitate. Think of the 'dangers to which one error expoſes 'us, of the unavoidable humiliation 'attending our credulity; who will re-'flect, and not ſuſpend his judgment, 'not wait till our reaſon ſatisfied ob-'jects no longer to the choice we 'make?'

'Too many cautions, Miſs, are the 'poiſon of life: we ſhould be the moſt 'wretched of all creatures, were our 'hearts in a perpetual calm, our minds 'ever capable of reflection. No plea-'ſures could we enjoy, were we to ſub-'mit them to the tribunal of reaſon. 'Who would venture on the perilous 'ſea of marriage with the view of the 'ſtorms impending upon it? What 'ſociety would long ſubſiſt, were every 'individual to entertain a mutual dif-'fidence one of another? I do not ſay, 'Miſs, we ſhould truſt a man upon 'his apparent behaviour; too often is 'the ſhape of a man of honour the 'form of a rogue; but let this never 'keep ſo ſtrict a guard upon himſelf, 'nature will betray him: if he has 'vices, he will forget himſelf, and be 'then the ſport of our ſex, and the 'ſcorn of yours. I am a man, there-'fore liable to imperfections and fol-'ly: this is no reaſon why I ſhould be 'tainted with them. Let my actions, 'Miſs, anſwer for my veracity; eſ-'teem me ſo long as I ſhall deſerve 'it.'

'And you think, Sir, that a man 'cannot watch ſo attentively upon 'himſelf, as to keep incog. whilſt he is 'pleaſed to be ſo?'

'Actuated by a ſtrong paſſion, and 'in the hope of obtaining the prize he

'covets, the ambitious may sacrifice 'nature to the only want he feels. 'But a real lover has constantly his 'heart on his lips; his soul is seen in 'his eyes; he has not the power to de-'ceive. Respect is the characteristick 'of a lover; never will he, or can he, 'offend the object he is enamoured 'with.'

'And you love me?'

'The doubt is torment. I love, sin-'cerely love you.'

And he fell on his knees.

'That your suspicions may entirely 'vanish, here is my hand; dispose of 'it. Do you still doubt my sincerity?'

I felt such a pleasure on seeing him at my feet, that I forgot to bid him to rise. Both my hands were in his; and my looks told him plainly I had a mind to believe.

'Do you still doubt my sincerity?'

'I do not. But——'

'But——'

How expressive of fear was his stammering of that word!

'You may change.'

'Change! No; never, never. I am 'happy——'

At that instant the door flew open, and my mother entered the room.

LETTER XXV.

'WHAT! Mr. Romney at my 'daughter's feet! at a first 'visit! What am I to believe?'

'Look upon her, Madam: was not 'my situation very natural? Who 'could with impunity behold such 'charms? I had a heart; it felt their 'power. My fortune and my hands 'are at her commands.—Dear Hen-'rietta, your confusion is an affront 'upon your mother and me. Since 'she loves you, she cannot be offended 'at the respectful attachment of a friend 'of her family: my character and 'riches are as unquestionable as your 'beauty, and her affection for you. 'See our pardon in her looks.'

'I own, Sir, that I was surprized 'at the novelty. I did not, indeed I 'did not expect it; but I am not an-'gry.'

These last words she spoke with a smile, and then darted at me an eye filled with indignation. She came to me.

'Is it thus, Miss, you keep the pro-'mise you made?'

'Here is my excuse, Madam.'

And I pointed to Mr. Romney. The energy of my answer, still enforced by the firmness of my voice, confounded Mrs. Verman.

'He your excuse!'

She bit her lips with resentment, and went from me.

My mother had too much power over her passions not to subdue them instantly, when their knowledge would have submitted her to censure; and too much art, not to put the most obstinate man out of his favourite subjects, and give a conversation the turn she liked the best.

In vain did Mr. Romney seize every opportunity to introduce the topicks of love and marriage, his ingenuity was as often defeated by her prudence. Tired at last not to be able to put one word or two in favour of his desires, he took his leave, fully convinced that if he had my consent, he could not flatter himself with that of my mother.

LETTER XXVI.

SOON after Mr. Romney's retreat, Mrs. Verman's political indifference dwindled into a downright anger. Her sacrifice of this passion made it but the fiercer when she could indulge it. The bad man is not so heartily incensed at the honours conferred upon his enemy, as she was at the thought her reason had been the sport of my hypocrisy. Her offended pride made her for some time forget the miscarriage of her favourite plan. She could not bear having been the fool of a daughter, whose inclinations she fancied to have at her disposal. To see me act contrarily to her expectation, was an assault on her judgment she could not forgive. All this she expressed with looks, motions, and words. No longer was I her beloved Henrietta; but a base, ungrateful, unnatural wretch, whom she had nursed up like a tender friend, to be the most effectually robbed of her happiness, and stabbed to the heart.

Conscious I had not done any thing I ought to repent or blush for, I sat silent, and with all the intrepidity of innocence. The calm of my spirits raised her passion to a higher degree.

My

Stothard del. Walker sculp.

Plate I.

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My insensibility of her wrongs was a keener injury than my dissimulation: this might be the effect of fear; but the former could only be caused by indifference or hatred.

Had I then attempted my defence, like the pilot who would sail against the tide and wind, the utmost efforts of art and ingenuity would have proved unsuccessful. As well might I have told a young widow, enchanted at the death of an abhorred husband, she should regret his loss, and be a prey to sorrow, than to have hoped to convince my mother of the reasonableness of my attachment to Mr. Romney, and the absurdity of her charge against me. I waited till she had absolutely lost the power of speech, and of expressing in her features a violent affection of the soul. So uncommon a flood of fury could not continue: the delicacy of her frame could not long labour under the destroying sensation: the moment came, when, between a half breathing and fainting, she forcibly abandoned to me her ears and her reason.

I told her of the force of the circumstances; she shook her head with contempt of the good qualities and fortune of Mr. Romney, which would satisfy even the ambition or sensibility of a girl my superior in birth or accomplishments.

'Weak girl! weak girl!'

And she put her hands upon her eyes.

'What happiness, dear Madam, can 'your daughter promise herself with 'a nobleman who will love her but 'so long as her charms shall please his 'fancy, and scorn her from the hour 'the novelty being vanished, he will 'repent the choice he made? Love may 'for a while silence pride and ambi'tion; but when it's illusions are pas'sed, will not the once favourite in'clination be cursed as the cause of 'endless shame and sorrow? If the 'good-nature of an husband does not 'permit him to declare his thoughts 'openly, does not the discerning self'love of his wife trace them in his be'haviour? What woman of any de'licacy can tamely suffer the dislike of 'her husband? Dislike! rather should 'I have said his contempt! What vir'tue can then be guarded against the 'temptation of revenge? Though a 'crime, who will not commit it? In 'vain should we call to religion for 'help against the resentment of our 'hearts. The woman, I fear, is al'ways between God and our prayers. 'Expose me not, dear Madam, to a 'futurity marked with despair, vice, 'and folly. In an union with Mr. 'Romney, equality of rank frees me 'from his disdain.'

'Leave me! leave me, thou thought'less girl!'

'I will not till I have found my mo'ther again.'

'Forget that man, and I am thy 'mother.'

'Would you see me miserable?'

'Thou art a fool, Henrietta; thou 'art a fool! Leave me.'

'On my knees I beg for forgiveness, 'and your approbation.'

'Expect neither of them. What ob'stinacy! I have no patience.'

And rising with the motions of the utmost displeasure.'

'To your room—no more will I 'hear—to your room this moment!'

I sighed, and obeyed.

LETTER XXVII.

THE two following days I was kept close prisoner, and forbid the use of my pen. This severity strengthened the passion it was intended to destroy. In the absence of the daily diversions which took up my time and my thoughts, my fancy naturally gave way to the feelings of my heart, as the sole relief against the tediousness of captivity. A perpetual reverie on the man we love must necessarily add to his charms, and our tenderness. He is not like a castle we build in the air with the richest materials our imaginations can dream of; and whose structure, in the sobriety of our senses, reason disapproves, and pulls down: this is not the fate of a lover; we are always so smitten with the agreeable picture, as to have it not in our power to discern it's defects. Mrs. Verman's proceedings favoured Mr. Romney: not once did Reason whisper that prejudice might lead the pencil. I drew, and was pleased with my work.

To these two days of entire solitude, Susannah, I owe my present misfortunes; they decided my passion, and made me the wretch I am. My mo-

ther—but that character is sacred—I must suppress my complaints, and suffer in silence.

* *

I WAS musing upon the continual divorces among the great, all caused either by an inequality of birth and fortune, or a difference of humour, and trembling to rank one day with these unfortunate; when the housekeeper gave me the following letter.

'TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

'WHEN my Henrietta's ingenuity, 'betraying the sentiments of 'her heart, opened before me the ever-'flowery path of happiness, how could 'I have thought I was then upon the 'very brink of misery! I had hardly 'indulged the hope of bliss when it 'vanished, and left but pain behind. 'The starving wretch who, finding a 'purse of gold, is robbed of it at the 'very minute his soul dilates with joy 'at the delightful sight, suffers not half 'the torments my fatal disappoint-'ment has oppressed me with! Chance 'may still favour him; that is a com-'fort: I have none! Despair only is 'in view; it reaches my heart; it is 'torn—exquisitely torn! I wish but 'for death, since I cannot obtain my 'Henrietta!

'Mrs. Verman's ambition is an ob-'stacle I have it not in my power to 'conquer. Of all passions it is the 'most inflexible; it hardens a heart, 'and beggars it of justice and humani-'ty. Maternal love is now a dormant 'virtue in a mother's breast: of fancy 'or pride she obeys the dictates; they 'are the sole counsellors she advises 'with, either for the fashion of her 'dress, or the establishment of her 'children. This indifference of their 'happiness, once grown into habit, 'reason can never alter: she will have 'them see through her own eyes, argue 'as she feels, and conclude as she re-'solves. Oh, dear Henrietta! what 'have not I to fear? Who will soften 'Mrs. Verman into a compliance with 'our desires, if she commands, and 'will not leave to her daughter the 'liberty of her choice? Will not your 'virtue sacrifice the man of your heart 'to your mother; yield to her intrea-'ties, or be compelled to obey, from 'the apprehensions of making her un-'happy? This thought makes me 'mad! No! virtue orders not the in-'human sacrifice! You may disobey, 'and be still virtuous. The rights of 'a mother extend not to the power of 'making her children miserable. Both 'nature and law are in your favour, 'dear Henrietta: you have yourself 'rights which a mother can neither 'dispute nor invalidate; they are as 'sacred as hers. If you love me, your 'soul will be as free from her usurped 'authority as your choice: forgive, if I 'say it will be free from blame. Riches 'I ask not; your own person is the 'only portion I am desirous to possess. 'My passion is as disinterested as your 'virtues are real and unspotted: you 'only I love; any other advantage 'which your fortune can bestow I dis-'dain; let Mrs. Verman enjoy it. 'Would it could pay for her consent! 'But, alas! her only foible is pride; 'and this, not gold, but titles and 'grandeur, can flatter and delight. 'Henrietta! how warmly she desired 'Lady Bennet yesterday to use all her 'influence over me, that I should no 'more think of you, as she was abso-'lutely determined never to accept me 'for her son-in-law! As warmly did 'my aunt defend my cause. Had she 'spoke to a mother, we had gained: 'but the ambitious woman is not so 'easily subdued; her pleasure is her 'reason. Henrietta! dear Henrietta! 'from your generosity my tortured 'soul expects relief: pity a man whose 'sole crime is to love you; and not 'repent, though death should be the 'consequence of the passion he feels! 'One word from you will save me 'from destruction, and animate my 'courage to triumph over the obsti-'nacy of pride and ambition. Oh! 'write that word; and I shall be 'yours,

'ROMNEY.

'P. S. Mrs. Verman's housekeeper 'will deliver you this letter: you 'may trust her with your an-'swer. Henrietta! welcome the 'tears this paper will tell you I 'have shed: they are the tears 'of love and despair; welcome 'them! Adieu!'

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

'THOU shalt neither die nor despair!' exclaimed I, when I had read: 'my hand is a debt I must 'and will pay to thy love and gene- 'rosity! Honour and virtue cannot 'object to thee for my husband: when 'these secure me the esteem of man- 'kind, I will defend my lawful titles 'to freedom and happiness. Religion 'forbids suicide and falshood: would 'not my marrying the man I should 'hate be the murder of myself? and 'the Yes I should pronounce a wilful 'perjury? My soul scorns the con- 'straint imposed upon it's affections. 'Thou lovest me! I shall be thine! 'For thee I will brave prayers and 'threatenings; I will not know the 'mother under the shape of a tyrant, 'and submit to her despotick sway!'

The last words were still on my lips, when I received Mrs. Verman's orders to step to her closet.

The chearful features she had put on cheated me not of my reason. My knowledge of her thoughts told me of a scene in which her heart and her tongue would be at a perpetual variance.

The awful gravity of my countenance announcing plainly that I was not happy, Mrs. Verman seemed to feel a concern, and to indulge a look of real tenderness. She made me a sign to take a chair and sit by her; then arose, and walked pensive, varying her motions according to the ascendancy which maternal love or indignation obtained in her mind. The latter at last prevailed; but, that it might not enforce my disobedience by provoking the haughtiness of my already incensed soul, she borrowed the mien and language of the former.

'When I condemned you to a few 'days retreat, Henrietta, I deprived 'myself of a daughter whose company 'and conversation are my delight. 'This apparent severity my attachment 'to you commanded: however pain- 'ful the sacrifice, I hesitated not, since 'I hoped it would avail to your happi- 'ness.'

Here she smiled upon me; and, taking affectionately my hands in hers—

'I knew that the reason of my 'daughter would exert itself in the 'calm of a solitude, and reconcile her 'to the desires of a mother who, di- 'vested of every prejudice, free from 'the blindness of passion, sees things 'such as they are, and lives but to 'make you happy. Were not I swayed 'by this motive, my consent would 'instantly follow your inclination: 'with you would I think of the pre- 'sent only, forget the fatal effects of 'an indiscreet prepossession, and make 'no use of my experience.

'Were you certain, which is im- 'possible, to love, and be loved, till 'age, deadening desire, puts a period 'to enjoyment, I would still tell you, 'Henrietta, you shall be unhappy. If 'your heart feels passions your husband 'cannot gratify, the days you shall 'live will be a perpetual transition 'from pain to pleasure; and this, 'though ever so exquisite, will yield to 'the keenness of the former. Unless 'you are absolutely divested of pride, 'envy, ambition, and avarice, I tell 'you again, you shall be unhappy. 'But you are a woman, Henrietta; 'therefore liable to change, to feel, 'and be deceived. It is with pleasure 'as with our taste for plays, musick, 'and dancing. Who long like the re- 'petition of the same amusements? do 'they not leave our soul in a vacuity 'of sensations, although in the midst 'of their pretended raptures?

'Innumerable are our wants, Hen- 'rietta; their chain is linked up from 'a real passion to the seemingly insig- 'nificant caprice: each has a poig- 'nancy which brooks no privation; it 'is a torment to wish in vain for the 'satisfaction of a desire. You have 'none now but to please Mr. Romney; 'but to think he loves you: you shall 'have the same so long as I attempt to 'destroy it. Such is the effect of a 'contradicted passion; but does not your 'reason tell you that this very desire 'subsists only from my opposition, and 'that my consent would presently 'weaken it in your heart? Through 'your own obstinacy, would you be 'deaf to your own interest, and engage 'in a marriage of which you must and 'shall repent one day? Love is like 'champaign; it pleases the taste, and 'intoxicates the understanding. Who, 'from a thousand instances, convinced 'it has such an effect, will trust only 'to experience for the certainty of it;

'or

'or drink it immoderately, or not remove the obnoxious bottle from his sight? As the palate is at last disgusted at the bewitching liquor, so does any passion whatever die away in the heart of a woman. I except none but pride, the ever-faithful companion of self-love; which at all times, and every season of life, continues to command, and to be obeyed.'

LETTER XXIX.

'MADAM! Madam!——' And I gave my head the impatient turn of incredulity.

The solemn dignity of my exclamation, and the sense I marked it with, astonished my mother.

'Will not religion and virtue secure my peace and felicity better than the power of gratifying every call of a depraved fancy? You talk of pride and self-love as the supreme rulers of our actions: what would religion and virtue avail mankind, were they, far from obeying, authorized to violate their dictates? The man who could erase from his mind the ideas of just and unjust, and adopt his pleasure for his only law, would forfeit his nature, and be a monster. My attachment to Mr. Romney, supported by the love of my duty, will enable me to reach, with honour, the career I have to run over. Were I to travel it with a man whose only merit should be his coronet, the spectators, under the attire of content, would see in me the victim of vanity, here and there, in search of the happiness she had thoughtlessly lost.'

'Did you live in a community of nuns, your eloquence would make a very brilliant part in their enthusiastick tittle-tattle. Poor Henrietta! how fallen thou art! I admire your morals, and compliment you upon your new-enlightened scruples: when indifferent, your reason was the envy of all your friends. You love; they are revenged: from their hearts they will pity you—indeed they will pity you! As I hope, however, that you are not beyond the power of remedy, I give you four and twenty hours to argue your senses into their usual coolness and sobriety. Abuse not your judgment; it will easily point out to you the means for a prompt recovery. If, then, your fit is not over, I will be the physician myself, and force a cure on your distempered brain. Since your reason is asleep, your mother's must be awakened, to save you from the dangers of infatuation: it is my duty, and I will discharge it. I know I have not your thanks for being so studious of your happiness; that your heart rebels against the method I take to procure it to you: your ingratitude offends me not. As I would not ask a blind man his opinion of the dress I wear, in the circumstance you are, I will not require you should be just or able to distinguish the remedy from the poison: to me it belongs to take care you should not mistake.'

And, with a nod of her head, she bid me to retire.

LETTER XXX.

'HEIGH-HO!' sighed I, when I had got into my room; and I leaned a few minutes upon the back of a chair: my heart so oppressed, yet unable to relieve it by the shedding of one single tear.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed I, with the mournful accent of sorrow, 'that the passion I feel should be only a whim which rises and dies in our breasts as fancy commands! that, from my mother's mere opposition to my wishes, Mr. Romney borrows his merit, and I indulge my hopes of happiness! If so, of what use to us can Reason be? Why does she deny me the help she grants to my mother? How came I, though willing, not to part a chimera from reality? I feel I love; every thought confirms it: yet I love not! Ridiculous! I am not so much under the sway of folly as to be guilty of so unreasonable a mistake! I love; and Mr. Romney is the object!'

I sat down, and took the letter he had written; read it again and again; and every perusal added to my esteem and love for him.

'My mother differs from me, and objects to my choice!' The thought filled my heart with vexation. 'The hatred of a mother!' My soul, Susannah,

sannah, sunk under the fear of that hatred. I was instantly bedewed with tears, and murmured half an hour against the rigour of my fate, which had placed the displeasure of a mother between happiness and me.

* *

Mrs. Moulton, the housekeeper, found me dejected, and in the utmost despondency, when she came into the room. The spectacle of my sorrow drew sobbings from her bosom, and tears from her eyes: she respected my silence, and partook of my agony.

'Dear Mrs. Moulton!—my mother '—my mother! I have no hopes—I am 'miserable!—She hates the thought of 'Mr. Romney!—Oh! my heart bursts 'with pain!—She threatens—Mrs. 'Moulton—she has threatened me!—'But four and twenty hours has she 'granted to my reason for the conquest 'of my passion! Then, if I continue 'to love, from her I am to expect ha'tred and ill usage—from a mother!—'who can endure the fatal stroke!—'from a mother! My virtue is shock'ed—her anger will be death!'

'Your respect for your mother, 'Miss, I will not weaken: I will spare 'your delicacy my judgment of her 'behaviour. However uncommonly 'severe, however contrary to the feel'ings of a tender parent, you are her 'daughter; I shall not, against her, 'vindicate your wrongs: but is she to 'abuse the authority your good-nature 'gives her over you; to turn to your 'disadvantage an attachment she should 'reward, and overlook your happiness, 'to gratify a whim? The rights of a mo'ther end when she begins to be unjust: 'no longer can children be compelled 'to obey, or fear the sting of remorse 'for a rebellion which nature avows. 'The sacrifice of one's self all laws dis'approve; that folly can enter the 'heads only of the fools and mad. 'Mr. Romney will justify your dis'obedience: malice or envy have no 'darts to throw against him, so real 'are his virtues and fortune. Your 'mother herself will not dare to shew 'an indignation she could not support: 'although vexed at the miscarriage of 'a project her pride had delighted to 'form, her respect for herself will 'smother it in her breast; her pride 'itself will force her to applaud what 'she condemns in her heart. Be no 'longer uneasy, dear Miss; relieve that 'oppressed heart with the hope of being 'happy; the man you love you shall 'have: let this trickling tear be the 'last you shed.'

'Mrs. Moulton, if my mother could 'forgive, think of the interval between 'her anger and her pardon! her suf'ferings my soul will partake. Mr. 'Romney's smiles, and unfeigned af'fection, will not make me unnatural; 'still I shall be a daughter, though for'saken by my mother.'

'That situation will be but short: 'what are a few days of trouble to 'years of real misery? Would you 'marry a man you should hate, in com'pliment to Mrs. Verman's choice?'

'Talk not thus! Never would I! So 'much baseness my soul disdains!'

'Then you must be certain to live 'at a perpetual enmity with her. Does 'not her refusal of Mr. Romney prove 'her partiality to another? You know 'him not yet; but to-morrow—next 'week—his hand may be tendered to 'you with the voice of absolute com'mand. Perhaps a man, exhausted by 'age and debauchery, without any 'virtues to commend him to your es'teem but the fictitious honours he 'inherited from his ancestors: you 'shudder; the picture may be realized. 'False pride is always easily contented; 'it grasps at a shadow; a brilliant no'thing will satisfy it!'

'You frighten me! What can I 'do?'

'Of two evils chuse the least. Put 'in one scale your love for Mr. Rom'ney, with the transitory anger of Mrs. 'Verman; and, in the other, twenty 'years of an incessant dislike and sor'row: weigh well; which will carry 'it?'

'My love! my love! No longer am 'I in suspense; no longer will I trust 'my happiness to the discretion of a 'prepossessed mother! Was she insen'sible of the evils she exposes me to, 'of the error she so tenderly cherishes, 'and sincerely wishing to discover her 'mistake, I might flatter myself to 'open her mind to the light of reason, 'and be happy with her own consent. 'Even then, as her denial would pro'ceed from her affection to me, I 'should wait till every fear should be 'subsided, every doubt lost in con'viction: but Mrs. Verman cannot be

'deceived;

'deceived; she loves me not; herself, 'and not me, she considers in the dis- 'posal of my hand. Like the volup- 'tuary, who, scorning to please the 'taste of his guests, orders his dinner 'to his own liking, regardless of my 'inclinations, she would force upon 'me the man of her fancy. She is my 'mother: can the name make up for 'the want of tenderness, and bind me, 'like the slave, to have no will to think 'but at the pleasure of a tyrant? No! I 'shake off the disgraceful yoke, and will 'be myself. Scruples, away! too long 'have I laboured under your delusion: 'I will love, and be free.—Dear Mrs. 'Moulton, let Mr. Romney be ac- 'quainted with the sentiments of my 'heart; let him know he pleases, and 'I will be his: from me he deserves 'the flattering assurance. Tell him I 'am sensible of his love and merit; 'tell him—but no—he asks a word— 'I will write it—fetch me paper and 'pen—I have been unmercifully de- 'barred of their use. Go! make haste! 'I will hear nothing! My soul is im- 'patient of delay! my lover must be 'happy! Who knows but this very 'minute he curses the air he breathes? 'Oh! let him not blaspheme against a 'life I will have him to enjoy! Go! 'Why do you stare? Have not you 'heard me?'

* *

My enthusiasm, Susannah, had pass- ed in Mrs. Moulton's heart; her joy at my sudden resolve had taken from her the powers of speech and motion; twice I repeated the order before I per- ceived she was unable to obey.

Alarmed at her silence, still more at her frightful stupid countenance, I shook her by her hand; down upon the floor came the staring, open-mouthed Mrs. Moulton. Her fall restored im- mediately their activity to her inani- mated senses,

'Lord! Lord! I was so struck! 'How happy Mr. Romney! What 'news for him!'

And she half limped, half ran out of the room for the materials I wanted.

* *

'Virtue cannot be offended,' ex- claimed I when alone: 'it is not a false 'step. I may, without blushing, own 'the passion of my heart to the man 'who feels the same for me: coquetry 'may think it prudent to be false. I 'love; I will be true: it is criminal 'to play with the happiness of the man 'we really believe sincere and deserv- 'ing.'

'He is so; he is so: I answer for 'him,' said Mrs. Moulton, who had heard the last phrase.

'Have not I a better guarantee than 'your word?'

And I smiled.

'You have it in your charms.'

'Flatterer!'

I sat down, and wrote the following letter.

* *

'TO CHARLES ROMNEY, ESQUIRE.

'SIR,

'I Have searched into my heart, and 'found I esteem you; nay, there 'often a more tender sentiment than 'esteem prevails: did modesty give me 'leave, I would name it love. My 'consciousness of your virtues keeps me 'from blotting out the word. I have 'written it; you may read. I love; I 'will not deny it: but of what avail 'is my telling I love you to our hap- 'piness? A mother!—I will write no 'more.

'HENRIETTA VERMAN.'

LETTER XXXI.

AFTER the step I had taken, Su- sannah, neither my mind nor my heart could change, and tamely suffer the tyranny of a mother. From the conviction that my character was, and would be free from slander, I grew strong and unconquerable.

The return of Mrs. Moulton, on whose features wandered the talkative joy of a successful messenger, and the sight of a letter from Mr. Romney, in- creased still my courage, and assured my triumph.

Mrs. Moulton would have made sport with my impatience; but, how- ever agreeable to hear, I could not then listen. From her I snatched the letter, broke the seal open, and involuntarily kissed the first line my eyes fell upon.

'TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

'YOU love me! Welcome to my heart are the rapturous words. You love me! My ſoul has paſſed in my eyes to read the enchanting expreſſion, to intoxicate itſelf with delight at the unexpected bliſs. You love me! No longer am I fearful; I brave every obſtacle, and defy the moſt inveterate enemy! Oh, Henrietta! you have reſtored life to my dying ſpirits: this life is your work; it is, and ever ſhall be devoted to you! every thought, every deſire ſhall center in you! I will think but to pleaſe! I will wiſh but to ſee you happy! Not once ſhall you perceive an abatement in my affection, in my tranſports! Ever eager to gaze, to liſten, to enjoy, my feelings will have the conſtant fire of novelty. What luxuriancy of raptures your poſſeſſion flatters me with! Each ſenſe alternately, all ſometimes at once will ſink under the load of pleaſure: you will ſatisfy their reſtleſs curioſity, and fix them upon your looks, your motions, your words; and, under your heavenly touch, my happineſs will be too exquiſite; it will be more than a mortal can bear. You love me! How many the pleaſing emotions ſpringing from theſe words! A pardon is not more grateful to the criminal condemned to die, than theſe words are to my heart. You love me! you have made me a man. Mrs. Verman, though never ſo inflexible, ſhall yield; ſhe cannot reſiſt the entreaties of a lover: if ſhe does, I have a friend, a powerful friend, in your heart. Henrietta! liſten to his counſels, he ſhall not deceive you! my honour warrants the reſolution you will form! From me dread nothing but an exceſs of love! I will expect paſſion for paſſion! a flame as fierce as mine! I ſhould be unhappy, did not I ſee in your eyes the ſame ſenſibility my own will perpetually betray. Try well thy heart, Henrietta; and then heſitate not to truſt thy happineſs to my care: thou ſhalt walk upon the flowers of life; it's thorns I will conceal from thee.

'ROMNEY.'

LETTER XXXII.

'HOW rapturouſly he writes, Mrs. Moulton! How forcible this letter!'

'You have ſtill added to it's energy by your manner of reading it. Had Mr. Romney heard you, he would have miſtaken your ſoul for his. It were a pity two ſuch feeling hearts ſhould be parted; they muſt not, they ſhall not, be parted.'

'God only can tear him from my heart! I love, I love! I am beyond the power of a mortal phyſician! My attachment to my mother will not avail her! It fights not upon equal terms with my love! This ſways entirely over my heart! No room is there in it for the authority of a mother! No other law but it's own can I acknowledge and obey!'

'The ſentiments of Mr. Romney you have echoed. Thus he feels, thus he expreſſes himſelf, dear creature! Would you had ſeen him after he had peruſed your letter! He frightened me out of my wits; joy made him abſolutely mad: how he talked and ſkipped about! I was nigh ringing for the ſervants to come up. He minded me no more than if he had had no witneſs of his folly; but went on chattering the moſt ſtrange things, and kiſſing the comforting paper, thus he called it. Poor man! Oh! he loves you dearly. When he came to himſelf—"What! are you "there, Mrs. Moulton? You have "brought me life." And he kiſſed the letter again and again. Then he ſat down; and the—"You love me!" was ten times on his lips for once he traced it upon the paper. His heart was full; the anſwer was ſoon written,

"Tell my dear Henrietta, that ſhe "has made me the happieſt from the "moſt wretched of mankind. Tell "her I am at her abſolute diſpoſal; "that ſhe may, at her pleaſure, com-"mand my fortune and my hand; "that no heart ever felt a more ſin-"cere paſſion. Oh! Mrs. Moul-"ton——"

'Here the word expired on his

'tongue; he breathed one sigh. I dis-
'covered the trickling tear in his eyes.
'Like him I was affected, trembling,
'out of breath. What more moving
'than an handsome young man shed-
'ding a tear! though from joy it is a
'pain; my soul partook of it.'

❋ ❋

"Your sensibility, dear Mrs. Moul-
"ton, is an omen I welcome; it proves
"to me, you will be faithful to the inte-
"rests of two lovers who stand in need
"of your help: a tender woman can
"never be false. Tell Henrietta to
"trust to my probity; that whatever
"partiality she may favour me with,
"she never shall repent of it. I long
"to see her; but how, when, or where,
"I know not: from her generosity I
"expect that pleasure; all my attempts,
"all my ingenuity, could not procure
"it me. The orders Mrs. Verman
"has given against me are too positive
"not to be punctually obeyed. Be-
"sides, could I get admittance, I
"might be betrayed; and my Hen-
"rietta would be the sufferer. I can-
"not think to give her one minute of
"uneasiness. Our indiscretion would
"infallibly raise her mother's anger,
"and perhaps exasperate her beyond the
"hope of forgiveness. Possibly I am
"too prudent; but I really love: and,
"since my Henrietta's virtue pleads
"still for her mother's rights, I would
"obtain her hand but when her soul
"shall feel no other sensations than
"those of joy. Sorrow in my Hen-
"rietta's breast would cause one sigh
"in the midst of our endearments,
"and poison all the transports of love.
"If Mrs. Verman's inflexibilty con-
"tinues, then, conscious of having
"done her duty, Henrietta will come
"to my arms, without one motive for
"a tear; then our life shall be a conti-
"nual scene of bliss: let us, for a few
"days, a few weeks, respect Mrs.
"Verman's denial; no more time will
"my Henrietta grant, if she loves me;
"it is sufficient to satisfy her deli-
"cacy——"

'What! you weep, dear Miss?'

'I do; and with pleasure, at the
'knowledge you give me of Mr. Rom-
'ney's sentiments. How should not
'I love the man who thinks so nobly?
'But pray go on, Mrs. Moulton.'

'Then he made me promise to con-
'trive an unsuspected interview, where,
'in my presence, he might tell you of
'his love; and, putting this letter in
'my right-hand, he slid this ring into
'my left. I blushed, and would not
'receive it; but he himself put it upon
'this finger, and never would take it
'again.'

Forgive, Susannah, if I expatiate upon such a frivolous topick: at that time it delighted my soul; even now I remember it with pleasure.'

LETTER XXXIII.

THE next morning Mrs. Verman, mindful of her word, came up to my apartment. The two first hours of my rest had been taken up by love; the remaining nature had invaded. I was still in a sound sleep, when Mrs. Moulton drew the curtains, and announced my mother's visit.

'What! not yet up! Since Hen-
'rietta can rest, her mind must be com-
'posed. Was she yet wavering be-
'tween her lover and me, her heart
'should be awaked: we do not enjoy
'sleep in the tumult of the passions.
'Have I then found my daughter
'again?'

And she passed her arm round my neck to embrace me.

'Stop, Madam: if tenderness is not
'the real spring of your cares, stop; I
'may not deserve it.'

'Is it possible your infatuation
'should last so long? No; your reason
'has got the better of a blind passion:
'you are my daughter; let me press
'you to my bosom; you are in tears!
'Henrietta, you will be the death of
'your mother.'

'To save one day of yours, dear
'Madam, I would give my whole life:
'far from me the thought of ever of-
'fending my mother! I love you with
'the utmost affection. Turn not your
'head from me: to that frown I have
'not been used; it is a mortal blow
'upon my sensibility. Why should
'we be miserable, when we can so easily
'be happy?'

And I respectfully carried her hand to my lips.

'Still silent, still an angry look at
'me! Is my attachment to Mr. Rom-
'ney such a crime as not to be for-
'given?'

'A new insult! How did you dare

'to

'to name him before me? The man I 'detest!'

'What vice in him has provoked 'my mother? Nothing but the fear of 'my unhappiness could thus obliterate her generosity. Were he not 'really unworthy of me, my mother 'would be more indulgent.'

'His character I do not impeach; 'he may possess every virtue others 'boast to have, and have not: but I 'do not like the man who robs me of 'my daughter's affection; that guilt is 'unpardonable.'

'That guilt is only a chimera. 'None ever loved a mother as I do.'

'As you do! How false!'

'I am not false! God avert I should 'tell a lye to my mother!'

'Let your actions speak your attachment to me; they shall not, like 'words, impose upon my credulity: 'oppose me no longer in the only point 'I ever wished to carry. Forget Mr. 'Romney: to that test I put your veracity. What! no answer!'

'To prove my veracity, must I be 'guilty of falsehood, belie my heart, 'and, to please you, dissemble it's real 'feelings? My mother ever taught 'me to respect myself. I will not 'feign; I love Mr. Romney!'

'Presumptuous girl! I hate you!'

She bit her lips, and stamped with her foot.

'Repeal! repeal the word! Curse 'not your daughter with your hatred!'

'I say it again; I hate you!'

And she flung herself out of the room, with the steps and motions of the most violent fury.

LETTER XXXIV.

'I Am hated by my mother! From 'her own lips I have heard she hates 'me!' Dear Susannah, my heart failed me; a cold fit seized upon every limb; I wished I could cease to love. The hatred of my mother, though unjust, struck my soul with terror; my spirits sunk under the weight of grief; I fainted in Mrs. Moulton's arms.

Her cries soon alarmed the whole house. 'Henrietta, the young, amiable Henrietta, is dying!' The dreadful news, passing from one servant to another, reached quickly Mrs. Verman's ear: she ran up with the utmost precipitation. At the sight of her daughter laying almost motionless upon the bed, despair animated instantly every feature; she stammered the most doleful complaints, and breathed the sobbings of real anguish. When I opened my eyes, I saw her by me bedewed with tears; a prey to the most poignant anxiety; too weak yet to rejoice at the unfeigned tenderness she forcibly expressed; to utter the gratitude I felt, my looks told her—'You 'do not hate me; nature has betrayed 'the mother!' She understood their language; but would not answer it. The certainty of my recovery changed her concern into a visible indifference: I no longer saw but Mrs. Verman; the mother was vanished.

* * *

'She loves me; yet she will coldly 'see me miserable!' This thought incensed my heart against her, and allayed the flutter of my spirits: I got up, dressed, and was myself again.

'I will see Mr. Romney,' said I to Mrs. Moulton: 'but let prudence 'guide the step. I will not be exposed 'to the censure of the world: though 'it cannot disturb the peace of the innocent, it is, however, a disgrace they 'should avoid. It is not enough to be 'really virtuous, one must appear so; 'mankind are so inclined to slander 'and believe. Mrs. Moulton, Virtue 'herself would have the poisonous 'darts of calumny aimed at her, were 'she to come among us under her 'heavenly form. The severity of my 'mother will have a period: when I 'am free, either the play-houses, or 'the publick walks, will afford an opportunity; till then I cannot see him. 'I know I may go to church; Mrs. 'Verman's anger would readily yield 'to her duty: but rather would I die 'than to prophane, with the expressions 'of love, the sacred place of worship. 'This crime, though daily perpetrated, 'is no less odious—my heart abhors 'what my reason condemns!'

'But if your imprisonment is to 'last, what will become of Mr. Romney? He will die if he does not see 'you.'

'I will write.'

'A letter cannot compensate for the 'privation of your company: it has 'charms, it is true; but how weak 'compared to the pleasure of a conversation enlivened by a mutual love!

'Could you be contented with only 'hearing from him? You ſigh; judge 'of his heart by your own. Would 'you have him ſuffer when you can 'relieve him?'

'How can I, Mrs. Moulton?'

'By recovering your liberty, and beſtowing your hand upon him.'

'He ſhall have it: but let me firſt 'try to ſoften my mother; ſhe may re'lent when convinced her oppoſition is 'vain.'

'If this hope is the praiſe of your 'virtue, it is not that of your diſcern'ment. The ambitious have an in'flexibility which takes a new force 'from a ſpirited reſiſtance: the con'ceit they are infatuated with, neither 'time nor reaſon can deſtroy. How'ever, I may be wrong: far from me 'to diſſuade you from making the at'tempt. Though now in a ſervile 'ſtate, I have not forgot the virtues I 'practiſed in an happier ſituation. I 'approve your reſolution, charming 'Henrietta: may it be attended with 'ſucceſs!'

LETTER XXXV.

SUSANNAH! do not you love this Mrs. Moulton? She is no more: every day I ſhed one tear over her memory; every day I am ſenſible of her loſs. Brought up in affluence, and reduced, by unmerited misfortunes, to the loweſt ebb of miſery, my mother took her into her houſe. Although ſhe ſerved, her ſoul was ever independent of her fortune: ſhe continued to think freely, behave with dignity, and act with honour. The care ſhe had taken of my infancy had endeared me to her: but though ſhe looked upon me as her daughter, her impartiality always decided between my mother and me. For her againſt me when reaſon was on her ſide, for me againſt her when it turned the ſcale in my favour. Dear Mrs. Moulton! I will not ſtop the trickling tear; from me ſhe deſerves it.

* *

Two hours had ſlipped away imperceptibly in the enchanting tittle-tattle of love, when I heard the rattling of ſilk, and immediately ſaw Mrs. Verman. The freſhneſs of my complection announcing I was well, ſhe omitted the—'How-d'ye-do?' and ſat by me.

'For the laſt time, Miſs, I am come 'to eradicate from your mind the er'ror you delight to indulge. Your en'thuſiaſm is no wonder: at your ſea'ſon of life, it is in our nature to be 'the ſport of the firſt paſſion we feel. 'Experience only can ſeparate it's illu'ſions from it's reality, by comparing 'the new ſenſations with the former 'effects the ſame had upon us. I pity 'your ſituation, as I do that of a fool 'or a lunatick: no more than they, at 'this minute, can you make uſe of 'your underſtanding: it is ſunk below 'the power of reflecting. Perhaps it 'is folly in me to attempt to bring 'you back to reaſon: but I like to yield 'to my tenderneſs, which whiſpers, 'that my daughter's condition is not 'yet deſperate. Yes, Henrietta, you are 'not yet ſo far gone as to render vain 'the remedy I will adminiſter.

'No longer will I tell you that, in 'the ſhort ſpace of a few months, your 'affections may vary from love to in'difference, and from indifference to 'hatred; that it is downright extrava'gance to believe in the continuance 'of a ſenſation, and ſtill more ſtupid to 'found our happineſs upon it. Our 'paſſions have the inſtability of the 'wind. What would your opinion be 'of a pilot, who ſailing to the ſouth 'with a freſh gale, thinking it not poſ'ſible it could on a ſudden ſhift to an'other point of the compaſs, would 'quietly fall aſleep at the helm, and 'thus voluntarily expoſe himſelf to the 'danger of a ſhipwreck? You eaſily 'form a judgment of that man; yet, 'Henrietta, you will not ſee you de'ſerve yourſelf from me the very ſen'tence you pronounce againſt him.'

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'OUT of the innumerable inſtances 'of the inconſtancy and the power 'of the paſſions, I will give you but 'one. Suppoſe that jealouſy ſhould 'paint your lover to your fancy as un'faithful and perfidious: if that con'ceit grew inveterate in your mind, I 'tell you, Henrietta, that, influenced 'by pride, you would, out of ſpite, 'give your hand to his hated rival. 'What is that paſſion which a fooliſh 'whim can eraſe from your heart? 'Since you cannot doubt the probabi-

'lity

'lity of such a changement, are not 'you utterly convinced, that from our 'prepossession only a passion gathers all 'it's strength, and that it has therefore 'no reality? A child has fancied a 'wooden toy; offer him a gold one, 'he despises it: you are that child, 'Henrietta.'

Here my mother stopped to take breath, and search in my looks for the effect her speech had upon my heart. She saw but the satisfaction we necessarily feel when we hear a sensible orator. I wondered she could hope to silence a passion with words: however plausible the arguments she employed, they glanced only upon my mind; I continued to love.'

LETTER XXXVI.

AFTER a few minutes of a fruitless enquiry, Mrs. Verman went on in the following manner.

'I have a secret, Miss, which will 'perhaps cure the wound reason cannot heal: if your disease resists this 'remedy, I give you over. The Earl 'Osenvor loves you.'

'The Earl Osenvor! You amaze 'me!'

'He himself, Henrietta, is the man 'who was ambitious of deserving your 'hand; and to whom I destined it.'

'Never did he seem to distinguish 'me; never did he say he loved but 'with the accent of a flatterer! Of all 'the noblemen you could name, him 'I esteem the most; his visits always 'were welcome; to him, without disgust, I could listen; not once did he 'offend my modesty either with a look, 'or in expression: often have I commended the decency of his carriage. 'He is polite without affectation, witty 'without slander, virtuous without 'shame. Oh, Madam! you are too 'inhuman in your revenge! Indeed, 'indeed, you hate your daughter; you 'have pierced my heart with sorrow! 'Must the only man I looked upon as 'my friend, love me in vain? Why did 'not you keep the fatal secret? My 'knowledge of it is a new torment: I 'am unhappy!'

'Unhappy! when fortune offers you 'for a husband the man you esteem!'

'The man I esteem; but him I love 'not. If his passion for me is as sincere as mine for Mr. Romney, he 'must be miserable; my heart bleeds 'for him!'

'Soon he will return from the country: there he went to terminate a 'family affair; thence he is to come 'to make, at your feet, the tender of 'his rank. How disappointed when 'he knows——'

'He shall know it from me, Madam.'

'From you, Henrietta! Are you in 'earnest?'

'I am, Madam: I will not deceive 'the man I respect; it would be base 'to give him hopes I should know to 'be false. Since from me he could 'conceal his passion, it is not deeply 'rooted in his heart: mine I will trust 'to his generosity; he has too noble, 'too delicate a soul, to wish for an 'happiness I should not partake. A-'gainst himself he will take the part of 'my lover; with you he will be our 'advocate.'

'And not gain his cause, were he 'such a fool.'

'What! would you still oppose, 'though he himself should abandon 'his rights?'

'Never, never will he part with 'them!'

'But if he does——'

'But if it should happen that you 'would not desire it?'

'Lord! it is impossible!

'How, then, can you expect he 'should be more generous than you? 'When you overlook his happiness, 'will he mind your own? Make not 'such dreams, Henrietta, when you 'are awake. What could give Lord 'Osenvor a power over his passion, 'which you are certain not to have 'over yours? I gave my word before 'you saw Mr. Romney: it is sacred; 'I shall not depart from it.'

'Then we all shall be miserable!'

'Then it will be your fault, and 'your fault only. Were his lordship's 'manners and morals really worthy 'of contempt, I would have scorned 'to enter into an alliance with him: 'but you are conscious of the contrary; you are perfectly convinced 'he deserves you; your esteem speaks 'his merit. Henrietta, from esteem to 'love there is but one step.'

'Oh!

'Oh! my heart will burst with grief; I have no strength for such a load of vexations!'

'You know Lord Osenvor; you know not Mr. Romney: your love for him is almost the work of enchantment. Like an unknown strong odour, which, carelessly smelt, at once overpowers every sense, his sight has operated upon your heart: it is but an illusion; Lord Osenvor's presence will destroy it.'

'If it does not——'

'Well, then, I will not think of it; such an effect must necessarily follow.'

'Had you my heart, how differently you would conclude! You speak of infatuation; I am not under it's sway: I am very clear upon the nature of my attachment to Mr. Romney; it has sprung more from reflection than from my fancy; they have helped one another, and my soul has yielded to their united power.'

'How unfortunate Lord Osenvor!'

'How unhappier I! He will have but his own sufferings, when I shall feel for yours and for his. Oh, Madam——'

And I feel at her feet.

'Pity your daughter! I love; and am not obstinate! I wish Lord Osenvor were the man I love: to reconcile my affections with my duty would be a real bliss; but this is only a wish!'

The doleful tone of my voice, and some tears which dropped on her hand, seemed to affect sensibly my mother. I heard a smothered sobbing, and discovered a concern in the sudden and quick panting of her bosom: her looks flattered me with her forgiveness; I thought I saw the word upon her half-opened lip; my soul, between fear and joy, was upon the wing for it. Nature was once more sacrificed to ambition; the word was not pronounced. Afraid of betraying herself, my mother arose, passed her handkerchief over my eyes, and, after a tender kiss on my forehead, went away.

LETTER XXXVII.

THE sensibility my mother could not dissemble revived my heart, which had greatly suffered from the secret she had disclosed, and the scene that had ensued. Her choice of Lord Osenvor proved her tenderness: had she only consulted her pride, neither my taste nor judgment would she have regarded; the old, infirm, and contemptible, would equally have had her approbation, so that her thirst for grandeur should have been satisfied. Had my soul been free, no objection could I have made. I really esteemed Lord Osenvor; and, had he spoke when I could listen, I would have thought it a glory, an happiness, to deserve him: but he had not; and I loved when he would.

The offers of men of the same rank my mother had politely refused. Though she seemed not to watch my inclinations, she had perceived the preference I gave to Lord Osenvor; and her heart had rejoiced at the possibility of gratifying both her favourite passion and her love for me. This new light on her behaviour silenced instantly the indignation it had forced into my breast; I felt a pang of sorrow for the injury I had done her, and sincerely repented of my injustice.

'I have no wrongs to complain of,' said I to myself: 'Mrs. Verman acted 'the mother when I thought her only 'ambitious and indifferent. With the 'world, her choice is her justification; 'to my eye, as she is perfectly ac-'quainted with Lord Osenvor's virtues, and my prejudice in his favour, 'her inflexibility is reason: her experience may foresee what I think it 'impossible ever to happen. "Try "your heart well," writes Mr. Romney. I will; and if it continues to 'feel as it does now, all my mother's 'entreaties will not avail Lord Osenvor: but then from her hands only 'will I receive my lover. This sacri-'fice gratitude commands; and I will 'make it.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

HENRIETTA,

COUNTESS OSENVOR,

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OSENVOR, TO LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY.

WHETHER Mrs. Verman thought that solitude was more her enemy than Mr. Romney, or she was apprehensive for my health, I know not; but I received an unexpected order to come down to dinner.

'I wish, Henrietta, I could find a 'talisman against the tyranny of the 'passions; they are the bane of plea-'sure! What a change a few days have 'made in our life! We were both so 'happy! Cursed for ever be the day 'I went with you to Lady Bennet! If 'I have lost the heart of my daughter, 'let me, however, see her in her coun-'tenance! I love you; I want to be 'deceived: this delusion I may one 'day repay!'

'Doubt no more my affection than 'you would my virtue.'

'Put on, then, a look of indifference 'instead of that loving one; I hate to 'see it; with the former the deception 'will be more natural. Who knows 'but, in mimicking, you may realize it? 'How often do not mankind take the 'spirit of the airs they assume? Very 'little of prepossession is capable of 'changing a character, or forming a 'new one: we all are children from the 'days we think not to those we boast 'to reason.

'Very few, at every season of life, 'have not a particular folly to indulge: 'like a child's bauble, our sensations 'have their day; this hour an en-'thusiast, the next an unbeliever. If, 'among the company I expect, one 'could read your thoughts, Henrietta, 'ten to one he would attract your at-'tention, and divert you from Mr. 'Romney; and had he as much skill 'as knowledge, that Mr. Romney you 'are so fond of might to-morrow re-'ceive his congé coldly written with 'your own hands. You shake your 'head, and will not believe: like you 'I have been young, and had my opi-'nion; like me, perhaps, an unfore-'seen incident will make you sensible 'of your error.'

* *

'I WAS not seventeen years old, 'when chance threw in my way a man 'exactly formed to turn a virgin's 'head: shape, features, wit, and ta-'lents, he united to a miracle. So much 'superior was he to any man I had 'seen before, that my heart, after a 'trifling defence, surrendered to it's 'conqueror. I thought but of him; 'dressed but for him; him only I con-'descended to please: his birth and 'fortune agreeing with mine, my pa-

'rents

'rents approved our passion, and granted my hand as soon as it was asked. The wedding-day was fixed. You may imagine, Henrietta, how happy I fancied myself! To marry the man I loved! it is the sole real bliss upon earth! I enjoyed it with the delirium of an intoxicated soul! Should, then, an angel have descended from Heaven, and told me—"You are deluded; you love not!" I would not have credited him.'

* *

'An hour before the marriage articles were to be signed, I was amusing myself with a squirrel I liked, and feeding him with my own hands, when my lover entered the room. For a few minutes he partook of the innocent diversion, and helped the little animal to a bit of a nut: one kiss was his reward. On a sudden, my gentleman, very likely to try my temper, fell on the squirrel, and, before I could fly to his relief, wrested his neck, and killed him. This inhumanity presently beggared my lover of all his charms; I saw in him a monster, whose presence was a torment: so quickly did my inclination vanish, that I did not even deign to upbraid him with his cruelty!

'I rushed out of the room, and shut the door after me. My father was the first I met with as I ran down the stairs. The flutter of my spirits betrayed the inward emotion: he took me by the hand, pressed me to his bosom, and would absolutely know the cause. I could not speak: he led me to his closet; then a flood of tears relieved my oppressed heart. I began to breathe; and, falling on my knees, entreated him not to oppose the resolution I had just formed never to marry Mr. Morley. How amazed was my father! So sudden an indifference struck him dumb: he mistrusted his own ears; I saw the doubt in his looks; and twice repeated the same prayer.

"Heavens! what do I hear! Is it "possible! Do not I mistake! The man "you loved half an hour ago——"

"Is now the object of my hatred!"

"The transition is not natural! Wait "till the first heat of your spite be "over——"

"It is not spite, but a real contempt; "that man I abhor!"

'And then I related what had passed.

"What!" exclaimed my father, "your affection for your lover cannot "out-live the death of a squirrel? "Pshaw! ridiculous! When you are "cool, your love will return."

"It will not! Fancy had deceived "my heart; this accident has dissipated the illusion: since I prefer my "squirrel to Mr. Morley, I love him "not!"

"Such an inconstancy at the minute "you were going to be united! What "will the world say?"

"What they please. Oh, dear father! sacrifice not your daughter to "the opinion of a foolish world!"

"Who shall appease your mother? "Her anger will be just."

"You yourself. Defend my cause: "her love and her duty warrant me her "forgiveness. Never did she oppose my "father's pleasure."

"For a whim shall we break a match "honourable in every respect?"

"Think of your daughter's happi- "ness!"

"I would not make you unhappy; "I am a father: but give some hours "to reflection; you may repent."

"Never! never!"

'And I bedewed his hands with my tears.

'No longer did my father resist: the lawyers were sent away; and Mr. Morley, whom from that minute I constantly avoided, went to France, and forgot me. I thought I loved, Henrietta; yet the loss of a squirrel in one moment deadened my passion, and convinced me of my error. A squirrel only! How I would have laughed at those who would have maintained that the case might happen! You see, however, Henrietta, that they would have been right, and I absolutely wrong. We are not ourselves when we give way to passion; from this we receive a new understanding, with which we see what is not, and form judgments we should blush for, were we in cool blood.'

Some of the company she expected coming in, my mother whispered me—'Remember the squirrel!'

LETTER

LETTER II.

THAT anecdote of the squirrel, Susannah, made a strong impression on my mind.

'Is it possible that fancy should have 'such a power over our hearts as to 'command their feelings, and that 'from it our sensations should borrow 'their reality? I have heard men de'fend opinions evidently absurd; de'fend them so obstinately as to deserve 'oftener our contempt than our pity: 'like them, am not I an enthusiast, in'dulging an error from the fear of 'being enlightened? Illusions are so 'agreeable, who can wish for their 'loss? O that squirrel! that squirrel! 'I will put my affection for Mr. Rom'ney to the test of dissipation and co'quetry; leave every avenue to my 'heart open to infidelity. Lord Osen'vor has true merit; to him I shall 'listen: should it be only to please my 'mother, and take from her a real 'cause to complain and deny, I must 'make a few attempts to be free; her 'generosity will repay me. That squir'rel, how strange!'

* *

THE desire of being free, dear Susannah, was for five hours to me what the death of the squirrel had been to my mother: it took such a possession of my head, as to cool the idea of Mr. Romney, and permit me to share, with a tolerable degree of vivacity, in the chit-chat of our guests. I went even so far as to smile at the douceurs whispered me, and give them a song in praise of Liberty: I will tell you all; I was witty. After this demonstrative proof of indifference, my mother could not contain her joy.

'Never did I question your reason; 'though obscured, it's light was not 'extinguished.'

'Say my tenderness for you——'

'I am sensible of both. Henrietta, 'you are my daughter again.'

* *

WHAT weak creatures we are! How readily we run from one extreme to another! How various the shades under which we may be seen! I do not wonder at the different opinions the world entertain of an individual: this man may be esteemed in one society, and despised in another; and that woman be mentioned for her indifference, when her soul burns with all the fire of love. The fear I might be mistaken influenced me as ambition does the courtier who begs from the minister he scorns; it absolutely changed my nature: those who then saw me could have sworn to the insensibility of the sprightly, thoughtless Henrietta. The departure of the most gay part of the company soon caused a relapse; my imagination, no longer supported by the sallies of youth and wit, drew back on the favourite object, to fill the troublesome vacuity it felt. Like the sun which never appears brighter than when it has been concealed behind a cloud, Mr. Romney's image revived in my heart: I saw him under the very features I wished him to wear; handsome, passionate, and sincere.

'Oh! this is not the way to forget 'him,' sighed I: 'my attempt has 'added to his charms; my passion has 'increased; he is the deeper rooted in 'my heart!'

I wished for noise to drown the secret whisperings of love; their seduction was irresistible in the calm I was: I listened with the same complacency as I have viewed a picture of Correggio; every word, as every beauty, attracted my attention, and pleased my soul. I heard Mr. Romney, and answered him as if he had been present: I forgot the squirrel, and thought of my lover.

LETTER III.

THE rest of the evening I supported alternately the different characters I acted; sometimes exerting an uncommon flow of gaiety, and now and then sinking into a reverie, or a soliloquy. This transition the indifferent could not perceive; but it did not escape my mother's discernment.

'Henrietta, beware of a reverie; it 'is a poison the more dangerous, that 'it is made of all the allurements of 'pleasure: from you I require only an 'impartial examination of two men of 'equal merit; wait till the presence of 'Lord Osenvor either confirms Mr. 'Romney's victory or defeat. If, 'in the mean time, you indulge the 'thought of your lover, you give him 'a confessed advantage over his rival:

'how can you value his worth, if you 'have no intereſt, or deſire to know 'it?'

'I doubt Lord Oſenvor's triumph!'

'That doubt makes too ſtrongly 'againſt him; it is a prejudice you muſt 'not entertain, otherwiſe you would 'be both judge and party. I will have 'your paſſion undergo a fair trial, and 'be above the fear of ſorrow. Let me 'be totally convinced that your love 'is not a chimera; but, that my be-'lief be rational, you muſt not bribe 'your reaſon: let it coldly judge and 'determine. My conſent I attach to 'your impartiality: deceive me not; 'I will be juſt.'

'You ſhall not complain; I will en-'deavour to obey.'

❋ ❋

THIS ſudden turn in Mrs. Verman's diſpoſition made me apprehenſive for Mr. Romney.

'She would not ſo eaſily have pro-'miſed her conſent, had ſhe not a cer-'tainty, either founded on her contempt 'of the paſſions, or her knowledge of my 'own character, that I ſhall change.'

Her confidence forced a miſtruſt of myſelf into my heart. At that time I did not think of the artful ſnare ſhe had laid for me; I ſaw but reaſon and juſtice in her proceeding. By leaving me at full liberty to chuſe, ſhe weakened the force of the ſpirit of contradiction which naturally riſes or falls in proportion to the more or leſs reſiſtance it meets with: often is that ſpirit the whole reality of a paſſion; often does this, when no longer fed with obſtacles, dwindle into indifference. Whether this motive, unknown to me, produced my new fears, I know not; I took them for the effects of the ſuperiority which experience gave to my mother over me. If the former cauſed them, let me exclaim, again and again, 'What weak creatures we are!'

LETTER IV.

I WAS juſt awoke from one of thoſe enchanting dreams which nature, whilſt reaſon is aſleep, does ſometimes favour our ſenſes with, when Mrs. Moulton tiptoed to my bed.

'Will you forgive me?'

This ſhe ſpoke with the ſtammering of a criminal.

'Forgive you!'

I was amazed, and ſearched for the truth in her look.

'What have you done, dear Ma-'dam, that you implore my forgive-'neſs? You ſmile!'

'Some news from my lover,' thought I.

'Come, trifle no longer with my cu-'rioſity: what brought you here?'

'A couſin of mine; the ugliеſt fel-'low my eyes ever beheld: half of 'his face he left in the fields of Ger-'many, and one arm in Canada. He 'has heard you was one of the pretti-'eſt women in England: and ſuch is 'his eſteem of beauty, that he comes 'from Dublin on purpoſe only to ſee 'you.'

'To ſee me! Fye, Mrs. Moulton!'

'Yes, Madam, to ſee you: and ſo 'prevailing his entreaties have been 'upon me, that I have promiſed to 'procure him the ſight of your charms. 'He waits in the next cloſet, where I 'have locked him, for the moment you 'deign to appear. In favour of the 'motive, pity my poor couſin's impertinence: beauty is his foible; he 'would travel to Conſtantinople, were 'he certain to have a glance at the fa-'vourite Sultana.'

'This is downright madneſs: and 'you think I will receive his viſit?'

'One minute only; he begs no more: 'will you grudge one minute when it 'can make a man happy?'

'A couſin of yours, you ſay?'

'Thus he calls himſelf. He aſked 'the ſervants for his couſin Moulton, 'and was ſent to me. He was ſo full 'of you, that I had not the heart to 'trouble him for the proofs of his be-'ing of my family.'

'There is ſome myſtery in this: could 'it be Romney?' As I made this reflection, I ſlipped a gown on, and was ſoon dreſſed. Mrs. Moulton had ſuch a grave face, that I did not know what to think.

I ſtepped to my dreſſing-room.

'Shall I, Madam, bring the man to 'you?

'Do.'

And I leaned againſt the window.

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MRS. Moulton came firſt.

'Pray, Madam, be not frightened 'at my couſin's horrible figure.'

And

And then entered the monſter.

Although warned of his deformity, I ſhrunk three paces back with terror; and, turning my head, with my hand bid him to go.

'Oh, Henrietta!'

At the ſound of the well-known voice, I wheeled about: it was my lover. The large black patch which covered his face he had taken off.

My ſurprize was great; my joy ſtill greater.

'What! is it you?'

My heart betrayed itſelf in the few words I pronounced.

'Till I have heard you forgive, thus 'I will remain.'

And he fell at my feet.

'Do I want to ſay I do?'

He could not miſtake my expreſſion; he aroſe. How my heart panted! My hand lay trembling in his; the agitation of his ſpirits was equal to mine: for five minutes he could but ſigh, but gaze; but ſigh and gaze again. So tender a ſcene, Suſannah! it was the firſt, it has been the laſt, my ſoul ever enjoyed!

LETTER V.

IN ſuch a confuſion Mr. Romney's unexpected ſight had thrown my ſenſes, that, being no longer able to ſupport myſelf, I was nigh falling, when he received me in his arms, and placed me upon an elbow-chair. What a tenderneſs the languor of our ſpirits ſpreads over every motion, all over our countenances! It ſeems that thoſe minutes belong particularly to nature, ſo ſtill and ſilent are then both reaſon and modeſty. My eyes wandered on my lover with an unſpeakable delight; not once did the fear of being ſurprized by my mother intrude: of me my heart only felt; and it's feelings were thoſe of love and pleaſure. Like mine, Mr. Romney's eloquence conſiſted not in words; he talked the ſame language I did; without the help of our tongues we expreſſed and anſwered our mutual ſentiments.

Mrs. Moulton, in bathing the temples of my head with Hungary water, diſordered the handkerchief which already was too careleſsly paſſed over my boſom. The ſight of my breaſt animated Romney's eyes; I ſaw by the motions of his lips a deſire to kiſs it; then Virtue whiſpered—'Beware of thy 'ſenſes, Henrietta! beware of thy lo-'ver's lips! They may diffuſe ſo ſubtle 'a poiſon as—' Virtue ſtopped: I underſtood her. An air of dignity blending itſelf immediately with that of love, cooled the temptation in Mr. Romney's heart. His reſervedneſs charmed me; the more ſo, as he could not doubt his pardon had he durſt to offend. So reſpectful and diſintereſted a lover deſerved a reward. I forgot the handkerchief, wiſhed he would be leſs generous, and turned half my head: as Modeſty inſtantly claimed her rights, my gratitude was a dead virtue; I muſt reward him with words; with a few—'I love you!—What I will ſay, I will 'feel: this will compenſate for the kiſs 'he has loſt.'

* *

MR. Romney had thrown himſelf on his knees before me, when Mrs. Moulton attempted to keep my ſpirits from ſinking. There I ſuffered him; ſo pleaſed was he with his ſituation, it would have been a needleſs ſeverity to deprive him of it. My hands I left in his: his diſcretion made me overlook favours I would not have granted, had he too viſibly ſet a value upon them.

'This is, Henrietta, the very firſt 'day of real happineſs I ever lived: the 'emotions you could not ſuppreſs, I 'have enjoyed to a pain. My Henri-'etta loves me; no other bliſs am I de-'ſirous of. Say you love me, that I 'may not think I dream. I am happy, 'happy ſo much beyond my expecta-'tions, that I ſtill fear to be deluded. 'Say you love me!'

I heſitated, Suſannah, to pronounce the myſterious words—'I love you!' not that I was afraid that my heart would belye my tongue; but education has given theſe words ſuch a ſenſe, ſuch a character as to intimidate. Beſides, does not the 'I love you,' like poſſeſſion, deaden deſire in a man? It takes from his ſoul the fiery activity of ſuſpenſe. When certain of the bliſs he panted after, like a hero in time of peace, he falls aſleep under the laurels he has got.

How ſad, on a ſudden, that Mr. Romney, whoſe features had the moment before boaſted his happineſs, and expreſſed the delirium of pleaſure! Men are great fools; ſo are we, Suſannah! If, after what he had ſeen, he could not

doubt my tenderneſs; after what I had written, my ſcruple was ridiculous. I pitied him, and pitied myſelf.

'Reſume your ſpirits, Romney: I love you.'

'Is it then true?'

'Oh, too true!'

'That "too" is intolerable; it is torment to hear it: either it ſuppoſes a fault in me, or a fear in you not to be happy.'

'It does neither: I eſteem you; therefore entertain no apprehenſions of that kind. But my mother, againſt you, favours another man. She inſiſts on my ſubmitting my paſſion to a fair trial; to judge between Lord Oſenvor and you; to be certain that I really love, before I give my hand. Her conſent is the price of my compliance with her deſires.'

'Did you tell Mrs. Verman you loved me?'

'I did; and could not conquer her incredulity. By obeying her, I ſhall be yours: by diſobeying, I may loſe you.'

'I ſhudder at the thought of that trial; it is not a fair one, ſince my rival will be perpetually with you, and I am forbid your ſight. Who will talk for me?'

'My heart, and your virtues.'

He would tell his gratitude: it was too great, the words expired on his lips. I rejoiced at my anſwer, ſo happy it made him.

'Dear, dear Henrietta!'

And he carried my hand to his heart.

'This beats only to you: it is abſolutely yours. Never ſhall it receive an impulſe but of love: there no other paſſion will diſpute your ſway.'

'All your fears are now ſubſided; you will not wait with anxiety the event of the trial?'

And I amorouſly ſmiled upon him.

'How could I calmly hope for ſucceſs, when my Henrietta is the price of the conteſt? An earl for a rival! Henrietta, forgive if I fear; it is an involuntary offence; it proceeds from the greatneſs of your value, and my inſignificancy. An earl!'

'You are a man: is there a nobler title? Have a care, Sir; humble me not, by thinking I may diſdain virtue for the ſake of a falſe grandeur, and ſearch for happineſs in the ſhowy ſcenes of life.'

'I have heard of Lord Oſenvor: his reputation is an honour to his rank; his virtues have added a new luſtre to a name already deſervedly famous by a long ſeries of noble anceſtors. He is not only an earl, but a man, ſuch as you deign to call me: two ſo great advantages united in the ſame perſon —frown not, Henrietta—I have no fears; I am ſilent.'

LETTER VI.

THOUGH my lover ſaid 'I have no fears,' a tear betrayed the perplexity of his mind.

'Can you queſtion my word? Is it thus you eſteem me? Oh, Romney! be not unjuſt: your deſpondency is an inſult I will not brook!'

'I love; you are the object: how ſhould I be eaſy? Reflect on the power of my enemies. Lord Oſenvor at a perpetual liberty to watch, and make the beſt of your ſenſibility; your mother perpetually ſpeaking his praiſes, and abaſing me.'

'Am not I your friend, Romney? What will opportunities and my reſpects avail them, when my heart is for you?'

'The ardent officiouſneſs of an amiable man, and the inſinuating careſſes of a mother, may weaken a paſſion, and give it another turn. There are hours fatal to lovers: my happineſs is ſo new!'

'Romney! Romney!'

'Be not angry at the tears I ſhed, at the fears I cannot diſſemble. Had you only your beauty to boaſt, however perfect, I might hope it would cauſe but admiration: your wit, your good ſenſe, your talents, Henrietta, theſe are the qualities which call forcibly for the love of the ſenſible, and fix you for ever in their hearts. Who could love, and not ſtudy how to pleaſe, to affect, to engage your affections?'

'But if they are already yours, can they be another's? Are our hearts ſo inconſtant as to change and vary thus from feelings to feelings? I believe it not. I am more generous than you, Romney: it is my happineſs to think

'you

'you shall be faithful, and never love
'any other woman than me.'

'This confirms my fears.'

'Why should I foresee what may
'never happen, when, at the moment
'I live, it may make me unhappy?'

'Your reason is too cool; you love
'me not.'

'Ungrateful man! Is this the re-
'ward of my affection for you?'

I could not stop the tears which his suspicions forced from my eyes.

'My reason was too cool!' To keep it so, what did not I suffer! How many the sighs I had been obliged to smother, the sobbings to suppress, the sensations to disguise! 'You love me
'not!' His injustice was not to be borne: it pierced my soul to be thought false. I got up to fly from him; he took hold of my apron, and with the wild look of despair—

'Stay, Henrietta! stay, and forget
'your wrongs, or this minute my life
'will expiate for them. Life I scorn,
'if you forgive not. I have been guilty;
'but I love: I am not myself, Henri-
'etta! Say you pardon! my soul is
'upon the rack; relieve it from the
'agony it endures!'

'By you was I to be taught pain!
'Should it have been forced into my
'heart, after I had said—"I love you,
"Romney!" A punishment for reward!
'From you did I deserve it?'

'Remember not my offence! it sinks
'me below the man and the lover: let
'one smile, charming Henrietta, an-
'nounce it is obliterated.'

'You never will mistrust me again?'

'No, never!'

I offered my cheek: why should I dissemble with thee, Susannah? Upon his lips I sealed his pardon.

'After this, Romney, be convinced
'you have nothing to fear.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Moulton, 'that
'you understand one another, you must
'for a few days take a farewel.'

'Why for a few days, Mrs. Moul-
'ton? Cannot I, to-morrow, under the
'same mask——'

'To this day's calm a storm may
'succeed. I fear Mrs. Verman's vigi-
'lant eye: your visit to me she will
'know, and not suspect; your next she
'may ascribe to her daughter. You
'would be undone, were she to sur-
'prize you. A different garb must you
'assume when you come again: I will
'think of it.—Henrietta, another kiss,
'and send him away.'

'Both poison and balsam are in your
'words.'

A noise we heard in the library joining to my dressing-room, announcing my mother, Mrs. Moulton pushed him towards the door.

'But the kiss, the kiss!'

'Take it.'

He did, and went away.

LETTER VII.

'OSENVOR! thou hast no chance,
'or I know nothing of my
'heart!'

With this exclamation I sat down to my toilet. The languor of my eyes told too loud I had shed tears. I feared their indiscreet chit-chat.

'All is safe: he is gone,' whispered Mrs. Moulton.

'But these eyes will betray me.
'Though happy, I cannot give them
'their usual vivacity.'

'Well, cannot you say you have
'the head-ache?'

'I have it not.'

'Since truth offends, and falsehood
'only can please, what other language
'can you speak? Would you, for an
'insignificant lye, break your mother's
'heart, and hazard your own happi-
'ness? That vice is oftener a virtue
'than we think.'

'No circumstance whatever can jus-
'tify it, Mrs. Moulton. It may be
'commendable to keep in our hearts
'a destructive truth, when there is no
'necessity of telling it; but if it is
'asked, and we are obliged to answer,
'it is base to conceal it. To what a
'contempt of myself my mother expo-
'ses me!'

'This moralizing, dear Madam,
'will not enliven your eyes; it is the
'worst remedy you could think of,
'the only one, I swear, that cannot
'cure. Come, cheer up your spirits,
'and behold the fine prospect that lies
'before you. A young, handsome,
'and sensible lover: days of content;
'nights of raptures! You smile; this
'smile is the very elixir which will
'brighten your looks: it has already
'operated: cast a glance at this glass;
'no need is there now to pretend an
'head-ache.'

'How

'How you talk!'

'As you feel, Henrietta. But hark! Mrs. Verman is coming.'

* *

LETTER VIII.

'WELL, Henrietta, how does your heart?'

'Always the same, Madam.'

'There is an obstinacy in your distemper which requires an uncommon medicine: Lord Osenvor will find it, I hope.'

'From his hand I will receive it. I answer not for the effect.'

'It is Lord Osenvor's business to prepare it so that it may cure; yours is to take it.'

'However doubtful of his abilities, I will listen to the physician.'

'That is enough, Henrietta; I ask no more. His lordship will be here to-day or to-morrow. This letter I have just received from him. You may read it.'

'TO MRS. VERMAN.

'MADAM,

'I Have happily, and sooner than I expected, finished the business which called me here. It would seem as if Love, in my favour, had spoke to Fortune, so readily did some knaves at law forget their dishonesty, and make matters easy. Had not their deities come betwixt these jugglers and me, many months might I have been kept a victim to their insatiable avarice.

'No other affairs have I now but those of my passion for the lovely Henrietta: they are of the greatest moment; to them only will I attend. Free from the mortal cares which troubled my mind, I will give way to the feelings of my heart, and think of pleasing. This shall be my sole study: but, alas! I almost despair of succeeding. Though endowed with an exquisite sensibility, the charming Henrietta is gay and indifferent: never seriously would she listen to a declaration of love. She has such a contempt of my sex, as to distrust, if not to poison, the truest proofs of the inclination she inspires. She believes we are all false and immoral; that our language is rather the disgrace than the praise of beauty. Who can flatter himself to alter her opinion? The man she shall love may: who else, without her partiality, will not sigh, talk, hope in vain?

'Was friendship the sole sentiment I indulged, from my memory of her behaviour to me, I could think she favours me with hers: though delighted at her distinction of me, it is not love; and this only will satisfy my heart.

'Her looks, the preference she gave, told me I had no rivals: perhaps, had I durst to presume, would I have thought she really esteemed me; a compliment the more flattering, that it appeared to be the result of her reflections, that she was extremely cautious not to mistake in her judgment. She esteemed me; yet, when I spoke of love, I was immediately lost in the crowd of her admirers: then would she either answer my passion with wit, or with a severe look condemn it to silence. What a contradiction! Could I alternately deserve, and be unworthy of her esteem? She loved me not, Madam: this is the key to her conduct. Henrietta ever acted agreeably to reason; her delicacy I applaud. Sweet girl! would I could melt her soul with tenderness! Fortune has given me all that a mortal can wish for: but if she does not crown her favours with this bliss, they are of no value; of no avail to my happiness. I shall be miserable in the midst of riches and grandeur; nay, below the envy of the poor who can boast a woman's love. No true delights are there in life but those of natural desire; but those we procure and partake of: the other, not the heart, but the imagination, enjoys.

'Upon the promises you made me, Madam, when I left London, I totally depend; but, before I claim them, teach me how to please, how to deserve your daughter: her character you have formed; you must know your own work. Has her soul no generous foible which a lover can turn to his advantage? Miss Verman never could, without being unhappy, hear of another's distress: often did a tear betray her emotions. Will not her pity of my sufferings affect her

'still

'ſtill more? That pity I have, Madam, 'ſeen ſeveral inſtances of: pity has 'many times dwindled into love. This 'thought has revived my hopes: I 'will order my chaiſe, and fly to Lon-'don. I am, Madam, &c.

'OSENVOR.'

LETTER IX.

TWICE I had offered back to my mother Lord Oſenvor's letter, and twice had ſhe refuſed it, with—'No 'partiality, Henrietta; no partiality: 'keep your word.'

I read, and with as great a compoſure as I could naturally aſſume, returned it to her.

She laid her finger upon my heart.

'How does it beat now?'

'I feel yet no difference, Madam: 'that letter has only confirmed what 'I knew before; Lord Oſenvor's me-'rit, love, and delicacy. Would he 'were happy!'

'Is not this a concern—'

'Of gratitude only: that concern I 'cannot deny him.'

'Well, if this concern, ſo tenderly 'expreſſed, he cannot change into love, 'either you are not to be cured, or he 'ſhall have but himſelf to charge with 'the loſs of your hand. Come, Hen-'rietta, diſſemble not: thy heart is big; 'thy eyes are crouded with tears; vent 'thy grief by throwing it off on thy 'mother's boſom.'

'Indeed, Madam, I have no grief to 'eaſe.'

'Henrietta! that tear; does it mean 'nothing?'

And with a kiſs ſhe ſwept that tear away.

I had not, Suſannah, felt that tear trickling down my cheek. I ſighed, and turned my face from my mother.

'Be not aſhamed of that tear; it is 'an honour to your heart; ſuch a ſen-'ſibility is virtue itſelf: in it's favour 'I almoſt forget your love is for Rom-'ney; your pity for Oſenvor. True 'generoſity has a great power over me, 'Henrietta—deprive thee not of the 'pleaſure of ſhedding a tear; it is the 'tribute of a noble ſoul to an unhappy 'man of merit.'

'I will own it; his letter has affect-'ed me: it is a torment to ſee miſera-'ble the man we eſteem. Could he be 'contented with my friendſhip, no wo-'man could be happier than I!'

'Judge of his feelings by your own, 'Henrietta.'

'He may have a greater command 'of himſelf: I am but a woman.'

'Like yours, his paſſions are inflexi-'ble; like yours, his reaſon is weak: 'no ſuperiority has he to boaſt. We 'all are the children of the ſame na-'ture!'

'Are there no degrees in ſenſibility? 'Do we all feel alike?'

'We do not. When our hearts are 'really enflamed, our affections are 'violent, laſting, and the ſame, in both 'ſexes: when they proceed from fancy, 'they partake of it's nature, either 'ardent or weak; but they all, in gene-'ral, end like a quick fire, which is 'ſoon deſtroyed by it's own activity. 'There are whims, taſtes, caprices, and 'a hundred more inſignificant inclina-'tions, which, in their novelty, have 'ſometimes the appearance of the paſ-'ſions; but paſſions they are not.'

'May not Lord Oſenvor lay under a 'miſtake?'

'Is it poſſible, Henrietta? But why 'ſhould not you be deceived your-'ſelf?'

'Our caſes are different.'

'How is that?'

'We ſeldom love when we have no 'hopes to move and engage the object 'we are ſmitten with: ſuch hopes 'Lord Oſenvor never could entertain; 'my indifference was too evident; his 'reaſon could not conceal it from him. 'But Mr. Romney's looks told me I 'might love: I had an incentive; his 'lordſhip had none.'

'Paſſion argues not thus, Henrietta; 'it has no need of encouragement: 'when the heart is affected, the head 'adviſes not. Could they liſten to 'wiſdom, would mankind be ſo often 'under the ſway of folly? Such as la-'bour under an imaginary diſtemper 'may reaſon themſelves into health; 'but the ſick—thoſe who are really 'ſick—on my word, dear girl, I wiſh 'Lord Oſenvor was among the for-'mer.'

'That wiſh preſages my happineſs: 'from my mother's lips I have heard 'it!'

'Moderate thy joy, Henrietta; thou 'mayeſt not be among the ſick: time 'will diſcover which of us is right;

'till

'till then let me doubt, since I leave thee at liberty to think and feel at thy pleasure. Whether really in love, or unknowingly indifferent, forget not to consult thy glass for the dress which becomes thee the best. I will have you under arms against Lord Osenvor's arrival, Henrietta; you must appear with all the seductions of art and beauty; not leave behind any charm that may captivate; you must strike both his heart and his fancy: the least neglect I will look upon as an attempt to displease; as an effect of your prepossession for Romney, and a violation of the agreement between us.'

'Would not this be a very ungenerous proceeding, Madam? Why should I enflame the man I love not?'

'You may love him: you know not what changes the desire of pleasing makes in a heart.'

'Did not you bid me to be impartial?'

'I did.'

'When you expect such wondrous effects from the desire of pleasing, can you command I should make use of it?'

'That desire, Henrietta, will be the counterpoise of your taste for Romney. By behaving thus, you shall keep him and Lord Osenvor in a just balance.'

'You would not have me play the coquet?'

'As far as modesty allows; no farther, Henrietta.'

'As far as modesty allows! Did ever modesty allow to be false?'

'How came you, Henrietta, to act the reverse of what you thought, when you first saw Mr. Romney? At that time was not you false? Did not you use the arms of coquetry? Have you forgot the city-fop?'

'It was then an innocent weapon: I employed it not to hurt, but to strengthen, the passion of the man I thought I loved, to secure our mutual happiness.'

'You are grown of late, Henrietta, immensely refined in your notions! However, I beg you would instantly compliment me with their dismission, and behave as a woman of sense: if you do, rely on my favour; if——'

My mother smothered the threatening; but I guessed it in the accent of her voice.

'I have a few letters to write,' resumed she, more calmly: 'get ready against three; we dine at the Countess Meyers.'

LETTER X.

AFTER some observations on my mother's behaviour, which my respect for her did not permit me to scrutinize, I rang for Mrs. Moulton.

'I want your opinion, dear Madam; give it to me with sincerity; flatter not. In me, see not your Henrietta, but a stranger; who, conscious of your wisdom, begs earnestly to be enlightened upon the situation of her heart.'

'Speak; I will be true.'

'My mother's incredulity, (I dare not call it obstinacy, or want of tenderness) makes me sometimes mistrust my own sensations: she is so positive that I love not; that Lord Osenvor will invade in my heart the room which Mr. Romney occupies there; that she amazes my mind, and forces a doubt upon me. Spite of myself, I hesitate between her assertion and my feelings. Is it in her art or reason? Does she think as confidently as she talks? Am I really insensible, though with all the symptoms of passion about me? From what you have seen and heard, you have certainly formed your judgment. What am I?'

Mrs. Moulton could not help laughing at the grave looks I had put on.

'How odd that question, Henrietta! Are you in earnest?'

'Indeed I am.'

And I sighed.

'Does not that sigh convince you that you love?'

'It may have another cause; answer me plainly.'

'Are you sure that you love?'

'Do you take me for a mad girl?'

'As well might you, Henrietta, doubt your existence, than to doubt of your love: the latter is as much proved as the former.'

'If it be so, why does my mother continue an unbeliever? Can she flatter herself to reason me into indifference?

'rence? Were the paſſions like opi-
'nions, ſhe might hope to ſeduce me
'by the ſuperiority of her wit: her
'eloquence could make me a convert;
'paſſion is not ſo eaſily overcome. Al-
'though I am ſo fond of pleaſing her,
'ſhe has not yet been able to perſuade
'me; only a few doubts, which ſpring
'rather from my tenderneſs to her, than
'a real uncertainty, have perplexed my
'mind.'

'Send the impertinent intruders
'away, Henrietta: believe your own
'heart; it cannot deceive you.'

'How cruel to teaze me thus un-
'mercifully! to teaze me to no pur-
'poſe! for Mr. Romney ſhall be the
'man! What a contraſt in Mrs. Ver-
'man's late conduct towards me! As
'her ſeverity made againſt her, ſhe
'grew complaiſant and tender. How
'artfully, in our laſt converſation, ſhe
'encouraged my pity for Lord Oſen-
'vor! She increaſed it by her inſidi-
'ous language; by the ſtill more in-
'ſidious ſhare ſhe affected to take in
'my concern for him. The tear I ſhed
'was her work; ſhe laughed, I dare
'ſay, inwardly, at the foible ſhe had
'created in my breaſt: though it was
'there before, it lay ſilent; ſhe gave it
'life, and diſſolved it into that tear.
'Lord Oſenvor needed not her help to
'move me in his favour; I have a
'true ſenſe of what he will ſuffer, and
'my ſoul unfeignedly partakes of it:
'I am unhappy to have inſpired him
'with a paſſion I cannot return.'

'When he ſees he cannot pleaſe, he
'will ceaſe to love; a few months ab-
'ſence will compleat his cure. We
'do not deſire long what it is not in
'our power to obtain: truſt to time
'and your indifference; they will give
'him back the liberty he has loſt.
'Were he ſo deſperately enamoured
'as to brave their united efforts, well
'then——'

'What then, Mrs. Moulton?'
She ſmiled.

'He may take a leap from the top
'of his caſtle: what a celebrity it
'would give to your charms!'

'Can you banter when I am ſo
'vexed? What is become of thoſe feel-
'ings I always admired in you?'

'I do not laviſh them upon imagi-
'nary diſtreſſes.'

'Are there any greater than to love
'in vain! How miſerable I ſhould be
'was Mr. Romney inſenſible!'

'I am ſorry, for your ſake, it is not
'faſhionable to have two huſbands;
'that would at once eaſe you of all
'your anxieties: you could take Mr.
'Romney for love, and his lordſhip
'out of pity.'

'Ridiculous!'

'Forgive the word, dear Henrietta;
'ſtill more ridiculous it is to torment
'yourſelf, as you do, when you ſhould
'enjoy your own happineſs: you alone,
'of your ſex, can be grave upon ſo
'trifling a ſubject. Had you twenty
'Lord Oſenvors in your train, you
'ſhould leave them all to their fate:
'you can love but one man; the reſt,
'if their paſſions are real, may honour
'your wedding-day by piſtoling them-
'ſelves before your window. Be not
'frightened; they will not do you that
'favour: for what I know, Lord Oſen-
'vor may the next day pay the uſual
'compliments, and wiſh you joy.—
'Come, dear Henrietta, clear that brow,
'and let us talk of your lover.'

LETTER XI.

THERE was ſo much reaſon in Mrs. Moulton's humour, that I began to think it abſurd to feel ſo warmly for the man I did not love.

'How ſhall I behave with him, Mrs.
'Moulton?'

'With your wonted generoſity, Hen-
'rietta. Of your inſenſibility men can-
'not complain: you are not obliged
'to love, but to be juſt.'

'My mother bids me to receive him
'as a lover; to exert all my powers of
'pleaſing.'

'And by this means to add to his
'wretchedneſs, and drive him to de-
'ſpair: that order is inhuman; virtue,
'not your mother, you muſt obey. By
'following the dictates of the former,
'you free your heart from remorſe: a
'mother forfeits all her rights when
'ſhe commands what it is a diſgrace
'for her daughter to perform. Mr.
'Romney's attachment takes from you
'the neceſſity of being falſe: not one
'excuſe does it leave you to palliate
'the debaſement of your character. If

'you have any respect for yourself, 'any esteem for Lord Osenvor, be true: 'though you should raise your mother's 'anger, you cannot be unhappy with 'the conviction of having acted agree-'ably to virtue.'

'These are the thoughts I ever in-'dulged, Mrs. Moulton: but will 'Lord Osenvor believe me?'

'It is not natural he should; what 'is his incredulity to you?'

'A spring of new vexations it shall 'be: he—my mother—both will con-'spire against me! I shall be loaded 'with troubles!'

'Would not you despise the man 'who would thus repay your genero-'sity? I know your spirits, Henrietta; 'they never will bear tamely with an 'undeserved persecution; the troubles 'you fear shall not affect you; your 'soul shall be entirely insensible of 'them. Remember you are an Eng-'lish woman, and not a slave: remem-'ber that, at your pleasure, you may 'be happy, and preserve the esteem of 'the world. Let Lord Osenvor sigh, 'talk of love, and rave himself into 'madness; let your mother threaten: 'your firmness will at last remove the 'former, and soften the latter; if not, 'take counsel of your heart, and be-'stow your hand on Mr. Romney.'

'His lordship may come every mi-'nute; it is time my irresolution should 'have an end: every thing is weighed; 'I am fixed; be the consequence what 'it will, your advice I will follow!'

LETTER XII.

YOU wonder not, Susannah, at the perpetual wavering of my mind; it's seeming contradictions your reason easily reconciles. Irresistible are the ebb and flow of the sensations carried from the heart to the head; in vain would we indulge this or that; we have no choice to make; an unexpected pas-sion will intrude, and hurry us away from the thought we cherished. Thus, by the power of concurring circum-stances, we have in the same hour two souls the reverse of each other.

The past made me apprehend for the future. However determined I was to execute the plan I had formed, should it not have the fate of the former? My mistakes had so closely followed one another, that three times I put that question to my reason; and as often did it answer a negative. Near two hours I employed to settle that point; and, as I had attentively considered it under every shape, I was overjoyed at the vic-tory I got.

'Now,' exclaimed I, 'am I prepared 'to meet every obstacle with courage, 'and to act after my own heart! No 'longer shall I be blinded either by 'pity or filial love, and submit to the 'discretionary authority of a mother 'who would readily sacrifice my hap-'piness to her ambition! Dissimulation 'I will not make use of; I will pride 'in my feelings, and Lord Osenvor 'shall be acquainted with them. If, 'far from respecting my passion, he has 'the baseness of availing himself of 'my mother's consent, then, as he shall 'be unworthy of me, contempt shall 'be my revenge.'

This reflection animated my resist-ance, and cleared my mind of the in-tolerable pain of uncertainty. I walked in my room with a lighter step: my breath was more free; it seemed as if it sprung from pleasure; and not with coquetry, but decency, I advised for my dress.

LETTER XIII.

WHEN my watch told three o'clock, I went down to my mother's: my air was easy; and in my eyes content prevailed.

'I do not like that gown, Miss; it 'is more rich than elegant; it thickens 'your shape; not these two months 'have you worn it! How came you to 'fancy it to-day?'

'I thought the colour modest; there-'fore very becoming.'

'Strange conceit! I wish you would 'speak your own language; this is a 'borrowed one.'

'From my mother I did not expect 'that reproof!'

'You did not expect that reproof!'

And she ridiculously mimicked the tone of my voice.

'That tippet—good God! Why do 'not you put on a sattin handkerchief? 'it would not have been more incon-'sistent with your dress and the heat

'of

'of the day! I believe the girl is mad!
'Pray, take it off!'

'Would you have me be without
'one?'

'Why not? Is it not the fashion?
'Would it alarm your virtue?'

'It would indeed, Madam!'

'That virtue must not be very se-
'vere which a nothing could so easily
'endanger!'

I made a low curtsey, and stepped to the door. She arose with passion; and stopping me by the arm—

'Where are you going?'

'Into my room, till you deign to
'talk to your daughter!'

How she coloured, Susannah!

'Is this, Miss, an answer to a mo-
'ther?'

I kept silent.

'Bold girl!'

And she returned to her chair.

I made a motion to open the door.

'Stay!'

I obeyed.

'Whence your unusual pertness,
'Miss? Is Mr. Romney your master?'

'From you I learned it?'

This I did not say, Susannah; I smothered it on my lips.

'Lord! what a change that stupid
'passion has made in your looks and
'speech! I should not wonder to see
'you soon a Methodist! You will cut
'a most venerable figure among the
'brethren! Ah! ah! ah!—Fie, Hen-
'rietta! fie! Are not you ashamed of
'the impertinent form you appear un-
'der? What is become of that pride
'which at all times presided at your
'toilette, and made you display every
'charm? You did not then blush at a
'man's wanton eye: that eye you en-
'joyed with complacency, and always
'took it for praise.'

'Then, Madam, dressing not my-
'self to please a particular object, I
'conformed to fashion, though inward-
'ly I thought it wrong.'

'And so, Henrietta, the eager looks
'of an hundred men offended your
'modesty less than would have done
'those of the only one you would have
'been desirous to please? This is re-
'fined indeed!'

'I was hardly sensible of a coquetry
'which no man could boast to have
'caused: my heart, then innocent,
'would now be guilty; I will not
'make use of an art which my virtue
'disapproves.'

'Is not Mr. Romney, rather than
'virtue, the cause of so sudden a re-
'form in your manners?'

'Both have determined me, Madam:
'since I love Mr. Romney, virtue for-
'bids me to please another man.'

'That Romney you never shall
'marry!'

'Lord Osenvor shall never be my
'husband!'

No longer could Mrs. Verman contain her fury; she vented it in the most contemptible expressions: she forgot absolutely the mother, to shew me the tyrant.

'Too long have I,' said she with anger, 'too long have I indulged your
'obstinacy, and disguised my real sen-
'timents, in hopes you would see and
'abjure your error. Till now I have
'employed only the language of per-
'suasion; I wanted to convince, and
'not to command: since reason and
'my tenderness have no power over
'your conceited heart, since you are
'dead to the feelings of a daughter,
'and glory in your contempt of me,
'I will bid, and shall be obeyed. I
'will present Lord Osenvor to you; I
'will watch your looks and your mo-
'tions; if they do not answer my ex-
'pectations, for ever I renounce you;
'my fortune shall be my niece's; from
'this house you shall immediately de-
'part: then, proud girl, offer a beggar
'to the arms of Romney; receive thy
'bread from his pity; debase thy soul
'by making it dependent of a man's
'generosity!'

And she flung herself into her closet.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. Verman's threatenings, Susannah, had upon my heart an effect she did not expect; they hardened it against her, and confirmed my resolutions.

'Since upon conditions only I have
'a mother, why should I, in her favour,
'make the sacrifice of myself? When
'she scorns her duty, and can think
'with indifference on exposing me to
'misery, is not the tie which bound us,
'her to love, and me to obey, effec-
'tually broken? It is lucky I had that

'tippet; it has helped me to an opportunity I could have long searched for 'and not met with: at another time I 'might not have had the same courage; 'and this, my love for Romney, and 'the shame of recanting, will make 'unalterable.'

I had just finished this internal soliloquy, when a servant came to let us know that the coach was at the door. I pointed to him the closet: thither he went.

'I have changed my mind,' exclaimed my mother; 'I will not go 'out. Tell Henrietta to retire to her 'room.'

With pleasure I heard that order. At that instant a loud rap exciting my curiosity, I stepped to the window. Lord Osenvor! I flew; but, before I reached the stair-case, I met him on the top.

'Charming Henrietta!'

And he would have kissed my hand, had not I prevented him with an air of dignity and a severe look.

'Pray, my lord——'

'Heavens! what do I see?'

And he drew back, wondering at the coolness of my behaviour.

'My mother, my lord, is in her 'apartment!'

I curtsied; and to my own I went.

LETTER XV.

'NO more am I the timorous wo-'man you thought me to be, 'Mrs. Moulton; I have behaved with 'the intrepidity of a hero!'

And I told her my scenes with Mrs. Verman and his lordship.

'Fortune has befriended you, Hen-'rietta; make yourself worthy of her 'favour, by exerting all your reason in 'support of so happy a beginning. It 'is of no service if you relent: the 'most difficult of your part is over; 'the rest is easy to perform.'

'I will play it well; I have spirit 'enough to face either of them: my 'happiness is at stake; that induce-'ment makes my success infallible. 'Fear not, Mrs. Moulton; far from 'decaying, my resolution will daily 'gather a new strength. Since in the 'two last encounters I got the victory 'over myself, since I could bravely 'act and speak, my heart is invincible, 'and my mind unchangeable.'

'Let me embrace you, Henrietta, 'in those noble sentiments I know you 'again; now you talk and feel as 'yourself.'

'Do not you think they are at this 'instant plotting against me? Lord 'Osenvor has certainly told her the re-'ception I gave him! How can she 'take it?'

'It is not easy to guess; the situa-'tion is extremely puzzling! I dare 'say Mrs. Verman will gild that re-'ception so as to make it a matter of 'indifference; and that he has already 'forgot it. You may be sure she has 'not made him a confidante of your 'passion for Mr. Romney.'

'Fearful I should declare it myself, 'she may be before-hand, and give it 'as a foolish prepossession which will 'necessarily vanish with the absence of 'the man who caused it. That secret, 'disclosed by me, might discourage 'him: coming from her with the 'palliatings of wit and humour, it 'loses it's poison, and becomes a mere 'trifle.'

'She is too well acquainted with the 'character of a true lover to have ven-'tured that discovery: however elo-'quent and artful Mrs. Verman, I 'doubt she could lull his fears asleep. 'A lover, Henrietta, is a being of a 'peculiar species, which knows no 'laws but his passion: had he no rea-'son to be unhappy, he would imme-'diately create twenty for thinking 'himself so.'

'Persuasion is on my mother's lips, 'Mrs. Moulton; and a lover credits 'easily what he has interest to be-'lieve.'

'The apprehension it is not, is ever 'the uppermost in his heart; but, I 'must own it, wit has great power: 'besides, passion has so contradictory 'shades; she may have spoke; he may 'have believed.'

A servant came: the dinner was up-on table; they waited but for me. I had a mind to pretend an head-ache.

'They will think I fear; that I am 'still wavering.'

This reflection decided me.

'They will see, Mrs. Moulton, that 'I am steady.'

'If you come back conqueror, you 'may afterwards despise your enemy.'

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MRS. Verman behaved with the pliantneſs of a politician, who at the call of ſelf-intereſt adopts naturally a new voice and new manners. Though ſhe did not treat me with her uſual familiarity, ſhe aſſumed enough not to let his lordſhip ſuſpect a miſunderſtanding between us. As to him, he was at firſt ſad, uncertain what looks he ſhould put on, what language he ſhould ſpeak; but miſtaking the gaiety I affected for a deſire of pleaſing, he grew chearful and very entertaining. A myſterious eye I ſurprized him caſting upon my mother convinced me he knew my inclination; and the ſmile which ſucceeded it, his belief it was only an inſignificant whim.

'You will not find it ſo, my lord.'

This anſwer I did not make, but wrote it legibly in my countenance.

Leſt, from what I appeared to be, he ſhould lay a claim to my heart and the liberty of complimenting me with his, I ſunk gradually into a reſerve which flattered him not, either with an opportunity, or the hope of ſucceſs. I governed my ſpirits with ſuch a dexterity ſo long as the ſervants ſtaid, as to make their fall extremely natural when they were gone.

I could have ſpared myſelf the trouble of that gradation; for we were not five minutes alone before they were, ſeemingly, as dejected and ſtupid as myſelf.

How to open the converſation upon the topick they had at heart, they knew not. He begged, by his looks, ſhe would begin; and her wink expreſſed—'Take courage, my lord. For ſhame!' and, 'You are a man!'

After what had paſſed before dinner, my mother feared to venture the firſt word, leſt her pride ſhould be humbled, and her authority over me put in queſtion.

After a few ſuch ſigns of encouragement, Lord Oſenvor opened his lips; but there his reſolution died away.

It entered my head to tell him his thoughts and my own; my reſpect for Mrs. Verman oppoſed the fancy. I remained ſilent.

'My preſence may intimidate him. 'He will talk if I go.'

This notion I eaſily gueſſed in my mother's ſudden ſtart from her chair, and careleſs departure from the room.

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'Now I am going to be plagued,' ſaid I to myſelf: 'ſince it muſt be ſo, 'it ſhall be, however, with pleaſure. 'I will banter, lay Romney aſide, and 'defend myſelf with wit.'

Lord Oſenvor's confuſion continuing to diſable his tongue—

'Why, ſurely, I may not hear of 'love if I chuſe; let me find a ſubject, 'and keep it up. Why ſhould not 'love itſelf be the ſubject.'

This idea, for it's boldneſs, pleaſed my reaſon. I conſidered it.

'It is the beſt I could think of.'

His lordſhip's more animated eyes announcing the end of his baſhfulneſs, that ſoon he would dare to talk, I got up; and, after a turn or two in the room—

'I hope you are not ſick, my lord.'

'Sick! not I, Madam.'

'Then you are in love; for I know 'no other cauſe which could make a 'man of your vivacity ſo penſive. I 'doubt not but the object of it is wor-'thy ſo uncommon a reverie: my pride 'makes me think ſo, elſe it would be 'offended at your ſilence.'

'I love, charming Henrietta; I love, 'it is true: ſince you underſtood me 'ſo well, cannot you gueſs the wo-'man?'

'Well, I am amazed that the gal-'lant Lord Oſenvor has not already 'told me I am that woman. I ex-'cuſe you, my lord: when men feel a 'real paſſion, they muſt neceſſarily loſe 'their falſe civility: you was not ſo 'diſcreet as formerly; had I had then 'the imprudence to believe you, how 'miſerable this minute I ſhould be! 'But ſatisfy my curioſity; tell me the 'woman, I will not betray you.'

'Oh, Henrietta! can you miſtake 'another for yourſelf?'

'Had you ſaid this at firſt, it would 'have been very much a-propos; but 'now it is unſeaſonable. How could 'I be pleaſed with a compliment I have 'forced from you? Come, forget the 'courtier for the man of honour: 'uſe me as a friend; I hate a flat-'terer.'

'On my honour, I ſwear that I——'

'Stop, my lord; I am determined ne-

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'ver to believe the oath of any man 'whatever.'

'What a contempt of mankind!'

'It is a juſt one; you yourſelf, my lord, 'helped me to that reſolution.'

'I! Heavens! how could I?'

'By talking to me of love, and not 'feeling it. Remember the daily decla- 'rations you made me during ſeveral 'months; reconcile them, if you can, 'with the coldneſs and levity of your 'carriage; every word was belied by 'your looks; at every viſit you was 'guilty of the ſame falſhood; the odious 'contraſt at every viſit offended my de- 'licacy; ſince, at that time, you could 'ſport with my judgment and your ho- 'nour: but it matters not, you acted like 'the man of the world, and I knew his 'character; I laughed at your pretend- 'ed paſſion, and eſteemed you for your 'virtues.'

'You loved not, Henrietta; hence 'your error: you could not be the judge 'of my looks and feelings; had you been 'intereſted to believe them ſincere, you 'would not have thus miſconſtrued 'them; they were the genuine effects of 'my love for you.'

'Go on, my lord. Love is a charm- 'ing topick; like flattery, it does pleaſe 'the ear. You ſhould have, however, 'thanked me for having rouzed you 'from your lethargy.'

'To hear you talk in this manner is 'ſtill worſe.'

'Do you intend this for a rehearſal 'of the part you are to perform before 'your miſtreſs? Or do you act only to 'kill the minutes of a tedious têtê-â- 'têtê?'

Although the tone of my voice was not ſo expreſſive as my words, his lord- ſhip ſaw an inſult in the jeſt. Indigna- tion forced a colouring on his cheek.

'My lord,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'has 'more pride than love; he will outlive 'his diſappointment.'

An involuntary laughter accompa- nied the reflection I made.

'Am I ſo contemptible in your eye as 'not to be believed?'

Indeed, Suſannah, from the indigna- tion he could not ſuppreſs, I did not ex- pect ſo moderate a queſtion.

'Except upon matters of gallantry, 'my lord, I ſhall never miſtruſt your 'veracity.'

'What could induce me to ſay what 'I did not feel?'

'The want of diverſion. Cards, plays, 'Ranelagh, leave ſometimes a vacuity 'in your heart, which is always agree- 'ably filled by a converſation with a 'young woman. You talk of love for 'the ſame reaſon that we women chat- 'ter about ſilks, ribbands, and hair- 'dreſs. The days muſt ſlip away, no 'matter how.'

'If you do not ſee a lover in his re- 'ſpect and paſſion, at what ſigns can you 'know him?'

'So well counterfeited, my lord, are 'now reſpect and paſſion, that hardly 'is there knowing the true from the 'falſe.'

'Yet you have——'

He pauſed. 'Now for Romney,' thought I. 'I was deceived. His lord- ſhip was too proud to do his rival the honour of mentioning his name.

'Does not, dear Henrietta, my cha- 'racter warrant my ſincerity?'

'What has your character to do with 'the tittle-tattle you indulge? As well 'might you give it as a proof you ride, 'dance, or ſing well. Tell me of a 'young, ſprightly man of faſhion, who 'does not glory in cheating a girl of 'her diſcretion? Who will not proſti- 'tute the moſt ſolemn oath in ſupport 'of the moſt inſignificant opinion? An 'oath is no better argument than a 'bett.'

'And you confound me with theſe 'men, Henrietta! Am I ſo low in your 'eſteem?'

'Indeed, my lord, I eſteem, ſincere- 'ly eſteem you: but why ſhould I think 'you free from the foibles inherent to 'your education? Are they not looked 'upon as a prerogative of your rank? 'Men are tenacious of their rights; 'eſpecially when they favour their paſ- 'ſions.'

'I will ſay but one word; it will 'convince you: let us call your mo- 'ther and a clergyman; this minute I 'am your huſband.'

And he fell at my feet.

'On my word, my lord, you have 'excelled in this ſcene; you have 'brought it to a perfection Garrick 'only can boaſt; you have his looks, 'his motions, and his fall; I admire 'you: but now that the farce is over, 'let us play a more rational comedy; 'I will join with you in any part that 'diſcretion and modeſty will ſuffer me 'to perform.'

'Inſults

'Insults upon insults! Is this the 'language of Henrietta to the man who 'doats upon her!'

And he clasped my knees with both his hands.

'If you will not arise, my lord, and 'be yourself again, I will leave the 'room.'

'You will—'

And he looked wildly at me. His countenance frightened me. I pushed my chair back with violence; and, leaping to the chimney, rang the bell.

'Do you fear me, Miss?'

I did not answer. My mother entered the room.

'What's the matter? you rang as 'for an alarm!'

'My lord will explain it to you, 'Madam.'

'Cursed love!'

This was Lord Osenvor's.

I left them together.

LETTER XVII.

DID not I, Susannah, come off handsomely from that unpleasing interview? I must own it, Lord Osenvor gave me a superiority which I might not have boasted, had he been tender and passionate; but his flights from love to indignation kept my spirits to their height. In the same circumstance, Romney would have affected my soul; his pride would have been silent in a scene consecrated to love.

A nobleman has a natural haughtiness, impatient of resistance. Uncontrouled in his desires, the provoking facility he has of satisfying them makes him a child, from the man he was, when he meets with an unexpected opposition. With other men, the reigning passion commands; with him it is subservient to twenty, whose foolish delicacy a nothing will alarm and irritate.

'He loves himself more than me; 'therefore he will be ungenerous.'

This conclusion, like me, Susannah, you would have drawn. I prepared myself against the hurricane I foresaw I should be exposed to; and the following letter from Lady Bennet confirmed my hopes I should not suffer by it.

* *

'TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

'DEAR HENRIETTA,

'MY nephew has told me his hap-'pineſs; he feels it as he ought: 'no greater can fall to the ſhare of a 'man. Thanks from me you do not 'expect; they would not repay your 'favours. I have but that nephew; 'you only I wiſhed for my niece: the 'day, when your hands are united, I 'will think the moſt fortunate of my 'life. From my knowledge of your 'mother's character, I am certain you 'muſt not rely on her fortune; it is 'loſt to you; this aſſurance increaſes 'our joy as you ſhall be fully con-'vinced of Romney's diſintereſted love, 'and my real affection for you. Make 'not yourſelf uneaſy through a falſe 'delicacy; it would be an inſult upon 'us; your tenderneſs, and not grati-'tude, we want.

'Lord Oſenvor, Mrs. Verman thought 'of for your huſband: however dan-'gerous ſuch a rival, I forgave not my 'nephew his fears. After you had 'ſaid—"I love you, Romney," he 'could no more doubt you conſtancy 'than your inclination.

"These words from her lips," have 'I told him, "were a ſecurity it was "a prophaneneſs to queſtion."

'He caſt his eyes down, was aſham-ed of himſelf, and ſighed—

"Never will I be guilty again."

'In Romney, dear Henrietta, you 'will find real probity, and a ſincere 'love for the duties preſcribed by re-'ligion and law. Though with four 'thouſand a year of his own, and the 'abſolute command of my purſe, not 'once yet has he deſerved the cenſure 'of men; not once ſlandered virtue and 'patronized vice. He partakes of all 'faſhionable diverſions as a man, and 'not with the enthuſiaſm of a diſſolute 'youth. His judgment he formed by 'travelling; not like our great men, 'either drunk or aſleep, or careleſs of 'inſtruction; but ſtudying with atten-'tion and impartiality the genius and 'manners of the nations he viſited. 'Did I know, dear Henrietta, a fault 'in his character which could cauſe 'one hour of trouble in your whole 'life, I ſhould think it incumbent upon 'me to warn you of it; his happineſs

'I would

'I would diſregard, to ſave you from 'ſorrow. But I diſcover none capa- 'ble of affecting your peace, and ſtop- 'ping the courſe of your felicity; on 'my word, I know none.

'If Lord Oſenvor's aſſiduity is trou- 'bleſome, think of the remedy. Our 'arms are open to you. My dear, 'lovely Henrietta, Adieu.

'M. BENNET.'

'*P. S.* I love you. Theſe words 'only does my cruel aunt permit 'me to write.

'ROMNEY.'

LETTER XVIII.

'HERE is a ſafe retreat againſt 'the ſtorm, Mrs. Moulton.'

'Would not it be prudent to ſhelter 'into it before it comes?'

'What a coward you are!'

'I ſhould not like to encounter a 'danger I might avoid: there may be 'heroiſm in braving it.'

'There is none, Mrs. Moulton: it 'is a falſe glory which the brave diſ- 'dain.'

'So you are determined—'

'To wait till the ſtorm begins.'

'To wait till the ſtorm begins! It 'will be high time, then, indeed, to 'think of a refuge.'

'I may be in no need of it. Many 'incidents may diſſipate it before I am 'unable to endure it. I have told it 'you, Lord Oſenvor loves me not.'

'You are pleaſed to believe ſo. It 'is impoſſible; he muſt love your per- 'ſon. Such a ſhape! Henrietta, he 'loves you.'

I ſmiled, and put my hand on her lips.

'His pride is too quick to ſuffer long 'my indifference. Two ſuch other 'viſits, and my ſlave is gone: no longer 'will he grace my train.'

'Your gaiety is a delight to me, 'charming Henrietta! But if, out of 'revenge, he would continue to court 'and abuſe baſely of your mother's ap- 'probation——'

'That is the ſtorm, Mrs. Moulton, 'I am afraid of. He has behaved ſo 'as to make me apprehenſive of his 'being indelicate and ungenerous. 'This has been the firſt time he gave 'me one reaſon to repent of my eſteem 'for him. Young men of his rank 'have a fierceneſs in their actions, an 'impetuoſity in their deſires: my mo- 'deſty took the alarm, and was put to 'a bluſh. Had I not aroſe from my 'chair, I ſhould have been forced in 'his arms. "Do you fear me, Miſs?" 'aſked he. That queſtion made me 'hate my mother, who had expoſed me 'to hear it. How bold that man! 'Such proceedings love may excuſe, 'but juſtifies not!'

'Such a beginning threatens—'

'He has real honour, Mrs. Moul- 'ton; this may ſilence his paſſion.'

'It is a perhaps.'

'I will indulge it till future events 'convince me I am wrong.'

'What a heart! What a treaſure for 'for the man you love! Happy, thrice 'happy Mr. Romney!'

'I wiſh I could ſtill add to my feel- 'ings, ſo deſerving I think him of 'them: to pleaſe and be eſteemed by 'the man we marry, muſt be an inex- 'hauſtible ſpring of delights; none 'but theſe I would be ambitious to 'enjoy. It is oftener our fault, Mrs. 'Moulton, than that of an huſband, if 'we are not loved and happy. Each 'ſex hath it's virtues: man's opinion; 'ours, decency ſways. If we invade 'their privileges we muſt neceſſarily 'ſink into diſgrace and contempt.'

'Reaſon is ſometimes for women, Henrietta.'

'Virtue is always againſt them. 'Reaſon is no apology for foibles which 'virtue condemns.'

'I believe his lordſhip is going; I 'hear the noiſe of a coach.'

And ſhe peeped through the win- dow.

'It is he! Mrs. Verman with him! 'there is a conſpiracy.'

'If he is my enemy, he will be an 'open and generous one: from him I 'fear no deceit; he will dare whatever 'he reſolves.'

'I have a mind to ſend after them 'for intelligence.'

'Ridiculous! Step down till I call. 'I will retire into my own heart, and 'ſee what I muſt do.'

LETTER XIX.

FROM their going out together what could I infer? Nothing. What elſe are conjectures? No new

'light

light did they throw in my mind upon their conduct; no new poignancy did they give to my fear of them.

'I must be forced to Lady Bennet's, 'and not leave my mother before she 'herself has forsaken me. Romney 'would love me less, did I, without 'an evident necessity, accept the asy-'lum he offers: when a daughter takes 'such a step, she should be certain that 'none against her will or can take her 'mother's part.'

The censure of the world, however unjust, Susannah, I always feared. I always thought it a disgrace not to be esteemed by all; the secret whisper of slander, what virtuous woman can bear? Had I ever fancied myself the object of one, I would have died with shame, or never durst to appear again.

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The rest of the evening I shared between love and musick: Mrs. Moulton and my harpsichord made it unfelt glide away; not one intruding thought on the possibility of a disappointment. I talked of Romney, sung, played, was totally lost in the sense of my happiness.

* *

Do we feel a pleasure, pain is at hand ready to succeed it; without their mixture we should be unhappy. A few days of sickness give every sense a new life: our desires are animated with a fire unknown before; nature itself appears under a more enchanting form; it seems we enjoy our existence but from that day we have recovered. Susannah, this philosophy I needed the next day, when my courage was ready to sink under an unforeseen event.

LETTER XX.

IT was hardly five o'clock in the morning when I awoke at the sudden uncommon noise of horses, carriage, and servants, at the door. 'What 'does this mean?' I was not long left in suspense. My mother presented herself as I was slipping a gown on.

'Dress yourself immediately, Miss; 'you must this minute set off for the 'country; there you shall learn to be 'dutiful and obedient: the horrors of 'a wilderness will soon abate your ob-'stinacy, and cool your fantastical pas-'sion; they will help you to the true 'knowledge of yourself.'

Her tone of command, added to her sneers, destroyed the terror which her speech had struck me with.

'This method, Madam, will not 'succeed.'

'I will try it, however.'

'Who has answered for my compli-'ance?'

'My own authority, Miss.'

'As a mother you have, as a tyrant 'you have none. I am free, not a 'slave.'

'You have, of late, Miss, immensely 'improved the practice of your duty.'

'Have not you your own to fulfil, 'Madam? Is it your duty to make 'your daughter miserable, to force my 'inclinations, when I love a man whom, 'was you a mother, you would delight 'to give me for a husband? He is not 'an earl! Should this be an objection 'if you loved me? Do not his virtues 'compensate for the want of a title?'

The truths I spoke were too sensible not to throw Mrs. Verman into confusion; she had hardly the spirit to affect an air of indignation. My reproofs were keen, but deserved, and my tongue gave them their own expression. Such a firmness she had not thought of.

'Will you give me your word never 'to marry that man without my con-'sent?'

'It may never be obtained: my gra-'titude for his generosity forbids me 'to promise.'

'And so you will marry him?'

'Never will I another.'

She walked pensive, irresolute, and animating herself to a bold stroke of despotism.

'The world will never hesitate be-'tween you and me: my age and ex-'perience secure me the general appro-'bation for whatever measures I may 'adopt to restore an infatuated daugh-'ter to the reason she has lost. All will 'think I act from the consciousness I 'am doing right; your complaints will 'not avail you. I am a mother; that 'character mankind reveres.'

'When that character is not sup-'ported, the respect it inspires dwin-'dles soon—'

I durst not proceed, Susannah.

'Into contempt. Is not this the 'word you have smothered, Miss? From

'you this usage! What! already lost 'to decency, as well as to filial love!'

'Look into your heart, Madam, and 'dare to judge me: if my expressions 'offend, your severity is the cause. In 'your breast pride has invaded the 'rights of nature. You are a woman, 'and not my mother; it is the former I speak with.'

I was too affected; I could suppress neither sobbings nor tears.

Shame, art, or a remain of tenderness, altered, in a minute, Mrs. Verman's looks and accent. She drew near me; and, inclining upon the bed—

'Am I to be hated by Henrietta, 'when I sincerely intend her happi-'ness?'

I threw both my arms ronnd her neck.

'Why have not you always these 'looks, this accent? they are persua-'sion itself. I am loth to mistrust 'you, when thus you talk, when thus 'you look upon me. You intend my 'happiness; yet will mistake the man, 'the only man who can procure it 'me.'

'Was your passion, Henrietta, the 'work of time, I would not doubt it's 'reality. But Romney twice only you 'have seen! Who can charge my in-'credulity with malice or folly?'

'Am I not the best judge of my own 'affections? Believe me, no need is 'there of a trial; spare your heart the 'share it must necessarily take in my 'sufferings; let me no more lose my 'mother. You feigned an anger you 'had not, an indifference you would 'abhor to feel: your dissimulation na-'ture has betrayed.'

'You might be a countess, Henri-'etta! Have you no ambition?'

'It is centered, dear Madam, in 'Mrs. Romney's name. I know no 'greater, since none can make me so 'happy.'

'I cannot reflect, without pain, on 'your loss of a rank you was born and 'brought up to deserve, and fill with 'dignity. Henrietta, it requires more 'virtue than I have, to bear patiently 'with it. Why do not you feel as I 'taught you to think? I love you; but 'I love myself: too cruel is the sacri-'fice you exact from me. I have told 'you my foible; indulge it with a few 'attempts against your inclinations for 'Romney: retire into the country for 'a few days; there, for a few days, 'suffer Lord Osenvor's assiduity; deny 'him no opportunities to please; clear 'your mind of any prejudice he may 'have thoughtlessly prepossessed it in 'his disfavour.'

'These few days will be days of 'vexation and agony. I cannot love 'him.'

'If, then, you do not, no longer 'will I insist upon your obeying me.'

'What place have you fixed for my 'exile?'

'Felton-Lodge in Sussex, at my 'sister's.'

'Will Mrs. Moulton follow me?' She paused.

'She shall, Henrietta.'

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I DID not like her hesitation—'Is she 'still talking deceit? Is it not impru-'dent to go? A few days only she 'asks; and Mrs. Moulton will be 'with me: in her company, what have 'I to apprehend? However violent the 'measures they intend to carry, they 'cannot force a "Yes" from my lips. 'I will go.'

'Though conscious of the inutility 'of this journey, Madam, I will un-'dertake it to please you.'

Her eyes brightened with joy, and she pressed me tenderly to her bosom. The excess of her joy was not natural. 'This is all imposture,' sighed I. 'Some design they have premeditated 'against me: when I am once in their 'power, it may not be easy, may per-'haps it will be impossible, to steal 'away from them.'

This reflection made me sad, diffident. I was tempted to go from the promise I had just made. I looked fixedly at my mother: she was as calm as innocence.

'Come, Henrietta, the morning is 'beautiful; let us not lose it. I will 'ride with you to Felton-Lodge.'

'Do not you purpose to stay there, 'Madam?'

'No, dear girl; but every day you 'shall hear from me.'

New fears, Susannah, crouded into my head. 'Would she smile upon me 'with mischief in her heart? A mo-'ther!' I durst not give way to suspi-cion. I dressed; Mrs. Moulton was called; and away we drove.

LETTER XXI.

POOR Mrs. Moulton! so hastily had she been hurried to the coach, that she had neither time to put a single question, nor to enquire into my looks, for the cause of so sudden, unthought-of a journey. Her uneasiness I immediately removed, by telling her, with a smile, the place we were going to.

Mrs. Verman's chearfulness kept me from feeling too sensibly, that every mile we rode encreased my distance from Mr. Romney.

'This short absence will heighten 'our happiness: we shall see then one 'another with a greater pleasure; a 'real bliss will result from this imagi-'nary evil.'

With such reflections I arrived at Felton-Lodge, with a tolerable degree of vivacity and content.

Mrs. Spencer received us with the smiles and half courtesies of a woman proud of her riches, and of my mother's being in need of her. This assurance spread an offensive coldness upon her countenance. 'I am at last courted by 'a sister still prouder than myself.' As Mrs. Verman seemed not to understand this meaning of her features, I whispered it to her: she had too much wit either to hear or answer me. My aunt's looks at me agreed perfectly with her behaviour to my mother. As she kept constantly in the country, and we lived in London, three years had elapsed since she saw me; I was therefore quite a new thing exposed to her view. 'Well 'enough; rather too impertinent and 'affected; a spoiled child, to whom I 'must, and will, teach better manners.'

Had Mrs. Spencer spoke these words, she could not have expressed them better.

'If my mother will overlook this 'woman's impertinence, I shall not.'

And advancing to her with the utmost politeness—

'I thank you, dear Madam, for your 'good opinion, and the instructions 'you lovingly purpose to give me.'

'What does the girl mean? Did I 'speak to her?'

'Your tongue has not; but these eyes 'have, Madam.'

And, turning gravely to Mrs. Verman—

'I believe our visit is disagreeable: 'you would not surely have me stay 'where I am not welcome.'

Mrs. Spencer burst into a laughter.

'Come here, you saucy Harriot; 'come here, I say; I will kiss you for 'your seasonable rebuke. What! you 'have pride enough to resent my con-'duct; and you do not blush at the 'preference you give to Romney over 'Lord Osenvor? A girl of your sense 'to commit such a blunder! You may 'bring a coronet into our family, and 'will thus unmercifully beggar us of 'it. You shall not, on my word. I 'will make you wise, I warrant you.—'Sister, I will take care of this charge.'

I thought I perceived, in the tone of her voice, a satire levelled at Mrs. Verman, and that she would not be my enemy.

'I have not offended! How trans-'porting the thought!'

'I was pleased, Henrietta, and not 'offended. Had you tamely suffered 'my contempt, I would have hated 'you. I love a girl of spirits: there is 'a glory in taming them. Shake not 'your head; I will succeed. My con-'stancy in teazing and plaguing you 'out of your inclination, I will force 'you to admire. You shall acknow-'ledge me your conqueror. But I for-'get, you must have got an excellent 'appetite, let us dine: after that we 'will enter the lists, and fight bravely 'for victory.'

LETTER XXII.

MRS. Spencer's charming sprightliness diffused itself into my heart: I humoured her fancy; and was as gay and thoughtless as if I had been perfectly happy.

'You see, sister, my niece and I are 'already upon friendly terms: we will 'soon understand one another; I dare 'say we shall not differ.—What think 'you, Harriot?'

'It is my opinion, Madam.'

Indeed, Susannah, from a wink she had cast at me, I was convinced she would favour my passion; and I was not deceived.

'Envy me not my conquest, sister, 'since the benefit shall be wholly 'yours.'

'Let us be generous enemies—Here 'is to poor Romney.—Come, sister.'

'With all my heart.'

We all drank to poor Romney.

'Why did not Lord Ofenvor wait 'there upon my lovely girl? He a 'lover!'

'He could not poffibly. He will be 'here this evening, or to-morrow.

'Is he handfome, Harriot?'

I was deaf.

'And Romney?'

'Very much fo.'

'He is not an earl. This title has a 'beauty which beats all Romney's 'charms to nothing: that bofom fhould 'not be prophaned but by a duke. Your 'Grace here, Your Grace there; it fe-'duces one's reafon to think of Your 'Grace. Were I you, Harriot, I would 'force the proudeft of the nobility to 'lay at my feet: to marry the man you 'love is fo ftupid a refolution as not to 'enter a rational head; you fhall be a 'perfect flave. Inftead of command-'ing, you will be in a perpetual trem-'bling not to obey quickly enough; all 'your paffions will center in that of 'making him happy. Fie, Henrietta! 'for one man bid adieu to pleafures, 'diffipation, the flattering gaze of a 'world of adorers; to fink all at once 'in the wife! I have no patience. Si-'lence; I know your anfwer. I deteft 'preaching after a good dinner; it 'troubles one's digeftion: no more of 'thofe men for to-day; let us enjoy 'the remains of it.'

As we were ftepping to a parlour next the garden, fhe gave me a gentle tap on the fhoulder, and whifpered—'Fear 'not.' I carried her hand to my lips, and printed upon it a kifs of gratitude.

* *

LORD Ofenvor did not come. Mrs. Verman having fixed her departure for the next morning, we retired early to our apartment,

'You know my wifhes, Henrietta: 'I will fay no more. To-morrow I 'will be gone before you are up. Write 'to me.'

I begged a motherly embrace.

'Never doubt my tendernefs. This 'is the firft time I have parted from 'you: it pierces my heart.'

She ftrained me to her bofom.

'Leave me, Henrietta! Go to reft: 'I feared this inftant! I—leave me!

And fhe faintly ftruggled to get free from my arms.

'Dear mother!

'You love me. I am conficious you 'do.'

She put her handkerchief up to her eye.

'Muft I fee that real concern, and 'yet difpleafe my mother! How hard 'my fate! Take me back with you to 'London.'

'I am too weak, Henrietta, to be juft 'either to you or myfelf. From what 'it coft me to leave you behind, I fhall 'not long be without you: your ab-'fence, I fear, will plead too well for 'you. Go; I inift upon it.

I refpected her grief, and went to my room.

LETTER XXIII.

AS I was neither fatigued nor inclined to fleep, I fat up two hours with Mrs. Moulton. From Mrs. Spencer's 'fear not,' we concluded I fhould be happy.

'How grieved Mr. Romney, when 'he hears you have thus precipitately 'left the town; when nobody can tell 'him where you are gone! From his 'love judge his defpair. He will fuffer 'beyond your imagination.'

'He will love me the more when he 'finds me. This night a letter cannot 'be fent. To-morrow, my aunt—from 'her I have all to hope: fhe will be 'propitious to me. Romney fhall know 'I am here. My mother dreamed not 'I fhould find a protector in Mrs. 'Spencer; nor did her reception at firft 'flatter me with it. I am impatient 'to fee her. There is no deceit in her 'fmiles. The "fear not," her heart 'fpoke. Lord Ofenvor will lofe the day.'

* *

MRS. Spencer, Sufannah, longed for a converfation as much as I did. She thought fhe could not too foon difpel my apprehenfions, and make me happy.

An hour after my mother was gone, fhe tript up to my room.

'Scold me not, Henrietta; the lofs 'of your fleep I will compenfate.'

'I needed not that affurance to be-'lieve you: from your lips I cannot 'hear but what will delight my heart. 'You talked and behaved in fuch a 'manner yefterday as to confirm my 'hopes.

'hopes. I enjoyed that day which I 'dreaded would be marked with sor-'row. Here have I met with a friend 'instead of a persecutor.'

I threw my arms round her waist.

'You have, Henrietta; you have in-'deed.'

And she embraced me with an uncommon fondness.

'My sister sent me an express the 'night before, and begged I would re-'ceive you for some weeks, and suffer, 'and support with all my interest, the 'visits and pretensions of Lord Osen-'vor. She treated your passion for Mr. 'Romney of a childish whim, and ex-'patiated upon the advantages result-'ing to the whole family from a mar-'riage between his lordship and you. 'So brilliant an establishment, I own, 'Henrietta, prejudiced me against you. 'I fell blindly into her opinion, and 'prepared my heart to oppose your 'tears, and destroy an inclination I 'fancied a real disgrace. You came: 'at your sight I was moved. I mistrust-'ed that heart; it was not armed against 'the power of beauty, and the enchant-'ing allurements of the happiest phy-'siognomy I ever beheld. Your shape, 'your motions, the tone of your voice, 'had a charm I could not resist. "I "cannot hate her," said I to myself; 'though, in the mean time, to please 'your mother, I threw at you the looks 'of indifference and contempt. Your 'sensibility, which took the alarm, and 'returned upon me the contempt you 'deserved not, parted instantly from 'me the true from the false woman. It 'made me your friend. I prided in a 'niece who durst to act with magnani-'mity, and brave openly her enemy. 'Your behaviour convinced me of the 'sincerity of your passion. I scorn to 'make unhappy the girl I can boast to 'esteem. Although Romney be not 'Lord Osenvor, since you love him, 'he is the man I will favour. Thank 'me not, Henrietta; words would not 'express half the gratitude which en-'livens your countenance: this only 'does repay my tenderness for you. 'Dress yourself; and after breakfast we 'will lay our wise heads together, and 'fix the fate of Lord Osenvor.'

'How shall I requite such good-'ness!'

She would not hear, but shut her ears with both her hands, and left me.

LETTER XXIV.

AT breakfast Mrs. Spencer called all her servants to the hall; and, presenting them to me, ordered them to obey whatever I should command.

'You are not my slave, Henrietta, 'but your own mistress. A young wo-'man of your judgment and spirits 'from me shall receive no law.'

'Would I were worthy of the fa-'vours you bestow upon me!'

'This wish acquits you. By acting 'as I do I gratify a favourite passion, 'Henrietta. I am proud to shew I 'know your worth: so I please myself, 'you owe me no obligation. Now 'that we are alone, let us settle how 'we must behave with his lordship. 'From what my sister has told me of 'his excellent qualities, I think we 'should coax him into generosity, and 'seem to rely upon him alone for your 'happiness. This conduct must ope-'rate upon a noble heart. In giving 'you up to his rival he will forget the 'sacrifice for the glory of having made 'it. Have you a better advice to offer?'

'Indeed I have none. Yours agrees 'so perfectly with my esteem of him, 'that I hardly doubt it's success.'

'Well, we will follow it. Have we 'any other concern to unravel? You 'sigh, Henrietta.'

'Romney knows not what is be-'come of me. What anxiety he must 'be in!'

'It is cruel in your mother to have 'overlooked the torments he should 'suffer; they are not to be borne by a 'lover. It was inhuman; let us find 'an antidote to that poison.'

I was stupid, Susannah, from the want of shewing my gratitude; not a word of that would she listen to: it made me almost faint.

'Write to Romney, Henrietta: tell 'him you are safe; but hide from him 'the place you live in. Prudence re-'quires that the two rivals should not 'meet. Go, lose no time; forget not 'to write lovingly.'

And she smiled.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TOO pleasing was the order not to be instantly complied with. I stepped into her closet, sat down, and wrote what my heart dictated.

TO CHARLES ROMNEY, ESQ.

'THOUGH never so great the
'pains you endure from my ab-
'sence, they are my own, dear Rom-
'ney. My departure was so sudden,
'so unexpected, that I had it not in my
'power to warn you of it. I am safe
'at a relation's, who doats upon me.
'She was to be my tyrant; such were
'my mother's expectations: she has
'turned a friend to me, to you, Rom-
'ney. You she loves, and wishes for
'my husband: doubt not this, and I
'will reward your credulity. My heart
'is thine; thou hast nothing to fear:
'the few days I am lost to thee, think
'of me. Increase thy love, by calling
'to thy mind the few virtues thou
'thinkest I possess. Fancy I am in thy
'company, listening and answering thy
'raptures. I love thee, Romney. Tell
'Lady Bennet I love her. Believe
'both, your faithful

'HENRIETTA VERMAN.'

I presented the letter to Mrs. Spencer, that she might read it.

'I have no curiosity, Henrietta; seal
'it. One of my people will carry it.
'The slowness of publick couriers
'would answer ill the impatience of
'thy heart. Romney shall have this
'letter before dinner, and not know
'whence it came. Possibly we may
'have an answer at night.'

Had you been me, Susannah, you would have admired the turn of your fortune, loved your aunt, and been silent.

Part of the morning we walked and read away. No troublesome thought pressing upon my mind, I gave way to my natural gaiety, and expected, without fear, Lord Osenvor's arrival. We saw him at one o'clock in the avenue facing the house, riding in his chariot and four, attended by three servants in elegant liveries.

'Does not the sight tempt you, Hen-
'rietta, to be the mistress of that cha-
'riot? Had you less love, it would
'stun your reason. Pride is always
'heard when we are indifferent. Hum-
'ble him not, by hinting he is the cause
'of your retreat: he will repay your
'discretion with generosity.'

The chariot then entering the yard, we went down to receive his lordship. From Mrs. Spencer he had a very hearty welcome, from me a polite—'I hope
'you are very well, my lord.' He took my hand, and, for this time, I suffered him to kiss it. The tedious formality of an indispensible ceremony over, we began to talk with the freedom of friendship.

Whether out of compliment to my aunt, or merely to please himself, he would take a view of the house; but such a long time he employed in her closet of natural curiosities, as to make me conclude his love was not of the same nature as mine. Romney would not have preferred the examination of a shell, or a medal, to the pleasure of conversing with me: this would have been the only want he would have felt and gratified. By gradual imperceptible steps I withdrew to the library, and left him with Mrs. Spencer. For half an hour more he continued in that closet, whilst I amused myself with Clarissa.

* *

HIS lordship was in rapture at what he had seen. 'How prodigiously rich
'and well chosen that collection!' Till now he had boasted his own; for the future, never would he mention it. Compared to Mrs. Spencer's, it was a poor one indeed. How came she by such a rare variety?

'This man loves you not,' whispered my aunt; 'I believe he would bar-
'ter you for the tenth part of my col-
'lection.'

I burst into laughter.

'Will you propose the bargain?'

'No, no. I should suffer by it,
'since he cannot have you.'

His lordship walked up and down the library, admiring the fine order in which the books stood, and now and then a bust attracted his attention, and forced an eulogium.

'In this house, dear Henrietta, it is
'impossible you should regret the di-
'versions of London.'

'My aunt's friendship makes me in-
'sensible to their loss.'

'Does not my presence contribute a
'little

'little to that indifference? Am I for 'nothing in that tranquillity of mind 'you appear to enjoy? If I am mis-'taken, out of pity, dissemble; unde-'ceive me not: let me cherish the flat-'tering error; next to life, I would 'hate to lose it.'

'He loves his life better, however,' said I to myself: 'my frowns will not 'carry him to the grave; I am glad of 'it.'

'The company of an amiable man, 'my lord, is always desirable. I know 'but one I prefer to your lordship's.'

'It is kind in you; but that one is 'still too much: were I that one, I 'would be the happiest of mankind. 'Let me be the first in your heart.'

'Though you deserve the first, my 'lord, you must rest contented with 'the second place; it is not in my 'power to give it to you: let us be 'friends, since you cannot be my lo-'ver; the greatness of your soul will 'make your victory easy; you will not 'make me miserable, when you can 'insure my happiness. No, Lord O-'senvor will not have Henrietta un-'happy.'

'It would tear my heart to see you 'really so. I the cause, Henrietta! 'Pray, spare me: talk not thus.'

'I knew your lordship's magnani-'mity; your virtues were my warrant. 'I was certain you loved me for my-'self; that your soul would disdain to 'force my inclination, and punish me 'for a fault I was not guilty of.'

I took his hand affectionately into mine.

'Now you are yourself, my friend, 'my benefactor. I am happy.'

And I kissed the hand I held.

'Heavens, Henrietta! what are you 'doing? What have I said that de-'serves such thanks? I am your friend, 'it is true: but, oh! what a conflict 'is this!'

And he led my hand to his heart.

'Courage, my lord; give way to 'your generosity: pity your Henri-'etta.

And I involuntary fell at his feet, with tears in my eyes, and pantings in my bosom. I would have spoke; the words dwindled into sobbings.

'Arise, thou virtuous girl! Arise, 'lovely Henrietta! You affect me too 'much: let me breathe. At my feet!— 'Fortunate Romney! Unhappy me!— 'Arise! I am ready to sink! I was 'not prepared for this encounter: my 'sensibility you have struck, and com-'manded! Fear me not, Henrietta!— 'Mrs. Spencer, help me against her 'tears; they unman me.'

'They have rather made a man of 'you, my lord; they have restored 'you your own dignity, obscured by 'an unlucky passion. Never have you 'appeared to a greater advantage. I 'love Henrietta for her esteem of you. 'I admire your lordship for the tri-'umph you have obtained over your-'self.'

'Compliment me not upon a doubt-'ful victory; it is not yet compleat: 'Henrietta cannot be so easily erased 'from my heart. Hide these tears from 'me, or I am undone; I have no 'strength against them. Too many 'enemies have I to meet with: her 'sorrow—You, Mrs. Spencer, whom 'I thought for me—'

'I have a tender soul, my lord; it 'dissolved into pity at her sight. I con-'quered my pride. As you was the 'man destined for my niece, that pride 'was very great; yet I conquered it: 'like me, my lord, you will conquer 'your passion. Look on Henrietta; 'think of the happiness you may pro-'cure her. Are not you happy to have 'it in your power? Can man boast a 'greater?'

He sighed; and, on a sudden, straining me to his bosom—

'Though my passion be extremely 'fierce, I am not ungenerous, Henri-'etta: give me time to reconcile my-'self to the cruel sacrifice you demand 'of me, I will animate myself to this 'act of justice. Come, clear these 'eyes, resume your spirits; your de-'jection would be a discouragement. I 'would feebly attempt, did I not see 'in your look a confidence of my suc-'cess.'

'Next to Romney, you I will esteem 'and love.'

And we exchanged a salute.

LETTER XXVI.

I Need not, Susannah, to tell you my joy and reflections on so happy a beginning: your heart will explain them to you.

The night was far gone when the servant

servant returned from London. He brought me the following short and expressive epistle.

' TO MISS VERMAN.

" MY heart is thine; thou hast no-
" thing to fear." Seasonably
' did these kind words come to me. I
' was despairing: they made me easy.
' I trust to my Henrietta the happiness
' of her

' ROMNEY.'

* *

FEARFUL to talk of love, yet unable to suppress it from his looks, Lord Osenvor grew sad, pensive, and passed the greatest part of the week alone in the most solitary places of Felton-Lodge. In the hours he spent with us he affected a mirth; and dissipation his heart did not feel. Sometimes he would lead me silently to the harpsichord, then sing what I played; but either he was out of tune, or his song vanished into a sigh. Often did he turn his head to hide the trickling tear, and fly from me if I happened to smile.

One morning he was gone abroad. We were alarmed by the shriekings of Mrs. Moulton, who was coming to our apartment, crying that Lord Osenvor was wounded. We were in the first transport of our fright when his lordship presented himself with his left-arm in a sling, and some drops of blood on his coat.

' Be not terrified, ladies; I am not
' wounded: this blood is not mine;
' and this arm is only bruised.—Dear
' Henrietta, believe me, I am not
' wounded; your concern for my safe-
' ty obliterates from my mind the
' danger I have ran. Sit down, I will
' tell you how I was attacked, and mi-
' raculously delivered.'

' Before you begin, I will see that
' arm, to be certain that this blood is
' not yours: you may disguise your si-
' tuation from the fear we should be
' unhappy by knowing it. Step into
' that closet, suffer your valet de cham-
' bre to undress and inspect whether
' that blood—Oh! I am in a terror!'

' He hath already. I am well; trust
' to my honour: I would not indeed
' deceive you.'

' Be calm, Henrietta,' said Mrs. Spencer; ' why should we doubt his
' word?—Deign, my lord, to gratify
' my curiosity: I long to know how
' you came by that arm, by that blood.'

So strong an impression that blood had made upon me, Susannah, that, in spite of his lordship's extreme composure, I was still diffident: his paleness argued for suspicion; my heart hardly beat; I was obliged to call for salts.

' From me conceal your sensibility,
' Henrietta; that unfeigned interest
' weakens my resolution; it rather in-
' dulges my passion than cools it. How
' can I despair of pleasing when I cause
' such an emotion in your heart! It
' forces a hope you will love me one
' day; your affliction makes me che-
' rish it. Be yourself immediately, or
' I shall be ungenerous.'

' My fear friendship caused, my
' lord; you deserve to inspire it. But,
' pray, tell us your accident.

His lordship got up, and walked a few minutes in the room to recover from his trouble; now and then his eyes upon me: such loving eyes! I was sorry I had not been able to dissemble my concern. His countenance was more animated: he looked as if he hoped.

' I forget you must be impatient;
' forgive me ladies:' and he sat down.

* *

' MY reverie had carried me this
' morning at some distance from the
' park, when, turning into a little lane
' which leads to the publick road, I
' was on a sudden assaulted by two stout
' fellows in seamens dresses. Before
' I could ask what they wanted, one of
' them struck me upon this arm with
' the butt-end of a musket. To defend
' myself would have been a folly: I
' delivered them my purse, my watch,
' and my ring. The unconscionable
' rascals would absolutely have all. I
' rested contented with my loss, and
' prepared to go, when the villain who
' had my watch, viewing the seal which
' hung at the chain, cried to his com-
' panion—" Jack, he is a lord; he will
" get us to the gallows; let us dispatch
" him, self-interest bids it." I was not
' a little frightened at his remark. I
' attempted to compromise for my life
' with the bloody-minded ruffians. I
' swore never to complain, and pro-
' mised to convey any sum of money
' they would ask, to any retired place

' they

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'they would fix. They went a few 'paces from me to conſult what they 'ſhould do, their muſkets ready to fire, 'and their eyes upon me. "Truſt "him not, Jack; he is a lord; damned "fools if we do." At this inſtant, I 'thought to be my laſt, a gentleman 'appeared ſome ſteps behind me, who, 'perceiving my ſituation, advanced 'with the quick undaunted ſteps of 'courage towards them with a piſtol 'in each hand. "Villains!" One 'fired at him, and miſſed: he blew his 'brains out; his blood ſpirt up upon 'my coat. His fall intimidated the 'other, who fled, and fired in his re-'treat, but with the trembling hand of 'a coward. The report of the guns 'ſoon gathered a few men, who, fol-'lowing my brave deliverer, went in 'purſuit of the banditti. He was taken; 'and, when arriving upon the ſpot, I 'looked for my generous protector, 'found him not, he had vaniſhed. My 'ſorrow was extreme not to know 'whom I was indebted to for my life. 'I queſtioned every man who had ſeen 'him: he was an abſolute ſtranger to 'them. My enquiries proving inef-'fectual, I took a poſt-chaiſe in the 'next village, where the ſeamen were 'conducted, and came here.'

* *

WHOM would not this relation have moved? His ſituation between life and death. I was bathed in tears when he told it.

'What a danger you have eſcaped, 'my lord! How generous the man 'who ſaved you! That man will ever 'be dear to me! Never could I have 'been happy had I loſt my friend!'

Theſe expreſſions were a fuel to his flame: I could not help it. I ſaw in his thanks all the fire of love, and was not offended: I thought but of the life he ſo unexpectedly enjoyed.

'You ſhall no more venture abroad, 'my lord, unleſs armed or waited up-'on. Theſe ruffians! I cannot think 'on them without horror!'

So overjoyed to hear me talk thus was Lord Oſenvor, that he could not find words to ſhew me his gratitude; he preſſed my hands, and appeared happy. No other tokens did he attempt to give me of his heart's delight: theſe then pleaſed me; I wanted no other.

A wink from Mrs. Spencer cooled my raptures; I felt that friendſhip or humanity had carried me too far: I began to perceive the deluſion which his lord-ſhip indulged. How fooliſh a tender heart, Suſannah! How eaſily it receives an impreſſion, and over-acts it's natural feelings!

'Have you never known the charms 'of friendſhip, my lord, that you are 'both ſo amazed and delighted at the 'expreſſion of mine? Do you think 'we have no tears to ſhed, no tran-'ſports of joy to feel, for the perſon 'we eſteem! For the ſake of your peace 'and mind, miſtake not the pleaſure I 'have diſcovered at your happy eſcape; 'give it not a motive it had not: my 'friendſhip is too ſincere for my hav-'ing been inſenſible of the peril you 'was expoſed to!'

* *

IT was too late, Suſannah; the poiſon had penetrated into his heart: he would not believe me. He let his paſſion do-mineer; and talked, and looked: I left the room; and, with many ſighs, re-treated into mine.

LETTER XXVII.

I Had not been long by myſelf, when Mrs. Moulton came to me.

'Here is a letter from Mr. Rom-'ney!'

'Good God! how came you by it?'

'The gardener gave it to me.'

What a flutter my ſoul was in!

'TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

'BY the help of gold I have diſco-'vered your retreat. This letter 'will ſafely come into the hands of my 'Henrietta. Of this metal never be-'fore did I know the power—did I 'make ſo noble uſe of it. By the help 'of gold I breathe the ſame air with 'Henrietta! This inſtant only I am 'fond of riches, which could procure 'to my ſoul the gratification of the 'ſole deſire it felt. I gueſs the reaſons 'which hindered your dating the letter 'you ſent me from Felton Lodge. 'Lord Oſenvor is with you. You 'wrote me—"Thou haſt nothing to "fear." I fear nothing, Henrietta. 'Of you I ſhould be unworthy, did 'not I rely totally on the aſſurance you 'gave. Love, not jealouſy, brought 'me here. A few minutes of your

'presence will compensate for the six 'days I have not seen you: my heart 'wants this comfort against the days 'I am still to be absent from you. A 'few minutes only; and then I go 'back to London till Henrietta will be 'mine. I am in the grove next to the 'summer-house: here, for his dear 'Henrietta, impatiently waits

'ROMNEY!'

'I Will go—be sure, I will go! Be 'not impatient; I will go!'

These words I wrote immediately, and sent by the bribed messenger.

* * *

AT dinner, Lord Osenvor would still continue deluded: my behaviour in the morning he still would interpret in his favour.

'You know not your heart, Hen-'rietta: it was an enigma before you 'saw this arm, this blood; by these it 'has been unravelled. I hope, nay I 'am certain, no rival do I dread: will 'I yield to a victory which your con-'cern has convinced me I shall ob-'tain?'

'Is this your generosity, my lord?'

'When my hopes are founded, I am 'a lover; in no other character will I, 'or can I, talk or behave.'

I took Mrs. Spencer into the next room, and shewed her Romney's letter.

'Go, Henrietta; I will keep his 'lordship.'

Then through a back stair-case I joined Mrs. Moulton in a covered alley.

Love, Susannah, gave wings to my feet: in ten minutes I was in the arms of Romney. You may imagine what language we spoke; how tender the expression; how delicate the sentiment! These scenes are to be acted, not described; the pen is too cold for the fire of passion.

An hour we had forgot ourselves in the bewitching effusions of our enamoured hearts; not one thought had we of parting. He was at my feet, enjoying my smiles and my—'I love 'you,' when we were rouzed from this heavenly lethargy by the door being violently thrown open.

'At last I have found my rival! I 'can revenge myself!'

'What a fury, my lord! Is it thus 'you respect me?'

And I stepped between him and Romney.

'I am mad!—You shall not protect 'him!—Sir, defend yourself!'

'I will, my lord.'

And he turned his face to his lordship.

At his sight Lord Osenvor drew back with the greatest amazement.

'Great God! what do I see? Is it 'Romney who this morning saved my 'life?'

How I stared, Susannah!

'I did my lord: but as in the same 'circumstance you would venture it 'for me, you owe me no obligation.'

His lordship was struck dumb; he leaned against the wall, his hand before his forehead, and his eyes cast down; an awful silence reigned for a few minutes.

'How severe my fate!' exclaimed Lord Osenvor with a tone of despair; 'to be indebted for my life to the man 'my love had pointed out for my ene-'my!'

And again he sunk into a reverie.

What to do I knew not: I was so seized; I could but feel.

'Romney! why did you come to 'my help! why did not you let me pe-'rish by the hands of the ruffians! 'The life you gave I should not now 'detest; my death would have been so 'favourable to you.'

'It would not have compensated for 'the contempt of myself. I knew 'you.'

'You knew me?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Why did you fly from me when 'you could have so much valued your-'self upon the benefit you conferred 'upon me, and expect your happiness 'from my gratitude?'

'Could I boast, my lord, not to 'have been base? All men of honour 'would have behaved as I did. Never 'would you have known me for your 'deliverer had it not been for your 'coming here.'

Lord Osenvor remained sometimes pensive, totally retired in himself. I saw the dropping tears; his generosity was in arms against his passion. He advanced on a sudden towards my lover.

'Here

'Here is my hand, Romney.'

He paused, and looked at me; then, with a deep sigh—

'I will excel you in generosity! You 'saved my life! I yield you Henrietta! 'No longer do I oppose your inclina-'tion!'

And, putting Romney's hands in mine—

'Be happy! from my heart I wish 'you so.—Henrietta, your mother's 'consent I engage to obtain! Let this 'act of justice expiate for your wrongs!'

Susannah! I am loth to describe our emotions, our thanks: thou hast a heart, call thy fancy to it's help; paint to thyself what passed among us. Here, had fate been propitious, I would have ended these memoirs. But, alas! I was doomed to be miserable.

LETTER XXVIII.

AS we were going to the house, we met Mrs. Spencer; who, fearful of mischief, had watched and followed his lordship's steps. Our joy told her we were happy; and chaced from her features the anxiety which animated them. She stopped at some distance from us with a look of admiration, which evidently expressed—'Is it pos-'sible? you three hand in hand, all 'seemingly happy!'

'This is Mr. Romney, Madam, 'my deliverer, and your nephew.'

'Your deliverer! Oh! let me em-'brace the brave fellow—my nephew! '—Your lordship is a man indeed! 'Why have not I two Henriettas? 'With two such men for nephews, the 'most insatiable ambition of an aunt 'ought to be satisfied.'

'By this event, charming Henrietta,' said Osenvor, with a smile, 'you have 'avoided a world of vexations. Your 'extreme sensibility in the morning had 'persuaded me you did not love Rom-'ney; I cherished the hope of melting 'your soul into tenderness; but when, 'after dinner, you took Mrs. Spencer 'apart, and did not come back, su-'spicion entered my heart; to despair 'I gave way. Under the pretext of 'the want of a nap, I stole into my 'room, charged these pistols, and went 'down into the garden. The pleasure 'of seeing one another betrayed the 'place of your retreat; you spoke your 'transports with the indiscreet voice of 'a real joy; it made me mad to hear; 'I rushed in upon you; the rest you 'know. Far from repenting of what 'I did, I will hasten the hour of your 'mutual happiness: it is yet early; 'this minute I will go to London. 'When from me Mrs. Verman shall 'learn the sincerity of your inclina-'tion, her opposition will die into the 'delight of making you happy.'

In vain did we all beg he would give us the remainder of the day.

'I must deserve your forgiveness 'and your esteem, Henrietta; I am 'eager to repair the troubles I have 'caused you.'

Mr. Romney offered to wait upon his lordship.

'No, no, Romney; you have your 'last sufferings to forget: stay here; 'to-morrow you shall hear from me; 'and, I dare say, from Mrs. Ver-'man.'

The chariot was soon ready; a kiss was my farewel to him.

'Envy him not that kiss, Rom-'ney.'

'I will punish you for the apology.'

And he printed one himself upon my lips.

LETTER XXIX.

SOON my lover was the man of my aunt's fancy. The more she saw and heard him, the more she was pleased with his person and manners.

'I applaud your taste, Henrietta, in 'the choice of an husband; not an hap-'pier choice could you have made.'

The art of pleasing, which he naturally had, he displayed to gain her esteem. Twenty-four hours, Susannah, vanished like a dream; never breathed two more fortunate lovers. These hours of raptures were succeeded by days of horror and misery. Why, Susannah, have you bid my friendship to write what I wish I had totally forgot? My soul is torn; I doubt it will be in my power to obey. Too fiercely sad is the tale of my woe! My pen drops; this day I shall be a prey to sorrow. Tears only can I shed; I cannot write. Perhaps to-morrow—— Adieu!

LETTER XXX.

TOWARDS the evening, we received from Mrs Verman a letter such as we would have dictated.

The certainty I loved, and Lord Osenvor's entreaties, had forced her consent: the next Tuesday she promised to come with his lordship, and give me to Romney.

Who, after this, Susannah, would have thought I should be the most wretched of my sex? I must forget it, or I shall not proceed.

In the transports of her joy, Mrs. Spencer would that all her neighbourhood should partake of it: invitations were sent to the most genteel people for the next day.

'The interval to Tuesday must be 'passed into mirth and festivity: let us 'not perceive it, if possible.'

The nearer I draw to the catastrophe, the more inhuman is the order you gave; my heart shrinks; I have hardly life enough to hold the pen. Oh, oh, Susannah! to what trial you put my friendship for you! I cannot dwell upon the past. One attempt more I will make to please you; it may be death to me. You know not how keen the torment to write what I feel.

* *

THE company came: we danced with the spirits of overjoyed hearts. Romney—Fate had decreed I should drink of the cup of misery and despair—Romney, having over-heated himself, stepped into the next room; there he imprudently quenched his thirst with some small wine and water; it was cold. Susannah, pity me! Remit the rest of the punishment you have inflicted upon me; it is too severe; I shall sink under it!

* *

THE dances continued; when a sudden paleness on his face, and the trembling of his hand, frightened my loving, timorous soul.

'Good God! you are in a shivering 'fit, Romney!'

A fainting was his answer. I prevented his fall by opening my arms and receiving him in them. What a situation I was in! They took him from me; and I was myself carried in an elbow-chair. Doctor Herbert, who was in the assembly, felt Romney's pulse, and found him in a high fever. At that word my heart beat no more; I swooned away.

For three days I was in that state of stupidity peculiar to a mind too lively affected; I knew nobody, and had forgot Romney: Nature at last, helped by the physician, gave back to my organs the sensibility they had lost. When I could distinguish the object before me, I saw my mother and my aunt on their knees at the bed-side bedewed in tears, and lamenting mournfully their unhappy destiny.

'Where is Romney?'

It was the first words I had yet spoke.

'Thanks to the Almighty! my 'Henrietta is restored to me! She talks! 'You know me, my Henrietta.'

'I do.'

And I pressed my lips upon her hands.

'I know you, dear aunt—I know 'you too, O mother, mother! Where 'is Romney?'

Both turned their heads, sighed, were silent.

'Is Romney no more?'

'He lives still.'

'Let me see him, and then die with 'him: I shall not out-live my Rom-'ney; the same grave will contain us 'both. I hardly breathe, deny me 'not the only pleasure which can charm 'the mortal pangs of death; it's agony 'I already feel.—Oh, Romney! how 'cruel our fate! So near to happiness, 'in one instant we fell into the abyss 'of misery.—Deprive not your daugh-'ter of the sight of Romney; let us 'expire in one another's arms, our 'souls will take their flights together: 'such an end will be a delight.'

'Dear Henrietta, remember you are 'a Christian; that your days are not 'your own; that you will leave behind 'you the unhappiest of mothers: live 'to be the comfort of a mother who 'loves you.'

'Dear aunt, you have a tender heart; 'indulge the only wish I am able to 'form, let me see Romney. Your 'looks tell me you comply. Dear mo-'ther, mark not with despair the last 'gasp of my life.'

'Be composed, dear girl; you shall 'see

'see him when, his fever being abated, 'he can see and hear you: wait that 'moment with patience.'

'With patience!'

Susannah, forgive me the particulars; for the sake of Lord Osenvor forgive them to me: should he come and perceive my grief, he would be unhappy; he is my husband, I must spare him the sight of my tears, of my distress.

* * *

In the evening Mrs. Spencer drew near me. She had no need to speak, I saw my loss in her eyes: I screamed, and sunk upon the pillow. Susannah, if you will have me live, let me draw a veil over these scenes of sadness and calamity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

MRS. SPENCER, TO LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY.

MADAM,

ENTERING this morning into Lady Osenvor's closet, I surprized her on her knees, bathed in tears: her lover's name was upon her lips; three times did I hear it pronounced; as often my soul shuddered at the inexpressible sorrow marked in her accent and countenance. In my amazement I could but hear and feel her misery; I thought that time, and her husband, had erased Romney from her heart: my mistake, the calm she seemed to enjoy had caused. Poor unhappy Henrietta! she suffered inwardly; her gaiety was affected: she would deceive us, lest we should be as miserable as she. Romney she loved still, though she smiled upon Osenvor; her virtue hid from him the struggles of her heart: when he was present, she always appeared pleased and contented; probably, when by herself, thus she compensated for the continual sacrifice she made in his lordship's favour. These reflections proceeded naturally from the situation I found her in.

'Dear Henrietta——!'

I could say no more; and sat on a chair.

'Envy not Romney the tribute I 'pay to his memory; it is involun-'tary. Lady Susannah is more inhu-'man than death itself; this robbed 'me of my lover; she has revived the 'loss I made; I feel it as if new! 'Dear aunt, I am a wretch, whose days 'must be filled with an incessant keen 'agony! I am sick, heartily sick, of life; 'it is a torment to breathe as Romney's 'lover, and Osenvor's wife!'

This speech, uttered with the awful solemnity of despair, drew tears from my eyes, and caused a trembling in every limb. She perceived, and was frightened at the impression she had made upon me.

'This slight of an old passion, dear 'Madam, I could not possibly keep in 'my heart; from it, it was forced by 'my complying with Lady Susannah's 'curiosity; she would know the history 'of my life: I have obeyed; could I 'recal the past without pain? In a few 'days I shall recover my usual tran-'quillity of mind.'

And, with a smile, she wiped the tears which flowed on my cheeks.

'Come, dear aunt, let us bid grief 'away; I will drown it in a lively tone 'upon my harpsichord; musick is the 'best physician against it. Never yet, 'after half an hour's playing and sing-'ing, have I with indifference beheld 'and listened to Lord Osenvor: it seems 'he knows these minutes are favoura-'ble to his passion; and, indeed, they 'soften my sufferings, and melt my 'soul into tenderness for him.'

I fell in with her humour, and recovered from the emotion I had felt. She played and sung with an uncommon taste and vivacity: her eyes lost their langour; and, long before she had done, she was another woman.

'That I may not have a relapse, dear 'aunt, be pleased to finish my memoirs: 'write to Lady Susannah, how, after 'having loved Romney, I became Lord 'Osenvor's wife. I will not think of 'it; I am absolutely unable to finish the 'task her friendship has imposed upon 'me.'

And she put into my hands the letters she had sent your ladyship. I promised; and in my next will keep my word. I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

S. SPENCER.

LOWER GROSVENOR STREET,
JUNE 16, 1769.

LETTER

THE

HISTORY

OF

Jemmy and Jenny Jeffamy.

BY MRS. HAYWOOD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

LONDON:
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THE

HISTORY

OF

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

MAY MORE PROPERLY BE CALLED AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ENSUING HISTORY, THAN PART OF IT.

JEMMY and Jenny Jeſſamy were originally deſcended from two male branches of the ſame family, as it may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, they both being of the ſame name, and having the ſame eſcutcheon; but to trace how far the relationſhip between them was removed, would require much time and trouble in examining old records, memorandums, and church-regiſters, and coſt more than the acquiſition would be worth, as it could not be found any way material to the hiſtory.

It ſhall therefore ſuffice to ſay, that Jemmy was the only ſon of a gentleman of a competent eſtate, and Jenny ſole daughter and heireſs of a wealthy merchant; that their parents had always called couſins, had lived with each other in the moſt perfect friendſhip, the tokens of which each ſeemed equally deſirous ſhould continue beyond the grave; and, to this end, reſolved on a marriage between their children, provided that, when they arrived at years of maturity, neither of them ſhould have any objection to ſuch an union.

As this agreement was very early made, and the accompliſhment of it was ſeriouſly wiſhed for by both parties, all imaginable care was taken to excite in the children a mutual affection for each other, and to make the name of Love familiar to them long before they knew what was meant by the word, much leſs could have any notion of the paſſion; depending on this maxim of the poet—

'Children, like tender oſiers, take the bow;
'And, as they firſt are faſhion'd, ſtill will
'grow.'

Jemmy, who had four years the advantage of Jenny, was taught to call her his little wife, even while in her cradle; and Jenny no ſooner began to ſpeak, than ſhe was made to ſay ſhe loved her huſband Jemmy in her heart.

As their years increaſed, and they became capable of receiving the firſt rudiments of education befitting their different ſexes, Jemmy was ſent to Eton, and Jenny to a boarding-ſchool at a ſmall village not far from London: but, to atone for this ſeparation, they were inſtructed, by thoſe who had the care of them, to write little epiſtles to

each other, which they dictated in terms ſuitable to their age and innocence, and ſerved to keep alive that ſpirit of affection which had been inculcated in their more early infancy. When the times of breaking up allowed them to return to their friends, they were ſeldom aſunder; they partook together all thoſe diverſions prepared for them by their indulgent parents; and ſometimes Jemmy, and ſometimes Jenny, were at the head of the feaſt, all others being but their invited gueſts. Jemmy was continually preſenting Jenny with ſome curious and new-invented toy; and the firſt-fruits of Jenny's handy-work was a fine embroidered waiſtcoat and cap for Jemmy.

By this means it became a kind of ſecond nature in them to love each other: the affection they began in infancy grew up with their years; and if what they felt as they approached nearer to maturity did not amount to a paſſion, it was, at leaſt, ſomewhat more than is ordinarily found between a brother and a ſiſter.

The two fathers, however, were highly contented with the effect their endeavours had produced in the hearts of their children; and doubted not but, by the prudent meaſures that had been taken in the education of both, they ſhould one day ſee them make very ſhining figures in the ſtate of marriage; which they reſolved ſhould be delayed no longer than till Jemmy had arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, at which time Jenny would be ſome months paſt ſeventeen.

But how uncertain is life! How fallible the proſpects it preſents! It often happens that, when they ſeem moſt near, they either vaniſh of themſelves, or we are ſuddenly ſnatched from them. The father of Jenny, though a man whoſe healthy conſtitution, according to all appearance, promiſed a much longer date, died in an apoplectick fit; and ſhe became an orphan three years before the time prefixed for the completion of her marriage.

This fatal accident muſt neceſſarily involve the tender and affectionate heart of this young girl in very great affliction; but it was leſs ſeverely felt, as ſhe had always been bred to look on the father of Jemmy as a ſecond parent to herſelf: ſhe therefore heſitated not to commit the large fortune ſhe was left miſtreſs of entirely to his care, and choſe him for her guardian, according to the forms of law.

Soon after her father's death, finding ſhe had attained all thoſe accompliſhments that could be taught her in a boarding-ſchool, ſhe removed from thence; and, with the approbation of her guardian, went to live with a family where ſhe had a much better opportunity of ſeeing the world, and knowing how to conform herſelf to the cuſtoms and manners of it, than ever ſhe could have done by the preciſe rules obſerved in the place ſhe came from.

Jemmy had ſome time before left Eton, and was gone to Oxford in order to finiſh his ſtudies; but he obtained leave from the head of the college to make frequent viſits to London, induced thereto by the double obligation of teſtifying his duty to his father and affection to his miſtreſs. To theſe two motives, a third, perhaps, might be added, equally prevalent with either of the former; that of partaking the pleaſures of the town, of which he was no leſs fond than moſt others of his ſex and age.

He was but juſt returned to the univerſity, from whence he had made a pretty long excurſion, when he was ſuddenly recalled to London. The old gentleman was ſeized with a pleuretick fever; which, notwithſtanding all the remedies proper in ſuch caſes were applied, made ſo ſwift a progreſs towards his heart, as threatened an immediate diſſolution. It indeed proved ſo; for though Jemmy, on the melancholy news, took horſe the ſame moment, and rode poſt to town, he arrived but juſt time enough to ſee this beſt of fathers breathe his laſt.

The pangs of death were on him, yet were his ſenſes perfect. On his ſon's approach, a gleam of ſatisfaction diffuſed itſelf throughout all his late diſordered features: he collected all the ſtrength that was left in him to raiſe himſelf a little; and, taking hold of Jemmy's hand, and joining it to that of Jenny's, who ſat weeping by the bed-ſide—'My dear children,' ſaid he, 'I regret the loſs of life for nothing ſo 'much as becauſe I ſhall be deprived 'of ſeeing that happineſs which, I 'hope, you will ſoon enjoy together.'

He

He would have added something more; but his voice forsook him, and he expired that instant.

Few young heirs look upon any thing as a real matter of affliction which makes them masters of themselves and fortunes. But Jemmy was of a different way of thinking: he had a great share both of good-sense and good-nature; and, besides what filial duty demanded from him, love and gratitude for the indulgences with which he had always been treated by his father, made him lament his loss with the most unfeigned and poignant sorrow.

Jenny was also very deeply affected at this event: she had been truly sensible of the value she ought to set upon so faithful a guardian, and so sincere a friend; and, while she used her endeavours to give his son some consolation, stood in almost equal need of receiving it herself.

The prudent old gentleman, though perhaps without any apprehensions of being so near his end, had some months before made his will; by which it appeared, on examination, that he had appointed trustees to manage both for his son and intended daughter-in-law, in case he should die before they arrived at the age of acting for themselves; and also that, by his great œconomy, he had saved, out of the receipts of his estates, several considerable sums of money, which he had placed in the publick funds; so that Jemmy found himself in possession of a much larger fortune than he had imagined, or had been made to hope for.

Soon after the melancholy solemnity of the funeral was over, he returned to Oxford; but staid no longer there than was necessary to take a decent leave of the gentlemen of the college, and other students with whom he had contracted the most intimacy.

But none of his friends or acquaintance either wondered at or condemned the haste he made to quit the university, not doubting but the sole motive of his doing so was the laudable affection for the lady intended to be his future bride.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS THE NARRATIVE OF A VERY ODD ADVENTURE, BUT PERFECTLY A-PROPOS, THOUGH AT PRESENT IT MAY PERHAPS APPEAR A LITTLE FOREIGN TO THE BUSINESS IN HAND.

DURING the short time that Jemmy staid at Oxford, his fair mistress took it into her head to make a visit to a friend in the country, about some one or two and twenty miles distant from London; where she had received several pressing invitations to come, but had been hitherto prevented from complying by one accident or other.

This was a young lady for whom Jenny had as great a regard as for any one of her female acquaintance; they had received part of their education together: and though Sophia, for so she was called, being somewhat older than Jenny, had much sooner left the school, yet their intimacy was not broken off by this separation; and they continued to see each other as often as opportunity permitted. But the brother of Sophia, who was a batchelor, having prevailed with his sister to come down, and take upon her the management of his house, had now occasioned between these ladies an absence for many months.

It is not, therefore, to be doubted, but that Jenny found herself very sincerely welcome. Sophia omitted nothing that might convince her that she was so; and as nothing more truly demonstrates the cordiality of the heart than an open and undisguised behaviour, these ladies reciprocally related to each other all the little accidents that had befallen either of them since last they parted.

Among other things that Sophia communicated to her fair guest, she told her that her brother was about marrying, and at present was in London prosecuting his addresses for that purpose to a young lady of condition: 'Which,' said she, 'if he succeeds in, I shall not 'long be resident in the country, as he 'then will have no farther occasion for 'my assistance; nor should I chuse to 'continue in the house with a sister-in-'law.'

'I sincerely wish him all the happi-'ness he can hope for,' replied Jenny, 'not only as he is your brother, but 'for his own sake also; since I believe 'there are few men who deserve more.' —'We are both extremely obliged to 'you,

'you, my dear,' returned the other; 'but I fear——'

She was going on with something which, it is likely, would have let Jenny into the quality and character of the intended bride; but was interrupted by a servant, who came haſtily into the room, and told her that his maſter was juſt alighted at the gate out of a landau and ſix, and had brought a very fine lady home with him.

'Bleſs me!' cried Sophia, in a great ſurprize, 'the thing we were ſpeaking of is certainly compleated! But, come,' continued ſhe, 'let us go down to receive them, and be convinced.'

In ſpeaking theſe words ſhe took Jenny by the hand, in order to do as ſhe had ſaid; but was prevented by the ſight of her brother and the miſtreſs of his affections, who had come laughing up, and were already on the top of the ſtair-caſe; on which ſhe retired ſome paces back, to give them room to enter.

This gentleman, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Rodophil, immediately preſented Sophia to the lady, ſaying—'This, Madam, is the ſiſter I have often mentioned to you.' They then ſaluted each other with a great deal of politeneſs, while he paid his compliments to Jenny; but had no ſooner done ſo, than, turning to Sophia—'I am come a little unexpectedly upon you, ſiſter,' ſaid he; 'but, to make amends, have brought home a lady, who will be ſo good as to take off your hands the trouble of managing my family.'

'I am very ready to reſign my place,' replied ſhe with a ſmile, 'to one who, I doubt not, will much better fit it: but, Sir,' purſued ſhe, in the ſame gay air, 'I think you ſhould have put it in my power to have given you the laſt caſt of my office in a more elegant manner than I am now capable of doing in this ſudden ſurprize.'

'Nay, as to that matter, child,' cried the lady in a very familiar, and indeed ſomewhat of a hoydeniſh tone, 'you have nothing to accuſe him of on this account; for I aſſure you neither of us thought of being here to-night, two hours before we ſet out from London: but I know not how it happened, but we were both in a frolick-ſome humour; he ſwore he would have me, and I ſwore if he had, he ſhould run away with me: the impudent thing took me at my word, ſent in a minute for a landau and ſix, thruſt me into it, and hurried me away without any farther preparation than juſt as you ſee.'

'Then the ceremony is not yet performed,' ſaid Sophia. 'No,' replied her brother; 'but I hope to-morrow morning will put a final end to my ſuſpenſe, and make me happy in my utmoſt wiſhes.—What ſay you, Madam,' purſued he to the lady; 'ſhall it not be ſo?'—'What occaſion has the man to aſk any queſtions?' anſwered ſhe, patting him on the cheek; 'you have got me into your poſſeſſion here, and muſt even do with me what you will.'

Soon after this Sophia withdrew, to give the neceſſary orders for preparing ſupper; which, in ſpite of being taken ſo unawares, was ſerved up in a manner that ſhewed there was little need of the apology ſhe had made on the firſt entrance of her new gueſt.

Nothing was wanting to compleat the elegance of the table, but a little more politeneſs of behaviour in the perſon for whom chiefly ſuch care had been taken in furniſhing it: but though ſhe was the daughter of a nobleman, and could not fail of having had an education ſuitable to her birth; yet the pride of blood, the inſolence of flattered beauty, and the vanity of imagining that ſhe could do nothing unbecoming in her, made her act and talk in ſo affected and ſo odd a manner, as greatly defaced all the charms ſhe had received from Nature.

'You are very ugly, Rodophil,' would ſhe cry; 'I wonder what it is I like you for!' then rejoined with the ſame breath—'Well, you are a dear bewitching toad, however!' One moment ſhe would puſh him from her, ſwearing ſhe hated him; the next pull him towards her, proteſting he could not be too near. Her diſcourſe to the ladies was alſo of the ſame piece: ſhe told Sophia, ſhe had a pair of fine eyes, but did not look as if ſhe knew ſhe had any ſuch things in her head; and laughed at Jenny, as having reaſon to accuſe Nature for not having endued her with the talent of elocution.'

Jenny, indeed, ſpoke but little the whole evening; but as her ſilence was occaſioned

occasioned by the other's excess of volubility, the usual vivacity of her temper was rouzed by this reproach; and she replied with some tartness—'Madam, if Sophia and myself were half 'so conscious as your ladyship seems 'to be of having every thing we said 'approved of, we should certainly be 'all speakers, and no hearers; and consequently this gentleman here be in 'danger of losing one of his senses, if 'a man in love can be supposed to have 'any.'

The lady, in spite of all the assurance she was possessed of, could not avoid appearing a little disconcerted at what Jenny had said. Rodophil perceiving it, thought himself obliged, as a lover, to take up the word; and, turning to Jenny—'Madam,' said he to her, 'the 'man who has the honour to be capable of distinguishing the perfections 'of that lady must certainly be supposed to have no senses for any thing but 'her.'

Jenny made no other reply to this, than she doubted not but his passion was worthy of the object that inspired it; and, after a few hours passed in a conversation not material enough to be repeated, Sophia conducted the mistress of her brother to an apartment she had caused to be got ready for her; and, through respect to him, waited in the room till she had seen her into bed.

Jenny having always been a sharer with Sophia in the same bed, when they were together at the boarding-school, would not hear of sleeping apart from her during the time she stayed in the country; not only to avoid giving any unnecessary trouble to the family, but also because she was willing to lose as little of her company as possible.

Though the night was pretty far advanced when the ladies went into their chamber, neither of them had the power to close their eyes without discovering to the other some part of their sentiments in relation to the intended bride.

That a young maid of quality should suffer herself to be conducted in so odd a manner by a gentleman to his country seat; and that she should behave towards him in so affected, and indeed so confident a manner, in the presence of two persons of her own sex whom she had never seen before; had something in it so new, and so strange to them, that they could not well find words to express their astonishment.

'It must certainly be an excess of 'love,' said Jenny, 'that can oblige a 'man of Rodophil's good understanding to bear with such extravagances 'in the woman he makes choice of for 'a wife.'

'As for love,' replied the other, 'I 'believe that is quite out of the question; I think I may be pretty positive, from a thousand circumstances, 'that my brother is neither charmed 'with the beauties of her person, nor 'blind to the follies of her temper; 'but he imagines (how rightly I cannot as yet take upon me to determine) that her fortune, her birth, and 'the interest of her family, will compensate for all other deficiencies.'

Women, for the most part, are but too justly accused of being severe on the foibles of each other; and some will have it, that they even take a malicious pleasure in finding something to condemn. But it was not by this propensity that either of these ladies was instigated: the one, who loved her brother extremely, was sorry and ashamed at having observed such errors in a woman who was to be his partner for life; and the other, more through goodnature than the contrary, was vexed when any opportunity for censure presented itself.

Rodophil, however, full of the thoughts of being a bridegroom, quitted his bed much sooner than he was accustomed to do, and went to a neighbouring clergyman, who having licences always ready by him, got one immediately filled up with the two parties names; and as the thing was to be private, promised to bring a friend with him, who should officiate in giving the lady's hand.

Sophia also rose very early that morning; being willing, in spite of her dislike to this match, to do it all the honour in her power, and that the shortness of the time would admit of.

None of the family were sluggards on this occasion; all appeared in their several stations alert and chearful; sprightliness sat on every face, except that of the intended bride. But never was there so strange, so sudden a transformation in any one person: she that had the evening before been so wildly

gay

gay and volatile, even to a ridiculous excefs, was now become quite moped and ſtupid; twice had Sophia been in her chamber before ſhe could prevail on her to leave it to come down ſtairs; and when Rodophil accoſted her with the uſual ſalutation of the morning, and told her it was the happieſt he had ever ſeen, ſhe made no anſwer, nor ſcarce vouchſafed to look upon him.

On the ſight of the clergyman and his friend, who came exactly at the time they were expected by Rodophil—'What is all this for?' ſaid ſhe ſuddenly; 'I will not be married.'—'Not 'married, Madam!' cried Rodophil; 'you are not certainly in earneſt.'—'Indeed but I am: ſo pray let the 'parſon go about his buſineſs; for he 'has none with me at this time.'

'What is it you mean, Madam?' demanded Rodophil, ſo much confounded that he could ſcarce utter theſe few words. 'I have told you,' anſwered ſhe, 'that I will not be married, 'at leaſt at preſent; therefore ſend 'away the man.'

'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid the reverend divine, 'that you did not take care to 'be better acquainted with the lady's 'mind before you gave us the trouble 'of waiting on you:' and with theſe words went haſtily out of the room, followed by the gentleman he had brought with him, equally affronted as ſurprized.

Rodophil went after them, to make the beſt apology he could for the caprice, as he then imagined it, of the lady's humour. Sophia and Jenny were all this time in ſuch a conſternation, that they could only look ſometimes on the perſon who had occaſioned it, and ſometimes on each other, without being able to ſpeak a ſingle ſyllable.

Rodophil returned; and, with a countenance which teſtified the reſentment of his heart—'Madam,' ſaid he to the lady, 'what have I done to deſerve that 'you ſhould treat me in this manner? 'What motive could induce you to 'render me the jeſt of the whole coun'try?

'If you thought me unworthy of 'the honour I ſolicited,' purſued he, 'wherefore did you encourage me to 'hope it? Aſſign at leaſt ſome reaſon 'for ſo ſtrange a reverſe in your beha'viour towards me.' Theſe queſtions, and ſeveral others to the ſame purpoſe, being repeated over and over, ſhe at laſt replied, that ſhe would ſatisfy him, but nobody elſe.

Sophia, on hearing this, ſtarted immediately from her ſeat, crying—'Oh, 'Madam! we will be no hindrance to 'the eclairciſſement my brother has ſo 'much right to expect.' In ſpeaking this ſhe left them together, taking Jenny with her.

Her curioſity was, however, raiſed to a pitch too high not to inſpire her with an eagerneſs to be one of the firſt at the explanation of this myſtery: it preſently came into her head, that there was a cloſet which opened from the paſſage, and was divided from the room where Rodophil and the lady were but by a thin partition; and gueſſing her friend's impatience by her own, they both went together, as ſoftly as poſſible, into this little receſs; where, putting their ears cloſe to the pannel of the wainſcot, they could eaſily diſtinguiſh what diſcourſe paſſed on the other ſide.

As in reaching this place they were obliged to take a circuit through a gallery of a pretty large extent, they loſt ſome part of what had been ſaid, but arrived time enough to be witneſſes of the main point, and to which all that had paſſed before could have been only the prelude.

'Married!' they heard Rodophil cry, with a voice ſonorous enough to have been audible at a much greater diſtance, 'Death and Furies! when, 'where, to whom?'—'You have no 'occaſion,' replied the lady, 'to put 'yourſelf into this violent agitation; 'I dare ſay I may be eaſily unmarried 'again.'

'Confuſion!' rejoined Rodophil; 'what trifling is here! Married, and 'may be eaſily unmarried again! For 'Heaven's ſake, Madam, explain the 'meaning of all this, if there be really 'any meaning in what you ſay!'

'Have a little patience,' replied ſhe; 'I will tell you every thing. You muſt 'know, that Captain La Val perſuaded me one day to go with him to 'May-Fair Chapel, where a man in a 'black coat read ſomething over to us; 'it was the marriage-ceremony, I 'think: for my part, I did nothing 'but laugh all the time, yet the crea'ture has ever ſince taken it into his 'head to imagine I am his wife.'

'Very likely, indeed,' ſaid Rodophil ſcornfully: 'and what followed?'—

'Nay,

'Nay, what signifies what followed?' cried she: 'the business is to get this 'foolish marriage dissolved; which I 'think may easily be done, especially 'as there were no witnesses, and we 'now heartily hate one another.'—'Were these always your sentiments?' demanded Rodophil. 'No,' answered she; 'he pretended a furious pas-'sion for me, and I liked him well 'enough; but he is now as indifferent 'as most other husbands, and I have 'never been able to endure him since I 'came acquainted with you: there-'fore, my dear Rodophil, help me to 'get quite rid of him.'

'As how, pray?' said he. 'Oh, I 'have contrived the means,' answered she—'you must send him a challenge; 'I know he does not love fighting, 'though he has made two campaigns, 'and I believe will be glad to relin-'quish me rather than come to tilt-'work: but if he should venture, you 'will certainly have the better; for I 'am told he does not understand the 'sword.'

'I am highly obliged to you, Ma-'dam,' replied he, with the extremest disdain, 'for the undertaking you would 'engage me in; but really it is not my 'humour to risque my own throat, or 'attempt cutting that of another man, 'in the hope of becoming master of 'his property: and I am so far from 'envying the good fortune of my rival, 'that I wish him all the happiness a 'man can enjoy with a lady of your 'consummate virtue and discretion.'

'Ungrateful creature!' cried she, bursting into tears, 'is this the love 'you have professed for me, or a re-'compense for the proofs you have re-'ceived of mine?'—'Oh, Madam,' replied he, still more contemptuously, 'you will find I know how to set a 'just value on such love as yours; the 'landau that brought us is not yet re-'turned, and is at your service, to con-'duct you to your husband's arms, or 'wherever you think proper.'

On this she called him Monster, Villain, and all the names that rage and disappointment could suggest; but he, little regarding what she said, rung the bell for a servant, and ordered the landau should be immediately brought. Our fair eve-droppers thought this a proper cue for entrance, and came forth from their concealment: 'Sister,' said Rodophil, 'I leave you to take care of 'this lady, who seems a little disorder-'ed; I am going out.'

Sophia, after her brother had left the room, began to say some civil things, in order to moderate the distraction she appeared in: but she answered not a word; and as soon as the landau was at the gate, flung herself into it without any farther ceremony. But what effect her behaviour had on the minds of those she left behind, the reader will presently discover.

CHAP. III.

IS OF STILL MORE IMPORTANCE THAN THE FORMER.

THOUGH Rodophil, as Sophia had told Jenny, was not possessed of any real passion for this capricious lady, and had been instigated merely by the prospect of advantage to make his addresses to her; yet was he so much chagrined at being exposed, by her folly, to the ridicule of the neighbourhood, from the thought it could not be kept a secret, that he went directly to the house of an intimate friend, and would not be prevailed upon to return to his own for a considerable time.

As for the two young ladies, the consternation they were in at what they had seen and heard, is not to be described: nothing but the conviction of their own senses could have made either of them believe it possible, that a person, such as had just now left them, could have acted in the manner she had done.

The discourse they had together, after she was gone, was suitable to the occasion: 'I know,' said Sophia, 'that 'there are some men who have so much 'vanity and assurance, that they will 'take no denial, nor quit their preten-'sions without some extraordinary me-'thod be taken to compel them to it; 'but I can assure you this was not the 'case with my brother. I have very 'good reasons to believe she made him 'the first advances; and am certain 'that, if she did not, she at least highly 'encouraged his addresses.

'That you may not think,' continued she, 'that I am excited to speak 'in this manner through the natural 'affection to my brother, I will shew 'you a letter, which he happening to

'drop, I took up, and never returned; 'becauſe I was unwilling to let him 'know I had ſeen it.'

In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe took a paper out of her pocket, and put it into Jenny's hands; which the young lady haſtily opening, found the contents as follow.

TO *******, ESQ.

'I Have had a thouſand lovers, but 'never found one ſo eaſily repul-'ſed: if you had loved me with half 'that violent paſſion you pretended, 'you would have remembered what the 'poet makes Jupiter ſay of our ſex—

"I gave them but one tongue to form denials,
"And two fine eyes to yield a kind compli-
"ance."

'Mine muſt have been very unintel-'ligible, indeed, if they did not inform 'you that my heart was far from being 'diſpleaſed at the fine things you ſaid 'to me: were you then to take it for 'granted that I did not like you, be-'cauſe I told you ſo, and gallop im-'mediately out of town, as if abſolute-'ly deſpairing ever to obtain me? 'Faint-hearted creature! I pity your 'want of ſpirit; a man of courage 'would have been more enflamed by 'reſiſtance, and never have given over 'till he had gained his point.

'I know this is going a great length, 'and may encourage you to boldneſſes 'which, perhaps, I ſhould not be very 'ready to forgive: but I have ſaid it, 'and do not think it worth while to 'ſpoil another piece of paper with 'writing to you in a different manner; 'ſo you muſt put what conſtruction you 'pleaſe upon words. If you venture 'to town again upon the receipt of 'this, it is poſſible you will have no 'reaſon to repent your journey; but I 'promiſe nothing farther, than that it 'depends entirely on yourſelf to con-'tinue in the good graces of

'****.

'P. S. I have made an appointment 'with ſome ladies to go to Vaux-'hall the day after to-morrow: 'they will have all their pretty 'fellows with them; and, if you 'come time enough, I ſhould chuſe 'rather that you ſhould ſquire me 'thither than any other man of 'my acquaintance. Adieu!'

'Upon this ſummons,' ſaid Sophia, 'my brother went directly to London; 'and you may ſuppoſe met with no un-'kind reception from the lady, by 'what you have been witneſs of.'

'Yes, my dear,' cried Jenny, 'I 'have indeed been witneſs of much 'more than I could have ever imagined 'in a woman, much leſs in any one 'who pretends to the leaſt ſhare of ho-'nour or reputation.'

This adventure, it is certain, had made a very extraordinary impreſſion on the mind of that young beauty; ſhe had a ſtrong diſcernment, and an uncommon quickneſs of apprehenſion; ſhe had eaſily diſcovered, that the lady they were ſpeaking of, though vain and affected to an exceſs, wanted not wit, but judgment; and that the errors of her conduct, in regard to La Val and Rodophil, were not owing ſo much to her folly, as to the inconſtancy of her nature.

'Who can be aſſured,' ſaid ſhe within herſelf, 'till experience convinces 'them, that they themſelves may not 'be guilty of the ſame irregularity of 'humour, though their prudence and 'the fears of cenſure may keep them 'from expoſing the weakneſs of their 'reſolution? We all of us are liable 'to change in trifling matters, and fre-'quently deſpiſe to-morrow what we 'liked to-day: I ſee no reaſon, there-'fore, that we have to depend on our 'own hearts in things of the greateſt 'importance.'

Jenny could not, in ſpite of the gaiety of her temper, forbear falling into little reveries of this nature, whenever ſhe conſidered herſelf as entering into a ſtate from which there is no relief but the grave; or, what to a woman of any delicacy is yet worſe, a divorcement.

She could not keep herſelf from uttering ſome part of her thoughts on this ſubject to Sophia. 'Inconſtancy,' replied ſhe, 'is certainly a very great 'weakneſs; yet what ſecurity can be 'given by the wiſeſt of us all, that we 'never ſhall be guilty of it? It is an 'involuntary error; the effect of a ſud-'den object that, when we leaſt think 'of it, ſtrikes upon the ſenſes, con-

'founds

'founds the underſtanding, and leads 'the inclination aſtray, before people 'well know what they are doing.'

'Since it is ſo,' ſaid Jenny, 'and 'may as well happen after marriage as 'before, I think it is beſt not to marry 'at all, as the conſequences of ſuch an 'accident would be terrible indeed.'— 'Then you would chuſe to avoid a cer-'tain good,' cried Sophia, laughing, 'rather than run the riſque of falling 'into an uncertain evil? But I do not 'regard what you ſay on this head: we 'may talk as we will; but when it 'comes to the point, we ſhall do juſt 'as nature prompts.'

Thus did the odd event of Rodophil's courtſhip furniſh out both ſerious and pleaſant matter of converſation for theſe two ladies while they continued together: but Jenny, who had not intended her viſit ſhould be long, took her leave on the third day, and returned to London; where a ſecond diſcovery fell in her way, which greatly corroborated thoſe ſentiments which the firſt had begun to inſpire her with.

There are few milliners of more reputation in their way among the beau monde than Mrs. Frill. Jenny had been her cuſtomer ever ſince ſhe had left her boarding-ſchool; and happening now to go to her ſhop for ſome things ſhe wanted, found her behind the counter very buſy, and buſtling among her ſhelves and band-boxes; a thing very extraordinary with her, as ſhe was pretty far advanced in years, was infirm, and had always kept an extremely adroit ſhop-maid, who was uſed to take the trouble of the moſt part of the buſineſs off her hands.

'Bleſs me!' cried Jenny, 'it is a 'kind of prodigy to ſee you below 'ſtairs, eſpecially at this time in the 'morning. Pray, where is Mrs. 'Beckey, that you are obliged to fa-'tigue yourſelf in this manner?'

'Ah, Miſs Jeſſamy!' replied ſhe, puffing and blowing like a pair of bellows that had loſt it's wind, 'Beckey 'has played the fool with herſelf; ſhe 'has left me, and is gone into keep-'ing.'—'Into keeping!' cried Jenny; 'I ſhould never have ſuſpected it: I 'thought Mrs. Beckey had been de-'fended by the plainneſs of her per-'ſon, as well as by her virtue, from 'all attacks of that nature. But pray, 'who is the man?'—'I was of your 'opinion,' ſaid Mrs. Frill; 'but Sir 'J—*** has found charms in her, and 'ſhe in him; he has taken fine lodgings 'for her, and they are almoſt always 'together.'

She had no ſooner mentioned the name of Sir J—***, than Jenny burſt into exclamations; ſhe knew very well that he had loved, to the moſt romantick height, the lady who was now his wife; that he had not been married to her more months than it had coſt him years of courtſhip to obtain her; that ſhe was a perſon whoſe beauty, accompliſhments, virtue, and good-nature, rendered her every way deſerving of all the affection he had profeſſed for her; and now to hear he had ſo early falſified his vows, ſeemed a thing ſo ſtrange, ſo incredible, that ſhe could ſcarce believe her ears, or that Mrs. Frill was not miſtaken in what ſhe ſaid. She aſked her over and over if ſhe was ſure the thing was true, and deſired her to repeat all the particulars ſhe knew concerning this ſurprizing affair; to which the other complied in theſe terms.

'You muſt know, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I had a very curious French 'capuchin; never was there a greater 'beauty of it's kind; it was wrought 'by a nun of quality, to be diſpoſed of 'for the benefit of the poor; ſcarce a 'flower that grows but was repreſented 'in their proper colours, intermixed 'with gold and ſilver. I ſhewed it to 'ſuch of my cuſtomers as I thought 'moſt likely to be the purchaſers: they 'all admired it, but did not care to 'give the price, though nothing was 'ever ſo cheap; for I aſked no more 'than fifty guineas; but the truth is, 'moſt of them had loſt a great deal of 'their money at play; and you know, 'Madam, that makes ill for us trades-'people. I had kept it above a week; 'and, fearing it would be blowed 'upon, propoſed a raffle, and got ten 'ladies to ſubſcribe five guineas a-'piece; but when the day came ap-'pointed to decide to whoſe lot the 'prize ſhould fall, one of them ſent 'me word ſhe had changed her mind, 'and could not come.

'This a little vexed me,' continued ſhe; 'but, rather than loſe all, I was 'determined to make up the deficiency 'myſelf, when luckily this very Sir 'J—*** ſtepped in. As he was a 'married man, I ventured to aſk him

'if he would not try his fortune for a 'present to his lady. He readily agreed; 'and, in fine, won it. I offered to send 'it home; but he told me I need not 'give myself that trouble, for his man 'should call for it the next day, which 'Beckey told me he did; but you will 'find, by the sequel, that he intended 'no such thing.'

'About a week after, as near as I 'can remember,' went she on, 'this 'audacious young hussey pretended to 'go on a visit to a relation, but came 'not home the whole night, which very 'much surprized me; and, as she ne-'ver had been guilty of the like be-'fore, made me fear some accident 'had befallen her; but the next morn-'ing I received a letter from her, which 'I will read to you.

"TO MRS. FRILL.

"MADAM,

"I Beg your pardon for quitting "your service in so clandestine a "manner; but I had an offer which I "did not think proper to refuse: I "have a quarter's wages in your hands; "and that, I hope, will make amends "for my going without warning. "Pray, be so good to send my box by "the bearer. I am, Madam, your "humble servant to command,

"REBECCA TRIP."

'I was very much amazed, as you 'may easily believe,' resumed she, 'at the 'impertinence of the creature in writ-'ing to me in this manner; however, 'I had presence of mind enough to ask 'the porter from whence he brought 'the letter; and he readily told me 'from one Madam Trip, in South 'Audley Street; on which I presently 'guessed her situation, though not the 'person who had occasioned this change 'in it.

'But I continued not long in su-'spence,' pursued she; 'one of the la-'dies who had been so unfortunate to 'lose her five pieces at the raffle, told 'me she had met her in the Mall, 'dressed in a very rich brocade short 'sacque and petticoat, and that very 'capuchin Sir J— *** had won; and I 'soon after heard, by one who is ac-'quainted with the person at whose 'house she lodges, that she passes there 'for a relation of that gentleman's, 'and that he visits her every day.'

Mrs. Frill had just finished this little narrative, when a lady came into her shop: after the usual compliment —'I have been just giving,' said Mrs. Frill to her, 'this young lady an ac-'count of the change of Beckey's cir-'cumstances; and, I assure your lady-'ship, have had much ado to make her 'believe the veracity of it.'—'I am 'sensible,' replied Jenny, 'that things 'of this natnre too frequently happen; 'but I confess, that to find a man, who 'loved to that degree Sir J— *** has 'done, should act in such a manner, is 'very astonishing.'

'For my part,' said the lady, 'I 'see nothing astonishing in it, except 'his want of taste; for as to his keep-'ing a mistress, it could not be expect-'ed to be otherwise; that woman is a 'fool who thinks to keep a pretty fel-'low to herself in a town like this: it 'is true, his wife is a very fine wo-'man; but he has had her, and variety 'has charms for us all.'

'In some things it may, Madam,' answered Jenny; 'yet I cannot help 'thinking that inconstancy, either in 'man or woman, argues a very weak 'mind.'—'Lord, Miss, you talk like 'one that knows nothing of the world,' cried the other; 'I have been married 'these three years, and am wise by ex-'perience; it is not in nature for two 'persons always to be pleasing to each 'other: but if you will not take my 'word for it, I hope you will believe 'Cowley, who was certainly as great 'a judge of love as even Ovid him-'self.

"The world's a scene of changes, and to be
"Constant in nature were inconstancy;
"For 'twere to break the laws herself has
"made;
"Our substances themselves do fleet and fade:
"The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
"Swift as the wings of Time, 'tis measur'd
"by.
"To imagine, then, that love should never
"cease,
"(Love is but the ornament of these)
"Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
"Beauty and colour stay not when we die."

Not this authority, nor all the arguments the lady could bring, who possibly

possibly was herself a proof of what she urged, could make Jenny recede from her opinion, or give up the point: the dispute between them continued till other company coming in, put an end to it.

Though, by the whole deportment of Jenny, there seemed to be but little share of earth in her composition, yet had she her serious moments: what she had seen at the house of Rodophil, and been told of at Mrs. Frill's, came often into her mind; and she began to fear, from these two instances, that inconstancy was a frailty to which human nature was but too liable; and the reflections she made upon it had no small influence on her future conduct towards Jemmy; to whom it is now high time we should return.

CHAP. IV.

WILL PROBABLY OCCASION VARIOUS CONJECTURES ON WHAT IS TO COME.

A Very small share of experience and observation may serve to inform us, that there is no passion of the soul which more easily wears off than that of grief for the death of friends; and, indeed, it is highly reasonable that it should be so. Religion obliges us to a perfect resignation to the decrees of Providence; philosophy teaches us that it is weak, and unbecoming the dignity of our species, to bewail woes which, in their very nature, are irredeemable; and the laws of society forbid us to indulge any emotions that might enervate our abilities, and render us less useful to the community.

Whether any arguments, drawn from the above considerations, could claim a part in enabling Jemmy to recover his former vivacity, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, that, in a very short time, nothing of the mourner, except the habit, was to be seen about him.

It would have been somewhat strange, indeed, if a gentleman, not yet quite one-and-twenty, possessed of a very plentiful estate, and master of accomplishments to recommend him to the best company, should have had any leisure for melancholy reflections in a town like London, so abounding with every thing that can entertain and raise pleasing sensations in a youthful heart.

In the midst of all the various amusements he gave into, his dear Jenny, however, was not forgot; scarce a day passed over without his visiting her once, if not more, in some one part of it: they behaved to each other in the same manner they had always been accustomed to do; quite open and free, without the least breach of innocence or modesty; kind, without any mixture of dissimulation; and obliging, without taking any pains to be so.

Scarce are there any where to be found two persons whose dispositions so exactly tallied: both of them were gay and volatile almost to an excess; both loved the pleasures of the town, yet never pursued them so far as to transgress the bounds of strict virtue in the one, nor honour in the other. Both had an affluence of wit, and a great talent for ridicule; and both had too much good-nature and generosity to extend that propensity to the prejudice of any one: in short, they were what the poet says—

> 'In all so much alike, each heart
> 'Seem'd but the other's counter-part.'

To the foregoing character of them might also have been added, that neither of them were possessed of any strong passions; and, though the affection they had for each other was truly tender and sincere, yet neither of them felt those impatiences, those anxieties, those transporting hopes, those distracting fears, those causeless jealousies, or any of those thousand restless sensations, that usually perplex a mind devoted to an amorous flame: they were happy when they met, but not uneasy when they parted. He was not in the least alarmed on finding she was frequently visited by some of the finest gentlemen in town; nor was she at all disconcerted when she was told that he was well-received by ladies of the most distinguished characters.

I am well aware that many of my readers will be apt to say, people who could think and act in the manner I have described, either had no charms for each other, or seemed incapable of loving at all: and I am ready to confess that, according to the received notions of love, there was a seeming inconsistency in this conduct; and it had more

more the appearance of a cold indifference than the warm glow of mutual inclinations.

Yet that they did love each other is moſt certain, as will hereafter be demonſtrated by proofs much more unqueſtionable than all thoſe extravagances: thoſe raging flights, commonly looked upon as infallible tokens of the paſſion; but which, how fierce ſoever the fires they ſpring from may burn for a while, we ſee frequently extinguiſh of themſelves, and leave nothing but the ſmoke behind.

All the formalities of a firſt and ſecond mourning for the dead being over, every one now expected they ſhould ſoon ſee the completion of a marriage they knew had been ſo long intended: Jemmy alſo had ſome thoughts of it himſelf, and began to conſider on ſuch things as were proper to be done previous to the ſolemnity.

On looking over his father's papers, he had found marriage-articles between him and Jenny, with a deed of ſettlement on her by way of dower, which the old gentleman had cauſed to be drawn up ſome time before his death: theſe writings he now put into his pocket, and carried them to her, in order for her approbation.

'What are theſe?' cried ſhe, when he preſented her with the packet. 'They 'are what concerns you as nearly as 'myſelf,' replied he; 'therefore I 'would have you examine the con-'tents at ſome leiſure hour, and let me 'know if you think there is any thing 'in them that requires alteration or 'amendment.'

'They ought to be things of great 'conſequence, indeed, by their bulk,' ſaid ſhe ſmiling, and beginning to unfold the parchment. 'You know,' returned he, with the ſame gay air, 'for 'what we are deſigned by both our fa-'thers; and I ſuppoſe mine, as being 'your guardian alſo, thought himſelf 'the moſt proper perſon to decide the 'terms on which we ſhould come to-'gether.'

'I have no reaſon,' anſwered ſhe, 'to ſuſpect either his juſtice or good-'will towards me: however, I will 'take the firſt opportunity of ſeeing 'what he has done for me on this 'ſcore.' In ſpeaking this ſhe locked the writing he had brought in an eſcritoire that was placed juſt behind her; then turning haſtily to him—'But, my dear Jemmy,' continued ſhe, 'you muſt know I have promiſed ſome 'company to go to Ranelagh; and, I 'believe, they are already beginning 'to expect me.'—'It happens very 'luckily,' ſaid he; 'for there are three 'or four young fellows of us who have 'promiſed to give ſome ladies the mu-'ſick on the River to-night; and I 'could not have ſtaid above three mi-'nutes longer with you; for they de-'pend upon me to ſee the hands all 'ready. So, my dear Jenny, I will not 'detain you. Farewel!'—'Farewel, 'Jemmy!' rejoined ſhe: and with theſe words both ran down ſtairs together; he went into one chair, and ſhe into another, to fulfil their ſeveral engagements.

The next day they ſaw each other again, as uſual. After ſome little chit-chat on ordinary affairs, he aſked her if ſhe had found time to look over the writings he had brought the day before. 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe; 'I break-'faſted on them this morning.'—'Well,' cried he, 'what objections 'have you to make?'—'None at all,' replied ſhe: 'I rather think your fa-'ther has made a better proviſion for 'me than my own would have deſired 'or expected.'—'Then, I ſuppoſe, 'there is nothing left for us to do,' ſaid he, 'but ſign and ſeal, and go to-'gether before a parſon?'—'Some 'people may ſay ſo,' replied ſhe; 'but, 'for my part, I am of a quite different 'opinion; and think there is a great 'deal for us both to do before we come 'to the words—"To have and to "hold."

'I eaſily comprehend what you would 'be at,' reſumed he, laughing: 'new 'cloaths for ourſelves and ſervants, 'ſome addition to the equipage; a 'more faſhionable chariot, another pair 'of horſes; perhaps——' 'Hold! 'hold!' cried ſhe, interrupting him; 'I have no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts, 'I do aſſure you: what I mean is in-'finitely more material than all you 'have mentioned; and that is, the be-'ing certain within ourſelves of never 'repenting the engagements we are 'about to enter into.'

'Repenting!' ſaid he; 'there is no 'danger of that, I believe: I will pro-'miſe you to make as good a huſband 'as I can; and I am ſure you will

'make

'make a good wife.'—'That is all as 'chance directs,' answered she: 'we 'may think perfectly well at one time, 'and act very ill at another. In fine, 'my dear Jemmy,' continued she, 'I 'think we ought to know a little more 'of the world, and of ourselves, before 'we enter into serious matrimony.'

'Why, faith, Jenny,' answered he, 'I 'cannot help saying but that you are in 'the right: I should not much like, 'methinks, to be quite so soon the fa-'ther of a family.'—'And I should 'hate to be called Mamma,' rejoined she, 'before I arrived at an age to write 'myself Woman.'

'I wonder,' pursued she, 'how peo-'ple can resolve to cut themselves off 'from all the pleasures of life, just as 'they are beginning to have a relish for 'them. How should I regret being 'confined at home by domestick affairs, 'while others of my sex and age were 'flaunting in the Mall, or making one 'at the rout of a woman of quality? 'And how it would mortify you to 'hear the ladies cry disdainfully—"Jemmy Jessamy is a very pretty fel-"low; but he is married?" and then 'toss up their heads; and, in contempt 'of you, turn the doux yeux on the 'next man in company, though, per-'haps, he happens to be one of the most 'insignificant fops the follies of the 'times ever fashioned, and without any 'one merit to recommend him, but 'merely his having no wife?'

Jenny, who had always somewhat amiably striking in her eyes and tone of voice, appeared at this instant so particularly brilliant, that Jemmy could not forbear catching her in his arms with the utmost rapture, crying at the same time—'I shall little regard the con-'tempt of all the women in the world, 'while blest with the kindness of my 'dear, dear Jenny.'

'And I think too,' replied she, returning his embrace, and looking on him with a most enchanting softness, 'that I could forego all other joys of 'life for those of my dear Jemmy's 'love: yet, after all,' continued she, 'we may both of us be deceived in our 'own hearts. I have heard the wise 'say, that nothing is so difficult to ac-'quire as the true knowledge of our-'selves; and who can tell what time 'and accidents may produce?'

Here Jemmy was beginning to make the most fervent protestations, that it was not in the power of Fate itself to occasion the least alteration in his present sentiments on her account; and Jenny was half persuaded, by what she felt in her own breast, that an affection, grounded and habitual as theirs had been, was incapable of varying on either side; so that if this tender conversation had continued but a very little longer, it is highly probable they had agreed to put the finishing stroke to the work their parents had laboured for, by an immediate marriage.

Of this, however, there can be no positive assurance, as it was broke off by some company coming in; but whether fortunately or unfortunately for the lovers this interruption happened in so critical a moment, the reader, if he has patience to wait, will, in the sequel of this history, be informed.

CHAP. V.

IS SOMEWHAT MORE EXPLICIT THAN THE FORMER.

THE persons who had surprised our lovers in the midst of the most interesting discourse they ever yet had entertained each other with, were two young ladies of Jenny's intimate acquaintance: they had been driven out of the Park by a shower of rain, and could not go home without calling on her, to communicate something which they thought would be equally diverting to her as it had been to themselves.

On seeing Jemmy with her—'We 'have catched you alone together,' said one of them; 'and it is happy for you 'that you have been so, as nothing but 'the pleasure of each other's company 'could have atoned for what you have 'lost by not being in the Mall to-'night.'

'As how, pray?' demanded she. 'Lady Fisk,' resumed the other—'Oh, 'such fleering, such pointing, such an 'universal titter, as soon as ever she ap-'peared!'—'Lady Fisk!' cried Jemmy, interrupting her: 'I am afraid, Ma-'dam, your intelligence is stale; that 'lady has played over all her tricks 'long ago; and can do nothing new 'for us to laugh at.'

'You are quite mistaken, I assure 'you,' answered she. 'She has now, 'as

'as Colly says, "outdone all her usual "outdoings;" as you will be obliged 'to confess when you have heard the 'story.'

'What!' cried he; 'can any thing 'go beyond her adventure in Covent 'Garden; where she went in men's 'cloaths, picked up a woman of the 'town, and was severely beaten by her 'on the discovery of her sex?'

'Or what happened to her at Bar-'tholomew-Fair,' said Jenny; 'where 'being a little too pert with some 'young apprentices, who had attacked 'her as a lady of pleasure, a riot en-'sued; and she was glad to produce 'her seal with the coat-of-arms upon 'it, and a letter she had received that 'day from her lord, to prevent being 'lodged that night in the watch-house, 'and carried before the sitting-alder-'man next morning?'

'Neither of these exploits,' replied the lady that had spoke first, 'comes 'up to what we have to tell you, or 'gave her half the mortification. It 'would be the first story in the world, 'if one could find out the beginning; 'but the misfortune is, that nothing 'but the catastrophe as yet is come to 'light.'

'It is but half a story, then, at best,' said Jemmy, laughing; 'but let us hear 'it, however.'—'I should not have 'kept you so long in suspense, my dear, 'if this thing here,' cried she, giving Jemmy a slap on the shoulder with her fan, 'had not interrupted me. You 'must know that, some night last week, 'Lord and Lady Fisk had a most ter-'rible quarrel: they were just going 'into bed; she was undressed all but 'her under-petticoat; what she said or 'did to provoke him to such wrath, 'Heaven knows; but he pushed her 'out of the chamber, drove her down 'stairs, and in that condition turned 'her into the street, charging the por-'ter not to open the door on any ac-'count.'

'Never was the pride and spirit of 'any lady so humbled as her's,' continued this talkative lady: 'after find-'ing that knocking and calling loud 'was to no effect, she condescended to 'put her mouth close to the key-hole 'of the door, and beseech the porter, 'in the most submissive terms, to let 'her in, though it were no farther than 'the hall; while her remorseless lord 'looked through the window, and in-'sulting her distress, told her it was a 'fine night, and that it was good for 'her ladyship's health, to be thus *al 'fresco*.

'After having had his fill of laugh-'ter at the miserable plight to which 'she was reduced, he consented to her 'admittance: she was no sooner with-'in the doors than she flew up stairs; 'the dispute between them was renew-'ed with almost the same vehemence as 'before; he loaded her with a thou-'sand foul names; she, in return, call-'ed him Toad, Devil, and every thing 'her passion could suggest; till, having 'both railed themselves out of breath, 'they agreed to go into bed together, 'in order to finish the quarrel.

'But now comes the jest,' went she on. 'How long a time do you think 'it took up to compose this difference? 'Why, no less than three whole days 'and nights successively; during all 'which space the chamber-door was 'never opened but to take in some re-'freshment, which was placed for them 'in the next room. This evening was 'the first of their appearance since their 'resurrection from the sepulchre of 'down; my lord received such congra-'tulations upon it as made him glad to 'quit the Park; but her ladyship, hav-'ing somewhat more assurance, staid 'till the change of weather obliged 'her, as well as ourselves, to take 'shelter in our chairs.'

'I cannot help confessing,' said Jemmy, 'but that there is somewhat 'pretty extraordinary in this affair; 'and also that one of them has a greater 'share of complaisance than I suspect-'ed; since it is plain that whichever of 'them was in fault, the other did equal 'penance.'

A good deal of pleasantry passed on this adventure, during the whole time the ladies staid, which was not very long; they had here opened their pac-quet, and were upon the wing to carry it to those other of their acquaintance to whom they thought it might be equally new and agreeable.

The ladies had no sooner taken their leave, than Jenny began to animadvert, with more strength of reason than could have been expected from a person of her years, on the ridiculous fact they had been relating. 'You hear, Jem-'my,' said she, 'what unaccountable

'things

'things married people are sometimes 'guilty of: instead of living together 'in mutual harmony, it seems, me-'thinks, as if they took a kind of plea-'sure in making each other wretched; 'and sure they must do so, or they 'would not thus expose themselves to 'the contempt of the world, and be-'come the jest even of their own ser-'vants, who must necessarily be the 'first witnesses of their folly.'

'We ought not, however,' replied he, 'to lay on marriage the blame of 'of all those preposterous things we 'see acted in that state by persons we 'have been speaking of; because, long 'before their entrance into it, both of 'them behaved in such a manner as to 'shew they were wholly governed by 'caprice, and not by that farcical pas-'sion which many people are possessed 'of in a more or less degree, for mak-'ing a great noise, and being talked of 'in the world, though it is only for 'foibles, which one would think they 'should rather labour to conceal.

'But I must own,' continued he, 'that I have sometimes been very much 'surprized at the little concord I have 'observed between persons whose prin-'ciples, humours, and behaviour, in 'general, would make one imagine 'them equally qualified to give each 'other perfect happiness.'

'What you say is extremely just,' cried Jenny; 'and I have often had oc-'casion to make the same reflections; 'it follows, then, that every one, be-'fore they engage in marriage, should 'be well versed in all those things, 'whatever they are, which constitute 'the happiness of it: this town is an 'ample school, and both of us have ac-'quaintance enough in it to learn, from 'the mistakes of others, how to regulate 'our own conduct and passions, so as 'not to be laughed at ourselves for 'what we laugh at in them.'

'Spoke like a philosophoress,' re-joined Jemmy: 'and, upon second 'thoughts, I agree with you, that as 'every thing is ready for us, and we 'can marry when we will, it will be 'best for us both to stay till we have 'got some farther lights into the myste-'rious duties of the conjugal union.'

Jenny, who as yet had not the least inclination to enter into the serious road of matrimony, and would have been equally loth to have appeared too refractory, if he had insisted on the performance of the covenant made between their fathers, was quite transported to find his sentiments so conformable to her own on this head; but forbore testify-ing all the satisfaction she felt, for fear of making him call in question the sin-cerity of her affection for him.

She only told him, that she was cer-tain it would be for their mutual inte-rest to do as he had mentioned; on which he pursued his discourse in these terms.

'But, my dear Jenny,' said he, 'as 'learning will not come of itself, and 'we should be equally perfect in the 'different parts we are to act together 'hereafter; suppose we should resolve 'to communicate to each other all the 'discoveries we are able to make, among 'the several families that either of us 'converse with, and also all the con-'fidences which are reposed in us: by 'this means I shall be acquainted with 'all the humours of your sex, and you 'no stranger to those of mine; so that 'neither of us will be at a loss to bear 'with the foibles which nature or cus-'tom may have implanted in the other. 'Besides,' added he, 'this is no more 'than practising before-hand one of 'those points which, as I take it, is 'very essential to the happiness of both 'a husband and a wife.'

'I am charmed with your project,' answered she; 'but then each of us 'must be sure to preserve an inviolable 'secresy in what has been imparted by 'the other, which is another main es-'sential towards conjugal felicity.'

Jemmy having assured her, that what-ever she said to him on this account should be no more than talking to her own heart, they were beginning to di-vert themselves with the idea of the many whimsical passages they should have to recite to each other, when a footman brought a letter to Jenny, the contents whereof were as follow.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'DEAR CREATURE,

'IF this finds you at home and dis-'engaged, I flatter myself you 'will immediately comply with the re-'quest it contains. I am now alone, 'and in a situation which requires both 'consolation and advice, neither of 'which I can hope for more effectually

'than from the friendſhip with which 'you favour me. I would have wait-'ed on you, but am prevented by rea-'ſons which you will be no ſtranger to 'on ſeeing me. I am, with the moſt 'perfect amity, my dear Miſs Jeſſamy, 'yours, &c.

'E. MARLOVE.

P. S. If I am unhappily deprived of 'your company to-night, I beg 'you will not fail coming as early 'as poſſible in the morning; for 'I am all impatience to let you 'into the hiſtory of my misfor-'tunes.'

'See here,' ſaid ſhe, giving the letter to Jemmy; 'fortune already is like-'ly to preſent me with ſomething that 'may be worth your knowledge: the 'lady who writes in this manner has 'honour and virtue; ſhe has been but 'four months married to a gentleman 'whom ſhe preferred to a great num-'ber of other admirers, and who ſeems 'paſſionately fond of her. You will 'not wonder that I am in as much 'haſte to hear the occaſion of her com-'plaint, as ſhe is to tell it me.'

She then ordered a chair to the door; and, calling for her gloves and capuchin, hurried them on while he was reading: the motive which carried her away was too agreeable for him to offer to detain her; and they parted without farther ceremony than a kiſs, and 'Good-night.'

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINS SOME THINGS WELL WORTHY OF BEING SERIOUSLY ATTENDED TO, BY THOSE ESPECIALLY FOR WHOSE SERVICE THEY ARE CHIEFLY INSERTED.

THOUGH Jenny had not doubted, by the lady's letter, but that ſomething very extraordinary and perplexing had happened to her, yet ſhe was far from expecting to find her in the condition ſhe now did.

That half-diſtracted fair-one was lying extended on a couch; her hair looſe and hanging in wild diſorder over her face; her lovely eyes pouring forth tears; all her features diſorted with exceſs of paſſion; and every ſymptom of deſpair, grief, and rage, about her.

Jenny was quite frighted; and, indeed, who that beheld her in this manner, but muſt have thought the moſt terrible accident imaginable had befallen her! 'Ah, my dear Miſs Jeſ-'ſamy!' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her enter, 'how charitable is this viſit 'to the moſt undone, forlorn, and mi-'ſerable woman, upon earth!'

'Bleſs me!' cried Jenny, ſeating herſelf near her, 'what can have occa-'ſioned this ſudden change in your late 'happy condition?'—'Oh! I will tell 'you all,' replied the other: 'but 'when you ſhall hear how I have been 'treated by my ungrateful, my per-'fidious huſband, you will forſwear 'marriage, and curſe the whole race 'of falſe, diſſembling man!

'I ſent for you,' continued ſhe, 'to 'make you the confidante of my re-'ſentment, as you have always been 'of my love; for this unworthy man, 'who, from my ſlave, is now become 'my tyrant, inſtead of ſtudying how 'to pleaſe me, has the inſolence to at-'tempt making me ſubſervient to his 'will, and to contradict me even in 'things where every woman has a right 'to rule. Could you ever have be-'lieved it, my dear Miſs Jeſſamy?' went ſhe on: 'the vain creature ima-'gines I have love enough for him to 'be ſatisfied with whatever he does.'

'I thought, indeed,' ſaid Jenny, 'that both of you had love enough to 'be ſatisfied with what the other did. 'But, pray, what may be the ſubject 'of the preſent diſpute between you?'—'Oh! ſuch a groſs affront upon my 'underſtanding, my humour, my every 'thing that is dear to woman-kind,' replied Mrs. Marlove. 'But of what 'nature?' again demanded her impatient friend.

It was in vain ſhe repeated the queſtion over for ſeveral times ſucceſſively; Mrs. Marlove was too much overcome by her paſſion to be able to give any direct account of the occaſion; and all that could be gathered from her incoherent exclamations was, that a favourite ſervant of Mr. Marlove had quarrelled with her waiting-maid; that ſhe had inſiſted on the man's being turned away; and he, as ſtrenuouſly, that ſhe ſhould part with her maid; that very

Plate I.

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very high words had rose on this occasion; that he had endeavoured to exert the authority of a husband, and she to maintain the respect and complaisance due to a wife; and that, after having absolutely refused to do as she desired, he had flung out of the house in very great discontent.

She was but just beginning to enter somewhat farther into the merits of the cause, when a servant put his head between the door, and told Mrs. Marlove that the cloth was laid for supper, and that his master was come home. 'Well, and what of that?' cried she hastily. 'Nothing, Madam,' said the man; 'only my master desires that your 'ladyship and the young lady will be 'pleased to walk down.'—'Tell him,' replied she, with the utmost disdain in her voice and countenance, 'that I am 'not pleased to do any thing that he 'desires; and that I will neither eat 'nor sleep with him while he keeps that 'fellow Jonathan in the house.'

On this he said no more, but withdrew; and Mr. Marlove came up in a moment after: his looks expressed the utmost discontent; he saluted Jenny, however, with respect; and then, turning to his wife—'I am surprized, my 'dear,' cried he, 'that you should ex'pose yourself in this manner: family 'disputes ought to be discussed in pri'vate; it is impertinent to trouble our 'friends with them, and ridiculous to 'make our servants the witnesses of 'them. For Heaven's sake, therefore, 'consider a little——'

'I shall consider nothing,' said she, interrupting him, 'but your unkind'ness and ingratitude. What!' pursued she, with vehemence, 'to refuse 'me in so poor a trifle as the dismission 'of a servant!'

'Trifles, Madam,' answered he very gravely, 'when insisted on too peremp'torily, become things of consequence: 'besides, you have often heard me say 'this man lived with my father; that 'when I went abroad, he gave him to 'me as the choicest present he could 'make; that he attended me in my 'travels through the greatest part of 'Europe; and that I have experienced 'his love and fidelity to me in a thou'sand instances; it would therefore be 'highly unjust and ungenerous in me 'to turn him off; and I can look upon 'it as no less unreasonable in you to 'request it merely on the idle com'plaints and tittle-tattle of a chamber'maid.'

'That chambermaid,' said she, in the most haughty tone, 'while she be'longs to me, is at least upon a level 'with your valet; though, in spite to 'me, I suppose you have now raised 'him to your house-steward.'

Mr. Marlove grew very red at these words, and was about to have made some reply, which perhaps might have heightened the quarrel, when the person who had been the occasion of it entered the room.

He was a grave, well-looking man, and had a certain open honesty in his countenance, which answered to the character given of him by his master.

'Sir,' said he to Mr. Marlove, bowing in the most respectful manner, 'I have never known in my whole life 'so real a grief as I now feel, finding 'myself the unhappy cause of any dis'agreement between your honour and 'my lady; I therefore most humbly 'beseech you will be pleased to per'mit me to quit the house directly; for 'it is not fit your honour's peace of 'mind should suffer any disturbance, 'or my lady the least uneasiness, even 'for a moment, on so worthless a sub'ject as myself.'

'How, Jonathan!' demanded Mr. Marlove; 'are you in such haste to 'leave my service, that you would go 'before I am provided with a proper 'person to supply your place?'—'Oh! 'there is no reason for detaining him 'on that account,' cried Mrs. Marlove: 'my Abigail has a brother just now 'come out of place; by the character 'I have heard of him he will be ex'tremely fit for you; and we can have 'him at a minute's warning.'

'It is very likely,' replied he: then, having paused a little on what his wife had said—'Well, Jonathan,' pursued he, 'we will talk farther on this matter 'to-morrow; but leave the room, and 'bid somebody send Abigail hither.' Mrs. Marlove exulted within herself on hearing him speak in this manner; and, pulling Jenny by the sleeve, 'My 'dear,' cried she to her in a low voice, 'I shall conquer this domineering hus'band at last.'

Abigail immediately obeying the summons that had been sent for her—'Well, Abigail,' said Mr. Marlove,

with half a ſmile, which ſhe took for an indication of his being in great good-humour with her; but, as it afterwards proved, was no more than a ſarcaſtick ſneer; 'I am told you have a brother 'perfectly qualified for my ſervice?'

'Yes, pleaſe your honour,' anſwered ſhe, ſimpering; 'and, though I ſay it, 'as clever a fellow as ever ſtepped in 'ſhoe leather; he can comb a wig to 'charm, and buckle too, upon occa-'ſion; he does every thing in taſte, I 'aſſure your honour: beſides, he is a 'ſpruce young man, and a thouſand 'times fitter to attend your honour 'than the old formal creature you have 'now.'

'It may be ſo,' ſaid Mr. Marlove: 'but I have no buſineſs for him; nor 'have you any in my houſe longer than 'this night; therefore pack up your 'trumpery, and be gone to-morrow 'morning.' She was opening her mouth to ſpeak; but he prevented her by ſaying, in a ſtern and reſolute voice—'No repartees, minx! I will have no 'incendiaries in my family! Out of 'my ſight this moment, and come into 'it no more!'

Though ſcarce any creature was ever endowed with a greater ſhare of confidence than this wench, yet was ſhe now ſo terrified at the looks of her maſter, that ſhe durſt not utter a ſingle ſyllable while in his preſence; and contented herſelf with muttering, all the way ſhe went down ſtairs, what ſhe had not courage to ſay loud enough to be heard.

But it is altogether impoſſible to deſcribe the rage Mrs. Marlove was in at this laſt proof of her huſband's reſolution; which was the more inſupportable to her, as ſhe had, not above a moment or two before, flattered herſelf with a belief that he was inclinable to conform to her deſires.

She would have ſpoke; but exceſs of paſſion choaked the paſſage of her words: ſhe flew into her chamber, and threw herſelf upon the bed; where ſhe certainly would have fallen into a fit, if Jenny, who had immediately followed her, had not cut the lacings of her ſtays in order to give her air.

On this ſhe began to revive a little; and Abigail that inſtant coming up, gave her a glaſs of cold water, which perfected the cure. The firſt uſe ſhe made of her recovered breath was to inveigh againſt the injuſtice, as ſhe termed it, of her huſband. Jenny was endeavouring to perſuade her to more moderation, but was interrupted in the midſt of what ſhe was ſaying by Abigail.

'Nay, Madam,' cried that malapert huſſey, 'for that matter, my lady has 'as much reaſon to be vexed as I! For 'my part, I do not know what my ma-'ſter means by uſing me as he has done; 'he gives himſelf ſtrange airs, me-'thinks! I am ſure it is not like a 'gentleman to ſhew ſo little reſpect for 'a ſervant!'

Theſe ſaucy reflections brought Mrs. Marlove more to herſelf than all the aſſiſtance that had been given her: angry as ſhe was with her huſband, ſhe could not bear to hear him mentioned, by ſuch a creature, in the manner ſhe now did. 'Airs!' cried ſhe. 'Re-'ſpect! Was ever any thing ſo ridicu-'louſly impudent!—Sure, wench, thou 'haſt forgot that the gentleman thou 'ſpeakeſt ſo contemptuouſly of is my 'huſband!'

'No, Madam!' anſwered ſhe, bridling up her head; 'I forgot nothing 'that I ought to remember: and I muſt 'ſay again, that it does not become him 'to treat either you or me ſo unhand-'ſome as he has done.'—'What, does 'the odious thing pretend to make 'compariſons!' cried Mrs. Marlove; and, provoked beyond all patience at the inſolence of her deportment, ſnatched a powder-box from off the dreſſing-table, and threw it at her head; ſaying, at the ſame time—'Be gone this in-'ſtant! I ſhall keep no ſuch bold-face 'about me!'

'Bold face, Madam!' returned the audacious creature. 'Very pretty, 'truly! But do not think I ſhall beg 'to ſtay: there are other places to be 'had; and I do not value——' She would have ran farther on in the ſame ſtrain, if the ſudden appearance of her maſter had not ſtopped her mouth, and made her think proper to go out of the room.

Mr. Marlove, being heartily aſhamed that Jenny had been witneſs of this fooliſh affair, reſolved to ſalve it up, if poſſible, before ſhe went away; and, to that end, came into his wife's chamber; chuſing rather to recede a little from what he thought his juſt prerogative as a huſband, than ſuffer her to depart with the notion of his having aſſerted it too far.

As he came into the room at one door, Abigail was going out at the other: he eaſily perceived, by her countenance, that ſome brulée had happened between her and her lady; which taking for a good omen of ſucceeding in his deſign, he approached Mrs. Marlove; and, with an air perfectly degagée and unembarraſſed—'I hope, my dear,' ſaid he, 'you are by this time convinced 'that your maid had a farther view 'in quarrelling with Jonathan than 'ſhe pretended; and, alſo, how little 'ſhe deſerves you ſhould eſpouſe her 'cauſe?'

'She has been impertinent, indeed,' anſwered ſhe; 'but it is no wonder that 'ſhe is ſo! When a woman is ill-'treated by her huſband, ſhe can ex-'pect no other than to be ſo by her 'ſervant alſo; and it is to you, to you 'alone, that I either have been, or ſhall 'hereafter be, deprived of the reſpect 'due to me from our domeſticks.'

'Accuſe me not,' ſaid he, 'of any 'thing ſo contrary to my nature: your 'merits, and my juſt ſenſe of them, 'will always engage me to behave to-'wards you, both in publick and in 'private, with all the complaiſance and 'tenderneſs that man can pay, or wo-'man can expect.'

'Then you would not contradict me 'in trifles?' cried ſhe, a little ſoftened. 'I will contradict you in nothing,' ſaid he, 'that my reaſon will permit me to 'grant, or your own, on mature de-'liberation, induce you to deſire. As 'to the preſent diſpute between us,' continued he, 'I only beg you will de-'fer any farther ſpeech of it till to-'morrow; and if, in that time, you 'do not find cauſe to alter your opi-'nion, I ſhall endeavour to accede to 'yours.'

'A very fair propoſal indeed, Sir!' ſaid Jenny, ſmiling: 'and, my dear 'Mrs. Marlove, if you do not accept 'it, I ſhall lay the whole blame of all 'the diſagreements that may hereafter 'happen between you entirely on your 'ill-nature.'

'That is a very ſevere inference,' replied ſhe: 'however, to oblige you, I 'ſhall comply with Mr. Marlove's re-'queſt.'—'I am glad to obtain it at 'any rate,' cried he; 'and I hope we 'may now go down to ſupper, which 'has waited for us this half-hour,' Mrs. Marlove ſaid ſhe did not care for eating, and deſired they would excuſe her abſence; but, by the entreaties of her huſband, and ſome little pleaſantries Jenny made uſe of on this occaſion, ſhe was at laſt prevailed upon; and they all went down together into the parlour.

Jenny kept an obſervant eye over both the huſband and the wife all the time they were at table; and, as ſhe was happy in a penetration which few of her ſex, eſpecially at her years, can boaſt of, eaſily perceived that, though he behaved with a politeneſs beyond what could have been expected after what had paſſed, and ſhe ſeemed to have abated a great part of her late haughtineſs and reſentment, yet neither of them were ſincerely inclined to ſubmit to the will of the other in any thing which was not entirely agreeable to their own.

The apologies they made to her, however, on the account of the unpleaſing entertainment ſhe had met with in this viſit, with her obliging anſwers to them in return, and repeated good wiſhes for their future peace, engroſſed a great part of their converſation during the whole time ſhe ſtaid.

But the night being pretty far advanced, when ſupper was ended ſhe took her leave of the half-reconciled pair, and went home full of thoſe reflections which, on the ſcene ſhe had been witneſs of, muſt naturally have occurred even to a perſon of a much leſs conſiderative diſpoſition.

CHAP. VII.

AFFORDS FRESH MATTER FOR EDIFICATION TO THOSE WHO STAND IN NEED OF IT, AS WELL AS ENTERTAINMENT TO SUCH WHO DO NOT.

JENNY had an infinity of good-nature, and was extremely troubled at the diſagreement ſhe had ſeen between two perſons whom ſhe thought had been entirely happy in being united to each other: the more ſhe ruminated on the behaviour of Mrs. Marlove, the more ſhe found in it to condemn; but then ſhe was alſo equally ſurprized to find ſo great a change in that of her huſband. She had frequently been in their

their company while in their days of courtship; she had seen him humour all the little whims and caprices which the vanity of flattered beauty had made her guilty of; she had heard him praise even her very foibles, and seem charmed with what the rest of the world most blamed her for.

'Good God!' cried she to herself, 'how strange a reverse does marriage 'bring! Who that sees a man a husband would ever think he had been a 'lover? Till she was a wife, he would 'not have presumed to argue with her 'on any point she took upon her to 'assert; he would not then have opposed his reason to any folly she committed. It is true, she has insisted on 'a thing which he must have been both 'ungenerous and weak to have complied with; yet would he once not 'have dared to have contradicted her in 'much greater matters. If she is proud, 'imperious, and vain, it is on his own 'too great obsequiousness he ought to 'lay the blame. Oh! why will men 'endeavour to persuade us we are goddesses, only to create themselves the 'pains of convincing us afterwards 'that we are but mortals!

'Yet, after all,' said she again, 'we 'know that the extravagant encomiums 'so lavishly bestowed upon us before 'marriage, are mere words of course; 'the homage, the submissions, paid us 'by the lover, all form and empty 'shew: and, as they are put in practice only to soothe our vanity, ought 'not to deceive our understandings so 'far as to make us imagine we either 'deserve, or have a right to expect, the 'continuance of them, when the motive that induced them is no more. 'Marriage, as it removes all coyness and 'reserve in the woman, so it destroys 'all suspense in the man: he is then 'in possession of his wishes, has done 'with hopes and fears; and solicitations, of course, must also cease.

'Stripped, therefore, of that imaginary authority with which we once 'flattered ourselves, it is certainly the 'business of our sex to endeavour, by 'the most soft and obliging behaviour, 'to preserve and improve, if possible, 'the love of him whom it is no longer 'in our power to awe by a contrary 'way of acting.

'A too great tenaciousness of our 'own merits,' pursued she, 'the pride 'of doing whatever we have a mind to, 'and of imposing the laws of our own 'will on that of the lover, may be submitted to while we are mistresses, but 'will never be borne with when we are 'wives. The men, conscious of that 'superiority which custom and the matrimonial covenant have given them, 'never fail to exert it; and opposition 'on our side is struggling against the 'stream, and but serves to shew our 'weakness the more in the vain attempt.

'In my opinion,' went she still on, 'the way to accomplish what we aim 'at, is not to urge it with too much 'vehemence in the most reasonable 'things; much less can we expect success when we insist on such as are in 'themselves unjustifiable; as in the 'case of Mrs. Marlove: and I much 'fear that, if many contests of this nature happen, they will, by degrees, 'weaken her husband's affection for 'her; perhaps, in time, utterly destroy 'it, and render her both unhappy and 'unpitied.'

In this manner did the sagacious Jenny reason within herself upon the cause in question; and, upon the whole, her judgment entirely acquitted Mr. Marlove of all blame, and gave the verdict against his too-assuming wife, for whose late behaviour she could find no excuse except her extreme youth, and inexperience of the temper of mankind; that lady being but sixteen, which was two years short of the age she had attained herself.

This naturally led her into reflections on the folly of two persons uniting themselves together by the solemn ties of marriage, without having well considered the duties of the state they were about to enter into; and confirmed her in the resolution she before had taken of living single, till she was as well assured as human reason could make her, that both herself, and the man who was to be her husband, were equally qualified to render each other truly happy.

She longed, however, to see Jemmy, that she might relate this story to him, and hear his sentiments upon it; but she saw him not all the next day; which a little surprized her, as four-and-twenty hours seldom passed over without his making her one visit, if no more. The accident which now occa-

sioned

soned his absence so much longer than usual, was, indeed, of a pretty particular nature. It was this.

On his coming home the night before, he found a letter that had been left for him, requesting his company at an entertainment to be given the next day, on a very extraordinary occasion, by a gentleman who had been an intimate acquaintance of his father. The invitation was too pressing for him to refuse complying with it; which otherwise he would gladly have done, as he expected not to find any guests there suitable to his age or humour.

He found himself, however, agreeably deceived in the conjecture; and was surprized, on his entrance into a spacious room, to see it filled with a very brilliant company of both sexes; who, being assembled in order to celebrate the most joyous circumstances that can happen in private life, came with a sincere resolution of contributing every thing in the power of each to do honour to the feast prepared for them.

But, not to keep the reader in suspense, the person who made this invitation was a gentleman of birth and fortune: he was married, in his youth, to a lady of celebrated beauty, and every way his equal; but, through a too great love of pleasure on his side, and errors in conduct, though without any breach of virtue, on hers, they had been separated for fourteen years, without the least probability of being reconciled, and, even less, of their ever living together again; as all the interposition of their friends for that purpose, during so long a space of time, had been in vain, and was at last entirely given over. The unhoped-for event, notwithstanding, came to pass; both parties were alike touched with a just sensibility of their former mistakes, and returned to the embraces of each other with more ardency of affection than that with which they had first met in marriage.

There is certainly nothing which so much demonstrates the sincerity of our reformation as a free confession that we have been in the wrong. 'I was,' said the gentleman, 'in possession of a treasure before I had attained to an age 'capable of knowing the true value of 'it: I wore it, as an idiot does a diamond, careless on my arm, and liable 'to be snatched from me by the first 'person who admired it's lustre; but 'Heaven has preserved it as a blessing 'for my riper judgment!'

He concluded these words with kissing his lady's hand; and then went on—'I was,' continued he, 'one of 'those thoughtless wretches which the 'poet, doubtless, had in his eye when 'he wrote these lines—

"Fictitious joys allur'd my dazzled senses,
"And led them in the mystick maze awhile;
"Beguil'd with empty air, my restless heart
"Still after some untasted pleasure roam'd;
"But now the wand'rer sees his peaceful
home,
"And there finds all it vainly sought abroad."

'I cannot suffer you, my dear,' said the lady, with a most becoming smile, 'to take upon yourself the whole blame 'of that unhappy disagreement which 'has so long divided us; I also have 'had my share of guilt, though in a 'different way from yours: if you 'have been too gay, I have been too inconsiderate; I have endeavoured not 'to make home delightful to you; I 'rather, by a thousand impertinencies 'and follies, rendered my presence tiresome. I had no idea of the duties of 'my place, but behaved, when set at 'the head of a family, as I had done in 'the nursery, and expected to be humoured in the same manner.'

Thus did this lately re-united pair equally condemn themselves for the miscarriage of their past conduct; but, while they were speaking, there were not a few in company, of both sexes, who hung down their heads, as conscious of not being wholly free from the errors they heard mentioned.

Jemmy, according to the agreement made between him and Jenny, kept an observant eye on all those who he found were married; and easily perceived, by the looks which one of them, in particular, frequently gave his wife, that they were far from living together in a perfect harmony; though, as he had never seen either of them before, and was wholly unacquainted with their circumstances, conditions, or humours, it was utterly impossible for him to guess from what latent cause the discord he discovered proceeded: but, as it was the husband who seemed most dissatisfied, he concluded, without knowing any thing of the matter, that it must be the wife who was to blame.

The

The men are apt to be too partial to one another on this score. In the little time that Jemmy had at present for reflection, these lines of Mr. Dryden came directly into his head—

' Few know what cares a husband's peace de-
' stroy,
' His real griefs, and his dissembled joy.'

It is altogether impracticable for married people, when so unhappy as to have any real or imagined cause of complaint against each other, to keep the uneasiness they labour under from being visible to the world: however perfect, as to other things, they may be in the art of dissimulation, in this, spite of their utmost endeavours, the sentiments of their hearts will break out; every look, every gesture, betrays the inward pangs they feel; which shews that, of all circumstances of discontent, those of marriage are with the most difficulty sustained.

Jenny was afterwards informed, that the last-mentioned gentleman was one of the many whom it is not in the power of fortune to make happy; that he took a kind of gloomy pleasure in creating to himself ideal ills, and then started at the apparition, which nothing but his own productive fancy had conjured up.

His wife was far from being a beauty; and, as to her person, she had received no more from nature than would just serve to make her pass for not disagreeable: as to her behaviour, it was affable and chearful, but withal extremely modest; for, as she never affected a too great reserve, so she was equally free from all that had the appearance of levity; but neither the little power her eyes had of captivating, nor the prudence of her carriage, could hinder him from imagining every man that looked upon her had a dishonourable design towards her, and also that she had no disinclination to encourage it.

The whole of the entertainment concluded with a kind of ball; and, as there were more gentlemen than ladies present, the cloudy husband, with two others, retired to one corner of the room, and sat drinking to the healths of those that danced.

It was by mere accident, and without the least design on either side, that Jemmy had for his partner the wife of this suspicious gentleman; but it was pleasant enough for those who sat near him to observe with what eagerness his eyes pursued each motion in them, which the regulation of the dance required. How his colour changed! how his lips trembled whenever that couple set to each other, or turned hands! It was in vain they filled his glass, and reminded him of the neglected toast, though it was even that of the Royal Family: he thought of nothing but his wife; and seeing her, as he imagined, encouraging the dumb courtship of a person who would invade his rights, he had no longer patience; and the second dance was but just led up when he rose from his seat, and said he must go home, for he had letters of importance to write, which till that moment he had forgot.

This put all in disorder. The gentleman who had made the invitation would fain have persuaded him to stay; but was silenced by the other urging the necessity of his departure: the lady then told him, with a great deal of politeness, that if they must be so unhappy to be deprived of his company, she hoped they should not also lose Mrs. ——, who, she supposed, had no letters to write.

' No, no, Madam!' replied he, with very great emotion; ' my wife may ' stay, if she thinks proper; I do not ' want her, not I!' She was advancing to take her leave while he was speaking; nor would suffer herself to be prevailed upon, by all the lady could say, to stay behind her husband: but it was easy for any one to see her inclinations took the contrary part, and denied herself the satisfactions such good company afforded, merely through the apprehensions of paying too dearly for it when she came home.

Thus industriously do some people labour to bring on what most they would avoid. If this lady had been possessed of a little more beauty, or, to speak more justly, had she been mistress of a less share of discretion, there were, doubtless, some in company who would have been excited, by the jealousy of her husband, to have attempted that chastity he took such ridiculous measures to preserve.

As it was, however, the behaviour of the husband served to render him contemptible in the eyes of every one; and that of the wife to give her charms, which

which otherwise could not have been remarked in her.

The sarcasms passed on this unhappy, self-tormented gentleman, would be too tedious to repeat; yet were much shorter than they otherwise would have been, if the musick's sprightly sounds had not reminded the company that their feet at that time demanded more employment than their tongues.

It is not to be doubted but that, on going home, every one made their several remarks on what they had seen; but the mind of Jemmy was affected by it in a particular manner, as he considered all that had presented itself to him that day, concurred to make up one great instructive lesson for himself.

CHAP. VIII.

WILL OCCASION VARIOUS SPECULATIONS IN THE INQUISITIVE READER.

WHEN our pair of lovers came to relate mutually to each other the foregoing narratives, they were both of opinion, that most of the disagreements that happened in marriage were occasioned chiefly by the parties entering into that state too early and too precipitately.

'If your friends, who now so much 'rejoice in being reunited,' said Jenny, 'had taken care, before marriage, to 'attain those qualifications necessary 'for the performance of the duties required from their respective stations, 'they would probably never have fallen 'into those errors which occasioned 'their separation.

'Nor would their guest,' continued she, 'be so unreasonably jealous of his 'wife's conduct, if, previously to his 'becoming a husband, he had made 'himself well acquainted with her principles and disposition, and also equally so with his own humour.'

'Nor would Mrs. Marlove,' replied Jemmy, 'if she had at all studied the 'temper of mankind, been so vain as 'to expect the same submission from 'her husband as she received from him 'while her lover; much less have pretended to contradict him in things 'where it was not her province to interfere.'

'Right,' resumed she, smiling: 'and 'you may now easily perceive the advantage it is to us not to hurry ourselves into wedlock, as too many 'people do, without reflecting what 'they are about, or being any way prepared to make the noose sit easy.'

'Then you persist in your resolution,' rejoined Jemmy, 'of not being married yet-a-while?' To which she answering in the affirmative, and repeating the arguments she had before made use of in her vindication, he readily enough yielded to the justice of her reason; but that he did so was not so much owing to his discretion as to another motive, which, though Jenny was ignorant of, it is not convenient that the reader should be so.

He had, in reality, met with some adventures of late, which had given him too high a relish for the modish pleasures of the town for him to be able to quit them without reluctance, and which, he had too much good sense not to know, it would ill become him to indulge the pursuit of after he should be a married man.

Among the many places of diversion this great and luxurious town abounds with, Lady Racket's assembly has been always looked upon as the most general rendezvous for all the young and gay of both sexes.

Jemmy went frequently thither: and it happening that one evening the company playing very high, he was stripped of all the money and bank-notes he had about him, which amounted to a considerable sum.

A little vexed at his ill-fortune, he was retiring to a window in order to compose himself, when the sound of a female voice, very loud, made him turn his head: he found it proceeded from Liberia, the celebrated Liberia, who, having been playing at another table, had lost all her money, and had not temper to bear it.

'Was ever such cursed luck!' cried she, starting from her seat; 'I have not 'a single stake left. I have a good mind 'to make a solemn vow never to touch 'a card again!'—'Patience, patience, 'Madam!' said Jemmy, advancing towards her; 'behold in me your brother in affliction: these things will 'happen, if we depend on the blind 'goddess.'—'Have you lost all your 'money too?' demanded she. 'Every 'doit, upon my soul!' replied he; 'so

'neither of us have any thing to do at 'present but to obſerve the fate of 'others.'

'That would be an inſipid way of 'killing time, indeed,' ſaid ſhe: 'ſuppoſe you and I ſhould ſit down to 'piquet, as we are both in the ſame 'condition, and can play with nobody 'elſe?'—'With all my heart,' anſwered he; 'and ſtake honour againſt 'honour.'—'Perhaps that would be 'juſt nothing at all,' cried ſhe, laughing. 'I dare truſt yours,' rejoined he, 'if you will put the ſame confidence in 'mine.'

'It would be ungenerous in me,' replied ſhe, 'not to return good opinion 'with good opinion: but I think it is 'againſt the rules of gaming to play 'merely upon credit; I will ſet my ſolitaire againſt that ring you have up'on your finger.'

Jemmy had a great regard for this ring, not ſo much for the intrinſick value of it, though it was a fine diamond, as becauſe it had been his father's, who had given it to him ſome little time before he died: a moment's recollection, however, ſerved to make him know what he ſhould do on this occaſion; and he replied, with great alertneſs—'Ma'dam, I heartily agree to your propo'ſal; with this proviſo, that, which'ever of us is the winner, the ſtakes 'may be redeemable; nor would it be 'fair in me to play with you on any 'other terms, as your ſolitaire is worth 'much more than my ring.'

'Well, it ſhall be juſt as you would 'have it,' replied ſhe: 'twenty gui'neas ſhall be the event.' To which Jemmy agreeing, they ſat down to a table which ſome company had juſt quitted: ſhe plucked off her ſolitaire, and he his ring; both the pledges were laid under the candleſtick, and to play they went. Fortune, for ſeveral deals, ſeemed dubious in whoſe favour ſhe ſhould decide; but, at length, after a hard-fought battle, gave the victory to Jemmy.

'Was ever any thing ſo unlucky?' ſaid ſhe; 'but I will not give out. 'Come, Sir,' continued ſhe, ſhuffling the cards, 'twenty guineas more; or, 'if you pleaſe, thirty: I ſhall then ei'ther be indebted fifty pieces to you, 'or have a claim on you for ten.'

Jemmy would fain have perſuaded her to give over; but ſhe would hear nothing he ſaid on that ſcore. They cut the cards; poor Liberia had the advantage of the deal, but was nothing a gainer by it; ſhe had not even the ſatisfaction of a ſecond ſtruggle; he immediately produced point, queen, and quatorze, without the trouble of playing a card.

'Confuſion!' cried ſhe, burſting into tears; 'ſure all the ſtars in the firma'ment have conſpired againſt me!' With theſe words ſhe roſe from the table. 'You have won, Sir,' purſued ſhe: 'I know your direction, and will 'ſend the money in a day or two.' She ſtaid not to hear what anſwer he would make, but flew out of the room with an air which denoted the utmoſt agitation of mind.

Liberia had a great ſhare of beauty, and Jemmy of good-nature; the diſtreſs ſhe appeared in rendered her more lovely in his eyes than ever he had thought her; his heart was that inſtant filled with emotions ſhe had never before inſpired it with; he followed, with the ſolitaire in his hand, and overtook her as ſhe was paſſing through a room in order to reach the ſtair-caſe.

'Madam,' ſaid he to her, 'I cannot 'ſuffer that beautiful neck ſhould be 'without ſo becoming an ornament, 'even for the ſmalleſt ſpace of time; I 'beſeech you therefore to reſume this 'jewel, and alſo to aſſure yourſelf, that 'I dare take your word of honour as a 'ſufficient ſecurity for a much greater 'ſum than the trifle to which fortune 'has juſt now entitled me.'

'No, Mr. Jeſſamy,' anſwered ſhe; 'that muſt not be: my lord is at pre'ſent out of town; or, if he were at 'home, I ſhould not chuſe to acquaint 'him with my loſſes at play; it is alſo 'improper for me to let the ſteward 'know any thing of the matter. It may 'be longer than I could wiſh, or you 'perhaps expect, before I can, with any 'convenience, diſcharge my obligation; 'ſo deſire you will ſay no more, but 'keep the pledge till in my power to 'redeem it.'

All this was delivered in a voice ſo broken and heſitating, that Jemmy eaſily perceived by that, as well as by her looks, that it was with the utmoſt reluctance ſhe refuſed the offer he had made, though her pride would not ſuffer her to accept of it.

Something, which the reader will preſently

ſently diſcover, coming that moment into his head—'Since you inſiſt, Ma-'dam,' ſaid he, looking tenderly on her, 'and will needs force me to retain 'ſomething of yours in my hands, con-'ſent, at leaſt, that I exchange this 'mortgage for ſome other. If you will 'permit me to wait on you home, and 'look over your trinkets, I ſhall cer-'tainly find ſomewhat that will pleaſe 'me as well, and you can much better 'ſpare.'

'I muſt not reject every thing you 'propoſe,' replied ſhe, with a half ſmile; and then received the ſolitaire from him, which he aſſiſted her in replacing; and while he was doing ſo, gave her neck a gentle preſſure, which ſhe was not ſo inſenſible as not to know the meaning of.

There needed no more; ſhe gave him her hand to lead her down ſtairs; her own chair waiting in the hall, ſhe went into it, and he followed in a hackney.

On coming to her houſe, ſhe conduct-ed him directly to her dreſſing-room, where her woman being ſitting at work, ſhe bade her ſet a bottle of wine on the table, and retire till called for; ſaying ſhe had ſome accounts to ſettle with that gentleman.

This attendant was no ſooner with-drawn, than the reduced Liberia opened a little cabinet, which contained her jewels: 'Here, Sir,' cried ſhe, 'are all 'the toys of this nature I am miſtreſs 'of.' Jemmy ſcarce vouchſafing a glance towards them, replied—'They 'muſt be fine indeed, ſince owned by 'you; and muſt dazzle the ſight of a 'man leſs knowing than I pretend to 'be in what is truly valuable: but what 'is all the luſtre they can boaſt while 'you are in preſence? How faint are 'the rays of the diamond to thoſe your 'eyes ſend forth! How inſipid, how 'weak, is the glow of the ruby to theſe 'lips!'

He began this ſpeech with looking in-tently on her face; and finding nothing there to diſcourage his attempt, con-cluded with throwing his arms about her waiſt, and giving her more lively indications of his ſenſe of the perfec-tions he had praiſed, than all in the power of language could have done.

They were alone; a couch was in the room; ſhe reſiſted not his encroach-ments; and one moment gave him the full poſſeſſion of a happineſs, which not half an hour before he had not even the leaſt thought of ever ſoliciting.

Scarce had he time to expreſs the tranſports of his gratitude for the un-hoped favours he had received, when Liberia, hearing the ſound of voices on the ſtairs, rang her bell to know who was there; on which her woman im-mediately came in, and told her that two ladies, who had been at Lady Racket's aſſembly, and ſeeing her leave the company ſo abruptly, had called to know the occaſion, fearing ſhe might be indiſpoſed.

'Lord! how impertinent is ſome 'people's friendſhip!' cried Liberia. 'Why did you not tell them I was well, 'but very buſy?'—'I did ſo, Madam,' replied the other; 'and that you was 'ſhut up in your cloſet writing letters; 'but they inſiſted on ſeeing you, ran up 'ſtairs in ſpite of me, and are now in 'the drawing-room.'

'Well, there is no remedy for theſe 'things,' ſaid ſhe; 'I muſt go to them, 'or they will burſt in upon me here.— 'You will excuſe me, Mr. Jeſſamy; it 'is highly improper you ſhould be 'ſeen:' then turning to her woman— 'ſhew him down the back-ſtairs,' add-ed ſhe, 'with as little noiſe as you can.'

She ſaid no more, but went out of the room to receive her company; and Jemmy ſuffered himſelf to be conduct-ed by her woman in the manner ſhe had ordered.

CHAP. IX.

HAS SOMETHING IN IT OF THE MARVELLOUS.

THOUGH Jemmy had as ſmall a ſhare of vanity in his compoſition as any man that ever lived, yet it would have been a thing almoſt ſupernatural in him, if an adventure, ſuch as he had juſt now met with, had not elated a heart as unexperienced as was his. Li-beria was a woman of diſtinction, young, beautiful, and had every requiſite to render her the delight and admiration of mankind; to what elſe, then, but a peculiar liking of his perſon and beha-viour, could it ſeem poſſible to him to impute the conceſſions ſhe had made?

It is not to be underſtood, however, that the pleaſing ſenſation he felt at this event proceeded from the gratification

of any passion he had entertained for the lady, who so highly had obliged him: on the contrary, his affection for Jenny was a sure defence from the attacks of any other charms; he had often seen Liberia, had thought her a fine woman, as every one did; but he had never been touched with the least spark of an amorous desire on her account; nor, on looking on her, had even considered the difference of sexes. But though what had happened between them was merely casual on his side, yet he could not help believing that it was a previous inclination on her's which alone could have excited her to act in the manner she had done.

The hurry in which they were compelled to part took from him all opportunity of testifying that desire of continuing a correspondence with her, which otherwise he thought she would have had reason to expect; and which even gratitude, politeness, and even common good-nature, would have exacted from him.

He therefore went the next morning to her house, certain in his mind of meeting with a reception suitable to the kindness she had given him such proofs of the night before. She was just dressed, and going to court; but, on his sending up his name, gave orders for his admittance; the servant, who introduced him withdrawing, he approached to salute her with the air and freedom of a favoured lover.

But how unspeakable was his surprize, when, going to take her in his arms, she started back, and with a countenance all awful and austere—'Hold off, Sir,' said she; 'this is a familiarity neither becoming you to take, nor me to grant.' The confusion he was in not permitting him to make any immediate reply—'I do not now,' continued she, 'owe fifty pieces to you.'

'No, Madam,' replied he, a little recovering himself; 'but you owe me a heart in return for that I have devoted to you.'—'I have nothing to do with your heart,' resumed she; 'and, as for mine, it is my husband's due.'—'If you really think so, Madam,' cried he, 'wherefore did you flatter me last night with having so large a part?'—'What happened last night,' said she, 'was merely accidental: I had lost all my money, and the debts we contract at play, you know, are debts of honour; but where my own is not concerned, be assured I shall always have a just regard for that of my husband.'

In spite of the consternation Jemmy was in, he could not refrain smiling at the distinction this lady made; and, with an air which had something of contemptuous in it—'I thought, Madam,' said he, 'that the honour of the husband and the wife had always been inseparable.'

'They are so, I allow,' answered she; 'but necessity sometimes compels a woman to do what otherwise she would not be guilty of: therefore I beg you will think no more of what has happened; it was a foolish affair, indeed; but, as it cannot be recalled, should be forgotten.'

He was about to make some reply, which it is likely would not have been very pleasing to her, but she went to the door, and called to know if the chariot was ready; and being told it was—'Adieu, Mr. Jessamy,' said she; 'I am obliged to attend the princess. I hope, whenever we meet, you will always treat me as the wife of Lord ***.'

She had no sooner spoke these words, than she shot like lightning out of the room, leaving Jemmy in a situation of mind not easy to be described, or even conceived, by any one who has not been under the same circumstances.

It was not that his pride was so much mortified at this unexpected rebuff, as his comprehension was confounded at it's being given: the more he endeavoured to fathom the mysterious meaning, the more he was absorbed in wonder; in fine, he knew not what to think, nor by what motive to account for a proceeding so strange, so contradictory to the very nature of the sex.

The first shock of any thing is very difficult to be concealed; the spirits, when suddenly alarmed, are in a hurry for a while, then sink into as extreme a languor. Jemmy dined that day at a tavern, by an appointment he had made with some gentlemen of his acquaintance; but neither their conversation, nor the glass, which went briskly about, had the power of dissipating his chagrin, or driving Liberia entirely from his thoughts.

The least air of seriousness in persons of

of an extraordinary vivacity cannot fail of being taken notice of. Jemmy was looked upon as the life and soul of all the company he went into; and now to find him, instead of inspiring others with good-humour, stand in need of being inspired himself, made every one desirous of knowing what had occasioned this sudden transformation; but the affair was not a thing to be talked on, and he evaded giving any direct answer to the questions put to him on this head.

He did not long, however, preserve a taciturnity on this occasion, which was pretty painful to him: the company being broke up, and only one gentleman, with whom he had a greater intimacy than with any of the others, staying behind, he could not forbear speaking of what so much engrossed his thoughts. In fine, he related to him the whole history of his late whimsical adventure, concealing only the name of the heroine concerned in it.

But how strangely was he disappointed, when, instead of hearing his friend express some astonishment, as he expected he would have done, at an event so new and uncommon, he only burst into such a violent fit of laughter as hindered him from speaking for some moments!

'What!' cried Jemmy; 'the story 'I have been telling you is too roman-'tick to be believed; and you suspect 'I have been endeavouring all this 'while to impose upon your under-'standing an invention of my own, in 'the room of a real fact?'

'No, upon my word,' replied the other; 'I am so confident of the truth 'of all you have repeated, that, upon 'occasion, I would be your voucher for 'every particular of it: but what made 'me so merry was, the great care you 'have taken in keeping the name of 'this fine lady a secret. What will 'you say now,' continued he, 'if I 'tell you at once, that I am certain no 'woman but Liberia is capable of be-'having in the manner you have de-'scribed?'

Liberia herself had scarce given Jemmy more surprize than his friend did in mentioning her as the person they were talking of. 'Liberia!' cried he. 'What 'have I said to raise such a conjecture 'in you?'

'Nothing, upon my soul!' answered the other: 'you have nothing to ac-'cuse yourself of in this point, and 'might have told the story to five hun-'dred people without one of them be-'ing able to guess at the woman. It is 'not my penetration, but my experi-'ence, has let me into the secret of this 'matter: and, to make you master of 'another, I must tell you, that I have 'been beforehand with you.'

Jemmy not perfectly comprehending these words, asked what he meant. 'It happened,' said he, 'the other day, 'that one evening I played at the same 'table with this extraordinary lady: I 'swept the stakes, and she being out of 'cash, we went on upon credit; For-'tune was still on my side; she lost a 'considerable sum to me, which I had 'the same equivalent for that she be-'stowed on you; and when I waited 'on her some days afterwards, in or-'der to repeat my devoirs, received al-'so just the same repulse you did; and 'found that it was her humour—no 'play, no love.'

'Then neither of us,' cried Jemmy, 'are obliged for the favours we have 'received to an amorous inclination 'on her part?'—'No, faith,' replied his friend; 'I rather take her to be one 'of the insensibles that way: but her 'lust for gaming is insatiate; she would 'be eternally at it; there all the pas-'sions of her soul are centered; and 'though at present a professed enemy 'to religion, would be the greatest de-'votee imaginable, were she once per-'suaded there were gaming-tables in 'heaven.

'In fine, my dear Jemmy,' pursued he, 'the case stands thus: she loses 'more at play in one month, perhaps, 'than the rent-roll of Lord ***'s estate 'produces in a year; and being, either 'through fear or tenderness, unwilling 'to make him acquainted with her ill-'luck, prudently takes the method you 'and I have experienced of satisfying 'the winners, and thinks herself no ill 'wife in so doing; since she forfeits 'her husband's honour only to preserve 'his peace, and never repeats her trans-'gression with the same man, unless 'compelled to it by a second necessity 'of the like nature.'

Jemmy being now, by this detail, entirely freed from the perplexity of thought which the first surprize at the strangeness of Liberia's behaviour had involved him in, it is not to be doubted

ed but that these two young gentlemen were pleasant enough on the affair in question, and mutually laughed at each other for the disappointment each of them had received, in imagining they had been favoured with a peculiar liking by that lady.

Neither of them having any engagements on their hands, they passed the whole evening together till the night was very far advanced, and called them to repose; during all which time little else but Liberia was talked on.

But as the repetition of a conversation, founded on such a topick, might not be very agreeable to such of our readers as we should be most studious to oblige; and, besides, would not be at all material to the business of this history; we may reasonably hope being easily excused for passing it over in silence.

CHAP. X.

AFFORDS BUT SMALL MATTER OF ENTERTAINMENT; YET, IF WELL CONSIDERED, MAY BE OF SINGULAR USE TO SOME READERS.

THERE is a certain haughty surliness almost inherent to old age, which will not let people, when they come to be any thing advanced in years, allow the least share of understanding in those of a younger sort; they treat them as mere idiots, incapable of comparing, judging, or even of knowing right from wrong.

But this is a partiality which betrays that want of discernment in themselves which they accuse in others. If youth, through too much fire, is addicted to vanity, rashness, and impetuosity; age, through too much phlegm, is no less liable to peevishness, obstinacy, and pride: in both the faults of constitution have but too great an effect upon the will, and deprive reason of half it's force.

The faculties of the mind certainly decay, and grow weaker in proportion as the vigour of the body is impaired; a keenness of conception, a readiness of thought, and what is generally called wit, are the gifts of youth; when the organs, through which the soul is said to operate, are in their full strength as nature made them, unobstructed by diseases, and unworn by time. Age is chiefly wise by experience, and by improving those observations which a long series of years had treasured up. It must therefore be allowed, that young people are far from being incapable of making the most just reflections; but the baits of sense, the excitements of pleasure, and the whirl of a thousand different passions, which incessantly agitate the ideas, prevent those reflections from making any lasting impression, and consequently from being of any real use in regulating their actions; so that they can be said to be discreet only by starts; and it is in this alone that all the boasted advantages of age consist.

Nothing was ever more strictly true than what that celebrated poet, Mr. Dryden, says, when, speaking of the difference between youth and age, he expresses the whole sense of the argument in these two equally elegant and comprehensive lines.

'Experience vainly in our youth is sought;
'And, by age purchas'd, is too dearly
'bought.'

Our Jemmy was one of those who never did any thing which reason could condemn, without being immediately self-convicted and ashamed of his error; though, as I said before, through the fire of youth, the enchantments of pleasure, and the prevalence of example, he could not avoid falling again into the same. As to play in particular, without any extraordinary propensity of his own, he was frequently drawn in to make a party at several gaming-tables, both private and publick; yet did he never reflect on what money he had lost, without being convinced he could not have disposed of it in a worse way; nor did he ever win of any gentleman, whose circumstances he knew could not well bear a diminution, without being shocked to the soul for having been one of those who had contributed to his misfortune.

He was perfectly sensible both of the vice and folly of gaming, as at present practised among almost all degrees of people; and stood amazed whenever he recollected, that he had seen men of the first figure and fortune in the kingdom not only condescend to mix in company with the common sharpers and gamblers of the town, but also to make use of the same low arts they did, in order

order to force chance, as it were, to be their friend.

He could not think, without a mixture of pity and contempt, on those who, neglecting the accounts of their estates, and trusting all to their stewards and bailiffs, boasted how well they were versed in Mr. Hoyle's calculation in the cutting of a pack of cards, and swear five pieces an hour was too small pay for the instructions of so learned a doctor in the great, mysterious, and most polite science of gaming.

He very often ran over in his mind all the various amusements of the town; and on comparing them with this of gaming, none of them seemed to him to have so small a plea for engrossing either the time or attention of a man of sense and honour.

'Every other pleasure or diversion,' said he within himself, 'have something 'in them deserving that name; they 'either regale the senses, or exercise 'the body, or relieve the mind: but 'gaming is the contrary of all these; 'it impedes the gratification of our 'most natural appetites, it enervates 'the limbs with too long sitting, it 'racks the brain with cares, it fills the 'bosom with anxieties, and, in fine, 'is a fatigue, which, were it not the 'effect of our own free choice, would 'be intolerable.

'Nor is this all,' would he sometimes add: 'an inordinate love of gam'ing certainly proceeds from avarice, 'the most sordid passion of the heart, 'and consequently destroys all that is 'generous, noble, and sincere; deadens 'that social feel, that kindly warmth, 'which nature has implanted in us to'wards our fellow-creatures; and ren'ders the man devoted to this vice ca'pable of no other wish than to enjoy 'the infamous triumph of bearing off 'the spoils of him he plays against, 'though it should even happen to be 'one he calls his friend, or one who 'must be entirely ruined by the loss of 'what he is now in possession of, through 'the favour of fortune, or a superior 'skill in the destructive art.'

He concluded from all this, that to undo others, or to be undone one's self, was the almost certain consequence of gaming high; for which reason he made many resolutions to avoid it as much as possible; and indeed persisted in them more than could be well expected from a man of his gay temper, and who, by the company he kept, was continually surrounded with temptations of that sort.

But if he thought the love of play so pernicious a thing in those of his own sex, in what light must he behold it in regard to those of the other? He had read some old musty authors, who maintained that modesty was a peculiar characteristick of womanhood; that an innocence of deportment was the chief beauty of a virgin; and œconomy in private, and a decent reserve in publick, that of a married woman: and he could not get it out of his head but that these maxims were just contrary, as they were to what he had seen practised at play by some ladies, who pass for patterns of politeness and fashionable good-breeding; and in comparing the difference, he could not forbear crying out —'Sure, when these books were wrote, 'gaming was a thing never heard of 'among women!'

These having always been his notions, it could not be otherwise but that the example of Liberia must greatly contribute to fortify them in him, as he now experienced what he had many times been told by those better acquainted with the ladies, that those debts which are called debts of honour, are often discharged by loss of honour.

'What an amiable figure in life 'might this woman make,' said he, speaking of Liberia, 'if it were not 'for this mad attachment to gaming! 'I dare believe she has no vicious in'clinations of her own; and her quality 'and marriage with Lord *** defend 'her from all impertinent addresses of 'our sex. How strange, then, is the 'infatuation which compels her to run 'the fatal risque of being reduced to 'yield to such condescensions as other'wise her pride would scorn, and her 'virtue shudder at!'

He never ruminated in this manner without falling immediately after into a profound reverie; which, whoever had seen him in, would not have taken him for that gay, laughing, spiritous creature he appeared at other times: but it generally happens, that persons of that humour, when they think at all, think more deeply than those of a heavy and phlegmatick disposition.

The many mischiefs which sometimes

times befal the fair-sex, by indulging themselves in this dangerous amusement, made him tremble for Jenny: he knew she played occasionally; but though he had never heard her testify any extraordinary pleasure in it, yet he could not assure himself that she might not, by degrees, be drawn into a better liking of it, and consequently become liable to the same inconveniences to which so many others of her sex were every day subjected.

Love, friendship, and the consideration of his own interest and honour, as Jenny was one day to become his wife, obliged him therefore to do every thing in his power to prevent so great an evil; nor could he think of any method more effectual for that end, than by reminding her, in a delicate way, and without seeming to do it with design, of the dangers to which women who love play could not fail of being exposed.

He had no sooner thought on this, than he resolved to put it into immediate execution; and, to give the greater weight to what he intended to say, ransacked his memory for all the alarming circumstances of a gaming-table, that he had ever seen or heard of.

CHAP. XI.

A LITTLE MORE TO THE PURPOSE.

JEMMY knew that his fair mistress kept a great deal of company, and that most of her afternoons were taken up with giving and receiving visits: whenever, therefore, he had any particular conversation to entertain her with, he always went to her in a morning. The business he had to communicate seeming to him of too much importance to be delayed, his impatience carried him thither more early than was his custom; yet he had not the satisfaction of finding her alone; the two lovely daughters of Mrs. G—— were just gone up stairs before him: but he was not much disconcerted at their presence, as he saw they were in their dishabille, and he could not doubt but that the hour of the day would soon call them home, in order to ornament those charms which were too much admired not to make them desirous of shewing them to the best advantage, whenever they appeared in publick places, which they seldom or never failed to take all opportunities of doing.

These ladies, whose history it is probable will, some time or other, make a very interesting figure in the world, were distinguished more by the name of the Two Beautiful Sisters than that of their family: they were, indeed, lovely beyond what language can describe, or fancy, without seeing them, delineate. Both of them were tall, finely shaped, of a most graceful air, had the most regular features; eyes at once commanding and attracting love and admiration; and so equally had Nature dealt her bounties to them, that hard it is to say which of them excelled in any one of those perfections which each possessed in so lavish abundance.

But being so alike beautiful was certainly a misfortune to them; for each seeming most lovely when the other was away, yet neither of them having the preference when together, the beholder's eye was kept in continual motion, without knowing on which to fix: this it was which, joined with some other considerations not my business to enquire into, perhaps kept them much longer from being married than many who have not the thousandth part of their power of charming.

This consideration, however, seemed to have but little weight with them: they lived in the most perfect harmony; were rarely seen asunder, whether at the Play, the Opera, the Court, the Mall, Vauxhall, Ranelagh; in all places of resort they were inseparable as the twin stars that grace the zodiack.

In fine, so much the same, in every respect, were this pair of charmers, that, if Mr. Waller had lived in their days, one would have imagined he could have no other in his eyes when he wrote these lines—

> 'Not the silver doves that fly,
> 'Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
> 'Not the wings which soar so high,
> 'And convey her son so far;
> 'Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
> 'Or do more ennoble love,
> 'Are so choicely-match'd a pair,
> 'Or with more consent do move.'

Fortunately for Jemmy's design, it fell out that the conversation turned chiefly on the subject of gaming, on account of a certain lady, who, having

no more than five and twenty hundred pounds per annum, had, according to her own confeſſion, loſt nine thouſand in one ſeaſon at play.

Jenny expreſſed, with ſo much warmth and ſpirit, the contempt ſhe had of thoſe who made a kind of buſineſs or trade, as it were, of this amuſement, as ſufficiently denoted the ſincerity of her heart while ſhe was ſpeaking, and gave Jemmy an infinite ſatisfaction in hearing her.

The two beautiful ſiſters made but a very ſhort viſit, as Jemmy had conjectured; and, after they were gone, he reſumed the topick they had been talking on: 'You women,' ſaid he, ſmiling, 'have much the advantage over 'us men; ſome of you, at leaſt, have 'been ingenious enough to have found 'out a very eaſy method of diſcharging all the debts you contract at play. 'I could give you,' continued he, 'a 'thouſand inſtances of what I ſay; but 'ſhall content myſelf with only one, 'in which a friend of mine made me 'the confidante, and on whoſe veracity 'I dare as much depend as if I had 'been in his place, and one of the 'chief parties concerned in it.'

Finding Jenny looked earneſtly upon him all the time he had been ſpeaking, and ſeemed in a diſpoſition to give attention to every thing he ſaid upon that ſubject, he went on, and related to her, with as much brevity and modeſty as ſuch an affair would permit, all that had paſſed between himſelf, Liberia, and the other gentleman, who had been a ſharer with him in the favour of that lady; hiding from her only the names, and ſome few circumſtances, which might have given her room to gueſs more than he wiſhed ſhe ſhould do.

Jenny was ſhocked to the very ſoul at this recital. She had been witneſs of many extravagances that women who devote themſelves to gaming are often guilty of; ſhe knew very well that they reduced themſelves to great ſtreights, ſometimes even to the total ruin of their own and huſband's fortune; but could never have imagined that any of them, merely for the ſake of play, would have proceeded to thoſe frightful lengths ſhe now was told of.

After having expreſſed ſome part of her aſtoniſhment and indignation at ſuch a depravity of nature—'How 'ought,' cried ſhe, 'every one to guard 'againſt the firſt approaches of this 'dangerous propenſity!' And then again—'Bleſs me!' added ſhe, 'how 'can any one, who has a tongue to 'ſpeak, and common ſenſe to dictate 'what they ſay, laviſh thoſe hours in 'gaming which might be paſſed in an 'agreeable and improving converſation? If no other ill conſequences 'than barely loſs of time attended it, 'methinks it were enough to hinder 'any one, not altogether void of reaſon, from purſuing, with the eagerneſs ſome do, an amuſement, at the 'beſt, trifling and idle!'

It is not to be doubted but that Jemmy was quite tranſported at finding in his fair miſtreſs ſentiments ſo juſt, and ſo exactly conformable to thoſe he had, with the greateſt ardency, wiſhed ſhe ſhould be inſpired with: he had no words which ſeemed to him ſufficient to praiſe, as they deſerved, her prudence and penetration; yet ſaid enough on that occaſion to put her modeſty to the bluſh.

'Do not fancy me to be poſſeſſed of 'more merit than I have,' anſwered ſhe: 'I believe that many of our ſex, 'with as little inclination as myſelf to 'play, have been enticed to it by the 'examples of thoſe whom we are ſo 'filly as to think it an honour to imitate, even in their vices. Whatever 'we ſee practiſed by thoſe of the great 'world becomes a law to us of the inferior claſs; and I can tell you, that 'it is not owing to my own judgment, but to mere accident, that I am 'brought to a more reaſonable way of 'thinking.

'You muſt know,' continued ſhe, 'that a lady, who is a diſtant relation 'of mine, took me with her one evening to the route of a perſon of condition: there was a prodigious deal of 'company, three large rooms made into 'one, and no leſs than fourteen tables 'ſet out for different ſorts of gaming. 'Every body played; and, though I 'never was fond of cards, yet was 'aſhamed, in ſo publick an aſſembly, 'not to do as others did; ſo engaged 'myſelf with a party who were ſitting 'down to whiſt. Either through want 'of ſkill or attention, I ſoon loſt twenty 'pieces, which was all I had about me 'at that time: but having no notion

'of giving over, as the others were for 'continuing, I went to my couſin, who 'was at quadrille at another table, in 'order to get a freſh ſupply from her; 'but, to my great mortification, found 'ſhe was entirely ſtripped as well as 'myſelf; and there was none of the 'company with whom I was intimate 'enough to become a borrower.

'I muſt confeſs,' purſued ſhe, 'that 'I then was ſilly enough to be heartily 'vexed at this diſappointment, and re-'tired to the other end of the room, de-'bating within myſelf whether I ſhould 'not go quite away, or ſee how my 'couſin would behave, who, I found, 'was ſtill at play with the ſame party 'ſhe had been engaged in. As I was 'in this perplexity, the Earl of ****, 'who had betted at our table, and been 'witneſs both of my ill-luck and pre-'ſent confuſion, came towards me; 'and putting a purſe, that ſeemed very 'weighty, into my hand, which he 'held faſt graſped between both his— "It is pity," ſaid he, "that ſo fine a "young lady ſhould be deprived of her "diverſion on any account whatever, "much leſs on that of a little paltry "caſh: accept theſe few pieces, they "may be more lucky to you than your "own; but, if it prove otherwiſe, "command as many from me as you "ſhall ſtand in need of."

'I proteſt to you,' went ſhe ſtill on, 'that I was ſo confounded at finding 'myſelf accoſted in this manner, that 'I had neither courage nor preſence of 'mind enough to reſent, at firſt, ſo im-'pudent an overture, as I ought to 'have done; and it was the ſimplicity 'of my behaviour which perhaps en-'couraged him to proceed: for I only 'aſking what his lordſhip meant, he re-'plied, with an air and voice ſufficient-'ly explanatory of the baſe thoughts 'he had of me—"I mean to devote "myſelf, and all I have, at the altar "of your charms; happy if you ſmile "upon the ſacrifice!"

'Never was any poor creature ſo 'overwhelmed with different paſſions 'as I then was! Amazement, ſhame, 'diſdain, and rage, at once roſe in my 'boſom, and almoſt ſtopped the paſſage 'of my breath! I forgot all reſpect of 'his birth and place; and throwing 'the purſe he had given me upon the 'floor—"Carry your offers," ſaid I, "to thoſe who want them; I deſpiſe "both them and the hand from which "they came!"

'With theſe words I burſt from him, 'and rejoined the company. My cou-'ſin was ſtill playing, having borrowed 'of ſome perſon ſhe was acquainted 'with; and I kept leaning over the 'back of her chair all the time we 'ſtaid. His lordſhip paſſed by me more 'than once, and diſcovered by his 'looks that he was no leſs affronted at 'my behaviour than I had been at his; 'which, contrary to what it is likely 'his vanity might make him imagine, 'gave me more ſatisfaction than diſ-'content.

'I was, however, very much agitated 'to think that any man, how great ſo-'ever, had dared to treat me with the 'freedom he had done. On coming 'home, I complained of it to my cou-'ſin; but ſhe only ridiculed me for it; 'told me I was a novice in the ways of 'the town; that, if ſhe had been in my 'place, ſhe would have taken his mo-'ney, and laughed at him afterwards 'for beſtowing it: for which I liked 'her ſo ill, that I have ever ſince avoid-'ed her as much as poſſible.

'Thus you ſee, my dear Jemmy,' added ſhe, on concluding her little nar-rative, 'that my diſlike of gaming is 'not owing to my prudence in con-'ſidering the folly of it; for I confeſs 'I never thought much about the mat-'ter, but merely to Lord ****'s beha-'viour; for certainly no young woman 'of common modeſty, if treated as I 'was, will ever indulge herſelf in an 'amuſement that renders her virtue li-'able to be expoſed to ſuch inſolent at-'tacks!'

It was not in the power of all ſhe could ſay, however, to make Jemmy deſiſt from giving her the praiſes ſhe deſerved, nor from entertaining in his mind the higheſt idea of her underſtanding, as well as her virtue; inſomuch that, could he have thought himſelf equally qualified in what might be expected from a huſband, as ſhe was in every thing that could be wiſhed for in a wife, he would have ſeen no reaſon for delaying their mutual happineſs for one moment.

But a juſt conſciouſneſs of ſome little frailties which afforded him too much pleaſure to be able as yet to rec-

tify,

tify, made him forbear to preſs her on the ſubject of their marriage for the preſent.

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINS A VERY NOTABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

WHILE our lovers were thus endeavouring to form their minds in ſuch a manner as ſhould enable them to render each other perfectly happy when they ſhould come to be united together, there were not wanting ſome who made it their chief ſtudy to contrive the means of ſeparating them for ever.

Jemmy had contracted a very numerous acquaintance ſince his father's death, many of whom had a large ſhare of his eſteem and friendſhip; but there was one, above the reſt, whoſe humour and behaviour he was particularly taken with, and with whom he converſed with the moſt unreſerved freedom.

This gentleman, who was called Bellpine, was deſcended from a very ancient family; and had been, through the extravagance and ill-management of his father, deprived of all that ought to have been his patrimony, except two hundred pounds a year, which had been ſettled upon his mother by way of jointure, and could not be diſſipated.

He had, notwithſtanding, been flattered with the expectation of being one day in poſſeſſion of an eſtate of near three thouſand pounds per annum, being the undoubted heir of an uncle, who, having lived a batchelor till a very advanced age, there was not the leaſt probability of his ever changing his condition, much leſs of his having any children, even in caſe ſuch a thing ſhould happen: and this dependance it was that hindered him from being bred up to any buſineſs or profeſſion, and alſo gave him an air of ſelf-ſufficiency, in ſome meaſure, conformable to the fortune he ſo reaſonably hoped to become maſter of.

This uncle, however, to the ſurprize of all that knew him, at the age of eighty-two, and equally laden with infirmities and years, took it into his head to marry a daughter of one of his tenants in the country; a girl ſcarce nineteen.

An accident ſuch as this could not, when it happened, but give a very great ſhock to Bellpine, as he could not aſſure himſelf but that, in ſpite of his uncle's great age, a child, ſome way or other, might come, and cut him off at once from the inheritance he had been made to depend upon. Yet did he not ſuffer his ſpirits to ſink on this occaſion; he rather exerted them all, in order to find ſome means to remedy, or at leaſt to abate, the aſperity of this diſappointment: the moſt feaſible ones, he thought, would be to procure, if poſſible, ſome genteel employment about court; and, at the ſame time, make his addreſſes to ſome lady of an handſome fortune for a wife.

He was ſoliciting at the levees of the great for the accompliſhment of his firſt project; and caſting about in his mind where he ſhould direct his courtſhip with the utmoſt probability of ſucceeding in the other, when he commenced an acquaintance with Jemmy: chance brought them at firſt together; and a mutual liking of each other's converſation, by degrees, grew up to that intimacy between them already mentioned.

Jemmy was of the moſt open communicative diſpoſition that man could poſſibly be; he had very few affairs in life which he made ſecrets of to any of thoſe whom he called his friends: but with Bellpine he maintained no reſerve; he made him the confidante of all his looſer pleaſures; his foibles, his very thoughts, were not concealed from him; it therefore may be ſuppoſed that he diſguiſed not the honourable affection he had for Jenny; the care that both their parents had taken to bring them up in notions of being united together when they arrived at years of maturity; and alſo the reaſons urged on her ſide, and agreed to on his, for delaying, for ſome time, the celebration of their nuptials.

As his heart was warm with a paſſion which duty, and the cuſtom of looking on her as the perſon ordained for his wife, had at firſt inſpired him with, and a juſt ſenſibility of the many amiable qualities ſhe was miſtreſs of had afterwards greatly heightened in him, he ſpoke of her in a manner ſufficient to enflame the heart of the hearer with envy at his happineſs: in this, indeed, it muſt be confeſſed that he ſhewed more

ſincerity than prudence; but, as one of our poets obſerves—

'Thoſe free from guile themſelves, can ſcarce believe
'That others will be falſe.'——

Nor was this all: he contented not himſelf with giving him a bare idea of what ſhe was; he introduced him to her acquaintance; he frequently made him a partner in his viſits to her, recommending him as a perſon highly worthy of her eſteem and friendſhip; and, in fine, ſpoke of him in terms which obliged her to treat him as ſuch; little, alas! ſuſpecting that, while doing this, he was whetting the edge of a ſword that might one day be pointed againſt his own boſom.

Bellpine was far from being the man the honeſt heart of Jemmy miſtook him for: he was poſſeſſed, it is true, of many accompliſhments both natural and acquired, but had no fund of honour or generoſity: he knew perfectly how to inſinuate himſelf into the good graces of thoſe he converſed with; but thought himſelf not bound to make an adequate return for any favours he received from them; all his wiſhes were centered in ſelf-gratification; and no conſideration for others had ever any weight to make him deſiſt from that favourite purſuit.

But being of a diſpoſition ſuch as I have deſcribed, it is not to be wondered at that the fine perſon and large fortune of Jenny ſhould make him envy the happineſs of him who was to be the poſſeſſor of that double treaſure: he loved her on the ſcore of her beauty, her wit, and the many amiable qualities he had obſerved in her; but adored her as being the miſtreſs of what he ſo much wanted; and, filled with the idea of thoſe advantages he might reap in an alliance with her, made him reſolve on the attempt, and to take all the methods his inventive fancy could inſpire to alienate her affections from his friend.

He had often heard Jemmy ſay, that the agreement between them for protracting the celebration of their marriage had been firſt propoſed by her; from whence he concluded, that the paſſion ſhe had for him was not ſo violent but that it might be eaſily withdrawn, if ſhe was once made to believe there was a decay in that he profeſſed for her.

He was ſenſible, notwithſtanding, that there required a more than common ſhare of caution and addreſs in the management of this deſign; he ſaw very well, that Jenny had a great deal of ſagacity and penetration; it behoved him, therefore, either to throw ſuch a temptation in Jemmy's way as ſhould render him in effect ungrateful and perfidious, or contrive ſuch appearances of his being ſo, as could not be diſcovered from reality by human wit.

With the firſt of theſe meaſures he commenced the proſecution of his deſign, though, of the two, the leaſt feaſible to be accompliſhed, as it was very difficult to find a woman who excelled Jenny in any one perfection that can attract the eye, or captivate the heart: 'Love,' ſaid he within himſelf, 'is 'ſeldom ſo much the effect of reaſon 'as of fancy; and if I can be ſo lucky 'as to preſent an object capable of fir-'ing the heart of this too happy rival 'with an amorous flame, and ſhe has 'virtue or cunning enough to refuſe the 'gratification on any other terms than 'thoſe of marriage, it may ſo happen, 'that all the merits of Jenny, and his 'engagements with her, will be too 'light to overbalance inclination.'

He knew that Jemmy was extremely fond of muſick; he had ſeen him in the utmoſt rapture on hearing a melodious voice, or an inſtrument finely played upon; and it was by this bait he hoped to allure Jemmy from his vows, or at leaſt to draw him into ſuch a manner of behaviour as ſhould pique the pride of Jenny, and render her indifferent towards him.

To diſſolve the cement of that tender affection, with which they now regarded each other, would go a great way towards gaining the point he aimed at; he flattered himſelf, that if he could once ſet them at variance, he was at preſent enough in Jenny's favour to be able to obtain the firſt ſhare in her tenderneſs, when taken off from the man who now engroſſed it.

The perſon whoſe charms he intended as the ſnare to entrap the conſtancy of Jemmy was called Miſs Chit: ſhe paſſed, in the opinion of moſt people, for the daughter of a gentleman diſtinguiſhed in the world for nothing ſo much as for being her father; but it was whiſpered, by thoſe who pretended to be connoiſſeurs in the ſecret intrigues of the

the great, that she really sprung from parents of a much more elevated station.

She was young, handsome, well-shaped; and, though of somewhat too diminutive a stature, had an air and mien extremely striking; she wanted neither wit nor assurance to set off the talents she was mistress of to the best advantage; she was a great courtier, and perfectly skilled in all the rudiments of modish good-breeding: but the chief inducement that Bellpine had to make choice of her as an instrument of his purpose was this; Nature had given her a voice that seemed the very soul of harmony; and, when accompanied by her harpsichord, which she finely touched, the mellifluous sounds had power to calm the most raging passions of the mind, and convert all into love and soft desire; so that what the poet says of Mira, might be justly enough ascribed to her—

'The wretch, who from her wit and beauty 'flies,
'If she but reach him with her voice, he dies.'

Bellpine frequently visited this lady, and was welcome to her on account of his facetious conversation, and the intelligence he picked up among his acquaintance, and was continually informing her of the intrigues of the town. As he was well received by her, he could not fail of being so by her father, who, it was easy to perceive, was but the second person in the family: standing thus as he did with both, it cannot be supposed he wanted interest to introduce any one he thought proper to her acquaintance. He would not, however, proceed too abruptly in the affair, as it might have spoiled all, if either party had suspected him of design; but watched an opportunity, when they were talking one day of musick, to ask Jemmy, in a careless manner, as if it were by chance, if he had ever heard Miss Chit sing and play.

'No,' replied he; 'but I have heard 'she does both to very great perfec-'tion.'—'I wonder,' said the other, 'that you should not have the curiosity 'to be a judge of her skill that way 'yourself, as you are so great a lover 'of musick!'

'I have not the honour to be at all 'known to her,' replied Jemmy; 'nor 'have even ever seen her, any more than 'en passant, once or twice I think at 'court, and two or three times in the 'Mall with Lady Fisk.'

'I am pretty free there,' cried Bellpine; 'and if you have an inclination 'to hear this female Orpheus of the 'town, will take you with me, and also 'engage she shall give you a touch of 'her harmony, both vocal and instru-'mental; for, to do her justice, she has 'not the least reserve in this point; her 'harpsichord is never out of tune, nor 'her voice disconcerted with a cold.'

Jemmy expressed a great deal of satisfaction at this offer, but gave much more than what he felt himself to his pretended friend, who looked on the ready compliance he found in him as a happy beginning of the enterprize he had projected. They agreed to meet at White's the next day, and then proceed on their visit to the lady.

CHAP. XIII.

IS FULL OF REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

BELLPINE had no occasion to make any previous apology to Miss Chit for bringing a friend with him to visit her, having already taken that liberty without her being displeased with it, in favour of several of his companions, who had testified to him a desire of becoming acquainted with her.

But it was not in this manner he chose to introduce Jemmy: the plot he had laid required they should appear as agreeable as possible to each other; it was therefore highly necessary to prepossess her with such an idea of the person she was to see, as should make her neglect nothing that might set off all the charms she was mistress of to the best advantage. Having well considered within himself under what character a man was likely to appear in the eyes of a young, gay, vain woman, he went to her pretty early in the morning, and began with telling her he was come in behalf of a gentleman who had entreated him to be his intercessor for permission to wait on her with him that afternoon.

This formal speech from a man whose usual deportment might rather be accused of too little than too much ceremony, made her laugh very heartily: 'Bless me,' said she, 'what romances I have

'have you been reading! We are not, 'sure, running back to the days of O-'roondates and Statyra. If you have 'any friend to bring here, what need all 'this prelude? You know very well 'that every one you introduce is wel-'come.'

Bellpine on this threw off the ſerious air he had affected, and reſumed that free and undaunted one which was moſt natural to him: 'Faith, Madam,' anſwered he, 'I can eaſily join with you 'in laughing at myſelf; I know I muſt 'make an odd figure in the grave ſtrain, 'by the pains I took in putting it on; 'but I thought, as I was one of Cupid's 'harbingers, my meſſage ought to be 'delivered in ſomewhat above the com-'mon phraſe.'

'A harbinger from Cupid!' cried ſhe; 'I find, then, you would perſuade 'me you have this commiſſion to me 'from a lover.'—'Moſt certainly,' anſwered he; 'from one who is three 'parts ſo at leaſt: he is already charm-'ed with your face, your air, your 'ſhape; and there is only wanting your 'fine voice to compleat the conqueſt.'

'Of whom?' demanded ſhe. 'It is 'fit I ſhould know the name of this 'new vaſſal.'—'Have a little patience,' ſaid he, 'and I will tell you every 'thing. In the firſt place, he is a young 'heir lately come to the poſſeſſion of an 'eſtate ſufficient to ſupport a coach-'and-ſix; in the next place, he is hand-'ſome, well-made, has as genteel an 'addreſs as any man about town; laſt-'ly, he is allowed to have wit, honour, 'and good-nature; and his name is 'Jeſſamy.'

'I have ſeen that gentleman,' returned ſhe, ſomewhat ſeriouſly; 'and 'believe you have done him no more 'than juſtice in the repreſentation you 'have made of him: but I have been 'told he is deeply engaged, and on the 'point of being married to a young 'lady of his own name; I think they 'call her Miſs Jenny Jeſſamy.'

'Nothing in it, upon my honour!' cried Bellpine; 'I can aver to you from my own knowledge, that there are no 'two people in the world of different 'ſexes that have a more perfect indif-'ference for each other: there was, in-'deed, ſuch a thing intended for them 'by their fathers; but the old men are 'both dead; and you know, Madam, 'we young folks are apt to pay but 'little regard to the injunctions laid 'upon us by thoſe who are no longer 'in a condition to reſent our diſobedi-'ence. It is true,' continued this art-ful deceiver, 'they ſee each other very 'frequently, hold a good correſpon-'dence, converſe as friends; but with-'out one grain of inclination on either 'ſide. I am very well aſſured, by what 'I have heard both of them declare, 'that ſhould either of them inſiſt on the 'performance of the covenant made 'between their parents, an eternal 'breach muſt infallibly enſue.'

Jemmy and Jenny Jeſſamy kept too much company not to be well known in the polite world; their characters, their fortunes, and their mutual engage-ments, were no ſecret; they were the ſubjects of converſation among many who had not the leaſt perſonal acquaint-ance with either of them; and it was a matter of ſurprize to every one, that a marriage which had ſo long ago been projected, was not as yet conſummated.

As nobody had pretended to diſcover any reaſon for this unaccountable de-lay, Miſs Chit might eaſily give credit to that which Bellpine now aſſigned for it. Bellpine watched her every look; and perceiving that his inſinuations had wrought thus far on her belief, pro-ceeded to what now ſeemed to him a taſk not difficult to be accompliſhed; that of perſuading her Jemmy in reality felt ſome beginning of a paſſion for her.

'You cannot imagine,' ſaid he, 'with what raptures he expreſſes him-'ſelf concerning you: the firſt time he 'ſaw you was at court; I was with 'him the ſame evening, and he could 'talk on nothing but you the whole 'time we were together. "What eyes "ſhe has! how bright! how ſparkling! "What a mouth! what a finely turn-"ed—! How delicate is her ſhape! how "enchanting is her air!"'

'Hold, Mr. Bellpine!' interrupted ſhe, putting her hand before his mouth; 'for the ſake of curioſity, no more! If 'you go on at this rate, I ſhall know 'beforehand, and he will have nothing 'new to ſay to me when he comes.'

'Nay,' rejoined Bellpine, 'I do not 'ſuppoſe he will ſay much to you at 'this firſt viſit, nor, perhaps, at the 'ſecond, or even at the third. I have 'been told, by thoſe who have experi-'enced the paſſion, that a true lover 'never gets courage to declare what he

'feels

'feels to his miſtreſs till half the town 'are apprized of it by his behaviour: 'but,' purſued he, 'you will have pe-'netration enough to read in his looks 'what his lips want boldneſs to reveal.' —'Piſh!' ſays ſhe, 'do you think I ſhall 'give myſelf the trouble to examine 'his looks? It will be time enough for 'me to attend to them when his tongue 'ſhall have explained the dictates of 'his heart.'

They had ſome farther diſcourſe on this head; and, in ſpite of the careleſs air Miſs Chit affected to put on, the cunning Bellpine ſaw the impreſſion his words had made upon her; and, after adding all that he thought neceſſary for ſtrengthening it in her, took his leave, highly applauding himſelf in his mind for what he had done. He met Jemmy at the appointed hour at the chocolate-houſe, and about tea-time went with him on their purpoſed viſit: on his ſending up his name they were immediately ſhewed to the room where Miſs Chit was ſitting; when he found, by the great care ſhe had taken in her dreſs, and the exactneſs of every thing about her, that he had not flattered himſelf with a vain conjecture, but that ſhe was indeed as deſirous as he could wiſh of appearing lovely in the eyes of this new gueſt.

Jemmy, being preſented to her by Bellpine, ſaluted her with the utmoſt gallantry; ſhe received him with a becoming modeſty, which, notwithſtanding, had ſomething of inviting in it: the converſation at firſt turned only on general topicks; but Bellpine would not ſuffer it to continue ſo, and told her, in his uſual free manner, that he ſhould not think himſelf forgiven for the liberty he had taken, till ſhe had obliged both him and his friend with a ſong and a touch of her harpſichord.

To this ſhe replied, with a ſprightly tone of voice and geſture, that whatever he might think of her, ſhe had too much complaiſance for a ſtranger, who ſeemed ſo well to deſerve it, not to do every thing in her power to render the viſit he had favoured her with agreeable to him. In ſpeaking theſe words ſhe ſat down to her inſtrument; and, without waiting for any more entreaties, began to ſing one of the moſt favourite airs in Mr. Handel's laſt oratorio.

As ſhe had in reality a very fine voice, great ſkill in muſick, and played admirably well, there was no occaſion that Jemmy ſhould ſtretch truth to a pitch too high in expreſſing the pleaſure he took in hearing her. But it was not in mere words alone he teſtified the mighty influence that the well-concerted notes had over him: he languiſhed; he died; his ſoul ſeemed all abſorbed, diſſolved in extaſy; and he not only ſpoke, but looked in ſuch a manner as, without being prepoſſeſſed, as ſhe was, with an opinion of his having a paſſion for her, might well make her believe ſhe had other charms for him beſides thoſe of her voice and ſkill in muſick.

As often as ſhe gave over, Bellpine preſſed her to renew the harmony; and ſometimes Jemmy aſſumed the boldneſs to ſecond a petition, which he was very ſenſible was made entirely on his account. The lady was not refractory to their united entreaties, and continued playing till her father came into her room. The uſual compliments being paſſed, they all ſat down, and entered into converſation; but whatever ſubject was ſtarted by the old gentleman, either the one or the other of Miſs Chit's viſitors had the addreſs to turn it on the praiſe of muſick, and the perfection which ſhe had attained to in that ſcience.

Jemmy ſaid many things which might ſeem extravagant on this occaſion; but thinking he had ſtaid long enough for a firſt viſit, roſe up, and was preparing to take his leave, when Mr. Chit, who had been tutored beforehand by his daughter how he ſhould behave, would not ſuffer him to ſpeak of going, ſeized upon his hat and gloves, and ſaid, that if his daughter had afforded them any entertainment, it was owing to him for having provided the beſt maſters for her; and he therefore expected they would recompenſe him for it, by giving him their company the remainder of the evening; adding, that ſupper was juſt ready to be ſerved up.

Jemmy would fain have excuſed himſelf, as he had an appointment which he was very unwilling to break; but there was no reſiſting the preſent kind compulſion, eſpecially as Miſs Chit condeſcended to join her entreaties with her father's; he therefore complied, and contented himſelf with ſending an apology to thoſe who expected his coming. The collation prepared for them was ſo elegant, the old gentleman's converſation ſo facetious, and his daughter's muſick ſo delightful, that the night

was

was almoſt loſt in morning-dawn, when Jemmy and his falſe friend came away: but what uſe the latter made of this long viſit, the reader will very ſoon diſcover.

CHAP. XIV.

SEEMS BIG WITH THE PROMISE OF SOME MIGHTY MATTERS HEREAFTER TO BE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

IT was ſo very late when the little company broke up, that Bellpine had no opportunity of putting any queſtions to Jemmy concerning his ſentiments of the lady he had introduced him to; and as they lived different ways, they took leave of each other at Mr. Chit's door, without any farther ſpeech that night. Full of impatience, however, for the ſucceſs of his pernicious plot, he went pretty early the next morning to his houſe; and, according to his wiſh, found him quite alone, and not yet ready to go abroad. He was ſcarce ſat down when he had the ſatisfaction of hearing Jemmy himſelf prepare the way for the converſation he intended to entertain him with, by thanking him for the pleaſure he had enjoyed the night before through his means.

'I wiſh from my ſoul,' replied this wicked incendiary, 'that it were in my 'power to procure you a much more 'ample and ſubſtantial one: muſick 'indulges no more than a ſingle ſenſe; 'Miſs Chit has charms that might en-'groſs the whole five. Ah, Jemmy!' continued he, embracing him, 'what 'a heaven it would be, after an hour 'or two of dalliance, to be lulled to 'ſleep by that angelick voice, preſſing, 'at the ſame time, the ruby lips whence 'the tranſporting ſounds proceed! and 'then, ye gods, awake to new raptures 'and repeated bliſs!'

Jemmy laughed heartily at the extaſy which the other affected to feel through the force of imagination. 'You wiſh 'me happineſs,' cried he; 'yet ſpeak, 'methinks, as if you could not avoid 'being one of thoſe who would envy 'me the poſſeſſion of it: but, my dear 'friend,' added he, 'you have no need 'to be under any apprehenſions on that 'ſcore; for, to deal ſincerely, I like 'Miſs Chit as a muſician, but ſhall 'never think of her as a woman.'

Theſe words gave a moſt terrible ſhock to the high-raiſed expectations of Bellpine; but, as he was maſter of an uncommon ſhare of artifice, and an equal preſence of mind, it was eaſy for him to conceal one emotion under the ſhew of another; and, ſtarting back with a well-counterfeited ſurprize—'Impoſſible!' cried he; 'you cannot, ſure, be ſo in-'ſenſible, ſo altogether untouched with 'charms that half the town are run-'ning mad after!'

'You know,' anſwered Jemmy, with a very ſerious air, 'I am under engage-'ments elſewhere, which will not per-'mit me to make my addreſſes to her, 'or any other woman, upon honourable 'terms; and I cannot ſuppoſe they 'would be accepted by Miſs Chit, if 'offered with a view of a different na-'ture.'

'I cannot flatter you ſo far as that, 'indeed,' replied he, ſtill diſconcerted; and more ſo, when Jemmy haſtily rejoined—'I wonder, Bellpine, that, 'having ſo juſt a ſenſe of the lady's 'merit, you never made your court to 'her yourſelf?'

On an interrogatory ſo unthought-on, all his audacity forſook him; he was ſilent for ſome moments; but at length recovering himſelf, his ready wit furniſhed him with an excuſe which ſeemed plauſible enough, and was certainly the only one that could have had the leaſt appearance of ſincerity.

'I ſhall diſguiſe nothing of the truth 'from you,' ſaid he. 'To be plain, 'then, it is my vexatious circumſtances 'which alone determine; ſince my uncle 'has taken a ſtep that may poſſibly de-'prive me of the inheritance I was 'born to expect, I have no dowry to 'offer with my ſervices: a woman that 'has money demands a jointure ade-'quate to the ſum ſhe brings; and for 'me to marry one whoſe only portion 'is her beauty and good qualities, 'would render both her and myſelf 'for ever miſerable; ſo that, whether 'Miſs Chit is or is not a fortune, ſhe 'is quite out of the queſtion with me 'as a wife.'

He ſpoke all this with ſo much ſeeming candour and openneſs of heart, that Jemmy thought himſelf more than ever confirmed in the opinion he had always entertained of the good ſenſe and honour of his friend; and readily agreed with him, that where a marriage was conſummated

consummated between two persons, neither of whom had a sufficient competency, it could not fail of making both parties equally unhappy, and also of entailing lasting wretchedness on their posterity. Bellpine soon grew weary of this discourse, as it had no connexion with his present views; and therefore made his visit much shorter than he at first had intended it, and retired to a place where he might give a loose to his discontent, and contrive some other means of bringing his designs to perfection, since those he had already essayed had proved so ineffectual.

As it was not in his power to make Jemmy become guilty in fact, his next resource was to make him appear so: to blacken him by any ill report directly to Jenny herself, he knew would be in vain, and treated with contempt by a woman of her penetration; he therefore took a more artful and more sure, though slow method of infusing the poison of jealousy and indignation into her soul: he gave it out in whispers, inuendoes, and dark hints, among those whom he fonnd fond of scandal and of explaining mysteries of that kind, that Jemmy had an utter aversion to Jenny in his heart; that he was seeking some excuse to break entirely with her; and that it was Miss Chit who had caused this change in him; he had no great cause to doubt but that this rumour would spread from one to another through the town, and become so much the universal secret, that it could not fail of reaching Jenny's ears; and then he concluded that it would, by degrees, steal itself into her belief.

As Jemmy was a man of pleasure, and did not live without many transient amours, it may seem a little strange to some people that Bellpine, who, by his intimacy with him, could not be a stranger to the errors of his conduct, did not chuse to get communicated to Jenny such things as a very small enquiry would convince her were true, rather than to endeavour to alarm her with reports which had no foundation in fact. But this was not Bellpine's way of reasoning; he rightly judged, that a woman of Jenny's understanding might easily be brought to forgive the frailties of youth and nature in a man of Jemmy's gay and volatile disposition; but would be irreconcileable, implacable, if once made to believe he addressed any other upon honourable terms.

It is easy for persons capable of inventing falshoods to propagate them in such a manner as to make them pass current for a time, and yet avoid any detection of their being the authors of it: it is not by saying directly a thing is so, that a story so much gains credit, as by half words, winks, nods, and other such like gestures; these are the traps which catch the unwary, and give an air of reality to that which has no existence. Bellpine, at least, was well versed in this art; and practised it with such success as to the matter in question, and was so far from being suspected of having raised this report, that he has often been asked by those who heard from other hands what his opinion was concerning the truth of it.

Jenny, on account of her many accomplishments and good-nature, was so generally beloved by those who knew her, and her character in such estimation with those who were personally acquainted with her, that none could hear, without the most extreme surprize, that she was about to be forsaken by a man who, from his very infancy, had been taught to look upon her as his future wife, and for whom she made no secret of having the most tender affection. But whenever this subject was mentioned to Bellpine, as it frequently so happened, he affected to hang down his head and be entirely silent; or, if desired by some one or other of the company to speak his thoughts—'I am no 'judge of the affair,' would he say: 'Mr. Jessamy is my friend; and I should 'be loth to think him capable of a bad 'action. Miss Jenny is certainly a 'fine girl, and so is Miss Chit: if he 'has changed his sentiments, he, doubtless, has his reasons; but I know no-'thing of it.'

His intimacy with Jemmy was so well known, that these indeterminate answers from him gave more credit to the story than the most positive assurances given by any other person could have done. Nor was this all: to give the greater appearance of the truth of what he thought it was so much his interest to have believed, he contrived it so that Jemmy and Miss Chit should frequently be seen together in publick

places, though, for the moſt part, they met without the leaſt deſign on the ſide of either of them.

Jemmy, indeed, could not avoid being ſomewhat acceſſary in corroborating the aſperſion caſt upon himſelf: as he had been introduced to that young lady, and received by her in the manner above-mentioned, the complaiſance due to her ſex and rank, joined to the pleaſure he took in hearing her ſing and play, obliged him ſometimes to viſit her: Bellpine was generally with them; and when he was ſo, always found ſome pretext or other to draw them out where he knew there would be people who would not fail to take notice of their being together.

It requires more pains to be a villain than ſome people may imagine: beſides impoſing upon Jemmy, and making him act in a manner which ſhewed his ſentiments to the world far different from what they were in reality, Bellpine had alſo another card to play, which coſt him little leſs contrivance. As he had poſſeſſed Miſs Chit with a belief that Jemmy was ſeriouſly inſpired with a paſſion for her, and knew very well that gentleman's behaviour had not at all been conformable to the aſſurances he had given her on this account, it behoved him to reconcile this contradiction ſo as not to leave her any room to ſuſpect the deception he had put upon her. He therefore continued, day by day, to carry her ſome freſh intelligence of the fine things Jemmy ſaid of her; and inſinuated, that there was a deſign on foot, which, when once executed, would afford him a plauſible pretence for breaking off entirely with Jenny; and that then he would avow his paſſion, and declare himſelf only devoted to her.

Whether this young lady was abſolutely convinced of the truth of what he ſaid, I will not take upon me to determine; becauſe, indeed, it is highly probable ſhe never gave herſelf the trouble to examine the conſiſtency of the ſtory.

Dangerous, however, might ſuch an impoſition have been to ſome ladies to have been flattered with the hopes of an alliance with a man ſuch as Jemmy, perfectly agreeable in his perſon, accompliſhed in his manners, and opulent in his fortune; and then to find at once all thoſe golden expectations vaniſh into air, might certainly have been fatal in it's conſequences to a heart young, tender, and unexperienced in deceit. Happy was it for Miſs Chit, in this point at leaſt, that the variety of company, the many fine things ſaid to her by perſons of condition, and particularly the devoirs, whether feigned or real, of a certain foreign miniſter, hindered her from being too attentive to the idea which the artifices of Bellpine might otherwiſe have engroſſed her with.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINS AN EXAMPLE, THAT FOR A WOMAN TO BE TOO GOOD IS NOT ONE OF THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO BE FOUND IN HUMAN LIFE.

THOUGH the foregoing report, begun and induſtriouſly propagated by Bellpine, had ſpread itſelf through all the acquaintance both of Jemmy and Jenny, yet it did not preſently reach the ears of either of them; and they went on, as they had been accuſtomed to do, communicating to each other every little adventure which fell into the way of each, provided they were ſuch as might be, in any meaſure, conducive to the important end propoſed, that of rectifying or improving their minds.

Among the many they recited to each other, ſome of which were too trifling to be inſerted here, Jemmy happened upon one of a moſt extraordinary nature, and therefore muſt not be omitted: it was this.

He had been for ſome time pretty converſant with a gentleman named Kelſey; he was a man of family, fortune, good-ſenſe, and a very agreeable companion; but one thing was ſaid of him, that, in the opinion of all the diſcreet part of his acquaintance, tarniſhed the luſtre of all his other qualities, that of his being a very bad huſband to a moſt deſerving wife.

This lady, to whom he had been married ſcarce a year, was very young, beautiful, and had every thing in her perſon to make her beloved; and was in high eſtimation for the ſtrictneſs of her virtue, her piety, and the affability of her behaviour: how could it then but ſeem ſtrange to Jemmy, that two perſons

ſons of the characters theſe bore in the world ſhould not live happily together? He never heard any mention of the diſagreement between them, without feeling a kind of painful curioſity for the cauſe; but he could find none who were able to give him any information in that point, though every one ſpoke loudly of the effects. Chance at laſt preſented him with the wiſhed-for diſcovery: a gentleman of diſtinction, a diſtant relation of Jemmy's, was to have a private concert at his own houſe; Jemmy was one of the invited perſons, with leave to bring any friend with him whom he ſhould think proper; on which he made choice of Kelſey, and accordingly made a viſit to him on the morning of the day appointed, to deſire he would accompany him to this entertainment, if not previouſly engaged to any other.

Mr. Kelſey, thanking him for the obliging offer he had made him, replied, that he had no engagement at all upon his hands: 'But if I had,' ſaid he, 'I 'ſhould be tempted to break through 'it, ſince I am certain none could af-'ford me ſo much real pleaſure as that 'of waiting on Mr. Jeſſamy any where; 'but more eſpecially,' continued he, 'on an occaſion ſo perfectly agreeable 'to my taſte.'

Jemmy, after having made a ſuitable return to this compliment, was preparing to take leave, and deſired that they might meet at White's Chocolate Houſe about ſix: but the other would not ſuffer him to depart in this manner; he inſiſted on his ſtaying to dine with him, and paſs the time where he was till the hour arrived in which they ſhould adjourn to a place more agreeable. Jemmy would have excuſed himſelf from dining, as he had not the honour, he ſaid, to be known to his lady: to which Mr. Kelſey anſwered, that his wife was not ignorant of the reſpect due from her to any of her huſband's friends.

The curioſity that Jemmy had for being an eye-witneſs of a lady's deportment whom he had heard ſo much of, and as yet had never ſeen, ſhe ſeldom appearing in any publick place, prevailed with him at length to comply with her huſband's requeſt; they amuſed themſelves with looking over ſome fine pieces of muſick which Mr. Kelſey had that morning brought home in ſcore, till three o'clock, at which hour he had ordered dinner to be ready.

The clock having ſtruck, that gentleman conducted his gueſt into the next room, where they found the ſideboard ſet out, the cloth laid, the corks of the bottles drawn, and every thing prepared for being ſerved up; but no ſervant was in waiting; all was huſhed and ſilent as though they had juſt roſe from table, inſtead of not being as yet ſet down.

Mr. Kelſey waited ſome minutes, but at laſt rung the bell, on which the butler came up; on being aſked if dinner was not ready, he replied, with ſome heſitation, that he would enquire of the cook, and then went haſtily away; ſoon after Mr. Kelſey rung again, and another ſervant appeared, to whom his maſter making the ſame demand as to the former, anſwered bluntly, that his lady was not yet come out of her cloſet: 'Go, then, and call her,' ſaid Mr. Kelſey. The fellow went; but returned immediately, and ſaid the door was locked; and though he had both knocked and called could get no anſwer; on which Mr. Kelſey grew extremely red, and begging pardon of Jemmy for leaving him alone a moment, flew up ſtairs himſelf.

Jemmy was very much ſurprized at all this, but had not time to make any reflections on it. Mr. Kelſey came preſently down, followed by his lady, a very lovely woman indeed; but ſeemed greatly diſconcerted. Jemmy advanced to pay her the civilities of a ſtranger, which, in ſpite of the confuſion ſhe was in, ſhe received with the utmoſt ſweetneſs and good-breeding; and they all ſat down to table. The firſt courſe was ſerved up in an inſtant; the garniſhing of the diſhes was elegant enough, and inviting to the appetite, as doubtleſs what they contained would alſo have been, if not ſo much prolonged beyond the neceſſary time. Mr. Kelſey ſtuck his fork firſt into one thing and then into another, then threw it down, bit his lips, and ſeemed in great emotion.

Jemmy could be at no loſs to gueſs the occaſion: and, to palliate the diſcontent he ſaw him in, helped himſelf pretty plentifully out of that diſh which was neareſt to him: but never was any thing ſo ſpoiled; the truffles, morelles, artichokes, and other ſuch things as

should embellish the sauce, were in a manner dissolved in it; and the meat itself wanted little of being so too; so that nothing but the bones discovered what it was. Yet Jemmy fell to eating heartily, crying that it was very fine, that it was dressed exactly to his taste: but this politeness in him did not restore the good-humour of his friend; the lady, too, was in some pain on seeing the ill effects which her staying too long in the closet had produced; and, addressing herself to Jemmy—'I am 'afraid, Sir,' said she, 'that your com- 'plaisance at this time gets the better 'of your sincerity: what is here is very 'much over-done; but I hope we shall 'not find every thing so.'

As she ended these words, a servant set a fine hare upon the table; and Mr. Kelsey, flattering himself that his wife might be a true propheteſs on this occasion, took up his knife and fork once more, in order to carve; but the skin was so dried by being kept at a distance from the fire, that he found some difficulty to penetrate it; and when with much labour he had done so, the flesh beneath fell spontaneously from the bones, and indeed was almost fit for pulverizing. Mr. Kelsey, who was naturally fiery, and apt to kindle on every little provocation, now lost all patience; he flung the dish from him with such a vehemence, that but for the footman's agility in catching it between his hands, it must have fallen on the floor.

The lady, who was all confusion, said she was sorry and ashamed that it had happened so. 'Sdeath, Madam!' cried he, starting from the table, 'does 'it ever happen otherwise? If you had 'even common decency, you would 'not treat me in this manner: can you 'find no time to pray but when dinner 'is coming upon table? Must my ap- 'petite continually be starved, my peace 'destroyed, my reputation scandalized, 'my friends affronted, and all through 'your unseasonable devotion?'—'It is 'mighty well, my dear,' replied she, rising; 'it is mighty well: but I shall 'say no more; it is from Heaven alone 'that I must seek support, under the 'ill humour and intemperance of a 'husband.' Then turning to Jemmy, asked his pardon for what had passed, and went hastily out of the room with eyes all bathed in tears.

'Would to Heaven I had never seen 'your face!' cried Mr. Kelsey furiously, and stamping with his foot as she was going out; but she took no notice either of his words or actions, and passed on as fast as she could. He continued walking about the room with gestures which evidently denoted the inward rage he was possessed of, while Jemmy laboured, though for some time in vain, to convince him that he was in the wrong to put himself into such agitations on account of an accident.

'Call it not an accident, Mr. Jes- 'samy!' replied he: 'what you have 'now been witness of has been almost 'every day repeated ever since our mar- 'riage. Oh!' continued he, almost raving, 'how I could curse the hour, 'the day, the institution, sacred as it 'is called, that joined together two 'such opposites!'

At last, however, the consideration he had for his friend got the better of the resentment he had against his wife; and sitting down again, and, making Jemmy do so also—'I know not,' said he, 'whether I shall ever be forgiven 'for the rudeness I have been guilty 'of: you, indeed, suffered too much 'through the folly of my wife; and I 'ought not to have prolonged your 'penance by my ill-humour, notwith- 'standing the justifiableness of it, had 'I been alone.'

He then, without waiting for Jemmy's reply, called to the butler, and asked him if there were any cold meats in the house that might supply the deficiency they had sustained: the man on this ran down stairs, and presently returned, followed by another servant with a large ham, of which a very little had been cut. 'Come, my dear 'friend,' said Mr. Kelsey, 'a cold re- 'past is better than none at all: this 'we had yesterday, and could not be 'spoiled, though the chickens about it 'fell to pieces of themselves, like the 'hare you just now saw.' He said no more, but fell heartily on the ham before them. Jemmy, who for all his complaisance had made but half a dinner, followed his example; and a dessert, consisting of tarts, pitty-patties, jellies, fruits, and such like things, being afterwards placed upon the table, neither of these gentlemen had any reason to complain of their bad living that day.

When the cloth and servants were withdrawn,

withdrawn, and the bottle and the glasses were the sole witnesses of their conversation, Jemmy, finding the other was now in a disposition to bear it, began now to rally him a little on the subject of his late disquiets. 'Faith!' replied Mr. Kelsey, 'I have a true English stomach of my own, and cannot bear the least disappointment in victuals; and this fervour of devotion takes my wife at such odd periods, that, whether I have company, or am obliged to go out on business at an appointed hour, I never can be certain that dinner will be served according to the time.

'This unhappy humour in her,' continued he, 'it is that drives me so much abroad; I am compelled by it to entertain my friends at a tavern, to transact all my affairs there; and sometimes, indeed, to refresh my own senses with peace, and a bit of meat dressed as it ought to be. How is it possible I should love home, when the very person in whose power it chiefly is to render it agreeable, exercises that power rather to create disgust than liking? I once loved her; and none but she herself could have weaned my heart from the tender passion I had for her: but, besides, whenever I complain of what you have seen, and some other irregularities in domestick life, she bursts into tears and reproaches; accuses me of unkindness, of intemperance, prophaneness to Heaven, of regarding too much the things of this world, and such like stuff; which, if I fly to avoid, I am at least justified in the poet's words—

"Clamours our privacies uneasy make,
"Birds leave their nests disturbed, and beasts
"their haunts forsake."

Jemmy, who could find little to say in the defence of Mrs. Kelsey, and who had too much complaisance and goodnature to say any thing against her, artfully waved the conversation, and started more agreeable subjects; between which and the bottle they passed the time till the hour arrived which called them to the concert. This being an entertainment adapted to the taste of both these gentlemen, it is not to be doubted but the pleasure they received in it atoned for all the mortifications of the preceding day: but, as it presented nothing material enough to acquaint the reader with, we shall make no farther mention of it.

CHAP. XVI.

TREATS ONLY ON SUCH MATTERS AS, IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE, SOME READERS WILL BE APT TO SAY MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECITED IN A MORE LACONICK MANNER, IF NOT TOTALLY OMITTED; BUT AS THERE ARE OTHERS, THE AUTHOR IMAGINES MUCH THE GREATER NUMBER, WHO MAY BE OF A DIFFERENT OPINION, IT IS JUDGED PROPER THAT THE MAJORITY SHOULD BE OBLIGED.

JEMMY, to whom the riddle of Mr. Kelsey's disagreement with his wife was now fully explained, no sooner found himself at home, and alone, than he began to make the serious reflections both on the accident he had been witness of, and the real source from whence such unfortunate effects were originally derived.

'It is not,' said he within himself, 'youth, beauty, wealth, or even a mutual affection in the parties before marriage, that is sufficient to constitute their happiness, when once entered into that state: neither Mr. Kelsey nor his wife are wanting in any of those endowments or accomplishments which one would think necessary to endear them to each other; yet how miserable are they! It must therefore be, that a conformity of principles, a parity of sentiments and humours, and a certain sympathy of soul, ought to be the first links in the hymeneal chain; and, without them, all the others fall to the ground, and have no power to bind.

'I think,' continued he, 'that my friend has every requisite for making a good husband, were it his lot to have been united to a woman of his own gay temper; and the lady, who now creates such uneasiness both to herself and him, would certainly have made no less excellent a wife, had she been married to an enthusiast.' On reasoning farther, under various discontents that so frequently disturb the felicity of conjugal life, he concluded,

cluded, that good-nature and similitude of disposition, though the last things considered, and seldom, if ever, enquired into, by the persons about to be united, were, indeed, the chief ingredients to make their future happiness.

These considerations led him into an examination of Jenny's behaviour, even from her infancy, with much greater attention than ever he had done before; and the more he did so now, the less he could find to wish were changed: nothing had ever appeared in her which seemed to him to stand in need of the least rectification; she had never betrayed a too strong attachment to any one thing; no caprice, no whimsical flights, no affectation, no pride of exciting the envy of her own sex, or of giving pain to those of the other. In her words and actions she preserved the happy medium of neither being too gay and giddy, nor too sullen and reserved: nor was all this mere outward shew; he could not suspect her of disguise, as he had known her before she could arrive at the power, even if she had the will, of pretending to be other than she really was.

Though he was in no haste to be married, yet, as he intended nothing more than being so, one time or other, great cause he had to thank Heaven for being so peculiarly propitious in the lot ordained for him: nor was he insensible or ungrateful for the bounty, and had so true an esteem and affection for his dear Jenny, that we may almost give it to the reader for a certainty, that no temptation whatever could have made him entertain the least thought of any other woman for a wife.

He went pretty early the next morning to her apartment, which he seldom failed to do, when he had no farther business than to give her the *bon jour*; but never when he had any thing to communicate in relation to the agreement made between them: he knew, indeed, that she had very little occasion for any lessons of improvement from the faults of others; but he took an infinite pleasure in hearing the judicious observations she always made on every occasion that presented itself to her. He met her at the door; her chair waited, and she was just ready to step into it. 'You are going out, I 'perceive,' said he; 'and I will not 'detain you.'—'Indeed but you shall,' replied she; 'I was only going to cha-'pel, which I can do as well in the af-'ternoon.'

'But how,' rejoined he, 'shall I 'answer to myself for being an impe-'diment to any act of religion?'—'Religion,' cried she,' does not en-'join us to be rude or unkind to our 'friends; and I know not if a just ob-'servance of the duties of social life be 'not a more acceptable sacrifice to the 'Deity than all the oraisons our lips 'can utter.' She said no more; but, having dismissed the chairman, made Jemmy go up stairs; where she instantly followed him. As soon as they were sat down—'I dined yesterday,' said he, smiling, 'with a lady who would have 'thought herself guilty of the extremest 'impiety and prophaneness to have 'shewn half that complaisance to her 'husband which I have just now re-'ceived from you.'

'She must then have very little af-'fection for him indeed,' replied Jenny; 'and also be equally ignorant of the 'laws of the institution by which, as 'I take it, she is bound to oblige and 'to obey him in all reasonable things. 'But I see,' continued she, 'by your 'countenance, that you are big with 'some new intelligence; so, pray, do 'not delay letting me have it.'

Jemmy then made her an exact recital of the entertainment he had met with at Mr. Kelsey's; the brulée between the husband and the wife; the impatience of the one, and the provocation given for it by the other. Jenny laughed heartily at the beginning of the story, but grew more grave towards the latter end of it; and, perceiving he had concluded, gave her sentiments on what he had been telling her in these terms.

'Can any one take this for piety?' said she. 'I would not be so uncharit-'table as to think Mrs. Kelsey an hy-'pocrite; but, certainly, such a beha-'viour has nothing in it of the air of 'true devotion!' To which he replied, that he must do her justice to believe, from what he could gather from the discourse he had afterwards with her husband, who was not in a disposition to be more favourable than the occasion required, that all the mistakes she is guilty of proceed entirely from too warm a zeal in what she thinks the duties of religion.

'There are hours enough,' said she, 'to

'to be spent in prayer, without break-
'ing in upon those which the œconomy
'of the family requires. I am far from
'depreciating religious worship; but
'there are times for all things: and
'Mrs. Kelsey makes choice of such as
'are so utterly improper, as, if it really
'arises from piety, renders it, in my
'opinion, such a kind of piety as has
'little merit in it. I am rather afraid,'
continued she, after a pause, 'that,
'through sloth, and a certain indo-
'lence in nature, she neglects paying
'that tribute to Heaven which is due
'from every reasonable creature at fit
'times; and at length, remembering
'her omission, runs to wipe off one
'fault by committing a still greater:
'for I would fain know, whether driv-
'ing a husband to the extremes you
'say Mr. Kelsey is guilty of, be not a
'much worse error than even not pray-
'ing at all? For my part,' added she,
with a more gay air, 'I should have no
'notion of saving my own soul by do-
'ing what would infallibly ruin ano-
'ther's; especially that of a person in
'whose happiness, both here and here-
'after, I ought to take so great an in-
'terest.'

Jemmy had a very high regard both for the mysteries and duties of revealed religion; though, like most other gay gentlemen of his age, he was little practised in the rules: but, had he been a more strict observer of church discipline, he could not well have disapproved of the sentiments Jenny had declared. He told her she had argued like a casuist; and that he was sure there was never a clergyman in England but must agree with her on this point.

'I do not know that,' answered she;
'but, I can tell you, I durst not speak
'in the manner I have done, without
'thinking I had sufficient authority for
'it, from a little account given to my
'father, by a very learned and worthy
'divine, of one of his parishioners. I
'was very young when I heard it;
'but, as it made a lasting impression on
'my mind, if you will afford me your
'attention, I will repeat it.' Jemmy having assured her she would confer a very great obligation on him by so doing, she went on with her discourse in this manner.

'The reverend gentleman I have
'mentioned,' said she, 'was not only
'an excellent preacher, but also an ex-
'cellent man; all his actions were so
'many precepts, and his example a
'kind of living law: for there was no
'virtue which he laboured to inspire
'in others that he did not, in the highest
'degree, put in practice himself. He
'frequently favoured my father with
'his company,' continued she: 'they
'were extremely intimate; and, when
'the two good old gentlemen got toge-
'ther, there never was a gap in conver-
'sation. One evening, in particular, he
'came to our house; and my father, who
'was at church that day, and found a
'very thin congregation, was begin-
'ning to lament to him the decay of
'religion; to which the doctor replied
'in these terms; I think I remember
'his very words: "Aye, Mr. Jes-
"samy!" said he, "I am afraid in-
"deed, that religion is at a very low
"ebb at this time; but we must not
"always impute the want of it to those
"who we do not see constantly at pub-
"lick worship, even though we should
"know they were not detained from it
"by any infirmity either of mind or
"of body: there are a thousand acci-
"dents which may intervene, and
"withhold them from the discharge of
"this duty; nay, in some cases, it
"may so happen that it is laudable to
"be absent. You look surprized, Mr.
"Jessamy," continued he, perceiving
'my father did so; "but I can easily
"convince you of the truth of what I
"say. I came now from visiting a
"lady, who, till within this month, or
"thereabouts, has not been at church
"for near seven years; though, before
"that time, nobody more constantly
"attended: and yet I firmly believe
"that there is not a better and more
"pious woman in the world."

'These last words were far from
'lessening the astonishment my father
'had been in from the beginning of
'this discourse; but he would not in-
'terrupt the doctor; who went on
'thus.

"To ease you of that suspense which,
"I find, I have raised in you," said
he, "know, Mr. Jessamy, that this
"excellent lady flew not from divine
"service to pursue the pleasures of the
"town, nor to gratify any sensual in-
"clination of her own; but to shut
"herself up in a close room with an
"aged parent, who, pressed beneath

"the

" the weight of years and infirmities, " unable to go out herſelf, and equally " unwilling to receive any viſits from " thoſe who knew her in a more ſan- " guine ſtate, had no conſolation but " in the dutiful cares of this beloved " daughter, who was continually em- " ployed about her, adminiſtering every " thing in her power for her relief."— ' It is impoſſible for me,' ſaid Jenny, purſuing the thread of her diſcourſe, ' to remember half the encomiums he ' made on this act of filial piety: but ' this I know, that I have ever ſince ' been fully convinced, that, while we ' are here upon earth, all the prayers ' we can make to Heaven will be in- ' ſufficient to atone for neglecting to ' diſcharge, as well as is in our power, ' the duties of our ſeveral ſtations.'

Jemmy was now about to tell her how much his opinion, in this point, coincided with what ſhe had delivered; but ſhe happened to be in a very talka- tive humour; and this being a ſubject which, in her ſerious moments, had frequently occurred to her, ſhe would not quit it for the ſake of hearing any praiſes given to herſelf.

' There are ſome people,' reſumed ſhe, ' who are hypocrites without know- ' ing themſelves that they are ſo; they ' faſt, they pray inceſſantly; they are ' abundant in giving to charitable uſes, ' and do many other great and laudable ' actions; but then they do them not ' ſo much for the ſake of the religion ' that enjoins us to do all the good we ' can, as for the ſake of gratifying their ' own vanity in being able to perform ' more than their neighbours.'—' This ' is oſtentation,' cried Jemmy, inter- rupting her; ' and I am afraid that too ' many of thoſe great actions, ſo hy- ' perbolically extolled in panegyrick, ' if ſearched into the bottom, would ' be found to proceed from no other ' ſource.'—' Oſtentation,' anſwered ſhe, ' is different from the propenſity I ' mean. Oſtentation, as I take it, is ' rather an ambition of appearing bet- ' ter in the eyes of others than we ei- ' ther are, or will take any pains to be, ' in fact: but what I am ſpeaking of ' is an innate triumph of the heart; a ' mental exultation within ourſelves in ' the imagination that we, in reality, ' excel other people; and this, I think, ' may be called a ſpiritual pride. I ' have heard ſuch ſtrange ſtories,' con- tinued Jenny, ' ſuch unaccountable in- ' ſtances, in relation to this ſame ſpi- ' ritual pride among the nuns abroad, ' as I ſhould have looked upon to have ' been mere inventions to depreciate ' and ridicule that way of worſhip, if ' they had not been ſolemnly averred to ' me by a lady who is herſelf a Roman ' Catholick, was two years a penſioner ' in a monaſtery at Paris, and an eye- ' witneſs of the truth of what ſhe ſaid.'

Here ſhe was preparing to repeat ſome of thoſe particulars which the lady had made her acquainted with; but was prevented by a ſervant who came into the room to call her down to dinner: on which Jemmy, as ſhe was a boarder, took his leave, probably with leſs re- luctance if the ſubject they had been engaged in had happened to be one of a more entertaining nature. Nor will the reader find any reaſon to be greatly diſſatisfied at the breaking off a con- verſation which could be little improv- ing, as an exceſs of devotion is not among the reigning errors of the pre- ſent times.

CHAP. XVII.

WILL IN ALL LIKELIHOOD APPEAR, TO THE GREATEST PART OF OUR READERS, A GOOD DEAL MORE INTERESTING THAN THE FOR- MER.

AFTER that converſation which had engroſſed the whole of the preceding Chapter, a multiplicity of engagements, of one ſort or other, ſo took up Jemmy's time, that he could not find one hour to viſit his beloved and moſt-deſerving miſtreſs for three days ſucceſſively; but on the evening of the latter, he found, on his coming home, a little billet from her, which had been left for him in the afternoon; the contents whereof were as follow.

' TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

' DEAR JEMMY,

' A Propoſal has been made to me, ' which, before I accept of, I am ' deſirous to acquaint you with. If ' this is ſo fortunate as to find you at ' home, ſhall be glad of ſeeing you this ' evening; if not, expect you will not ' fail of calling on me in the morning

' as

'as early as you can; becauſe I have 'promiſed to give my final anſwer ſome 'time to-morrow. I am, with all ſin- 'cerity, dear Jemmy, yours, &c. &c.

'J. JESSAMY.'

On the firſt mention of this billet, after an abſence of ſo unuſual a length between theſe two lovers, when in the ſame town together, I dare believe that many of my female readers expect to find it filled either with reproaches or complaints; or, perhaps, with a mixture of both; but Jenny was of a different complexion from the generality of her ſex; ſhe could love without anxiety; and, glad as ſhe was whenever ſhe ſaw the object of her paſſion, was never angry or unhappy when ſhe ſaw him not. If all women could bring themſelves to behave in the manner Jenny did, I cannot but think they would find their account in it, not only in the tranquillity of their own minds, but alſo in rendering more permanent the affection of the man they loved: doubts, ſuſpicions, and jealouſies, though ariſing from a tender cauſe, frequently hurry the perſon poſſeſſed of them into ſuch furious marks of reſentment, as, if the lover has the leaſt inclination to break off, gives him a fair pretence of doing ſo.

The guilty heart, which, perhaps, might be in time reclaimed by it's own conſciouſneſs of being in the wrong, is often hardened by upbraidings; there is a certain pride and obſtinacy in ſome natures which will not bear reproof, and makes them perſiſt in the errors which themſelves condemn, only becauſe they are condemned by others. But if the man who knows he juſtly merits all the reproaches he can be loaded with, can ſo ill endure rebuke, how ſhall the innocent, the faithful lover, ſupport it? To be accuſed of a crime his very apprehenſion ſhudders at, to be treated by the woman he adores with a ſullen coldneſs, and with cauſeleſs teſtimonies of ſuſpicion, muſt give him the moſt poignant inquietude: and though he may ſubmit to it at firſt, and be even pleaſed, as imagining ſuch a behaviour an indication of the moſt tender paſſion in his miſtreſs; yet, when he finds all his endeavours to calm the tempeſt in her ſoul are fruitleſs, he will at laſt, eſpecially if he is a man of ſenſe and ſpirit, be wearied out; as the poet truly ſays—

'Small jealouſies, indeed, enflame deſire;
'Too great not fan, but quite put out the fire.'

Or as another, in my opinion, more emphatically expreſſes his ſenſe of the matter—

'Tis juſt, when doubts without foundation
'grow,
'Thoſe who believe us falſe ſhould find us ſo.'

But I have ſeen too much how far the power of jealouſy, a paſſion truly called the poiſon of love, operates on a female mind, not to be ſenſible, that all the advice I can give on this occaſion will be entirely thrown away; and that I have more reaſon to aſk pardon of my fair readers for this digreſſion, than to flatter myſelf they will be any way profited by it. To return to the buſineſs of my hiſtory: it was too late when Jemmy received the above-mentioned ſummons from his miſtreſs to attend her that night, but he complied with it very early the next morning, according to her requeſt; and, indeed, much ſooner than ſhe could reaſonably have expected he would have been. ſtirring. He found her encompaſſed with trunks and bandboxes, and very buſy in packing up her apparel: 'You have found me prepar- 'ing for a journey,' cried ſhe; 'which, 'notwithſtanding, I would neither re- 'ſolve upon, nor promiſe to take, with- 'out receiving your approbation of it.' —'You ſurprize me!' ſaid he: 'a jour- 'ney! and wait for my approbation of 'it!'—'Yes,' replied ſhe; 'it was 'to that end I ſent for you in ſuch a 'hurry: but ſit down, and I will tell 'you all.' Jemmy then took a chair; and, ſhe placing herſelf in another oppoſite to him, began as follows.

'You muſt know,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I 'dined yeſterday, by invitation, at La- 'dy Speck's; her ſiſter, Mrs. Wing- 'man, was with her; they are both go- 'ing to Bath to-morrow, and were very 'urgent with me to accompany them. 'As I never ſaw that place, and have 'heard ſo much of it, I muſt confeſs I 'ſhould be well enough pleaſed to go 'with them thither; eſpecially when I 'have the opportunity of being eſcort- 'ed by three or four ſtout fellows with

'fire-arms, by way of defence from the gentlemen-collectors on the road.' —'I know,' replied Jemmy, 'that 'Lady Speck will abate nothing that 'she thinks becoming her quality, and 'always travels in a genteel manner. 'And so you set out to-morrow?'—'I 'do not tell you I shall set out at all,' answered she; 'for I am not yet deter-'mined.' Jemmy then asked her on what motive she hesitated. 'Can you 'not guess?' cried she, looking kindly on him. 'No, upon my honour!' said he. 'Then you are not so just to me 'as you ought to be,' returned she gravely: 'you might have thought I 'would agree to nothing of this na-'ture, without having first consulted 'you.'

'Me!' cried Jemmy; 'did you not 'tell me you should like to go?'—'Yes,' replied she; 'but, as I suppose, 'according to the footing on which we 'now stand, that it will be my duty 'hereafter to submit my inclinations to 'the regulation of your will, I thought 'it proper to give you a previous sam-'ple how easy it will be for me to do 'so. In fine, my dear Jemmy, I will 'not go without your consent; nor 'even without your approbation.'

'This is indeed a proof of tender-'ness,' cried he, 'which I could not 'expect, nor can any way deserve, unless 'it be by joining my entreaties with 'the ladies, that you will not refuse 'their request.' In speaking these words he rose from his seat, and snatched her to his arms with an infinity of transport and affection. 'Then you are willing,' said she, returning him his embrace, 'to part with me for the long space of 'six or seven weeks at least; for they 'do not purpose to return sooner.'

'I will not pretend to be so much 'the master of myself,' said he, still holding her by the hand, 'as to be per-'fectly content during such a separation 'as you have mentioned; but I can see 'no reason to put my patience to so se-'vere a trial; I might follow you di-'rectly, but it happens unluckily that 'my steward, whom I have sent for, 'comes to town to-morrow, and the 'affairs I have to settle with him will 'detain me for some days: but I be-'lieve I may flatter myself with seeing 'my dear Jenny at Bath within a fort-'night at the very farthest.'—'May I 'then expect you?' cried she, with a voice which expressed the utmost satis-faction. 'You may not only expect, 'but depend upon my coming,' an-swered he: 'you have the greatest se-'curity for it that is in nature, which 'is that of my own inclination. Be-'lieve me, my dear Jenny, that I never 'was easy when absent from you for 'any length of time; the thoughts of 'you still mingled with all the little 'sports and recreations of my child-'hood; and now, when riper years have 'made me more truly sensible of the 'perfections you are mistress of, I feel 'it would be an utter impossibility to 'live without seeing you.'

She answered these fond expressions with others no less endearing; after which she told him, that, since he agreed to her going, and had promised to fol-low, she would send immediately, and let Lady Speck know she should be ready to attend her ladyship next morning. Jemmy then left her to do as she had said, and went home to dress; but re-turned in the evening, and staid supper with her, when nothing passed of con-sequence enough to trouble the reader with, except his renewing the assurances he before had given her of seeing her at Bath as soon as his business was dis-patched.

CHAP. XVIII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF JENNY'S JOURNEY TO BATH; AND ALSO SOME PASSAGES WHICH HAPPENED ON HER ARRIVAL THERE.

JENNY thought she had all the rea-son imaginable to be pleased with this excursion, not only in the gratifi-cation of her curiosity in the sight of a place she had heard so much of, but al-so in the society of the company she went with; of whose characters it is highly proper to give the reader some account.

Lady Speck had been the wife of a person of distinction, whom she lost in the first year of their marriage; but as love had not been in the least consulted by either party in the formation of that union, so grief had for his death little effect, either on the delicacy of her com-plexion, or the sprightliness of her hu-mour: she had also some consolations which many widows want; for, besides a very

a very large jointure settled on her by her marriage-articles, she was now in possession of an estate of near two thousand pounds a year, by the demise of an uncle. The age of this lady did not exceed twenty-five; Miss Wingman, who was her sister by her mother's side, was six or seven years younger, and a great heiress; both of them had a great deal of wit and vivacity; but though they saw all the gay company in the town, and conversed freely, neither of them had been guilty of any thing that could call their conduct in question, or cast a blemish on their reputations. These ladies, to whose characters I should also have added that of their being very agreeable in their persons, could not fail of attracting a great number of admirers; and as their going to Bath was no secret, those who were most eager to prove the sincerity of their attachment, thought they could not do it in a better way than by following them.

But there were two who distinguished themselves from all the rest of their competitors, by a particular act of knight-errantry: these were Mr. Lovegrove and Lord Huntley; the one had for some time made his addresses to Lady Speck, and the other either was, or pretended to be, passionately devoted to her sister. These gentlemen, who were intimate friends, and the confidants of each other's passion, contrived a little plot of love and gallantry between them, the idea of which gave them as much pleasure as they doubted not but their mistresses would receive in the execution of it. Having taken care to inform themselves as exactly as possible of the time in which the ladies were to set out, they left London some hours sooner, and arrived at Maidenhead early enough to accomplish what they had projected. They put up at the first great inn in the town; and, having given orders for a very elegant dinner to be prepared, posted themselves in a room that looked towards the road, that they might be ready to intercept the ladies, in case they should not intend to bait at this place.

This precaution was necessary, for Lady Speck's Jehu was driving furiously on, as they generally do when passing through any town or village where they have not orders to stop. The gentlemen saw them at a distance, and immediately sallied out. Lord Huntley's two servants laid hold of the bridles of the fore-horses, and one of Mr. Lovegrove's with an authoritative voice called to the coachman to draw back the reins; their principals, at the same time, advanced at the coach-door, and accosted those within it in these terms: 'We 'arrest you, ladies, in the name of 'Love,' said Lord Huntley; 'that god, 'so universally obeyed, has commissioned us, his faithful votaries, to stop 'your farther progress without his special leave.'—'Ceres and Bacchus are 'two of the party,' added Mr. Lovegrove; 'and it would be in vain for 'you to think of resisting their united 'influence.'

That momentary surprize which the ladies were in at the first stoppage of their coach, vanished on the sight of the persons who had occasioned it; and Lady Speck, who happened to sit on that side where they were, answered with a great deal of spirit—'We have no 'thing to do with the mischievous lit'tle deity; but as to Ceres and Bac'chus, they are beneficent powers, and 'I think we ought to shew them some 'complaisance.—What say you, la'dies?' continued she, turning to her sister and Miss Jessamy; the latter of whom being wholly unacquainted with the gentlemen, made no reply, nor indeed had she time; for Miss Wingman presently took up the word, and said —'Nay, sister, I think we have no 'choice to make; we are taken prison'ers, and must submit to the laws of 'the conquerors.'

The coach-door was then opened, the ladies were handed out, and conducted into a room, where they found the table-cloth laid, and side-board set forth with as much elegance and propriety as if they had been in their own houses; but as they came somewhat sooner than the gentlemen expected, Mr. Lovegrove left Lord Huntley to entertain them for a moment, while he went down to give orders for hastening dinner. As he was returning from this little expedition, a post-chaise, attended by one servant, came galloping into the yard of the inn; the person who alighted from it was Sir Robert Manley, a very great acquaintance of Mr. Lovegrove's; they immediately saw each other, and mutually advanced with open arms. On putting the question to each other concerning the rout they were pursuing, Love-

grove related, in a few words, the method Lord Huntley and himself had taken to ingratiate themselves into the favour of their mistresses.

'You are happy fellows,' said Sir Robert, smiling, 'I am for Bath too; 'but you see how forlorn and solitary 'my journey will be in comparison of 'yours, who carry along with you those 'pleasures I am obliged to go in search 'of.' Mr. Lovegrove then told him, there was a third lady in company, 'Who, young and handsome as she is,' said he, 'is like to have but a dull time 'of it, as my lord and I have our particular attachments; therefore, if I 'could prevail on you to join us, we 'should be all right, and more at liberty to indulge our several inclinations.'—'I understand you,' replied the baronet; 'and was never backward 'in my life to come to the relief of a 'distressed fair-one. I shall find some-'thing or other to say to her, while 'you are entertaining your mistresses.' On this the other proposed that he should prosecute his journey with them in Lord Huntley's landau; to which he also agreeing, discharged in the same instant the post-chaise that had brought him thither, and they went up stairs together to join the company.

'I have staid a long time,' said Mr. Lovegrove, presenting Sir Robert; 'but 'have brought my excuse in my hand.' This gentleman was particularly known to Lord Huntley, and no stranger to Lady Speck and her sister, and was received by them with all imaginable demonstrations of satisfaction; but Jenny, not having the least personal acquaintance with him, said no more than what bare civility demanded from her to a man of his rank and character. The conversation, during the time of dinner, becoming extremely gay and spirited, our young heroine bore a part in it with so much wit and vivacity, which, added to her other charms, could not fail of captivating almost any heart not already strongly prepossessed in favour of another object; his lordship and Mr. Lovegrove were defended, not only by the ideas, but also by the presence, of their mistresses; but what the heart of Sir Robert Manley felt on the sudden rush of such united perfections will very shortly be discovered.

It would be quite needless to tell the reader that the table was elegantly served, for no one can suppose that gentlemen who had taken so much pains to acquire an opportunity of entertaining their mistresses, would omit any thing for that purpose which the place they were in was capable of furnishing. The same spirit of gallantry continued during the whole journey: wherever they baited, which was as often as any agreeable prospect invited, the ladies had nothing to pay, either for themselves, their servants, or their horses. As they travelled very leisurely, they found, on their arrival at Bath, their women-attendants, who had come down with their luggage in the stage coach, had been there some hours before them, and prepared every thing necessary for their reception at the lodgings which Lady Speck had previously taken care to secure.

It being towards evening when they came into the town, the gentlemen, after seeing their fair companions safe into their apartments, withdrew, on pretence of leaving them to take that repose which the delicacy of their constitutions might require; but, in reality, to go about the execution of a project they had all three been concerting on the road, and which they imagined would give the ladies a second surprize, no less agreeable than the former. They had been told there were a company of players, and a tolerable good band of musick, at that time in town; and as these people were to be employed for what they had designed, they went directly to the theatre, and hired such as they found most fit for their purpose; which was no other than to compliment the ladies, on their arrival, in a manner altogether new and unexpected.

Lord Huntley, who was a native of the kingdom of Ireland, had brought over with him a little musical interlude, which had been exhibited at a marriage-feast where his lordship had been a guest. As they were upon the subject of gallantry, he proposed to Mr. Lovegrove to entertain the ladies with this piece, by way of giving them their welcome to Bath, in case they should be able to procure people to perform the parts. The personages which composed the drama, were Love, Honour, and Pleasure. Mr. Lovegrove was charmed with the thought; and Sir Robert

Manley

Manley said, that nothing could be more suitably adapted to the design they were at present upon.

The play-house, as I have already said, supplied them with performers better than they could even have hoped for in that place: a flaxen-haired boy, with sparkling eyes, cheeks which imitated the new-blown rose, and an admirable voice, was chosen to represent the God of Soft Desires. A man of a most graceful aspect, and who had great skill in musick, was to appear in the character of Honour. A very beautiful young woman, and who also sung well, was to assume the name of Pleasure; and seemed, by her looks and manner, to be capable of giving a very just idea of the character she bore.

These people, properly habited and equipped for the several parts they were to act, and attended by musicians with various kinds of instruments, were all placed in a close arbour, at the farther end of the garden belonging to the house where the ladies lodged; the mistress of which Lord Huntley had acquainted with the design of surprizing the ladies with a morning's entertainment, and conducted them in through a back-door with secresy, according to the directions given her by his lordship. Every thing being thus prepared, a servant was dispatched to the ladies, with the compliments of Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and Sir Robert Manley; and entreating permission to wait on them, which being granted, they all immediately went; the latter of these gentlemen having, perhaps, as strong an attachment to be of the party as either of the former.

Scarce were the first salutations over when the concert began with an overture of wind and string instruments, accompanied with an harpsichord: 'the ladies started—'Bless me!' cried one, 'what is this?'—'Musick,' cried another; 'and so near us! where can it 'come from?'—'The sounds,' said Mr. Lovegrove, 'seem to me to pro-'ceed from behind the house.'—'Cer-'tainly it is so,' rejoined Lord Huntley. 'I fancy, ladies, you will hear 'it more distinctly in the next room.' In speaking these words, without staying for permission to do so, he threw open the folding-doors, and they all ran in. But how prodigiously were the fair audience surprized, when, on drawing up the curtains, they saw the garden planted on each side with musicians, who all, at the sight of them, bowed with the most profound reverence almost to the earth, in token that it was to them their present labours were devoted.

'What can this mean?' said Lady Speck. 'Here are those coming,' replied Mr. Lovegrove, 'who I believe 'will explain the mystery.' There was time for no more on either side; Honour rushed forth from his leafy covert, conducting little Cupid by the hand, and both advanced together to the middle of the alley; where, after making their obeisance to the windows, they began a duet, expressing the advantages each of them received by the fellowship of the other. Love confessed that his darts carried gall instead of honey into the heart they reached, when not under the direction of Honour; and Honour acknowledged, he never appeared so truly amiable as when accompanied by Love. They had no sooner ceased than Pleasure came tripping out, and told them, in a cantata, whenever the two were united, she must necessarily follow with all the sweets of Nature. They made her suitable answers in recitativo. After which the whole was concluded with a grand chorus.

This entertainment had all the effect that could be wished for by the contrivers of it: Jenny was charmed with the elegance of the design; Miss Wingman with the words; and Lady Speck with the musick; in fine, they all seemed to vie with each other in giving the greatest praises to it. While they were thus expressing their satisfaction, the gentlemen put their heads out of the window; and Lord Huntley, in the name of the rest, said to the actors—'We 'shall see you this evening at the 'theatre, and make our acknowledg-'ments for the trouble we have given 'you: in the mean time, you may 'carry with you the glory of knowing 'your performance has been approved 'of by the finest ladies in the world.'

On this the players, after making a low bow to the company, retired, and were conducted out of the garden, by the gentlewoman of the house, through the same gate by which they had entered. A piece of gallantry, so flattering to the vanity of the young and gay, could not but receive from Lady Speck and her sister all the retributions it demand-

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ed from them; and Jenny, though far from thinking herself a party interested in it, said a thousand fine things in it's praise.

Charmed as the lovers were with the gracious acceptance their mistresses vouchsafed to what they had done, their politeness reminded them that they had already transgressed the usual boundaries of a morning's visit; therefore they took leave till a more convenient hour of the day should permit them to return.

CHAP. XIX.

TREATS OF MANY THINGS, WHICH, THOUGH THEY MAY SEEM AT PRESENT LESS AFFECTING THAN SOME OTHERS, YET ARE VERY NECESSARY FOR THE READER TO BE ACQUAINTED WITH BEFORE WE PROCEED FARTHER INTO THE HISTORY.

YOUTH, beauty, and wit, have deservingly a very powerful influence over the human heart; and every day's experience obliges us to own, that wealth, without the aid of any of these, is of itself sufficient to captivate; it supplies all other defects; it smooths the wrinkles of fourscore; it shapes deformity into comeliness, and gives graces to idiotism itself; as it is said by the inimitable Shakespeare—

'Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!
'Gold! that will make black white; foul
'fair; wrong right;
'Base noble; old young; cowards valiant!'

But when the gifts of nature are joined with those of fortune, how strong is the attraction! How irresistible is the force of such united charms! According to the words of the humorous poet—

'Hence 'tis, no lover has the power
'T' enforce a desperate amour;
'As he that has two strings to's bow,
'And burns for love and money too.'

We ought not therefore, methinks, to judge with too much severity on the vanity of a fine lady; who seeing herself perpetually surrounded with a crowd of lovers, each endeavouring to excel all his rivals in the most extravagant demonstrations of affection, can hardly believe she deserves not some part, at least, of the admiration she receives. But what pretence soever we may make to excuse the weakness of exulting in a multiplicity of lovers, it is still a weakness which all imaginable care ought to be taken to subdue; as it may draw on the most fatal consequences both on the admirers and admired. What duels have been fought, what torrents of blood have been shed, in the mad-brained fury of jealous rivalship! And how often have we seen the idol-fair herself, who lately triumphed in the pains she gave, neglected in her turn! deserted and abandoned to the last despair!

But this is only for such whom it may concern; the ladies I am at present speaking of were of a different stamp. Lady Speck had something of a pretty particular nature, both in her humour and her character, as the reader will hereafter be informed: in the mean time, he must content himself with a small sketch of both.

She liked a freedom of conversation with the men, but then she liked that conversation should be general; she took neither pride nor pleasure in the particular devoirs of those who professed themselves her lovers; and the encouragement she gave to the addresses of Lovegrove and others, was not the effect of any coquetry in her disposition, but was occasioned merely by her policy, as she thought such a behaviour would be the best means to conceal a secret inclination she had entertained in favour of one; which inclination many reasons forbad her to make known, or even to be guessed at.

Miss Wingman was of a humour so very volatile, that it was quite out of her power to think seriously for a minute together on any one thing whatever; and love the least of all took up her attention. Always pleased, always happy, she neither plumed herself on the new conquests she acquired, nor regretted the loss of those slaves who, weary of their bondage, shook off her chains. As for the heroine of this history, her early engagement with Jemmy was so well known, that it had hitherto defended her from all attacks, either to put her constancy to the trial, or shew the world in what manner she would

would behave amidſt a plurality of lovers.

But now the time was come in which this young lady was to give moſt ſubſtantial proofs, not only of her affection and fidelity to the man whom ſhe looked upon ordained to be her huſband, but alſo of her generoſity and gratitude to thoſe for whoſe paſſion ſhe had it not either in her power or inclination to make an adequate return. As all the arts of love and wit were put in practice by Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, in the court they made to their reſpective miſtreſſes, Sir Robert Manley thought it would ill become a man of his years and character to let a fine lady ſit neglected by, eſpecially one ſo deſerving as Jenny was of all that could be ſaid in her praiſe.

But though the compliments he entertained her with had at firſt no other foundation than mere gallantry, yet the manner in which ſhe received them, and the anſwers ſhe gave, were ſuch as would have rendered it impoſſible for him to have withſtood the charms of her tongue, even had he been unſuſceptible to thoſe of her eyes. In fine, none of the perfections ſhe was endowed with were loſt upon him; he ſoon found the full effects of a paſſion he had been only ſporting with; and might ſay, with Cowley—

'Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
'And terrify'd all others with my pain;
'But now I feel the mighty evil,
'Ah, there's no fooling with the devil!
'In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
'The play at laſt a truth does grow,
'And cuſtom into nature go.'

Love, though it may be counterfeited ſo as not to be, without great penetration, diſcovered to be falſe, cannot, wherever it is ſincere, be wholly concealed. Sir Robert's two friends perceived the change in him before he was quite aſſured of it himſelf: they were a little pleaſant with him on the occaſion; but, at the ſame time, acknowledged that the beauty and merit of Miſs Jenny Jeſſamy demanded all the reſpect that could be paid. Sir Robert, on this, readily confeſſed that he had never ſeen a young lady whoſe perſon and accompliſhments gave a more fair proſpect of making compleatly happy the man who ſhould poſſeſs her: 'But,' ſaid he, 'I have been told ſomewhat 'of an engagement ſhe is under; and 'ſhould be ſorry to appear either un'juſt in attempting to invade the pro'perty of another, or ſo weak as to give 'up my heart entirely, without a poſ'ſibility of having it well received.'

Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove were neither of them ignorant of what he meant: but the former having heard, in caſual converſation, ſome of thoſe whiſpers which the artifices of Bellpine had circulated through almoſt all companies, cried haſtily out—'If a 'match between Miſs Jenny and a 'young heir of her own name be the 'ſole impediment to your making your 'addreſſes to her, I believe I may ven'ture to aſſure you, from very good 'hands, that it is quite broke off; and 'that, for ſome time, they have neither 'regarded nor treated each other with 'any thing more than a bare civility.' —'Your lordſhip's intelligence,' ſaid Mr. Lovegrove, 'ſeems to me agree'able to reaſon on the nature of the 'thing. The marriage was agreed up'on by their parents before the young 'people were capable of judging for 'themſelves; and, as now they are ar'rived at years of maturity, I ſee no 'cauſe, except a diſinclination on the 'one ſide or the other, for delaying the 'conſummation of what was ſo long 'ago projected.'

People eaſily believe what they wiſh; and, indeed, there was ſo much appearance of reaſon in the inference Mr. Lovegrove had drawn, that it is not to be wondered at that the young baronet readily gave into it. But he was ſtill better ſatisfied, when, after having declared how happy he ſhould think himſelf in an aſſurance of Jenny's heart being diſengaged, Mr. Lovegrove told him, that, ſince he found he was ſo ſerious in the affair, he would ſpeak to Lady Speck, and endeavour to come at the certainty.

'And I,' cried Lord Huntley, 'will 'ſound Miſs Wingman on the occa'ſion: I believe ſhe will make no 'ſcruple to inform what ſhe knows of 'it; and, as ſhe is nearer to her own 'years than her ſiſter, may be ſuppoſed 'to be yet deeper in her ſecrets and 'confidants.' It would be ſuperfluous to repeat the many retributions Sir Robert made to the gentlemen on the friendly part they took in his intereſt;

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so I shall only say they were such as became the mouth of a man very much in love, and who scorned to make use of any dishonourable or ungenerous means for the attainment of his wishes.

CHAP. XX.

IS TAKEN UP WITH A CONVERSATION OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE.

NEITHER Lady Speck nor her sister were ignorant of those reports which had been so maliciously spread concerning a change in the sentiments of Jemmy; they had heard it averred, by several of their acquaintances, as a thing past all dispute: but, as their fair friend had never made them the confidants of her imaginary misfortune, they thought it too tender and delicate a point to be touched upon in her presence, and had always carefully avoided giving her the least hint that they had been told of such a thing. It was owing, however, merely to the esteem and friendship they had towards her, that had induced them to persuade her to accompany them to Bath, believing that the pleasures of that place might keep her from resenting, too deeply, an indignity which few women are able to support with patience.

Regarding her in the affectionate manner they did, it could not but afford them a deal of satisfaction to be informed by Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove of the new conquest he had made; judging, as they reasonably might, that the offer of a heart, such as that of Sir Robert Manley, would fully compensate for the loss they supposed she had sustained by the infidelity of Jemmy. Both these ladies assured not only their lovers, but Sir Robert himself, of the part they took in his interest; and that they would lay hold of the first opportunity to speak to Jenny on the affair, in such terms as should seem to them most effectual to convince her that she ought not to slight a proposal which could not but prove for her honour and advantage to accept.

They were punctual to their promise. The next morning, as they were sitting all together at breakfast, Lady Speck introduced what she intended to insinuate, by making some observations on the temper and behaviour of mankind in general; till, by degrees, she fell insensibly, as it were, and without seeming to have any design, into very great commendations of Sir Robert Manley; saying, that she thought that he had more virtue, and fewer faults, than most men of her acquaintance; and then asked Jenny what was her opinion of him. 'Really, Madam,' replied she, 'I pretend to very little judgment of 'mankind, especially in those I have 'known so short a time; but, by what 'I have seen of Sir Robert, he appears 'to me to have honour and good-sense, 'and also to be well natured.'

'You have named,' said Lady Speck, 'the three grand requisites for making 'a good husband; and I hope that the 'object of his affections will soon be 'convinced that he is possessed of them, 'as well as with an infinity of love.'—'Is Sir Robert, then, about marrying?' demanded Jenny. 'I cannot 'say absolutely about it,' returned Lady Speck; 'for I am pretty certain he 'has not yet assumed courage enough 'to make any declaration of his passion: all I know is, that he is most violently in love.'—'He is undoubtedly 'a very fine gentleman,' said Jenny; 'and, if his passion be sincere and honourable, he shall have my good wishes 'for his success.'—'As to his success,' resumed her ladyship, 'it depends entirely on yourself; for, I assure you, 'it is with you he is in love.'—'With 'me, Madam!' cried Jenny, very much astonished, and setting down her dish of tea. 'What does your ladyship mean?'—'I mean as I have said,' replied the other: 'but, if you have a mind the 'intelligence should be repeated, I will 'oblige you so far as to assure you that 'it is with your individual self Sir Robert Manley is in love!'

'I perceive,' said Jenny, 'your ladyship is pleased to divert yourself this 'morning at my expence.'—'No! I 'protest,' returned Lady Speck, 'I was 'never more in earnest in my whole life.'—'Indeed,' rejoined Miss Wingman, 'I can vouch for my sister's sincerity 'in this point. Sir Robert has made 'Mr. Lovegrove and Lord Huntley the 'confidants of his passion; and, I 'believe, you will very soon hear it 'from his own mouth.'—'I hope not,' answered Jenny, in a very reserved tone; 'for if Sir Robert has, in reality, such

'inclinations

'inclinations towards me as you mention, he should, at least, have the prudence to keep them to himself, as he cannot but know my hand has long been destined to another.'—'Say, rather,' cried Lady Speck, 'intended to be given; for it is not in the power of parents to make their children's fate: they often decree for us what we do not think fit to comply with even while they live to awe us into obedience by their frowns; but when they are dead, and we are left to the management of ourselves, we children pay not much regard to the injunctions of those who are no longer in a condition to thwart our inclinations.'

'That may be the case sometimes, Madam,' said Jenny; 'but I should be sorry to be among the number of those who verify it. Our parents have not only an undoubted right to dispose of us, but also are much better judges of what will make our happiness than ourselves can pretend to be.'—'All this is very true,' cried Miss Wingman, very briskly: 'but how much soever those who would pass for the discreet part of our sex, may pique themselves upon their implicit obedience in this point, I believe the men will not be found altogether so sanguine in the performance of their duty.'—'No, no!' replied Lady Speck; 'inclination does all on their part. It is not virtue, it is not wit, it is not beauty, it is not all the perfections that Heaven and Nature can bestow, but fancy, partial fancy, by which the heart of man is influenced; and that woman who preserves her affection for a lover, who either never did, or having once done so, ceases to regard her as he ought, discovers a meanness of spirit which must render her contemptible both in his eyes and those of all her acquaintance.'

Jenny, whose penetration few things escaped, presently comprehended that this discourse was aimed to raise some suspicions in her mind concerning the constancy of Jemmy; and, looking on such an attempt as highly injurious both to herself and him, answered, with somewhat of what the French call a *fierté* in her voice and countenance, in these terms: 'The more ridiculous it appears,' said she, 'the more reason have Mr. Jessamy and myself to thank Heaven for directing the care of our indulgent fathers to cast our lot where there is no danger of such a misfortune happening to either of us.'

Lady Speck and Miss Wingman looked on each other with some amazement while Jenny was speaking, as not well knowing what to think; but, after a pause of some minutes—'Some people,' said Lady Speck, a little scornfully, 'take a pride in being blind to what half the town has long since seen and laughed at.' Here she stopped; and Miss Wingman, who was the more spirited of the two, and a good deal nettled at the tart manner in which Jenny had spoke, cried out—'Dear sister, I beg you will shew Miss Jessamy the letter your ladyship received since our coming down to Bath: it is the duty of her friends to force open her eyes, as she seems obstinate to shut day-light out.'

'It is a thing I have been very loth to mention,' resumed Lady Speck; 'and I now do it with an extreme reluctance: but, since there is no other way to convince you that the world is not so ignorant as you imagine of the inconstancy and perfidiousness of Mr. Jessamy, read that; and cease, for the future, to offer any thing in the vindication of so unworthy a man.' In speaking these words, she took a letter out of her pocket, and put it into Jenny's hand; which that young lady opening, with an agitation of spirits very unusual with her, found it contained as follows.

'TO THE HONOURABLE LADY 'SPECK, AT BATH.

'MADAM,

'AS I know very well that minds 'truly benignant and humane, 'like your ladyship's, take a pleasure 'in every opportunity of doing good, 'I shall make no apology for the trou-'ble of this anonymous epistle; espe-'cially as it is wrote with a view of 'serving a young lady who so well de-'serves, and possesses, so much of your 'ladyship's kind wishes as Miss Jes-'samy.

'But, not to keep your ladyship

'longer in ſuſpenſe, permit me to acquaint you, that Mr. Jeſſamy, who for ſome time has made his private addreſſes to Miſs Chit, has now taken the opportunity of your fair friend's abſence to avow publickly his paſſion for that young perſon. Some people will have it, that every thing is already ſo far concluded upon between them, that a marriage will very ſhortly be conſummated; but this I will not pretend to affirm: it is certain, however, that he loves her; and that a little ſkill in muſick out-balances, in his giddy fancy, all the real merits of the beautiful and accompliſhed Miſs Jeſſamy.

'I know not whether ſhe is as yet apprized of his infidelity, or has even any ſuſpicions of it; but the leſs ſhe is ſo, the more will it ſhock her tender nature to find, at her return, that he is married, or about being married, to another. How could her gentle heart ſupport the ſudden diſappointment! How bear the double pangs of the indignity offered to her love and beauty! Fatal, alas! might be the conſequences of ſuch a ſtroke, if not previouſly prepared and armed againſt it!

'It depends greatly on your ladyſhip to ſhield that injured innocence from being too deeply affected with her misfortune; and, as her caſe muſt touch every one who has a ſoul capable of ſocial commiſeration, I take the liberty, with all ſubmiſſion, to entreat you, Madam, to give her ſuch warnings of her fate as may render the certainty, whenever it ſhall arrive, leſs heavy to be borne. If once thoroughly perſuaded there is a probability of his being falſe, it will at leaſt take off the alarming ſurprize of finding he is ſo: and the more early ſhe is brought to ſuſpect his baſeneſs, the more opportunity ſhe will have to exert the good ſenſe ſhe is miſtreſs of in deſpiſing, inſtead of lamenting it.

'The manner in which this is moſt proper to be done will beſt be determined by your ladyſhip's ſuperior judgment. I only beg that the above hints may be received, in an aſſurance that they proceed from a heart truly devoted to honour and virtue, and entirely free from all views but ſuch as may be conducive to promote the cauſe of thoſe noble principles. I am, with a profound reſpect, Madam, your ladyſhip's moſt humble, moſt faithful, and obedient ſervant.

'P. S. Your ladyſhip will pardon the concealment of my name for the preſent, as an advice of this nature might probably ſubject the perſon who gives it to many great inconveniences, if known before the affair to which it relates is abſolutely concluded, and paſt beyond all poſſibility of denial.'

Scarce had Jenny patience to go through with this invidious ſcroll. 'Good God!' cried ſhe to Lady Speck, 'who is it can have the baſeneſs to aſſert ſuch monſtrous untruths, or the preſumption to attempt making your ladyſhip's good-nature the dupe of a deſign ſo villainous, and withal ſo mean?'

Then immediately recollecting what had juſt now been told her concerning the paſſion Sir Robert Manley had entertained for her, ſhe heſitated not a moment to accuſe him of having taken this method to alienate her affections from Jemmy; and, looking on the contrivance with that contempt and indignation it really deſerved, began to reproach him in terms the moſt bitter that could iſſue from a mouth ſo little accuſtomed to invectives. The two ladies ſeemed quite aſtoniſhed at her behaviour; and both joined to endeavour to convince her of the injuſtice to Sir Robert, who, they believed, had too much honour to attempt the gaining of his point by a way ſo abject and ſo unworthy of his character: and, to clear his innocence, aſſured her that they had heard an account of Jemmy's infidelity, from many hands, before they left London, or that Sir Robert had ever ſeen her face. All they could ſay, however, was inſufficient to make Jenny recede from her opinion: the diſpute grew pretty warm; and would probably have run to greater lengths, if it had not been ſeaſonably interrupted by ſome company coming to viſit them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF SOME PASSAGES, WHICH, ADDED TO THE FORMER, AFFORD OUR HEROINE MUCH MATTER OF DISCONTENT.

JENNY had been so much discomposed and ruffled at the discourse of the ladies, and the letter shewn to her by them, that neither her natural sprightliness and gaiety, nor all the efforts her reason made, were sufficient to re-settle in her mind that happy serenity she enjoyed before. She had not the least tincture of jealousy in her composition; she had always depended on the sincerity of Jemmy, and, as yet, was far from believing that he could be false: but it vexed her to be told that others thought him so; that he passed, in the eyes of the world, for an inconstant and ungrateful man; and, what was still more insupportable, that herself was looked upon as a slighted and forsaken mistress. Pity is so near akin to contempt, that few women of spirit can bear it: even those who have the least share of vanity, I believe, would rather chuse to be envied and hated for having too much the power of pleasing, than commiserated for their want of it. The affection she had for Jemmy was not of that fond and foolish nature as to make her wish to be for ever in his sight: she had been absent from him more weeks than she had now been days, without the least repining or inquietude; but, on hearing this story, she could not keep herself from being excessively impatient for his coming down to Bath; not that she desired his presence to clear any doubts of her own, but that his behaviour might convince the company she was with of their mistake as to his fidelity.

The promise he had made of following her when she left London, and which had since been confirmed by two several letters she had received from him, made her expect his arrival would be very soon; and she was pleasing herself with the thoughts how that event would make Lady Speck and Miss Wingman ashamed of having too rashly given credit to a calumny, which she doubted not but they would then see had not the least foundation. But this was a satisfaction which vanished in a very short space of time: a few hours made her know that she must wait much longer than she had imagined for the completion of what at present her pride made her so ardently desire.

The evening of that very same day, whose morning had occasioned in her breast these various perturbations, presented her with something which was far from lulling them to rest. Just as she was going to the assembly-room with the ladies, and some other company, the post brought a letter; the contents whereof were these.

'TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

'DEAR JENNY,

'I Am in so ill a humour, that, I believe, it would be utterly out of 'my power to write to any one person 'in the world except yourself; and yet 'it is almost entirely on your account 'that I am thus disconcerted. This 'you may think a paradox; but I shall 'soon explain the riddle.

'For three whole days successively I 'have been every hour expecting the 'arrival of my steward; but last night, 'instead of himself, I received a letter 'from him, acquainting me that, having been obliged to make a seizure on 'one of my tenant's effects, that affair 'would of necessity detain him at least 'seven or eight days longer. Judge 'how severely this accident has mortified me, as it deprives me so much 'longer than I hoped of the pleasures 'of Bath; and, what is infinitely more 'valuable to me, the sight of my dear 'Jenny! Console me as often as you 'can with your letters; it is in them 'alone I can take any true satisfaction 'during this enforced absence. Farewel! I flatter myself there is no need 'of fresh assurances to convince you 'that I am, with the warmest affection, 'my dear Jenny's most devoted and 'obedient servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. My friend Bellpine, who is 'now with me, desires you will 'accept his compliments and best 'wishes. We are just going to-'gether to hear a fine piece of

'musick, if my chagrin does not
'turn the notes into discord. Once
'more for this time, my dear
'Jenny, adieu!'

Jenny withdrew to a window to take just a cursory view of this epistle; for, being waited for by the company, she could not, without a breach of civility, give herself time to examine it with that strictness the present situation of her mind inclined her to do. She was, however, sufficiently mistress of the sense of it, to perceive she must not expect to see him at Bath so soon as she wished; and this delay, as my fair readers will easily believe, gave no small mortification both to her pride and love.

The assembly was more than ordinarily brilliant that night; but not all the diversions and gallantries of the place could dissipate the gloom that hung heavy on her spirits, and, as she was an ill dissembler, was but too visible in her countenance. It was not that in the slight perusal she had been able to give Jemmy's letter she had found any thing to confirm the informations of Lady Speck and Miss Wingman; but the delay of his coming, at a time when she thought his presence so necessary to clear both his own and her reputation, that alone gave her these inquietudes; and the disappointment was more grievous, as it was the first she as yet had ever met with.

Not all her efforts could enable her to behave with her accustomed vivacity that night: she bore very little part in the conversation; was wholly unattentive to the musick, as well as the fine things said to her; and whenever she spoke, it was in such a manner as made it easy to perceive she would rather have chose to have remained silent. Conscious of this defect, and finding herself altogether unfit for company, she pretended a violent head-ache, and retired some hours before the usual time. On her coming home she shut herself up in her own apartment, and gave strict orders to her maid that no one should disturb her; then fell to examining, with the utmost exactness, every sentence of the letter which had created in her so much uneasiness. She compared it with the others she had received from him since her arrival at Bath, and found it nothing different either in the stile or manner; till, coming to the postscript, the mention he made of going to hear a fine piece of musick, she suddenly cried out—'That musick may 'perhaps be performed by Miss Chit: 'a story, such as I have been told, could 'not certainly be raised without some 'little truth for it's foundation.'

But this fit of jealousy lasted scarce a moment. 'How unjust and foolish 'am I!' said she: 'I know he loves 'musick; but what then? If being 'mistress of that accomplishment had 'given Miss Chit, or any other wo-'man, the preference to me in his es-'teem, he would have been entirely 'silent on the pleasure he was going to 'take: the guilty always carefully 'avoid speaking on the theme which 'calls their crime in question.' In this favourable disposition she might have continued, if a thousand instances of the deceit and perfidy of men, in the affairs of love, which she had either heard or read of, had not immediately presented themselves to her remembrance, and reminded her that she ought not to be too secure; that the passion of love, like the wind, blew where it listed; and that the poet says—

'Man is but man, inconstant still, and va-
'rious;
'There's no to-morrow in him like to-day:
'Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
'Make him think honestly this present hour;
'The next, a swarm of base, ungrateful
'thoughts,
'May mount aloft:
'Who would trust Chance, since all men have
'the seeds
'Of good or ill, which would work upwards
'first.'

Yet for all this she could not bring herself to believe him absolutely false: if one moment accused him in her thoughts, the next acquitted him; but what gave her the greatest perplexity of all was, the difficulty she found in guessing by whom or to what end this aspersion had first been raised, and how it came to be so spread.

She thought that neither Jemmy nor herself had done any thing to incur the malice of the world, so far as that even any one person should be desirous of rendering them unhappy. 'It cannot 'therefore be,' cried she, 'but that 'some vile, self-interested view, must 'be the source of all this: nobody, 'sure, would be at the wicked pains

'to

'to separate two perſons whoſe hearts 'from their infancy have been united 'by the ſtricteſt bonds of love and 'friendſhip, merely for the ſake of 'miſchief; no, it is utterly impoſſible 'that human nature can be ſo deprav-'ed.' This reflection leading her ſtill farther on, ſhe began to argue within her mind for what end a contrivance to part her and Jemmy could be formed; and found none ſo conformable to probability, as that the author of it aimed to be in the place of one or the other. As for her own part, the engagements between her and Jemmy were ſo well known, that no man had ever made his ſerious addreſſes to her; and if Sir Robert Manley had now any ſuch intentions, the character of that gentleman would not permit her to believe he could be capable of making uſe of baſe means for the forwarding his wiſhes: beſides, Lady Speck and Miſs Wingman had aſſured her, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that they had heard the report before their coming down to Bath, or that he had ever ſeen her.

It reſted, therefore, that it muſt be on the account of Jemmy that all this had happened: ſhe knew very well that he converſed freely with the ladies; he had never made a ſecret to her of his doing ſo; and it ſeemed not in the leaſt improbable, that ſome one among them might like him but too well. 'Per-'haps,' ſaid ſhe, 'Miſs Chit herſelf, 'miſtaking for love what he meant 'only as gallantry, might have the va-'nity to boaſt of having inſpired him 'with a real paſſion. The ſmalleſt 'hint,' continued ſhe, 'that ſuch a 'thing is, or poſſibly may be, paſſes 'with many people for an undoubted 'fact. And who knows but the whiſ-'per of Jemmy's imaginary infidelity 'may have been carried from one to 'another, till it reached the ears of ſome 'perſon who, more compaſſionate than 'wiſe, wrote to Lady Speck in the 'manner I have ſeen?'

Thus did ſhe endeavour to dive into the bottom of this myſterious affair, aſſigning for it every cauſe that reaſon or her fertile imagination could ſuggeſt; yet wavering ſtill, and uncertain on which of them ſhe ſhould fix, her mind at length grew quite fatigued with the unavailing ſearch; and ſhe reſolved to wait till time ſhould bring to light what all her penetration could not at preſent enable her to diſcover. In this manner was the ſweeteſt and moſt ſerene temper in the world diſconcerted and thrown off it's bias, by the dark villainy of a man whom ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of. She went to bed, however; and, for aught I ever heard to the contrary, ſlept as well as if nothing had happened to perplex her waking thoughts.

CHAP. XXII.

AFFORDS SOME VERY USEFUL AND EXEMPLARY HINTS TO YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES; WHICH IF THEY ARE NOT THE BETTER AND WISER FOR, IT IS WHOLLY OWING TO THEMSELVES, AND NOT THE FAULT OF THE AUTHOR.

THAT only true compoſing draught, an unforced natural ſlumber, ſo effectually lulled the mind of Jenny, that, when ſhe aroſe the next morning, the anxieties of the preceding day were ſcarce remembered by her; or, if they were, it was but to wonder at herſelf for having yielded to their force. 'As I think,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I may be pretty confident the 'ſtory I was told yeſterday has nothing 'of reality in it, but is a moſt vile and 'notorious falſhood; how ſilly was I 'to give myſelf any pain concerning 'either by whom or on what motive it 'was invented! There are ſome peo-'ple,' ſaid ſhe, 'who ſeem to be born 'with a propenſity to miſchief. I re-'member that, when I was at the 'boarding-ſchool, a thouſand little 'quarrels happened between the girls, 'which were occaſioned merely by the 'lying inſinuations of ſome among 'us, who took a wicked pleaſure in 'giving pain to others. Too many in 'the world,' continued ſhe, 'when ar-'rived at years of maturity, inſtead of 'endeavouring to correct, take pains to 'improve and cultivate this cruel diſ-'poſition in themſelves, till even it be-'comes a ſcience; and the more vexa-'tion they create to thoſe who are ſo 'unhappy to be of their acquaintance, 'the more proofs they imagine they 'give of their own ingenuity and fer-'tility of invention.

'How ſtupid, then, is it,' went ſhe

ſtill

ſtill on, 'to give ear to every idle tale! 'It is joining with the adverſaries of 'our peace; aiding thoſe malicious ef- 'forts, and giving them a triumph 'over us, which otherwiſe all they 'could do would never be able to ob- 'tain. We certainly ought not to be- 'lieve ill of any one without the teſti- 'mony of our own ſenſes to confirm 'the truth of that report; but more 'eſpecially it behoves us to reject with 'the utmoſt contempt whatever has a 'tendency to create a diſagreement be- 'tween us and thoſe we love.'

Thus did her good underſtanding and ſtrength of reaſon enable her to get the better of all theſe doubts and jealous apprehenſions, into which young perſons of her ſex are for the moſt part too liable to fall. She paſſed a good deal of time in this ſort of converſation with herſelf; and would not, perhaps, have broke it off ſo ſoon, if ſhe had not been interrupted by Lady Speck's woman, who came into the chamber to enquire after her health, and to let her know the ladies waited breakfaſt for her. She obeyed the ſummons immediately, and appeared ſo very ſprightly, that Lady Speck and her ſiſter had not the leaſt room to imagine that the diſorder ſhe had complained of the night before had been occaſioned by any thing they had ſaid to her in relation to Jemmy. A ſucceſſion of viſitants, one after another, came in all that whole day, ſome of whom ſtaid to accompany them to the Long-room; but Jenny, who had never failed to anſwer every letter ſhe had received from Jemmy by the very firſt poſt, would not now be more remiſs; and, excuſing herſelf for a few minutes, retired to her chamber, and wrote to him in the following manner.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Am very ſenſible that I am quite 'wrong to add to the vexation you 'expreſs, by giving you any knowledge 'of mine; yet it is not in my power to 'forbear telling you, that this delay of 'your journey has involved me in diſ- 'quiets altogether new to me; I know 'not how it is, that I never ſo much 'wiſhed to ſee you as I now do.

'I ſhould be ſorry if you neglected 'any affairs of conſequence on my ac- 'count; but be aſſured, however, till 'you come, all the amuſements, all 'the pleaſures, with which this place 'abounds, and I am continually ſur- 'rounded, will loſe their reliſh, and be 'inſipid to me.

'Such a confeſſion would ſeem ex- 'tremely awkward from the pen of a 'woman, were we not upon the terms 'we are, or had we been brought up in 'a different manner: but from my in- 'fancy I have been made to think it 'was my duty to conceal from you no 'part of my ſentiments; and you have 'often told me, that the ſame prin- 'ciples were inſtilled in you. As I 'have the moſt perfect confidence that 'you are no leſs punctual in your obe- 'dience to this injunction than myſelf, 'I am not afraid or aſhamed of giving 'you all the teſtimonies of my affection 'that honour and virtue will permit; 'and more, I am certain, you will 'never deſire.

'I ſhall ſay nothing to urge you to 'as ſpeedy a diſpatch as poſſible of the 'buſineſs that detains you from me; I 'am too well acquainted with your 'ſincerity to doubt if your heart is not 'already here, and ſhall therefore en- 'deavour to conſole myſelf till your 'arrival, with your letters, as you tell 'me you ſhall do with thoſe you receive 'from me. I am, with an attachment 'which only yourſelf can break, my 'dear Jemmy, your moſt affectionate 'and ever-faithful

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. If I have expreſſed too much 'impatience in the above, excuſe 'it on the account that, hitherto 'unaccuſtomed to diſappoint- 'ments, I am the leſs able to ſu- 'ſtain them with that fortitude 'and reſignation I ought to do.'

Having finiſhed this little epiſtle, and given orders that it ſhould be carried to the poſt-office, ſhe returned to the company, who by this time were ready to adjourn to the aſſembly: ſhe went with them; and few women there appeared to more advantage than herſelf. Sir Robert Manley, to whom neither Lady Speck nor Miſs Wingman had related any part of the rebuff they had received from Jenny on his ſcore, was very impatient

patient to make a declaration of his paſſion to her: but though he had ſeen her three times that day, at home, in the walks, and at the aſſembly, yet no opportunity proper for his purpoſe had preſented itſelf.

He complained of his ill-luck to Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, who, after conſulting with the ladies what could be done for the advancement of the intereſt of their friend in this point, it was ſo contrived amongſt them, that ſhe ſhould be left alone with him, as if by accident. But this could not be done with ſo much art as to elude the diſcernment of Jenny; ſhe eaſily perceived with what intent firſt one and then another ſlipt out of the room, till none but Sir Robert and herſelf were left in it. She could not help ſmiling within herſelf to think that all this mighty pains was taken only to ſhew Sir Robert that he had nothing to hope for from her; and was not at all diſpleaſed with having it in her power to convince that gentleman, that the affection between herſelf and Jemmy was too ſtrongly cemented to be ſhaken by the amorous attacks of any pretender whatſoever.

I am afraid that, on computation, the number of thoſe ladies would be found but ſmall, who, in this giddy and unthinking age, are not fond of making new conqueſts, though rendered, by even the moſt ſolemn engagements, utterly incapable of accepting the trophies preſented them. Jenny, however, had nothing of this vanity in her compoſition; ſhe had heard and read much of the effects of love, and the fatal conſequences which had ſometimes attended a diſappointed flame; and therefore had always conſidered that paſſion as a thing of too ſerious a nature to be ſported with; and that it was an action highly ungenerous and cruel to encourage the growth of it in any heart, without having the power or inclination of making an adequate return. Sir Robert Manley was a perſon whoſe addreſſes might have gratified the pride of any woman who placed her glory in ſeeing herſelf admired. Jenny was ſenſible of his merit; but the more ſhe was ſo, the more ſhe thought herſelf obliged to prevent him at once from indulging any fruitleſs expectations.

He had no ſooner made her an offer of his heart, and was juſt beginning to aſſure her how much, and how eternally, he was devoted to her, than ſhe ſtopped the progreſs of his declaration, by aſking him, with a very reſerved air, if he were really in earneſt? To which he anſwering in the affirmative, and annexing the moſt ſolemn proteſtation of the truth—'Then, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'am equally ſorry and aſtoniſhed, that 'a gentleman of ſo much good ſenſe 'and honour in other things, ſhould 'forget himſelf ſo far as to entertain 'any thoughts of this kind for a wo'man who, he cannot but have heard, 'has from her very birth been allotted 'for another.'

The manner in which theſe words were delivered giving a double energy to the meaning of them, had a prodigious effect on the perſon to whom they were directed: though a man of great preſence of mind, bred in high life, and perfectly acquainted with the world, he could not keep himſelf from being a little abaſhed at receiving ſo grave and ſo ſevere a reprimand from a lady of Jenny's years and inexperience; but ſoon recovering himſelf—'Madam,' ſaid he, 'I beg you will do me the juſtice to 'believe, that however ardent my paſ'ſion is, I would ſcorn to attempt the 'gratification of it by any ways which 'my honour or my reaſon ſhould con'demn: that I love you, is moſt true; 'yet would I chuſe rather to conſume 'through the force of an inextinguiſh'able flame, than to make the leaſt en'croachment either on your virtue or 'your peace.

'I do not, indeed, deny,' continued he, 'but that I have been told ſomewhat 'concerning an agreement made for you 'in your extreme youth: but as no 'conſequence has ſince happened of that 'agreement, I flattered myſelf that your 'heart approved not of the choice made 'for you; was at full liberty to elect for 'itſelf; and that no impediment lay in 'the way of my ambition, but my own 'unworthineſs of obtaining ſo ineſti'mable a jewel.'

He concluded theſe words with a deep ſigh, and a bow full of the greateſt tenderneſs and reſpect. The grateful ſoul of Jenny was a little touched at his behaviour; and ſhe immediately replied with an extreme ſweetneſs—'Were 'there no other bar than what you laſt 'mentioned, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I believe 'there are few women, of any penetra-

'tion

'tion at leaſt, to whom your heart 'would be an unacceptable preſent; 'and I ſhall rejoice to ſee it beſtowed 'where equal worth and unpre-engaged 'affections may crown the utmoſt of 'it's wiſhes.'—'Ah, Madam!' cried 'Sir Robert, 'why is this enchanting 'goodneſs laviſhed on a man who can-'not thank the bounty? All my de-'ſires, alas! are centered in yourſelf: 'and to wiſh me happy with any other 'object, is but to wiſh me wretched. 'But tell me, tell me,' purſued he, 'are you in earneſt, abſolutely deter-'mined, to give your hand to this too 'fortunate rival? Is it a thing mutu-'ally reſolved between you?'

Jenny, knowing very well what he had been informed of concerning the ſuppoſed infidelity of Jemmy, was charmed with his politeneſs in imputing the delay of their nuptials rather to an indifference on her ſide than a diſlike on his, and now more deſirous than ever of entirely ſtifling all fallacious hopes, which in the end might prove deſtructive to his peace, compelled her modeſty to confeſs to him, that ſhe really loved Jemmy; and that her inclinations would have preferred him to all the men in the world, even though they had not been deſtined for each other by their parents.

Sir Robert could not hear this declaration without pain; but being fully perſuaded in his mind, by what Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove and others, had aſſured him, that Jemmy but ill repaid the tenderneſs of his fair miſtreſs, he aſſumed courage enough to offer a ſecond petition to her conſideration. 'Well, 'Madam,' ſaid he, after a little pauſe, 'I will not preſume to call in queſtion 'the merits of the man whom you are 'pleaſed to favour; I will believe him 'as deſerving as I am ſure he is happy: 'yet if any accident, yet unforeſeen, 'ſhould happen to diſunite you; if any 'thing, impoſſible as it may ſeem, 'ſhould render him ungrateful for the 'bleſſing he enjoys; might I hope my 'love, my truth, my perſeverance, 'would in time find ſome room in a 'corner of that heart which, doubtleſs, 'then would have exterminated it's firſt 'ideas?' This inſinuation was far from working the effect it was intended for; Jenny was highly offended at it; and, turning from him with ſomewhat of a diſdainful air—'To demand a promiſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'on ſuppoſitions without foun-'dation, is ſo chimerical as ſcarce to 'deſerve an anſwer: but, Sir Robert, 'on this you may depend, That when-'ever Mr. Jeſſamy ſhall prove himſelf 'unworthy of my love, I ſhall, inſtead 'of giving him a ſucceſſor in my heart, 'deteſt and avoid mankind for ever.'

Sir Robert was now conſcious he had gone too far; and, deſirous of preſerving her eſteem, if he could not gain her affection, endeavoured all he could to excuſe the raſhneſs of his late ſuggeſtions; which poſſibly he ſucceeded in better than he imagined, as Jenny was ſenſible it was owing to the baſe report that had been raiſed: ſhe would not, however, ſeem to forgive too eaſily any reflection caſt upon her dear Jemmy, but continued in the ſame ſerious deportment till the return of the company put an end to all diſcourſe betweem them on this ſcore.

CHAP. XXIII.

RELATES HOW, IN THE COMPASS OF AN HOUR, JENNY MET WITH TWO SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF VERY DIFFERENT KINDS; AND THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE BEHAVED IN THEM, WITH SOME OTHER LESS EXTRAORDINARY PARTICULARS, WHICH THE READER WILL DOUBTLESS BE PUZZLED TO KNOW THE MEANING OF.

AFTER what had paſſed between Jenny and Sir Robert, that gentleman thought it would be in vain to proſecute his ſuit; his friends alſo, to whom he imparted the converſation he had with her, were of the ſame opinion; and the report of Jemmy's inconſtancy began now to loſe much of the credit it had obtained among them.

Sir Robert, whoſe eſteem for Jenny was not at all diminiſhed by her late behaviour towards him, though it had made him endeavour to overcome his paſſion for her, omitted nothing in his power to reconcile himſelf to her good graces; which he at length effectually did, by giving her the ſtrongeſt and reiterated aſſurances that he would never more attempt to interrupt that affection which he now ſeemed to believe mutually exiſting between her and Mr. Jeſſamy. The ſame eaſy freedom of converſation

verſation which had reigned among this amiable company ſince their firſt coming down to Bath, was now again reſtored: but it laſted not long; accidents on accidents, in which every one had a ſhare, immediately fell out, and turned all into diſcord and confuſion.

Among the crowd of gueſts who were every day at the tea-table of Lady Speck, there was a gentleman named Celandine; he had but lately returned from making the tour of Europe; and, like Clodio in the play, pretended to be acquainted with all the intrigues of the ſeveral courts he had been in: he was gay, ſpirited, had ſome wit, and abundance of aſſurance; which, with the affectation of good-humour, made him paſs for a very agreeable companion, and particularly entitled him to the favour of the ladies, many of whom thought the loſs of reputation no diſgrace when forfeited on his account.

He was certainly very much indebted to Nature for a handſome perſon, and to education for all thoſe modiſh accompliſhments which, with unthinking people, are apt to caſt a luſtre even on the worſt qualities of the mind; his example was at leaſt a proof of this melancholy truth; for it would have puzzled even his beſt friends and greateſt admirers, if aſked the queſtion, to have found any one virtue in him compenſate for a thouſand vices: he was vain to an exceſs; ungrateful, inſincere, incapable either of love or friendſhip; a contemner both of morality and religion: in fine, he was a libertine profeſſed. His family was ancient and honourable, and from thence deſcended to him a very large eſtate, which, without doing one generous or benevolent action, he ſeemed to take abundance of pains to get rid of by the moſt unheard-of and ridiculous extravagancies and vagaries.

The reader will perhaps imagine, that a character ſuch as this deſerved not ſo particular a deſcription; nor ſhould I have troubled him with it, had there not been an abſolute neceſſity of my doing ſo, for reaſons which will preſently appear. Jenny was at home alone one day; Lady Speck and Miſs Wingman were gone into the walk; but ſome letters ſhe had received from London, which required immediate anſwers, had hindered her from accompanying them: having finiſhed what ſhe had to do before they returned, ſhe went down into the garden, in order to refreſh her ſpirits after the fatigue they had undergone by writing ſo much longer than ſhe was accuſtomed at one time.

She took a ſhort promenade in the great alley; but, being in a contemplative mood, retired into an arbour at the farther end of it; where, as the reader may remember, the performers in Lord Huntley's interlude had been concealed. There could not, indeed, be a more proper ſcene for indulging meditation; and ſhe was juſt beginning to fall into a very agreeable reverie, when on a ſudden Celandine appeared at the entrance of the leafy bower, and accoſted her with theſe lines, tranſlated by himſelf from a French poet:

'So look'd Pomona when Vertumnus came,
'And with immortal raptures claſp'd the
'dame.'

As great a favourite as this young gallant was with moſt of the women of his acquaintance, Jenny had never been able to endure the ſight of him, on account of his pert confident behaviour; but his preſence was now doubly unwelcome to her, as there was nobody but herſelf to entertain him, or to bear a part in the impertinent freedoms of his converſation; and ſhe could not forbear giving him a look which might have daſhed the boldneſs of any other man, and made him quit the place. But Celandine, as has been before obſerved, and Jenny in this viſit experienced to her coſt, was none of thoſe who were capable of being awed either by looks or words. Full of his own merit, and puffed up with frequent ſucceſſes among the fair, he thought the whole ſex at his devotion; that no woman could withſtand his charms, and that the coldneſs Jenny had always treated him with was no more than an affectation of modeſty in publick, which, on his making the firſt overtures of a paſſion for her, would vaniſh in an inſtant, and ſhe would drop into his arms as rain does from the firmament.

'How kind is Fortune to me,' ſaid he, approaching her, 'in giving me this 'opportunity of ſpeaking in private to 'my angel!'—'If you are indebted to 'Fortune for no greater favours,' replied Jenny, 'you have but ſmall cauſe 'to thank her bounty. But pray,'

continued she, 'how came you to be 'out of the walks this fine day, when 'all the world are there?'—'I might 'ask you the same question,' answered he; 'and equally wonder why I find 'the enchanting Miss Jessamy here, 'moping in solitary shade, and neg-'lecting to increase the number of her 'conquests, and add new triumphs to 'her eyes: but I will tell you,' pursued he, catching hold of her hand; 'it 'was Fate, propitious Fate, ordained 'it so for both our happiness: some 'kind good-natured demon put it into 'your head to stay at home, and in 'mine to seek you here.'

He concluded these words with throwing one of his arms about her neck, and began to kiss her with vehemence. Hard it is to say, whether surprize or rage, at being treated in this manner, was most predominant in her soul: she broke from him; and, starting some paces back—'What means this 'rudeness?' cried she. 'Give not so 'harsh a name,' rejoined he, 'to the 'emotions of the most tender passion 'that ever was.'—'A passion for me!' said she, in a voice full of disdain. 'Yes, 'for you!' replied he, staring her in the face. 'Did my eyes never tell you 'the secret of my heart?'—'No, real-'ly,' said she; 'I never examined into 'the mysterious dialect, nor desire to 'have it explained.'

With these words she was going hastily out of the arbour, but the nimble Celandine at one jump got between her and the entrance, and in spite of all the resistance she could make, forced her back to the bench where he had found her sitting. 'No more prudery,' cried he, 'nor this pretended coyness; 'we are now alone, and the means of 'being so are not easy to be found in 'such a place as Bath: do not, then, by 'this unseasonable reserve, make me 'lose the golden glorious opportunity 'that Heaven has sent, of giving you 'the most substantial proofs how much 'my soul adores you; how much I 'prize you above that Heaven itself.'

It is as impossible to paint the distraction Jenny was in, as it was for her to express it, or relieve herself from the impending danger to which she was reduced. They were at too great a distance from the house for her cries to alarm the family: he held her fast down on the seat, with his hands on both her shoulders; she could only call him Monster! Villain! while he, regardless of her reproaches, uttered things which made her modest heart shudder at the sound of. To what horrid freedom he might have proceeded is uncertain: a sudden rustling among the branches, which twined about the latticed arbour, made him relax the hold he had taken of his fair captive, and turn to see what had occasioned this interruption. Jenny lost not the instant of her release, but rather flew than ran out of that detested place; when, just at the entrance, she was met by a woman, or, to speak more properly, a fury armed with a penknife; which she had doubtless plunged into the bosom of the defenceless fair, if Celandine, who was close behind, had not been very quick in wresting it from her hand.

'What fiend, thou cursed creature!' cried Celandine, 'has prompted thy ma-'lice to attempt this execrable deed!'—'What fiend but thyself, thou worse 'than devil?' answered she, almost foaming at the mouth with passion. Jenny staid not to hear what farther passed between them, but ran screaming down the alley; Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, accompanied by Mr. Lovegrove, entered the house at that very moment, and were the first who came to her assistance.

Never were three people in greater consternation than they; Jenny, with arms extended, and garments all disordered, crying out for help; Celandine, at some distance, with the utmost confusion in his looks, and at his feet a woman, who seemed either dead or in a swoon. In vain they enquired the occasion of all this; Jenny was incapable of speaking, by the fright which yet hung upon her spirits; the intended murderess, by the condition she was in; and Celandine, by his guilt. Mr. Lovegrove, who had more presence of mind than any of the rest on this occasion, finding no answers were given to their interrogatories, stept forward to convince himself if the person who lay upon the earth were alive or dead; and this action of his it was that probably recovered Celandine the use of his tongue: but the first and only token he gave of it, was to say, it was a mad woman, who had some how or other gain-

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ed admittance; and to desire the servants might be ordered to carry her out of the house.

Mr. Lovegrove having found the person he spoke of in this manner was only in a fainting-fit, cried out—'Whatever she is, her figure, as well as the present condition she is in, seems to demand rather compassion than contempt.' On this Lady Speck and her sister ran to assist the charitable endeavour he was making for her recovery; but Jenny still kept at a good distance; and Celandine, who, for all his impudence, was not provided with fit answers to the questions which were likely to be put to him, took the opportunity of their being thus engaged to sneak off, without giving any notice of his going.

By this time the woman of the house, with all the servants, were got into the garden; and among them the unhappy stranger was carried into a parlour, and laid upon a couch, where proper remedies being applied, she came a little to herself.

CHAP. XXIV.

CONTAINS SOME PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE FURIOUS STRANGER, AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

THE company to whom Jenny had now related the dangers she had escaped, were very impatient to know the whole of this adventure; and perceiving the person chiefly concerned in it was recovered enough to be able to satisfy their curiosity, began almost all at once to ask what had induced her to attempt such an act of barbarity; but that unfortunate creature had not the power, for a considerable time, of making any other answer than a torrent of tears, which gushed from her eyes with such rapidity, as drew compassion even from Jenny herself. The violence of that passion, however, which so long had stopped the passage of her words, having found this vent, she entreated their pardon for the disturbance she had caused, and thanked the charitable relief that had been offered her, in terms so polite, as made every one see she was not of the lowest rank of life.

Then turning to Jenny—'But it is 'you, Madam, I have most offended!' said she. 'Oh! had I perpetrated the 'horrid deed, Heaven, sure, must have 'decreed some new and yet unpractised 'torture for a crime like mine.' Here she ceased, to give way to some sighs, which were just then forcing themselves from her afflicted bosom; after which —'Yet that Heaven, to whom I now 'appeal,' cried she, 'is witness for 'me, as well as my own conscious 'soul, that I was clear of all malice, 'all premeditated design, against you. 'When I drew that cursed knife, I 'meant not to hurt your innocence, 'but to do justice to myself on the villain that was with you. Some dæmon in that instant, sure, turned my 'erring arm from it's intended mark to 'save his brother fiend.'

'Who is this fiend, this villain, you are 'speaking of?' cried Lady Speck, with some emotion. 'Oh! there is no name 'so foul, so black, as he deserves!' replied the other: 'but if you would paint 'a wretch, in whom all vices, all corruptions, meet as in their centre, then 'call him Celandine!—Oh, ladies!' continued she, in the extremest agonies, 'why will you suffer such a serpent near you? Wherever he comes 'he brings destruction with him, and 'bitterness of heart with everlasting 'infamy are the legacies he leaves behind him!'

It is probable she would have run on with these exclamations much longer, if Mr. Lovegrove had not reminded her, that as the person was not there, she would do better to inform the company of the cause of her complaint against him: 'For,' said he, 'you neither can be justified nor be condemned in our opinion, without your letting us into the secret of his crime.'

'Alas!' answered she, bursting again into tears, 'neither his crime nor my 'shame are secrets to the world; and as 'I am before persons of so much honour and goodness, I have reason to 'hope that a perfect knowledge of those 'unfortunate circumstances which 'brought on my undoing, will entitle 'me rather to compassion, than at all 'add to the contempt the late behaviour 'I have been guilty of must have excited.'

The ladies then, as well as Mr. Lovegrove, assured her, that she could no way so well atone for the confusion she had given them, as by making them

a faithful narrative of the motives which had induced her to it. On this she endeavoured to compose herself as much as possible; and, after a pause of a few minutes, in order to recollect the passages she was about to relate, began to do as she was desired, in these or the like terms.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. M——.

'I Will not detain your attention,' said this afflicted woman, 'with 'any impertinent particulars concern-'ing a wretch so unworthy as myself; 'but beg you will afford a patient 'hearing of such as are absolutely ne-'cessary for the better understanding 'my unhappy story.

'I was the only daughter of a gentleman, who, being a younger son, 'had no other dependence than a post 'in one of the publick offices. As he 'lived up to the height of his income, 'I was left at his decease, which hap-'pened when I was about seventeen 'years of age, with no other portion 'than a genteel education, some house-'hold furniture, and a few jewels. I 'had lost my mother in my infancy, 'so that I was altogether an orphan: 'my father's brother, though possessed 'of a large estate, declined taking any 'care of me; and I know not what 'would have become of me, if an aunt, 'by my mother's side, had not been so 'good to admit me into her family, to 'preserve me, as she said, from falling 'into those temptations to which a 'maid of my years, and accounted not 'ugly, was liable to be exposed.

'I had not lived quite two years 'with this kind relation, before some 'business brought frequently to her 'house a gentleman called Mr. M——, 'who you must doubtless have heard 'of, as he makes a pretty considerable 'figure in the law: he took a fancy to 'me at first sight, which afterwards 'grew up into a passion; in fine, he 'loved me upon the most honourable 'terms; and asked leave of my aunt to 'make his addresses to me. The match 'was too advantageous for a girl in my 'circumstances to be refused: she pres-'sed me to it; and as neither his per-'son nor conversation were disagree-'able to me, I consented, and in a 'short time became his wife.

'Few women, I believe, can boast of 'more happiness than I enjoyed during 'the first seven or eight months of our 'marriage: my husband seemed to have 'no other study than that of obliging 'me; he was continually forming some 'new schemes of delight and entertain-'ment for me; he never heard of any 'ornament of dress or furniture, in use 'with the *beau monde*, but he bought and 'brought it home to me. He could 'scarce bear losing the sight of me a 'moment; and, indeed, gave me more 'of his company than could well be 'spared from his avocation.

'But the extremes of any thing are 'seldom lasting; this exuberance of 'transported love, this phrenzy of pas-'sion, if I may call it so, vanished by 'very swift degrees; as sudden cold-'ness almost at once succeeded: he 'treated me civilly, it is true; retrench-'ed no part of my expences; denied 'me nothing that I asked; but yet I 'found a mighty difference between 'this and his former behaviour. Ah, 'how dangerous it is for men to begin 'with demonstrations of a fondness 'which they cannot persevere in! I was 'young, vain, inconsiderate. I ex-'pected the same assiduity to please, 'the same raptures as at first, and could 'not brook the disappointment. I 'complained of this change of my con-'dition to a female friend of more years 'and experience than myself: at first 'she laughed at me, and told me that 'nothing was more common, and that 'she had often wondered Mr. M—— 'held out the honey-moon so long.

'This putting me beyond all pa-'tience—"Do not be so much out of "humour," said she: "your case is "but the same with other women; and "I believe I can direct you to a course "that will infallibly retrieve all; and "as it is the nature of mankind," con-'tinued she, "to be rampant in the "pursuit of their wishes, but languid "in the full possession of them, you "must give your husband room to ap-"prehend he is not so secure of your "heart as he has imagined. Toy with "some pretty fellow before his face; "send often for him, and affect to be "uneasy till you see him: this will "rouze your husband, if any thing "will do it; jealousy new-points the "darts of love, and whets the edge of

"satiated

" satiated desire; according to the " poet—

" They dearly prize what they once fear to " lose."

'I greedily swallowed this false doctrine,' continued Mrs. M—— with a deep sigh, 'and immediately resolved on making the experiment. Celandine, whose person I have no occasion to give a particular description of, as you all know him, seemed formed by nature for the purpose I intended. He came frequently to our house; my husband always treated him with the extremest respect, as indeed he had good reason to do, being indebted for his first setting out in the world, in the handsome manner he did, to the father of Celandine, whom both his parents had served, the one in quality of a steward, the other of housekeeper. The favours conferred on Mr. M——, even from his infancy, by that old gentleman, were such as made many people suspect there was a nearer affinity between them than was for my mother-in-law's honour to acknowledge: be that, however, as it may, it is not my business to inspect into the faults of others, but bewail my own.

'I had hitherto behaved towards my husband's young patron, for so he always called him, with the reserve becoming the married woman; but now, according to the pernicious advice I had received, I put on the most light airs before him, and looked and talked in such a manner as might have made a man of much less vanity than he is endued with, imagine me to be most passionately in love with him. Whether my husband had really too much indifference for me to regard any thing I did, or whether he thought the extraordinary civilities I shewed to his friend were merely to oblige him, I cannot be certain; all I can say is, that he took not the least notice of this change in my conduct; nor could I perceive any alteration in his behaviour towards me upon it.

'But Celandine, who thought me all devoted to him, was not of a humour to lose any part of the triumph of his new conquest: he assiduously watched every opportunity of being alone with me; returned the pretended advances I had made him, with all the ardour of a man transported with them; till, at last, my heart became susceptible of the guilty flame, and what I had so fatally affected grew into reality: in fine, I loved him, was too weak to resist the dictates of my passion, and became a prey to the worst monster that ever wore the shape of man.'

Here Mrs. M—— became unable to proceed: she was not so entirely lost to all sense of honour and virtue as not to feel an extreme shock at the remembrance of what she was about to repeat; shame and confusion overwhelmed her heart, and threw her into a second fainting, from which she was not without some difficulty recovered.

CHAP. XXV.

CONTAINS A CONTINUATION OF MRS. M——'S ADVENTURES.

THE unfortunate Mrs. M——, having once more regained the power of utterance, made a handsome apology for that interruption which grief and shame had occasioned in her recital; and then prosecuted it in the following manner.

'It may seem strange, perhaps,' said she, 'that, with my innocence, I should lose all discretion too; yet so it was: fond even to madness of my undoer, and self-satisfied with my crime, I thought of nothing, regarded nothing, studied nothing, but how to gain fresh opportunities of repeating it. Whenever my husband was abroad, as of late he had but too often been so, I sent over half the town in search of Celandine: if he was not found, the ill-humour I was in sufficiently testified to all about me my impatience for the disappointment; and whenever he was with me, we were constantly locked up together, and all who came to visit me were denied access.

'All this, as may easily be supposed, could be no secret: some of my acquaintance contented themselves with shunning my conversation; others still kept me company, but it was only to have the more opportunity of

seeing

'seeing and expoſing my folly. I be-
'came the deriſion even of my own
'ſervants, as I eaſily perceived by the
'little obedience they paid to my com-
'mands, and the pert anſwers they
'gave, which were alſo accompanied
'with ſneering countenances and ma-
'licious grins, whenever I went about
'to exert my authority over them as a
'miſtreſs. Oh! how great was my in-
'fatuation! I can now, with aſtoniſh-
'ed eyes, behold all theſe things diſ-
'tinctly; but at that time was blind
'to all that conduced not to the gra-
'tification of my love; or, as I then
'flattered myſelf, rewarding that of the
'man whom I conſidered as the moſt
'faithful, as well as the moſt charming,
'of his ſex.' Here the tears began again to flow; but ſhe ſoon dried them up, and purſued the thread of her diſ-courſe.

'My huſband, I believe,' continued ſhe, 'was the laſt perſon ſenſible of the 'diſhonour I had brought upon him; 'but he could not long eſcape the hear-'ing of what, had he not been blinded 'by his too good opinion either of 'myſelf or Celandine, he needed not to 'have been told. I am apt to think, 'however, that he gave not an entire 'credit to the ſtory; for, if he had, he 'would not have taken the pains he 'did to be convinced.

'He left Celandine with me one day, 'pretending that ſome very extraordi-'nary buſineſs called him abroad; but, 'inſtead of going out, went and con-'cealed himſelf in a cloſet within our 'bed-chamber; into which, thinking 'ourſelves perfectly ſecure, we retired 'ſoon after his ſuppoſed departure. 'We had not been there many minutes 'before he ruſhed out, and ſurprized us 'in a manner as could admit no doubt 'of the crime we were guilty of. Ce-'landine ſnatched up his ſword, which 'lay in the window, and immediately 'drew it, expecting he ſhould have oc-'caſion to uſe it: but my huſband, in 'the ſame moment, eaſed his appre-'henſions on that ſcore, by ſaying, 'with a voice which had more of grief 'than anger in it—"Put up, Sir: I "have not forgot the obligations I "have to your family; and am only "ſorry to find you have taken this me-"thod to acquit me of them. All I "deſire is, that you will leave my houſe "directly, and that from henceforth-"ward we may be utter ſtrangers." 'Celandine was in too much confuſion 'to make any anſwer; and went away 'with all the ſpeed he could.

'As for my wretched ſelf, fear, 'which, one would think, ſhould ra-'ther have given wings to my feet, and 'made me fly the preſence of an in-'jured huſband, rivetted me to the bed-'ſide on which I was ſitting; my blood 'was all congealed; my ſpirits ceaſed 'to operate: he upbraided my trea-'chery and perfidiouſneſs in terms 'which, I muſt confeſs, they merited. 'I heard all he ſaid; but had it not in 'my power to make the leaſt reply, or 'to excuſe or defend my crime, had it 'been in words to do either; but at that 'time I was indeed bereft of ſpeech as 'well as motion. Having vented ſome 'part of his indignation in revilings, 'he flung out of the room, and left me 'in the condition deſcribed.

'No ſtupidity, ſure, ever equalled 'mine; a death-like numbneſs had 'ſeized all my faculties; what little 'ſenſe I had was bewildered and con-'fuſed: I could not even reflect on the 'misfortunes to which my folly had 'reduced me, much leſs contrive any 'means to render them more ſupport-'able. How long I remained, or how 'much longer I ſhould have remained, 'in this lethargy of mind, I know not; 'but it was almoſt dark when I was 'rouzed out of it by the ſudden appear-'ance of an elderly woman, a relation 'of my huſband's; who, with a ſtern 'voice and countenance, told me that 'ſhe was ſent by him to take care of 'his family; and that I muſt imme-'diately go out of the houſe.

'This meſſage, and the manner in 'which it was delivered, ſtung me to 'the very ſoul: rage and diſdain now 'quickened every nerve; I was all on 'fire, and raved againſt Mr. M—— in 'terms which would have made any 'one who heard me think that it was 'myſelf, not he, who was the injured 'perſon. To this ſhe coolly anſwered, 'that it was not her buſineſs to argue 'with me on theſe points; that ſhe 'had diſcharged her commiſſion in 'ſignifying my huſband's pleaſure to 'me; which, ſince I did not think fit 'to comply with, he muſt come him-'ſelf, and put an end to the diſpute;

'adding,

adding, that he was not far off, and she would send directly for him.

'All my courage again forsook me; the sight of my husband, at this time, was more dreadful to me than any thing I could suffer in being banished from him: besides, my reason now convinced me, that, after so full a detection of my crime, I could not hope to live under the same roof with him; at least not till a long series of penitence and submissions should give me a title to his forgiveness. I therefore called the woman back, perceiving she was going to do as she had said, and told her, that, since it was my husband's will I should depart, I would not provoke him by my disobedience.

'In speaking these words, I started up, went to the drawers, put a night-mob into my pocket, hurried on my capuchin, ordered a coach to be called, and seemed in as much haste to be gone as my husband was to get rid of me. While I was doing this, his kinswoman desired I would take the keys with me; saying that, if I sent them in the morning, she had orders to let me have every thing belonging to me. "Very well," replied I, carelessly; "I shall know in the "morning what I have to do." The coach being at the door, I stepped hastily into it, and made the fellow drive me to a milliner's in Covent Garden, whose customer I had been for a considerable time.

'I chose this woman's house for an asylum in my distress, not daring to apply to any one of my relations: nor did I think it proper as yet to trust her with the whole secret of my guilt and my misfortunes; I only told her that I had a quarrel with my husband, and had swore not to sleep with him that night; so desired she would be hospitable enough to afford me a bed, as I knew she had one to spare.

'The former part of that night I passed in the most cruel agitations; but towards the latter grew somewhat more composed: the vivacity of my temper represented to me, that I was not the first woman who had lived in a state of separation from her husband; that the discourse of these things was soon over; that I had a lover who would always supply me with the necessaries of life; and that the loss of reputation would be atoned for by the endearments of so worthy a man. Thus, alas! was my judgment misguided by my fond passion for that ungrateful wretch!

'I dispatched a messenger to him next morning: he came immediately; desired I would provide handsome lodgings for myself; and assured me, with a thousand protestations, that his purse and his person should always be at my devotion. Notwithstanding this, I wrote to my husband, excusing my transgression as well as I was able: he sent me all the things I had left behind; but returned, for answer to my letter, that he was determined never to see my face again; and that all he would do for me was to pay for my board, on condition I would retire to a farm-house an hundred and fifty miles from London, and never more come back.

'Gladly, therefore, I accepted of Celandine's offer; hired an apartment; and thought myself as happy as a woman in my circumstances could be. I was, indeed, but too well satisfied with my condition; I wanted for nothing that I desired, and had more than I could have expected of the company of the man I prized above the world. But, alas! these golden days were of a short continuance: too soon I found, by sad experience, that a lover, as well as a husband, could grow cool on a sure possession! I cannot, however, accuse him of being a niggard to me in his allowance for my support: but loving him to that excess I did, it was an adequate return of love which alone could make me truly blessed.

'At last, he talked of going to Bath: I testified an extreme desire of accompanying him; but he endeavoured to put me off by pretences, which seemed to me very trifling, till I insisting upon his taking me with him, he plainly told me that I must not think of it; for he was to go with persons by whom it was wholly improper I should be seen. I wept; but he was not softened by my tears: only laying ten guineas on the table, bid me console myself with that till his return; and then took his leave with

'with the same careless air as he could 'have done of the most slight acquaint-'ance.

'Judge how severe a stab this must 'give both to my love and pride! I 'saw, by the manner of his refusing, 'that there was something more at the 'bottom than he made shew of, and 'resolved to fathom it, whatever should 'be the event: accordingly, as he left 'London in a post-chaise, I followed 'him the next morning in the stage-'coach."

Here the reflection on those wild lengths to which the folly of her passion had transported her, made her again unable to proceed; and the company were obliged to give a truce to their curiosity till she recovered herself enough to go on with her narrative, in the manner which will be seen in the succeeding Chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

WILL GRATIFY THE READER'S IMPATIENCE WITH THE CONCLUSION OF MRS. M——'S HISTORY; AND ALSO WITH WHAT EFFECTS THE RECITAL OF IT PRODUCED IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO HEARD IT.

THE unfortunate Mrs. M—— having dried up her tears, and made the best apology she could to the ladies for this interruption, resumed her discourse in these words.

'I took up my lodgings, on my ar-'rival here,' said she, 'at the inn where 'I alighted, and sent immediately in 'search of Celandine: he came the next 'day; but his looks, before he spoke, 'made me know how little he was 'pleased with seeing me. "I thought, "Madam," said he, "I said enough "to prevent you from coming hither; "and am surprized you should act in "a manner so contrary to my inclina-"tion!"

'I told him that I found it impossi-'ble to live so long a time without him, 'and a great deal of such fond idle 'stuff; which he as little regarded as, 'indeed, it deserved: he insisted on my 'return to London the next morning; 'which, after some tears, I at last pro-'mised to do, on condition that he 'would dine with me that day. It was 'with some difficulty I prevailed upon 'him to give me his company, even for 'the few hours I requested it: nor 'would I have taken so much pains to 'obtain so small a favour, if I had not 'flattered myself with being able to 'win him yet farther to my purpose.

'But my hopes deceived me: in vain 'I tried all the arts that love inspired 'me with; he was inflexible to all my 'entreaties, unmoved by my endear-'ments, and treated all I said to him 'on the score of my staying here with 'so much contempt, that the pride and 'spirit, which my passion for him had 'but too much quelled, began to rouse 'themselves in me. I told him that he 'had no right to prescribe the place of 'my residence; that Bath was equally 'as free for me as for himself; and 'that I would not leave it. On this he 'started up; and, with a countenance 'full of spite—"It is very well!" said 'he; "you then may stay: but, I "fancy, you will find it extremely "difficult to support yourself either "here, or any where else, without my "assistance; which, you may be as-"sured, I shall never afford to one who "acts in opposition to my will."

'The consideration of my wretched 'circumstances made me tremble at this 'menace, and again reduced me to 'submission: I implored his pardon 'for the rashness of my passion, and 'promised I would hereafter do every 'thing as he would have me. This pa-'cified him; and, sitting down again—"I would have you," said he, "be-"have like a reasonable woman, and "one who knows the world: our "amour has been of a long continu-"ance; and you cannot expect a man "like me should always confine him-"self to one object. To deal sincerely "with you, I am here on the invita-"tion of a woman of condition, whom "I have the good fortune to be well "with: if you offer to interfere with "my pleasures, I have done with you "for ever; therefore it depends en-"tirely on yourself to keep me your "friend or not."

'It is amazing, even to myself, to 'think how I had the power to conceal 'the agonies which rent my heart at 'this impudent declaration: yet it is 'certain that I did so; I avowed to do

'every

'every thing he required of me, and 'to regulate my conduct, henceforward, so as never to offend him. He 'seemed pleased with my assurance; 'put five guineas into my hand to defray the unnecessary expences, as he 'called it, of my coming hither; gave 'me a kiss, wished me a good journey; 'and then left me to indulge the transports of a rage the more violent for 'having been suppressed.

'I did not, however, waste much 'time in giving way to emotions which 'would neither avail my love or my 'revenge. To think of doing what I 'had promised to him was far from 'me; I resolved to see the face that 'had supplanted me in his affections: 'how afterwards I would behave I did 'not then consider. This was the 'first great point on which my soul 'was fixed; and, to accomplish it, I 'went that evening and hired a lodging in the most private part of the 'town. The people of the house, on my 'signifying to them that I wanted an 'adroit boy, or young fellow, to run 'on errands, and wait on me, while I 'staid at Bath, were so kind to help me 'to one exactly fit for my purpose: he 'had been waiter at a coffee-house last 'season when Celandine was here, and 'he knew him perfectly well.

'The chief business I employed him 'in was to stand sentry near the house 'where Celandine lodged, to watch him 'wherever he went; to find out the 'names and characters of the persons 'he visited; and to bring me an exact 'account. By the diligence of this 'emissary I discovered that he visited 'here every day; that he constantly 'attended three ladies from hence to the 'walks, the long-room, the play, and 'all publick places; that one of these 'ladies he seemed most particularly 'attached to; and that she was called 'Lady Speck.'

Mr. Lovegrove turned his eyes on Lady Speck, at these words, with some surprize: she was in a good deal of confusion, and cried out—'Your spy 'was mistaken in his intelligence in 'this point: his attachment was equal 'to us all; and, I dare say, was equally 'regarded.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' resumed the unfortunate historian; 'I knew not 'then, nor am yet certain, to which of 'you the name of Lady Speck belongs. 'You will not wonder that, in those 'moments of my jealous rage, I wished 'destruction on the charms that had 'undone me: but this unlucky day, 'above all, I was least able to command my passion; the boy brought 'word that he had seen Celandine in 'the walks with two of you, whom 'presently he quitted, and hurried to 'this house; on which I concluded the 'third lady, who staid at home, and to 'whom he was in so much haste to retire, was the person whom I should 'henceforth look on as my rival; and 'at that instant, fired with emotions to 'which reason can set no bounds, I 'muffled myself up as you see, and ran 'through the streets like one broke 'loose from Bedlam. On my coming 'here I found the door open; a servant-maid was doing something in 'the hall; and, on my enquiring for 'Celandine, she told me he had come in 'a little before, and, she believed, was 'then in the arbour at the lower-end 'of the garden; for she had seen him 'pass that way. I flew directly to the 'place she mentioned; but the fury I 'was in had so blinded me, that I did 'not readily perceive the entrance. I 'heard the voice of my perfidious lover, 'and thrust my head through the lattice; and my whole body had certainly broke through that slender partition, if those who occasioned my 'despair had not that moment rushed 'out of the place. At this sight distraction took possession of my brain; 'all hell, and it's worst furies, were in 'my heart; I drew my penknife, resolved to sheath it in the villain's 'breast.—But I know not how it was,' continued she, addressing herself to Jenny, 'you, Madam, were nearest to 'me; and the blow I meant for him, 'in my mistaken rage was aimed at 'you: what followed I am wholly 'ignorant of; for my disappointed 'rage recoiling upon myself, together 'with the rude blow the villain gave 'me in wresting the penknife from my 'hand, stopped all the springs of life, 'till your charitable endeavours put 'them again in motion, and called me 'back to sense, to shame, to misery, 'and the racks of thought.'

Thus did Mrs. M—— conclude her tedious narrative, but did not give over

speaking till she afresh entreated pardon of the company for the disturbance she had occasioned in the family, and of Jenny in particular, who had suffered most through the extravagance she had been guilty of; to which that young lady, with a great deal of sweetness, though not without some blushes at the remembrance of Celandine's behaviour, replied in these terms: 'I can easily 'forgive the fright you put me into,' said she, 'as I know not but it was 'your seasonable interruption which 'chiefly preserved me from a worse 'mischief than that which I was threat-'ened with by your mistaken jealousy.'

'I did not know, my dear,' said Miss Wingman with a gay air, 'that 'the inclinations of Celandine were de-'voted to you; or that he left us so 'abruptly in the walks on purpose to 'have the pleasure of entertaining you 'alone.' Jenny was about to make some answer, but was prevented by Mr. Lovegrove, who hastily taking up the word, cried out—'It is difficult, Ma-'dam, to know the real inclinations of 'a man such as Celandine; for I take 'him to be one of those so elegantly 'described by Mr. Rowe in his play 'called the Fair Penitent—

"A singing, dancing, worthless tribe they are,
"Who talk of beauties that they never saw,
"And boast of favours that they ne'er en-
"joy'd."

In repeating these lines, he fixed his eyes on Lady Speck, who seeming more than ordinarily pensive, and making no answer, he went on: 'The poet,' resumed he, 'throughout that whole per-'formance, shews himself very much 'a friend to the ladies, especially when 'he gives them this advice:

"Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you
"trust,
"Would you but think how seldom fools
"are just,
"So many of your sex would not, in vain,
"Of faithless men, and broken vows, com-
"plain.
"Of all the various wretches love has made,
"How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
"Convinc'd by reason, they your power
"confess,
"Pleas'd to be happy as you're pleas'd to
"bless;
"And, conscious of your worth, can never
"love you less."

Here ensued a silence, which perhaps had continued yet longer, if it had not been broke by Miss Wingman, that young lady having her thoughts more at liberty than any of the company, and who indeed loved talking so well, that it was a pain to her to forbear it for a considerable time. Turning towards Mrs. M——, 'I am surprized, Madam,' said she, 'that your unfaithful lover, having 'the confidence to avow his guilt, by 'telling you that he came down to Bath 'on the invitation of a woman of fa-'shion, you had not the curiosity to ask 'him the name and quality of the per-'son for whose sake you were undone; 'since he had so little discretion as to 'let you into one part of the secret, he 'would certainly have made you ac-'quainted with the whole, if you had 'desired it.'

'It must be confessed,' rejoined Jenny, 'that such an enquiry would have 'been highly natural in Mrs. M——; 'and, if answered to her satisfaction, 'might have saved her the trouble of 'employing an emissary to watch the 'motions of Celandine: but, for my 'part, I have little cause to wish it had 'been so; since it was to her mistaken 'jealousy I was indebted for the sea-'sonable relief I received from the in-'solent impertinences of that vain and 'unworthy coxcomb.'

'It is also possible, Madam,' cried Mr. Lovegrove, in an extraordinary emotion, 'such an eclaircissement might 'have been attended with worse conse-'quences than you think on. Who 'can tell, added he, with still more ve-hemence, 'but that he might have men-'tioned the name of some lady who 'wants not an admirer zealous enough 'to have vindicated her reputation at 'the expence of his own life, or that 'of the traducer?'

'I know not,' replied Mrs. M——, sighing, 'what consequences may have 'been prevented, or what might have 'ensued, by the discovery of my rival: 'but this I am certain of, that I was so 'shocked at his ingratitude, so astonish-'ed at his assurance, and so terrified 'with his menaces, that I had neither 'presence of mind nor courage to put 'the question to him.'

Lady Speck, who had not spoke one syllable for a considerable time, now affected a prodigious *gaieté de cœur*: 'The demand you mean,' said she, 'I believe

'believe would have been to very little 'purpose; I dare answer Celandine 'would have been strangely puzzled to 'have informed you in any particulars 'of the fond lady for whose sake he 'came to Bath: men of his romantick 'disposition worship images of their own 'formation, boast of visionary favours, 'and take as much pleasure in the sha-'dow as others do in the substance.'

'True, Madam,' cried Mr. Lovegrove, gravely; 'but if they should 'happen to assign real names to their 'ideal mistresses, what but the blood of 'such a villain could atone for his pre-'sumption?' No reply was made to this; and Mrs. M——, thinking it would best become her to take leave of the company, which she did in the most respectful manner, every body assured her they pitied her misfortunes, and that they sincerely wished something might happen to extricate her from the labyrinth in which she was at present involved.

After she was gone, there soon remained none but Miss Wingman and Jenny to maintain a conversation. Mr. Lovegrove, a good deal disconcerted at some passages he had heard related by Mrs. M——, pretending business called him, went away; and Lady Speck, who was extremely out of humour, and had been at some pains to conceal it, took this opportunity of retiring to her closet, in order to compose the troubles of her mind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

DISCOVERS SOMETHING WHICH MAY SERVE TO PROVE THAT, THOUGH LOVE IS THE ORIGINAL SOURCE FROM WHICH JEALOUSY IS DERIVED, YET THE LATTER OF THESE PASSIONS IS THE MOST DIFFICULT OF THE TWO TO BE CONCEALED, AND ALSO LESS UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF REASON.

THERE are so many secret windings, such obscure recesses, in the human mind, that it is very difficult, if not wholly impossible, for speculation to arrive at the real spring or first mover of any action whatsoever. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, as the most virtuous and the most vicious propensities of nature are frequently, in a more or less degree, lodged and blended together in the same composition, and both equally under the influence of a thousand different passions, which disguise and vary the face of their operations so as not to be distinguished even by the persons themselves? It has already been observed, that there were some peculiarities in the humour and conduct of Lady Speck, which she had policy and prudence enough to conceal entirely from the world; and, though not the most intimate of her acquaintance, not even her sister, could ever penetrate into the secret motives of her behaviour, which, to them, seemed frequently pretty strange, it is fit the reader should not be denied the satisfaction, at least as far as the above-mentioned promises will admit. As her ladyship had found very little happiness in marriage, she had been too much rejoiced at being released from that bondage by the death of her husband ever to think of entering into the same state a second time; but, having observed that this was commonly the profession of all widows, and as commonly ridiculed by those who heard it, she forbore making any mention of her resolution in this point.

She had very little vanity in her composition, but loved a variety of company: she was pleased to find herself continually surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen; but had been equally, if not more so, if they had visited her on any other score than that of courtship. She behaved to each of them so much alike, that jealousy was a thing unknown among these rivals; and, as none of them had any great cause to hope, so likewise none of them thought he had cause to despair of being one day the happy man: and her youth,

her

her beauty, her wit, her fortune, made her appear too valuable a prize not to perſevere in the purſuit of.

Thus eaſy, thus happy in herſelf, and delightful to all that ſaw her, did ſhe live, and reign the general toaſt and admiration of the town; when Celandine arrived from his travels, full-fraught with all thoſe ſuperficial accompliſhments ſo enchanting to the unthinking part of the fair-ſex. What attracts the eye is too apt to have an influence over the heart: his agreeable perſon, his gaudy equipage, and the ſhew he made, dazzled the ſenſes of even thoſe who moſt affected to be thought wits; he was the theme of every tea-table, and the chief object for whom the arts of the toilette were employed. Lady Speck had heard much of him before ſhe ſaw him; but he was ſoon introduced to her acquaintance by a lady who frequently viſited her, and had always ſpoke wonders in his praiſe. Whether it were that ſhe was prepoſſeſſed with the good opinion ſhe found others had of him, or whether it was to himſelf alone he was indebted for the impreſſion he had made on her, is uncertain; but nothing can be more true than that, at firſt ſight, ſhe felt for him what ſhe had never done for any man after whole years of aſſiduity.

It is alſo altogether as impoſſible to determine if it was by any kind looks he perceived in her towards him, or by the great confidence he had in his own merits, that he was emboldened to declare himſelf her lover; it was, however, either to the one or to the other that ſhe owed the triumph of this new conqueſt; and he had not made her many viſits before ſhe was confirmed in it by the moſt violent proteſtations that tongue could utter. It ſeemed, notwithſtanding, extremely ſtrange to her, that, amidſt all the teſtimonies he endeavoured to give her of his love, he never once mentioned marriage; but, on the contrary, would frequently, in her preſence, ridicule the inſtitution; ſay it was a clog upon inclinations, and only fit to link two people together who had no notion of the true joys of love, or of living politely in the world. He often had the impudence even to repeat to her, in juſtification of his prophane poſition, all the lines he could remember from any of the poets who had exerciſed their talents in ſatirizing that ſacred ceremony; particularly theſe of Mr. Dryden—

'Marriage, thou curſe of love, and ſnare of life!
'That firſt debas'd a miſtreſs to a wife!
'Love, like a ſcene, at diſtance ſhould appear;
'But marriage views the groſs-daub'd landſcape near.
'Love's nauſeous cure! thou cloy'ſt whom thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe;
'And, when that's cured, then thou art the diſeaſe!
'When hearts are looſe, thy chain our bodies ties;
'Love couples friends, but marriage enemies!'

But his behaviour on this ſcore gave her not the leaſt diſguſt towards him: ſhe was herſelf an enemy to marriage; and beſides, his eſtate, though large, was not an equivalent for that ſhe was in poſſeſſion of; nor was any part of his character ſuch as ſhe thought becoming a man whom ſhe would make a huſband of. She, nevertheleſs, loved him, nor took any pains to repel the kindneſs which every day grew ſtronger for him in her heart: ſhe was amuſed with his converſation, delighted with his addreſſes, looked on him as a pretty play-thing, charming toy! which it would be doing too great a violence to her humour to throw away.

All this will, doubtleſs, give the reader no very favourable idea of her virtue; but we will ſuppoſe it was only a Platonick liking ſhe had for him: how far, indeed, the dangerous liberties ſhe allowed herſelf to take with him might have carried her, if they had been continued much longer, no one can pretend to ſay. She was not, however, ſo much loſt in the tender folly ſhe indulged, as not to be perfectly ſenſible that the manner in which ſhe converſed with Celandine could not, if known to the world, but occaſion a great deal of diſcourſe, little to the advantage of her reputation; and that it behoved her, above all things, to keep this ſecret of her ſoul from taking air: to do this, ſhe put in practice all the arts that a juſt fear of cenſure could inſpire her with. When Celandine was preſent with other company, ſhe affected to rally and turn into bagatelle every thing he ſaid or did; and, when he was abſent, to ridicule thoſe vanities and fopperies which

which she had understanding enough to see in him, though not, in reality, to condemn him for. She not only treated those gentlemen who before made their addresses to her with a greater shew of favour than she had been accustomed to do, but also encouraged every new offer of that kind that was presented to her: and this conduct proved so effectual for the purpose she intended it, that no one person suspected Celandine was among the number of her lovers, much less that he was the darling favourite of her bosom.

Being in this situation, it is easy to conceive what racks of mind she must sustain on the account that had been just given by Mrs. M——: to be told that Celandine had an amour, and to hear it averred by the very woman who had been her rival, was a mere trifle in comparison with what followed. That he was found in the close arbour with Jenny was the thing that stung her to the quick, when she remembered that Celandine had met herself and sister in the walks; and how, instead of squiring them, as usual, he had only made a slight compliment, and abruptly left them; and that, as Jenny had excused herself from going out on account of some letters she said she had to write, it appeared plainly to her that he went not from the walks but with a design of going to Jenny; that she staid not at home but in expectation of his coming, and the appointment was previously agreed upon between them.

Most women have naturally so good an opinion of themselves as not to believe easily that the man who has once loved them can transfer his affections to another, without some very extraordinary arts put in practice for that purpose by the new object. Lady Speck thought herself as handsome as Jenny; and therefore concluded, that the amorous inclination which Celandine had all at once testified for that young lady could be owing to nothing but some advances made to him on her part.

How unjust and how cruel a passion is that of jealousy! It destroys all the nobler principles of the soul; it erases thence all the ideas of virtue, religion, and morality; it makes us not only condemn the innocent, and acquit the guilty, but also inspires us with the most savage and inhuman sentiments. Lady Speck now hated her fair friend more than ever she had loved her: her beauty, her wit, all those accomplishments which had excited her esteem, rendered her now the object of her aversion. She was almost tempted to wish Mrs. M—— had perpetrated her outrageous design, if not to the destruction of her life, yet to the defacing of those charms which had triumphed over her in the heart of Celandine; and was little less angry with him for having prevented the fatal blow aimed against her rival, than she was for his falsehood to herself.

Of all the various agitations that by turns convulse and rend the human heart, there are none which instigate to more pernicious purposes, or bring on, if continued, more disastrous consequences; but the flame, however violent it may flash for the present, can have no long existence in a mind not wholly divested of all good-nature and generosity: cooler and more reasonable sentiments, on a little reflection, soon abated the force of those turbulent emotions which had taken possession of this lady's bosom, but as yet were not powerful enough to suppress them entirely: what effects followed, either of the one or the other, will hereafter appear; but the conflict was for some time interrupted by some company coming in, whom Lady Speck was obliged to go down to receive, as they were more her guests than her sister's, and altogether strangers to Jenny.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS A FARTHER CONFIRMATION OF THE POSITION ADVANCED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER, AND ALSO SOME OTHER PARTICULARS EXCITING THE CURIOSITY OF THE READER.

LADY Speck assumed a countenance as serene as possible, to entertain, with her usual politeness, the persons who came to visit her; but, in spite of all her endeavours to appear entirely easy, she could not keep herself from darting such ill-natured glances on Jenny, whenever she looked towards her, as must have been taken notice of by that young lady, if she had not been too

too much engrossed by her own thoughts to be capable of penetrating into those of another.

The company stayed so late, that the instant they were gone, the ladies retired to their respective chambers. Jenny, who had her mind no less employed than Lady Speck, with the adventures of the day, was equally pleased to be alone, and indulge meditation on what had passed. The history of Mrs. M—— had dwelt very much upon her mind; but what made the most deep impression, was that part of it wherein she related the first motive which occasioned her fall at once from happiness and from virtue, and consequently drew on her all those dreadful misfortunes with which at present she was encompassed.

I believe the reader will easily remember, as the thing is of a pretty particular nature, how that unhappy woman, in order to revive those ardours of affection in her husband which she imagined were beginning to decay, had recourse to the dangerous stratagem of giving him a rival; and also how by coquetting with Celandine, and treating him with a shew of liking, the counterfeited flame kindled by degrees into a real one, and ended at length in her utter ruin and confusion.

The notions Jenny had of honour and generosity were too refined and delicate not to make her look with the utmost contempt on all kinds of artifice, on what pretences soever they were put in practice: this conduct of Mrs. M——'s, though, considering what ensued, the least guilty part of her character, seemed to her so highly criminal, as well as weak and mean, that she could not help thinking it worthy of all the punishment it met with. 'How 'is it possible,' cried she within herself, 'that a woman who truly loves 'virtue can be capable of putting on 'an appearance so much the reverse of 'it? What! if at that time she had no 'intention of gratifying the amorous 'inclinations of the man she sported 'with, to encourage them in him was 'a manifest violation, not only of mo'desty, but likewise of religion, ho'nour, and those solemn obligations 'which she had entered into. Besides,' continued she, 'this wretched creature 'seems not to want sense enough to 'know the heinousness of the fault she 'was guilty of, even in this first step to 'perdition; yet she ran boldly into it, 'and absolved herself on account of the 'good end she proposed by it, to regain 'the affections of her husband. Oh, 'how ridiculous was such an attempt 'for doing so! as if any man of com'mon reason would love his wife the 'better for suspecting she was about to 'commit the worst and most shameful 'action a woman can be guilty of! I 'have seen some young ladies,' went she still on, 'that have made use of these 'little tricks to inspire jealousy in their 'lovers; either to make trial of their 'constancy, or shew their own power 'by giving pain: this is certainly silly 'as well as cruel; but what is no more 'than vanity and folly in them, is 'downright wickedness in a married 'woman.'

Thus did she pass some time in censuring the conduct of Mrs. M——; but as she was of that happy turn of mind to convert every thing which she either saw or heard of to her own advantage, and to make fresh improvements in herself by the misbehaviour of others, her reflections carried her yet farther, and remembrance presented her with an incident which happened long before she had the power of judging, but which she had heard much discourse of in her extreme youth. It was this.

A person of great distinction happened to be married to a lady very young and beautiful; she was a celebrated wit without being wise, and had the most romantick turn of mind; fancying herself a Statyra, she expected her husband should approach her with the obsequiousness of an Oroondates: he was little versed in histories of this nature; and though he loved her very well, treated her as a mere woman: the epithets of Angel and Goddess were strangers to his mouth; and those he usually saluted her with, were plain 'Madam,' or 'My 'Dear.' This disgusted her even in the first days of their marriage; she looked on such a behaviour as an indignity to her charms; her heart reproached the indelicacy of his manners, and half despised him for his want of taste; nor did her tongue restrain itself from testifying how much she was dissatisfied at every thing he said or did.

The fashion in which he found himself used by her, gave him some disquiet at first; but it lasted not long: though a man of sense, he was naturally indo-

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lent to an exceſs; he loved his eaſe too well to part with it on any conſideration whatever; he never thought any thing worth attempting the purſuit of which was likely to be attended with difficulty; and as he had never taken the pains to examine what it was that his wife expected from him, ſo he would have been equally negligent in gratifying her humour, if he had been better acquainted with it.

Their way of living together grew every day ſtill worſe and worſe: as her haughty ſullenneſs encreaſed, his careleſsneſs of it encreaſed in proportion. All the love they once had for each other turned into a mutual indifference, or rather a mutual averſion: ſhe ſought the food for her vanity among thoſe who were of a diſpoſition to indulge it; and ſhe found not a few to whom the glory of pleaſing a lady of her beauty, birth, and accompliſhments, did not ſeem well worth all the flatteries they could addreſs her with; the huſband, in the mean time, made himſelf not wretched on account of the gallantries ſhe received, but fled for conſolation to the arms of a more obliging and endearing fair.

They continued to live together, however, in the ſame houſe; but ſlept not in the ſame bed, nor eat at the ſame table, except for decency ſake when company was there, before whom they always behaved to each other with the greateſt good manners and politeneſs imaginable. But this was a conſtraint which neither of them could long ſupport; they parted by conſent; after which her amours became the general topick of converſation; till, ſhunned by all her kindred, deſpiſed by her acquaintance, and ſlighted by thoſe for whoſe ſake ſhe had ſacrificed her reputation, ſhe became ſenſible of her follies, and ſought a reconciliation with her huſband: but all her endeavours for that purpoſe were in vain; ſhe hated a place where ſhe no longer had either friends or admirers, and went a voluntary exile into foreign parts, where grief and remorſe ſoon put an end to her life.

This incident threw Jenny into the moſt ſerious contemplations on the human ſyſtem: the many obſervations ſhe had made, convinced her that vanity was in a more or leſs degree inherent to the whole ſpecies; and that men as well as women were not exempt from it; and immediately recollecting ſome paſſages ſhe had ſeen which demonſtrated this truth—'Good God!' cried ſhe, 'how 'can any one be ſo fond of this idol 'frame, this poor machine, liable to be 'withered by every inclement blaſt that 'iſſues from the firmament! Let the 'proud of heart read Gulliver's Voy-'ages to the Houhynims, and ſome 'other pieces of the ſame excellent au-'thor, and they will ſee and be aſham-'ed to admire a body which requires 'ſuch means to be ſuſtained. No,' continued ſhe, 'it is the mind which 'ought to be the chief object of our 'attention; it is there alone we are 'either beautiful or deformed; and 'the pains we take to ornament and 'embelliſh that nobler part of us will 'not be thrown away.'

She was ſo taken up with theſe philoſophick reflections, that ſhe went not to bed till the beams of Aurora darting through the window-curtains, reminded her how much ſhe had loſt of the time commonly allotted for repoſe. It was ſomewhat more late than ordinary when ſhe roſe the next morning: on her coming down ſtairs, ſhe found the ladies already in the room where they always breakfaſted; and gueſſing, by ſome circumſtances, that ſhe had made them wait, was beginning to apologize for her tardineſs.

'Indeed, my dear,' cried Miſs Wingman, interrupting her, 'we were afraid 'you were not well, and were juſt go-'ing to ſend to your chamber: but 'pray,' continued ſhe very gaily, 'let 'me examine your countenance, and 'ſee if that will tell me whether you 'are quite got over the fright that ter-'rible woman put you into yeſterday.'

Jenny was about to make ſome anſwer; but Lady Speck, who could not forgive her for the part ſhe bore in that adventure, took up the word before the other had time to open her mouth. 'The fright was of little conſequence,' ſaid ſhe with an air which had ſomething of deriſion in it, 'as ſhe was delivered 'from the danger before ſhe could have 'any apprehenſions of it: but there were 'other particulars that happened after-'wards, which perhaps were of a yet 'more diſagreeable nature, and might 'make a deeper impreſſion.' Theſe words, and the tone in which they were ſpoke, gave Jenny an infinity of ſurprize; but without pauſing to form any conjecture on the matter—'You will

'pardon me, Madam,' cried she, innocently, 'if I am not able to comprehend your ladyship's meaning. I know of no accident that happened afterwards, or, indeed, in which I had the least concern.'

'How weak is it,' replied Lady Speck, 'in people to endeavour to conceal a passion, which, in spite of all they can do, will break out in every look and gesture! I pity you from my soul; and, had I sooner known the situation of your heart, would have contrived some way or other to have prevented Mrs. M—— from being quite so open in her narrative: it must certainly be a very great shock to you to hear some passages she related; but, alas! I was entirely ignorant that Celandine loved you, or that you loved Celandine; and little suspected that it was for his sake you so resolutely rejected the offers of Sir Robert Manley.'

'I should be sorry, Madam,' replied Jenny very disdainfully, 'that your ladyship, or any one else, should have so contemptible an opinion of my judgment. I know but little of the gentlemen, yet know enough to make a just distinction between them; and, were my hand and heart at my disposal, I should not hesitate one moment to which of them I should give the preference.'

'How cunning now you think you are!' said Lady Speck with an affected laugh: 'you speak the truth, but avoid mentioning the name: I will, however, do it for you, and answer in somewhat like the poet's words:

'"Tis Celandine your heart would leap to meet,
While Manley lay expiring at your feet.'

Scarce had Jenny the power to restrain her passion within the bounds of decency, on finding Lady Speck persisted in so injurious an accusation. Scorn and anger overwhelmed her soul, tears gushed from her eyes; and, rising hastily from her seat—'I will not imagine, Madam,' said she, 'that you are really in earnest in supposing such a thing; but the jest is of such a nature, as I do not think it becomes me to hear the continuance of.' In speaking these words she was about to quit the room; but Miss Wingman, who had been a good deal astonished at what her sister had said, ran and pulled her back: but all her persuasions would have been ineffectual to have detained her, if Lady Speck, having vented her ill-humour, and now repenting she had gone so far, had not added her entreaties.

'My dear creature,' cried she, 'I had not the least design to affront you; I only meant to railly you a little on your staying at home, when so fine a day called every body to the walks.'—'I should have deserved it, Madam,' answered she, 'if I had denied myself the pleasure of attending your ladyship on any other motive than what I really did: but I assure you I wrote no less than five letters, as your own man can witness, whom, my own being out of the way, I took the liberty to send with them to the post-office.'—'I believe it,' said Lady Speck; 'I believe it; and heartily ask your pardon.' She was going to add something more by the way of reparation for the vexation she had given that young lady, when she was prevented by her woman; who having been sent to a milliner's for some things she wanted, came running into the room with a countenance as confused and wild as if she had met some spectre or apparition in her way.

'Oh, Madam!' cried she to her lady, 'I have the strangest thing to tell you, the oddest accident; to be sure, I was never so much surprized in all my life!'—'Pr'ythee, at what?' demanded Lady Speck. 'Lord, Madam!' returned she, 'I could not have thought such a thing of two such civil, well-behaved, gentlemen.'—'What gentlemen?' said Lady Speck: 'explain the mystery at once, and do not keep us in suspense by your unseasonable exclamations.'—'Lord, Madam!' replied she, 'your ladyship will wonder when you know all, as well as I: for my own part, I was so confounded, that I scarce know which way I got home. Just as I was stepping into the milliner's,—bless me! I shall never forget it; but I will tell your ladyship as fast as I can: just as I was going into the shop, as I was saying, I heard a great noise in the street, and the sound of several men's voices crying out—"Bring them along, bring them along!" I turned about, as any one would do, out of mere

'mere curiosity; and, would your lady-'ship believe it possible? who should 'I see but Mr. Lovegrove and Mr. 'Celandine in the hands of I know not 'how many rough fellows, and fol-'lowed by a huge crowd of all sorts of 'people! I fancy they had been fight-'ing, for both their swords were drawn, 'and carried by one of the men that 'had hold of Mr. Lovegrove. I can-'not directly say how that matter was; 'but there was a strange confused noise 'among the mob: one cried, it was a 'sad thing that such broils should hap-'pen; and another, that it would be a 'great prejudice to the town: and all 'I could hear distinctly was, that they 'were going to carry the gentlemen 'before a justice of peace.'

All the ladies were very much concerned at hearing this intelligence; but Lady Speck seemed the most affected with it; nor did the others at all wonder at her being so, as Mr. Lovegrove was her declared admirer, and was allowed by all that knew him to deserve more of her favour than he had as yet experienced.

They were all extremely impatient to know both the occasion and the consequence of this affair; and Lady Speck's woman either having not enquired, or not been able to learn, to what magistrate the gentlemen were carried, footmen were immediately dispatched to every quarter of the town, in hopes of bringing home that information, which the reader shall presently be made acquainted with.

CHAP. III.

COMPLEATS THE CHARACTER OF A MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN, OR A PRETTY FELLOW FOR THE LADIES.

I Believe there are none into whose hands these volumes shall happen to fall, at least if they consider the story of Mrs. M—— with any attention, but will easily perceive there was enough in it to give a very great alarm to a man so much enamoured as Mr. Lovegrove.

He had observed, that for some time before, as well as since their coming down to Bath, Celandine had been a constant dangler after Lady Speck. Love and jealousy are quick-sighted passions: he thought also, that though she ridiculed and laughed at his assiduities, she was not so much displeased with them as she ought to have been. This had frequently given him some uneasy apprehensions: but as there were several other gentlemen of worth and honour who made their addresses to Lady Speck, as well as himself; and she had never given him any assurance of distinguishing him above his competitors; he thought it would be too presuming in him to call her ladyship's conduct in question; especially in regard to a man who did not publickly profess himself her lover, and whose person, character, and behaviour, she always affected to despise.

But now to be told, that he had impudently boasted his coming down to Bath was on the invitation of a woman of quality, from whom he gave some hints of having received very extraordinary favours; and to find that the person to whom he said this had any reason to guess the woman of quality he mentioned was no other than Lady Speck; was such a shocking corroboration of his former suspicions, as fired him with the extremest rage.

Whether Lady Speck had in reality granted any favours to Celandine, or whether it was his own idle vanity alone which had made him talk in the manner he had done, this generous lover thought it would become him to chastise the insolence of such a braggadocio: but in what manner he should do so very much perplexed him; to send him a challenge on this account he feared would make too great a noise, and consequently displease the lady whose honour he meant to defend. After much debating within himself, an expedient came into his mind, which he immediately put in execution. He found by what he had heard Jenny say to Mrs. M——, that Celandine had taken the liberty to treat that young lady in a manner very unworthy of her character. This seemed to him a good pretence for covering the face of his design; and therefore resolved to make her quarrel appear as the chief motive of his resentment, touching only obliquely on that he had conceived against him in regard to Lady Speck.

Having well considered on all the consequences that might probably at-

tend the ſtep he was about to take, and fully determined with himſelf to purſue it, he wrote to Celandine, that ſame evening, in the following terms—

'TO R. CELANDINE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'YOU have affronted a young lady 'of diſtinguiſhed merit, at pre'ſent under the protection of the wo'man I adore; and, it is ſaid, have 'given room for ſuſpicion of your hav'ing alſo entertained thoughts of her'ſelf altogether unbecoming you: I 'think it therefore a duty incumbent 'on me to demand that ſatisfaction 'which every gentleman has a right to 'expect, when injured in the perſons 'of thoſe he profeſſes to eſteem. I 'ſhall be glad to ſee you to-morrow 'morning about ſix, in the firſt field 'at the end of the Walks, where 'I flatter myſelf you will not long 'ſuffer yourſelf to be waited for by 'yours,

'E. LOVEGROVE.

'P. S. I ſhall come alone, for I ſee 'no need that any friends, either 'of yours or mine, ſhould be in'volved in this diſpute.'

This billet he ſent by one of his ſervants; who, after ſtaying a conſiderable time, returned with an anſwer containing theſe lines—

'TO E. LOVEGROVE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I Am ſorry you ſhould deſire any 'thing of me which ſuits not my 'humour to comply with: Lady Speck 'and Miſs Jeſſamy are both of them 'very fine women; but, upon my ſoul, 'I think neither of them, or any other 'woman, worth drawing my ſword 'for; ſo muſt deſire you will excuſe 'my refuſing to meet you on this ſcore; 'on any other you may command 'yours,

'R. CELANDINE.'

It would be difficult to decide, whether anger or contempt was the moſt predominant paſſion in the mind of Mr. Lovegrove on reading the above: he reſolved, however, not to ſuffer the inſolence of that bad man to go unpuniſhed; but went very early the next morning to his lodgings, to force from him the ſatisfaction he required; or, ſtill perſiſting to refuſe it, to give him ſuch treatment as men are ordinarily accuſtomed to receive after behaving in the manner he had done.

As he was going towards the houſe, he perceived, while at ſome diſtance, a poſt-chaiſe waiting at the door; and before he could well reach it, ſaw Celandine juſt ready to ſtep in: on this he ſprung forward with all the ſpeed he could, and, catching Celandine by the arm—'Stay, Sir!' cried he; 'you muſt 'not think to leave this town without 'making ſome atonement for your be'haviour in it.'

'Sir,' replied the other, with ſome heſitation in his voice, 'I give an ac'count of my actions to no man, nor 'has any man a right to inſpect into 'them.'—'Every man of honour has 'a right to inſpect the actions of a vil'lain!' rejoined Mr. Lovegrove fiercely; 'and if you are guilty of ſuch as you 'have neither juſtice to acknowledge, 'nor the courage to defend, you know 'the recompenſe you are to expect.'

'I dare fight!' ſaid Celandine; and immediately drew his ſword, as did Mr. Lovegrove his at the ſame time; but both were prevented by a great poſſe of people, who in an inſtant were gathered about them, drawn thither by the outcries of Celandine's ſervants, the poſtilion, and the people of the houſe, who were come to the door to take leave of their lodger; and it was the expectation of this ſeaſonable interruption which doubtleſs inſpired the antagoniſt of Mr. Lovegrove with ſo much boldneſs on a ſudden.

They had ſcarce time to make one puſh before they were diſarmed by the populace; and a conſtable, who lived hard by, coming to interpoſe his authority to put an end to the fray, took poſſeſſion of both their ſwords, and told them they muſt give him leave to conduct them to a magiſtrate: they readily ſubmitted; and were followed by a continually-increaſing crowd, as Lady Speck's woman had deſcribed.

They ſoon arrived at the houſe of a gentleman in the commiſſion of the peace, who happened to be a perſon of great worth and honour. Celandine exhibited a moſt piteous complaint againſt his adverſary; firſt, for ſending him

him a challenge to fight on account of things which he said he knew nothing of; and afterwards for assaulting him in the streets, putting a stop to his journey, and occasioning a riot and disturbance in the town. Mr. Lovegrove was entirely silent till the other had left off speaking, and then related the whole which had passed between them, naturally as it was. The magistrate could scarce forbear smiling, but desired to see both the letters; on which Celandine produced the challenge; but Mr. Lovegrove being unwilling to expose the names of the ladies, which the other had indiscreetly mentioned in his answer, said he had it not about him, and believed he had lost it.

After having heard both parties, the worshipful gentleman began to expatiate, in terms befitting his character, on the bad custom of duelling: he said, that though the too frequent practice of it had rendered it not dishonourable, yet it was directly contrary to the rules both of religion and morality, and to the laws of society as well as those of the land: after which he recommended to them, and even exacted their mutual promise, to regard each other from that time forward, not as enemies, if they could not do so as friends.

'I will not take his word, Sir,' cried Celandine hastily; 'I am convinced he 'has malice against me in his heart; I 'go in danger of my life by him; and 'desire I may be admitted to make oath 'of it, and that he may be bound 'over.' This could not be refused, and the book was immediately presented to him. 'Are you, Sir, of the same 'way of thinking too?' said the justice to Mr. Lovegrove. 'No, upon ho'nour, Sir!' replied he; 'I am not 'under the least apprehensions on the 'score of this gentleman: and dare 'answer for him, that if there was as 'little danger in his tongue as there is 'to be feared from his sword, he would 'be the most unhurtful creature breath'ing.'

It was with difficulty the justice restrained himself from laughing; but preserved as much an air of gravity as he could on the occasion. 'Well, then, 'Sir,' said he, 'I am compelled, by 'the duties of my office, to discharge 'your adversary, and oblige you to 'give security for your future beha'viour towards him.'

On this, Celandine thanked him, and took his leave. Several of the crowd, who had burst into the hall, followed him with a thousand scurrilous jests and fleers at his cowardice; but he was too much a man of peace to take any notice of what they said; and, making what haste he could to the chaise, which still waited for him, set out for London, probably wishing he had not left it to come down to Bath.

Mr. Lovegrove sent for Lord Huntley and Sir Robert Manley, who immediately came; and all the little formalities of this affair being over, and settled to the satisfaction of the gentleman before whom they were, he threw off the magistrate, and assumed a character more natural to him, that of a man perfectly well-bred and complaisant: he was very pleasant with them on the conduct of Celandine; compelled them to stay breakfast with him, and entertained them as elegantly as such a repast would admit of.

CHAP. IV.

RELATES SOME PASSAGES SUBSEQUENT TO THE PRECEDING ADVENTURE.

AFTER the gentlemen had quitted the justice's house, each repaired to his respective lodging, in order to dress for the remainder of the day; but meeting again at the coffee-house, it was agreed to adjourn from thence to make a morning-visit to Lady Speck and her fair companions, without mentioning a word of what had happened; Mr. Lovegrove being desirous that the whole affair should be kept a secret from them, unless chance should by any way make a discovery of it to them.

Those ladies were all this while in a good deal of uneasiness: the servants who had been sent out for intelligence were all returned, without being able to bring any thing material for the satisfaction of their curiosity. Miss Wingman and Jenny had both of them a very great regard for Mr. Lovegrove; the one, as having known him a considerable time; and the other, as having perceived in him many indications of his being a man truly worthy of esteem.

But Lady Speck had her own reasons

ſons for being much more perplexed than either of them could be: ſhe had an high eſteem for Mr. Lovegrove on account of the amiable qualifications he was poſſeſſed of, and the long and reſpectful court he had made to her. The caprice of her deſtiny had made her find ſomething in the perſon of Celandine which had attracted but too much of the more tender inclinations of her heart; and to think that any danger threatened either of theſe gentlemen was an extreme trouble to her.

But what touched her yet the more deeply, was the concern ſhe had for her own reputation: ſhe doubted not but that the quarrel between them was on her ſcore; nor, indeed, could ſhe well aſſign any other probable motive for it; eſpecially when ſhe reflected that Mr. Lovegrove, on hearing Mrs. M—— ſay that Celandine had come to Bath on the invitation of a woman of quality, had given her not only ſome looks, but alſo ſeveral hints, that he entertained the moſt jealous apprehenſions that herſelf was the woman of quality whoſe favours that fop had ſo impudently boaſted of. She had good reaſon, therefore, to be fearful that an affair of this nature might occaſion her name to be brought in queſtion, and perhaps, too, not in the moſt honourable faſhion.

Suſpicion is a kind of magnifying-glaſs, which repreſents whatever ill we dread in it's moſt formidable ſhape. This poor lady figured to herſelf a thouſand diſtracting images; and, though ſhe ſpoke but little, gave ſuch viſible demonſtration of her inward diſorders as could not but be taken notice of both by Jenny and Miſs Wingman. As neither of theſe young ladies as yet had ever harboured the leaſt ſuſpicion of her having a particular regard for any man, much leſs of the ſentiments that Celandine had inſpired her with, they imagined they had now made a diſcovery; but it was in favour of Mr. Lovegrove; and both of them cried out almoſt at the ſame time—'How 'happy would Mr. Lovegrove think 'himſelf if he ſaw how your ladyſhip 'is diſquieted on his account!'

Though Lady Speck affected to be a little peeviſh at their ſeeming to ſuppoſe her capable of having a tenderneſs for any man; yet ſhe felt as much ſatisfaction as the preſent ſituation of her mind would admit her to enjoy, in finding they marked out Mr. Lovegrove as the object, and that Celandine was quite out of the queſtion with them on that account.

'Indeed, ſiſter,' ſaid Miſs Wingman, 'it has always been my opinion, 'and I believe all your friends are of 'the ſame, that the perſon of Mr. 'Lovegrove, his accompliſhments, his 'fortune, and long ſervices, render 'him not unworthy of your acceptance; and, I think, you need not be 'angry, nor aſhamed, that this accident 'has diſcovered your ſenſibility of his 'paſſion.'—'Lord, my dear, how very 'ſilly you are!' ſaid Lady Speck: 'no 'one man has any charms for me above 'another. I am only vexed that men 'ſhould fall out, fight, and kill one 'another; and this, too, for nothing 'perhaps, or, what is next to nothing, 'ſome idle punctilio of imaginary honour.'

Juſt as ſhe had ended theſe words, the door was ſuddenly thrown open by a footman; and Lord Huntley, Sir Robert Manley, and Mr. Lovegrove, came altogether into the room. 'What, la-'dies,' cried the latter of theſe gentlemen, with an air more than ordinarily gay, 'not yet dreſſed! We came to at-'tend you to the walks, and you are 'ſtill in your diſhabille!'—'We muſt 'have been ſtrangely inſenſible,' replied Lady Speck, 'to have thought of 'dreſs when two of our acquaintance 'were going to embrue their hands in 'each other's blood!'—'Our hands are 'all clean, I think, Madam!' ſaid Mr. Lovegrove. 'But can you add,' rejoined ſhe haſtily, 'that your heart is 'alſo ſo? Can you ſay you did not riſe 'this morning with an intention to de-'ſtroy, or be deſtroyed yourſelf?'

Here Mr. Lovegrove appearing a little confuſed, as debating within himſelf whether it was moſt proper for him to confeſs or to deny the fact, Lord Huntley immediately took up the word. 'No, faith, Madam!' ſaid his lordſhip, with a ſmile; 'I dare anſwer ſo 'far for my friend, that he aroſe not 'this morning with the leaſt animoſity 'to any thing worthy of his ſword.'—'No ambiguities, my good lord,' reſumed ſhe; 'I expect a plain anſwer 'to my queſtion—therefore tell me at 'once, Mr. Lovegrove, how happened 'you to quarrel with Celandine, and

'which

'which of you was the aggreſſor? You 'find,' continued ſhe, perceiving he was ſtill ſilent, 'that we are no ſtrangers 'to the main point; and conſequently 'have a right to expect you ſhould gratify our curioſity with the particulars.'

'It never has been my practice yet, 'Madam,' replied Mr. Lovegrove, after a little pauſe, 'to diſobey your ladyſhip in any thing; nor muſt I now 'do it in this. You command me to 'tell you the motive of my quarrel 'with Celandine; and I muſt anſwer, 'it was on the ſcore of juſtice and of 'virtue. You alſo aſk who was the 'aggreſſor; to which I muſt alſo anſwer, that it was Celandine; who, 'by affronting a perſon loved and 'eſteemed by you, juſtly merited chaſtiſement, not only from me, but from 'all who have the honour of being acquainted with your ladyſhip.'

'So, then,' ſaid Jenny, 'I find that 'all this buſtle is to be placed to my 'account.—But I would not have you 'imagine, Mr. Lovegrove,' continued ſhe, laughing, 'that you are entitled 'to any acknowledgments from me, 'ſince I am indebted for what you 'have done entirely to the friendſhip I 'am honoured with by Lady Speck.'

Mr. Lovegrove was about to make ſome reply, but was prevented by Sir Robert Manley; who, approaching her with the moſt reſpectful air—'Madam,' ſaid he, 'if others had been as early 'acquainted with the preſumption of 'Celandine, the glory of being your 'champion would certainly not have 'fallen to the lot of Mr. Lovegrove.' —'I am glad, then,' returned Jenny, 'that it happened as it did; becauſe 'otherwiſe I ſhould have been laid under an obligation which it was not in 'my power to requite.'—'It is of no 'importance, my dear,' interrupted Lady Speck, 'either who is the obliger 'or the obliged; and I only want to 'be fully informed in the particulars 'of this fooliſh tranſaction.'

On this, Mr. Lovegrove repeated all that paſſed between himſelf and Celandine, till their being carried before a magiſtrate; and would have gone through the whole, but Lord Huntley and Sir Robert Manley aſſiſted him in the reſt, and gave ſo pleaſant a detail of Celandine's behaviour on that occaſion, as was highly diverting to the ladies. But, though Lady Speck laughed, as well as her ſiſter and Jenny, and affected to appear equally unconcerned at what ſhe heard; yet there ſtill remained ſomething on her ſpirits which ſhe could not forbear teſtifying in theſe or the like terms.

The little narrative being concluded —'I am very glad,' ſaid ſhe, 'that no 'worſe conſequences attended this adventure; yet I cannot help being a 'little concerned that any thing ſhould 'happen to occaſion my name, or that 'of Miſs Jeſſamy, to be mentioned before a magiſtrate, and ſuch a mob of 'people as generally croud in to be 'witneſſes of the deciſion he gives in 'caſes of this nature.'

'No, Madam!' replied Mr. Lovegrove haſtily; 'I do aſſure your lady'ſhip that neither of you have any 'cauſe to be in pain on that ſcore; 'your names were held too ſacred to 'be quoted as the ſubjects of a quarrel; and it was for this reaſon I refuſed to produce Celandine's anſwer 'to the billet I ſent him; he having 'imprudently, I might ſay impudently, too, inſerted them in that ſcrawl.' —'How!' cried Lady Speck, with the utmoſt impatience in her voice and eyes; 'let us ſee on what pretence the 'creature preſumed to take that liberty!'

Though it is more than probable that Mr. Lovegrove was far from being diſpleaſed at having this opportunity of convincing Lady Speck in what manner ſhe had been ſpoken of by Celandine, yet he ſuffered her to repeat her demand ſeveral times over before he complied with it; and, at laſt, ſeemed to do ſo with an extreme reluctance. 'I intended, Madam,' ſaid he, 'that no 'eyes but my own ſhould have been 'witneſſes of the unparalleled audacity it contains; but, as your ladyſhip commands I ſhould deliver it to 'you, I neither can, nor dare, be diſobedient.'

With theſe words, he took the letter he had received from Celandine out of his pocket, and preſented it to her; adding, at the ſame time—'This, Ma'dam, however, will ſerve to prove, 'that, beſides the firſt motive of my 'reſentment to him, he ſubjoined ano'ther, not leſs deſerving the puniſh'ment I deſigned.' Her ladyſhip ſnatched it out of his hand with emotions

tions which it was not in her power to conceal; but having slightly looked it over to herself, grew a good deal more composed; and, forcing her countenance into a half-smile—'I doubt not,' said she, 'but what Mr Lovegrove has said 'of this billet has raised a curiosity in 'you all for the contents; I will there-'fore read it aloud for the advantage of 'the company.'

'Well, ladies,' cried Lord Huntley, as soon as she had done, 'though you 'have not yet the good fortune to have 'your merits peculiarly distinguished 'by this fine gentleman, you ought not 'to fall under too great humiliation, 'for you find he includes your whole 'sex; and plainly avows he looks upon 'no woman worthy venturing the tre-'mendous discomposure of his well-'tied sword-knot.' Here followed much merriment among them, which had perhaps continued longer, as they were all persons of wit, and had so ample a field for ridicule; but it was now almost noon, and the ladies were not yet dressed; for which reason the gentlemen thought proper to withdraw, and leave them to consult their glasses on those charms that Celandine had affected to despise.

Jenny and Miss Wingman thought little of this adventure afterwards; but it made a very deep impression on the mind of Lady Speck: the delicacy Mr. Lovegrove had shewn in laying the stress of his resentment on the affront Celandine had offered to her friend, and not on the jealousy which she plainly saw he had conceived of herself, opened her eyes to those merits in him to which her partial inclination for the other had made her so long blind; and she now beheld both of the men such as they truly were, and not such as her unjudging fancy had lately painted them.

Ashamed of her past folly, she had no consolation but in the care she had always taken to conceal it from the world: as for Mr. Lovegrove, whose good opinion she was now most concerned to preserve, she resolved to behave towards him for the future in such a manner as should entirely dissipate whatever suspicions he might have entertained to her prejudice.

It was undoubtedly the good genius, or better angel, of this lady, which had brought about, however fortuitous they might seem, such a happy concurrence of events as could not fail of awakening her to a just sense of what she owed to her character, and that esteem she was naturally so ambitious of maintaining. What advantages she received from this change of humour, and the emendations she was at present enlightened with, will hereafter be demonstrated; in the mean time, there are things of a yet more interesting nature, which demand the attention of the reader.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, AN ACCOUNT OF A VERY EXTRAORDINARY, AND NO LESS SEVERE TRIAL OF FEMALE FORTITUDE AND MODERATION.

ACCORDING to all the observations which reason and a long experience have enabled me to make, happiness is a thing which ought to be totally erased out of the vocabulary of sublunary enjoyments: the human heart is liable to so many passions, and the events of fortune so uncertain and precarious, that life is little more than a continued series of anxieties and suspense: what we pursue as the ultimate end of our desires, the *summum bonum* of all our wishes, fleets before us, dances in the wind, seems at some times ready to meet our grasp, at others soaring quite out of reach; or, when attained, deceives our expectations, baffles our high-raised hopes, and shews the fancied heaven a mere vapour.

Nor is this to be wondered at, or indeed much to be pitied, in those who place their happiness in the gratification of their passions, all of which, in general, tend to the acquisition of what is far from being a real good. There are some, though I fear an inconsiderable number, who, composed of more equal elements, wisely avoid the restless aims, the giddy vain pursuits, with which they see so many of their fellow-creatures so intoxicated and perplexed; would fain sit down contented with their lot, whatever it happens to be; and, observing this maxim of the poet—

'Not toss and turn about their feverish will,
'But know their ease must come by lying still.'

Yet not even these can find an asylum from

from cares: though the soul, like a hermit in his cell, sits quiet in the bosom, unruffled by any tempest of it's own, it suffers from the rude blasts of others faults. Envy and Detraction are sure to taint with their envenomed breath; treachery, deceit, and all kinds of injustice, alarm it with the most dreadful apprehensions of impending danger, and shew the necessity of keeping a continual guard against their pernicious enterprizes: but above all, the ingratitude of friends is the most terrible to sustain; that anguish which proceeds from the detected falshood of a person on whom we depend is almost insupportable; nor can reason and philosophy be always sufficient to defend us from it; as I remember to have somewhere read—

'Fate ne'er strikes deep but when unkind-
'ness joins.'

This is certainly a very melancholy circumstance; and the situation of the injured person's mind cannot but be very uneasy. After having placed an entire confidence in any one whom we believe to be a friend; after having entrusted him with the dearest secrets of our lives, and relied upon him for all the services and good offices in his power; then, I say, to find him base, ungenerous, and deceitful, is as poignant an affliction as any to which language can give a name.

I know not whether to be eternally deprived of a real and experienced friend by the stroke of death, be not a less shock than it is to lose one, whom we have always believed as such, by his own infidelity. Under the former of these misfortunes we have the liberty to indulge many consolatory reflections; first, that the great law of nature must be obeyed, and that there was an indispensible necessity for us to be one day separated; secondly, in the hope that the person we lament is a gainer by this change, and much more happy than mortal life could make him; and, thirdly, though it may seem, perhaps, a wild idea, in supposing a possibility that he may be still a witness of our actions, be pleased at our remembrance of him; and, at the hour of our dissolution, even be appointed our conductor to the celestial mansions: but, under the latter, that of being betrayed by a false friend, we can have no such agreeable images before our eyes; on the contrary, grief and despair for ill-requited tenderness and sincerity, accompanied with remorse and shame for having made so unworthy a choice, must be the only subjects of our distracted meditations.

Thus impossible it is for minds the most serene by nature to remain always wholly free from inquietudes of one shape or other. Jenny, the heroine of this history, had a temper not easily discomposed, and well deserved that character which our English Sappho gave of a lady for whom she had a particular veneration.

'Chearful as birds that welcome in the spring,
'No ill suspecting, nor no danger dreading;
'In conscious innocence secure and bless'd,
'She liv'd belov'd of all, and loving all.'

And yet she met with something, which, if it had not all the effect it would have produced in most others of her sex, was at least sufficient to turn that so late harmonious frame of mind into a kind of chaos and inextricable confusion. Those arrows of vexation which the base contrivances of Bellpine had levelled against her peace, had hitherto proved unsuccessful; they had either missed their aim, or slightly glanced upon her without doing any real mischief; but she now received a random shot, and from a hand which least designed to hurt her, that pierced her tender bosom to the quick, and left a wound behind which required a long length of time to heal.

Since the adventure of Celandine, the ladies had lived for some days in an uninterrupted scene of gaiety; every day, almost every hour, brought with it some new pleasure or amusement: to heighten Jenny's satisfaction, she had received a letter from Jemmy, acquainting her that his business was now near being concluded, and that he should very shortly be with her at Bath; he wrote to her on this account in terms so positive, that she doubted not but his next would inform her of the day in which he was to set out from London. In that expectation she sent him an answer full of tenderness, expressing the sincere pleasure she took in the hopes he gave her of seeing him so soon, and desiring he would not let slip the first opportunity that presented itself of fulfilling his promise; though, in effect, she thought this injunction very needless; for she

had that perfect confidence in him, as to assure herself he would not lose a single moment that might bring him nearer to her.

But behold the swift vicissitudes of human affairs; how in one instant are the faces of things changed to the reverse of what they were! The ladies had been at a ball, which detained them till very late: on their coming home, Jenny remembering it was the day that the post came in, she asked if no letter had been brought for her; and being told there was, and that it lay upon her toilette, she wished the ladies a good night, and ran hastily to her chamber in order to peruse the letter, which she doubted not came from her dear Jemmy, with the certainty of his immediate approach. She was not, indeed, deceived in the former part of her conjecture; she saw it Jemmy's hand, and directed, as usual,

'TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

But what was her amazement, her consternation, when, breaking the seal, and unfolding the paper with all the impatience of the most warm affection, she found the contents as follows!

'DEAR ANGEL!

'WHEN I acquainted you with 'that curst engagement which 'an unavoidable necessity has laid me 'under, I little thought you would 'have resented it in the manner you 'now seem to do; especially when I 'assured you, with the utmost sincerity, 'that I would break from it as soon as 'I could find a pretence to do it with 'decency; you might, methinks, have 'known me better than to suspect I 'would omit any thing in my power 'to hasten the happy minute of flying 'to your arms with a heart unencumbered with any cares but those of 'pleasing you.

'If you return the passion I have for 'you with half that gratitude you have 'so enchantingly avowed, you will repent; you must by this time repent of 'the pains you cannot but be sensible 'your cruel billet has inflicted on me. 'I flatter myself with being able to see 'you in a few days at our usual place 'of meeting; when, if you are as just 'as fair, you will be more kind to him 'who is, with an unextinguished flame,

'my dear charmer, your most devoted 'and faithful servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. If I have any friends among 'the intellectual world, I shall 'petition them to haunt your 'nightly dreams with the shadow 'of me, till propitious fortune 'throws the substance at your feet.'

What now was the condition of Jenny! She re-examined the seal and the hand-writing; she knew both too well to flatter herself with a possibility of their being counterfeited; nor was it in her power to conceive that the engagement mentioned in the letter could be any other than that between herself and Jemmy. Where are the words that can furnish a description, where is the heart, not under the same circumstances, that can be truly sensible of what she felt? Grief and indignation in these first moments were absorbed in wild astonishment; convulsions seized her breast; her brain grew giddy; her eyes dazzled, while attempting to look over again some passages in this fatal letter; and her whole frame being agitated with emotions too violent for nature to sustain, she fell back in the chair where she was sitting, and every function ceased it's operation.

Her maid, who was waiting in her chamber, perceiving this, flew to her assistance, threw some lavender-water on her face, and at the same time screamed out for help. Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, being that instant coming up to their apartment, heard the cries, and ran into the room. They found their fair friend without any signs of breath, and motionless; they took hold of her hands, and felt them bedewed all over, as was her lovely face, with a cold dead damp, like that of the last agonies of departing life.

Surprized and frightened beyond measure, they cut the lacings of her stays; raised her gently forwards; applied hartshorn to her nostrils and temples, and every other remedy they could think of; till at length, either through their endeavours, or the force of nature labouring for itself, she recovered by degrees, opened her eyes, and uttered some words, which, though inarticulate, rejoiced their hearts.

Reason and recollection, however, were not as yet returned; and Lady Speck

Speck finding her diſorder ſtill continued very violent, thought proper, late as it then was, to ſend for a phyſician; and in the mean time both ſhe and her ſiſter, as well as their women-ſervants, who were called in, aſſiſted in putting her into bed, where ſhe was no ſooner laid than ſhe grew better: not only her voice, but her ſenſes alſo were enough reſtored to thank the ladies for the trouble they had taken; and to tell them, in order to conceal the real cauſe, that ſhe believed her diſorder was occaſioned by her having danced too much that night.

The phyſician being come, ſhe notwithſtanding ſuffered him to feel her pulſe, and promiſed to follow his preſcription, which was only a compoſing draught for that night; though he departed not without giving ſome items that his advice would be neceſſary next day. The ladies, after having ſeen her take the doſe prepared for her, retired, and left her to the care of her own maid and Lady Speck's woman, who both ſat by her bed-ſide the whole remainder of the night.

CHAP. VI.

TREATS OF MANY THINGS AS UNEXPECTED BY THE PERSONS CONCERNED IN THEM, AS THEY CAN BE BY THE READER HIMSELF.

LADY Speck and her ſiſter had no ſooner quitted Jenny's chamber than ſhe fell into a profound ſleep; whether owing to the goodneſs of her conſtitution, the doctor's preſcription, or the fatigue ſhe had undergone, is uncertain, but ſhe awoke next morning greatly refreſhed, and much more ſo in ſpirits than could have been expected.

She now called to mind all the particulars that had occaſioned her late diſorder; and remembering ſhe had not put up the letter, ordered it ſhould be looked for and brought to her: the maid ſearched carefully about the room; it being no where to be found, ſhe concluded that ſomebody muſt have taken it away, and by that means a ſecret would be divulged which ſhe had much rather ſhould have been eternally concealed.

But as this ſuggeſtion was only a ſudden ſtart of female pride, of which ſhe had as ſmall a ſhare as any of her ſex, her good underſtanding eaſily got the better of it. 'I think,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'the unfaithful man called his 'engagement with me a curſed engage-'ment, and promiſed to break it off: if 'ſo, the diſcovery muſt be made ſome 'time or other; it is therefore of little 'importance when or by what means 'his perfidiouſneſs is revealed.'

She was not miſtaken, indeed; the letter had dropped from her hand as ſhe fainted. Miſs Wingman, during the confuſion, ſeeing a paper lie on the floor, took it up; and finding Jemmy's name ſubſcribed, was curious to know the contents, and for that purpoſe put it into her pocket without any one obſerving what ſhe did. She kept not from her ſiſter the knowledge of the petty larceny ſhe had committed; and as ſoon as they were alone together, read it carefully over, examined every ſentence, and made their own reflections upon the whole; which, prejudiced as they were with a belief of Jemmy's inconſtancy, were yet leſs unfavourable to him in this point than thoſe of his offended miſtreſs.

They were, however, extremely incenſed againſt Jemmy; and, ſincerely pitying the caſe of their friend, reſolved to ſay and do every thing they could to ſoften her affliction. It being near morning when they went to reſt, the day was very far advanced before they aroſe; but they had no ſooner quitted their beds than they repaired directly to Jenny's chamber, and found her much leſs diſconſolate than they had imagined.

As that young lady doubted not but it was either Lady Speck or her ſiſter who had taken away her letter, or at leaſt ſome perſon who would not fail of communicating it to them, ſhe had determined, before they came, in what manner ſhe would behave on the occaſion. The ſiſters, on their part, were not altogether ſo well prepared; they expected not that ſhe was as yet in a condition to endure much diſcourſe, eſpecially on ſo tender and critical a point; they thought it would be time enough to entertain her on that head

when the first shock of her misfortune should be over, and had not therefore well considered how to break their knowledge of it to her.

This caution in them was certainly very prudent, as well as very kind; but Jenny had too much spirit and resolution not to render it unnecessary. On their entrance she started up in her bed, and said to them with a smile—'I 'guessed, ladies, that your good-na- 'ture would bring you hither; so was 'just going to rise, that you might be 'spared the trouble.'

'I am very glad,' replied Lady Speck, 'to find that a disorder which 'seemed to threaten the worst conse- 'quences is likely to go off so well: 'but, my dear Miss Jessamy, I would 'not have you think of leaving your 'bed till your health is a little farther 're-established. I will order,' added she, 'breakfast to be brought in here; 'and, after that, would fain persuade 'you to take some repose.'

The maid then going out of the room to fetch the utensils for breakfast—'Instead of this goodness, Ma- 'dam,' said Jenny, 'your ladyship 'ought rather to chide me for my folly. 'The inconstancy and ingratitude of 'mankind are not things so new and 'strange to justify that surprize and 'confusion I was last night involved 'in.'

They looked on each other at these words, but made no answer; on which Jenny went on—'I am very sensible, 'ladies,' pursued she, 'that neither of 'you are unacquainted with the cause 'of my disorder: the letter I received 'last night has informed you of all; 'nor am I sorry it has done what my 'tongue might have faltered in per- 'forming.'

'Since I have your pardon, my 'dear,' replied Miss Wingman, 'I 'shall make no scruple to confess the 'theft which my curiosity made me 'guilty of; and I am the more ready 'to excuse myself for what I have 'done, as I am apt to think that the 'knowledge my sister and I have of 'this affair may enable us to give you 'some consolation under it.'

'Yes, my dear Miss Jessamy,' rejoined Lady Speck; 'you must believe 'that, though greatly interested in all 'that concerns you, our minds were 'less disconcerted than yours must na- 'turally be on reading that epistle; and 'consequently were in a better capa- 'city of judging, and seeing into the 'heart of him who wrote it.'—'And 'what can you see there, Madam,' cried Jenny hastily, 'but the most vile 'ingratitude and perfidiousness?'—'I 'am going about,' said that lady, 'not 'to palliate his crimes; but I think it 'is your duty to thank Heaven, that 'by this incident of his directing to 'you what was doubtless intended for 'another, you are convinced how un- 'worthy he is of your affection.'

'Besides,' cried Miss Wingman, perceiving Jenny sighed, and made no answer to what Lady Speck had said, 'methinks it should please you to find, 'that if Mr. Jessamy has slighted you 'for the sake of Miss Chit, he slights 'her also for some other; and she has 'no less reason to condemn him than 'yourself.'

'Do you not think, then, that the 'letter was meant for her?' demanded Jenny hastily. 'No, indeed,' resumed Lady Speck; 'nor will you, when 'you consider more coolly on the mat- 'ter, believe that any man, much less 'one so polite as Mr. Jessamy, would 'write in such a stile and manner to a 'woman he intended for a wife. This 'woman,' pursued she, 'is rather some 'petty mistress, whom chance may have 'thrown in his way.' On this Miss Wingman, after having urged something in defence of what her sister had said, returned the letter to Jenny, desiring she would examine it again, and then tell them how far she thought their opinion of it was unreasonable or improbable.

Jenny obeyed this injunction with a great deal of readiness; and after having paused for some moments on what she had read—'I confess, ladies,' said she, 'that the freedom Mr. Jessamy 'takes with this woman is little becom- 'ing of an honourable passion; but the 'more base his inclinations are, the 'more reason I have to resent he should 'attempt a gratification of them at the 'expence of that respect due from him 'to the engagement he has with me.'

'Men will say any thing to gain 'their point this way,' said Lady Speck laughing; 'and if hereafter you shall 'find no greater cause of complaint 'against him than what this letter gives 'you, I should almost pity his inve-

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'vertency in expoſing his folly to the 'only woman from whom it moſt be-'hoved him to have concealed it.'

Juſt as ſhe had ended theſe words, tea and chocolate were brought in; after which, as the maids were preſent, no farther diſcourſe paſſed upon this ſubject. When breakfaſt was over, the ladies retired in order to dreſs, but not without conjuring Jenny to lie ſtill, and endeavour to take a little more repoſe: ſhe promiſed to comply, but had nothing leſs in her head, being glad to be alone, and at liberty to make her own reflections on an event which had occaſioned ſo great a change both in her ſentiments and humour.

As ſhe had imagined, in the firſt hurry of her ſpirits on the receipt of this letter, that it was in reality wrote to Miſs Chit, and a demonſtrative proof of the truth of all that had been told her on that account by Lady Speck and Miſs Wingman, it was no inconſiderable alleviation of her trouble, to be now pretty well convinced, that inſtead of making his honourable addreſſes to a woman of condition, he was only amuſing himſelf with an affair of gallantry, a thing not much to be wondered at in a gentleman of his years and gay diſpoſition; and her good ſenſe would, doubtleſs, have enabled her to forgive it, but for the promiſe he ſeemed to have made to this new object of his flame, of breaking through all engagements, that he might devote himſelf entirely to her.

This, in a man whom ſhe had always looked upon and regarded as her ſecond ſelf, appeared ſo treacherous and ungrateful, that reſentment got the better of all the tenderneſs ſhe once had for him, and made her reſolve to take him at his word, and be the firſt to releaſe him from thoſe engagements he had treated in ſo unworthy a manner.

Thus did the greatneſs of her ſpirit refuſe to yield to the impulſe of grief; ſhe got out of bed, in ſpite of all the entreaties of her maid to the contrary, put on her cloaths, locked ſafely up the proof of her lover's infidelity in a little caſket where ſhe kept her jewels, and would even have gone down into the dining-room as uſual, but found her limbs too weak to obey the dictates of her will; ſhe threw herſelf into an eaſy-chair, and remained there for ſome time, in a ſituation of mind which only thoſe of my fair readers who have experienced ſomewhat like the ſame, can be capable of conceiving.

She was in a deep reverie when the ladies returned to her chamber: ſhe ſpoke chearfully to them; yet they plainly ſaw, through all the vivacity ſhe aſſumed, that a heavy melancholy had ſeated itſelf upon her heart. They would not therefore leave her: they ordered dinner to be ſerved up in that room; and, when it was over, called for a pack of cards, and obliged her to make one at ombre.

They had played but a very ſhort time before a ſervant acquainted the two ladies that a man was below who ſaid his name was Landy; that he was juſt come from London, and had brought letters of the utmoſt importance, which he was charged to deliver the moment of his arrival.

'Bleſs me! my mother's ſteward!' cried Lady Speck. 'Grant, Heaven,' rejoined Miſs Wingman, 'that no hurt 'has happened to her ladyſhip!' With theſe words they threw the cards out of their hands, and ran immediately down ſtairs.

Jenny, who at another time would have been anxious for any thing that concerned her friend, was now too much engroſſed with her own affairs to give much regard to the exclamations theſe ladies had made, and returned to thoſe reflections they had endeavoured to divert her from.

It was not long, however, before they both came back, and with countenances which denoted the moſt extreme ſurprize. 'Well, Miſs Jeſſamy,' ſaid the younger, 'I have done my beſt to con-'ſole you; you may now do the ſame 'kind office to me: all men are alike 'perfidious; there is, 'faith, no honour 'in the whole ſex.'

'Aye, my dear,' cried Lady Speck, 'ſuch a monſtrous piece of villainy is 'come to light, as, when you hear, 'will make you forget every thing be-'ſides.'—'All that you can gueſs is 'nothing to it,' reſumed Miſs Wingman; 'but I will keep you no longer 'in ſuſpenſe. You muſt know that I 'have juſt received two letters; the one 'from my guardian, Sir Thomas Wel-'by, and the other from my mamma: 'ſhe would not truſt the intelligence 'they contained by the poſt, for fear of 'a miſcarriage, but ſent her own ſtew-

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'ard on purpose to me: you shall hear 'them both; I will begin with that 'from Sir Thomas.'

She then took the letter she mentioned out of her pocket, and read as follows.

'TO MISS WINGMAN, AT BATH.

'DEAR MISS,

'I Thank Heaven for putting it in my 'power to discover to you, I hope 'time enough to prevent your ruin, as 'wicked a design as ever entered the 'heart of the most profligate of our sex 'to attempt against the innocence of 'yours.

'I am ashamed to think that a noble-'man of Lord Huntley's birth and per-'sonal endowments can be capable of 'descending to such a low piece of vil-'lainy; yet so it is. I can assure you, 'my dear Miss, that nothing is more 'certain than that he is already mar-'ried. His lady, I believe, is but 'lately come from Ireland, and is at 'present lodged at the house of a par-'ticular friend of mine! I both saw and 'spoke to her ladyship, under the pre-'tence of having some business with 'my lord; she told me he was not in 'town, which indeed I very well knew, 'having been informed he had followed 'you down to Bath. There are, be-'sides this, many other circumstances 'to evince the truth; but as they are 'too numerous, and too long, to be in-'serted in the compass of a letter, I 'shall defer giving you the detail of 'them till I have the pleasure of see-'ing you. My advice to you is, that 'you put it not in the power of this 'unworthy lord to deceive you any far-'ther, but return immediately to Lon-'don. Lady Wingman is of the same 'opinion; but as this letter will be ac-'companied with one from herself, I 'doubt not but it will have all the ef-'fect it ought to have on your beha-'viour. I am, with the best wishes, 'my dear charge, your very affection-'ate friend, and most humble servant,

'T. WELBY.'

Jenny had no time to express any part of her sentiments on this occasion. Miss Wingman had no sooner ended her guardian's epistle, than she proceeded to that from her mother; the contents whereof were these.

'TO MISS WINGMAN, AT BATH.

'MY DEAR CHILD,

'I Cannot sufficiently express the trou-'ble I am under on account of Lord 'Huntley's baseness; the intelligence 'of which I first received from our good 'friend Sir Thomas Welby, and am 'since but too much confirmed in the 'truth of it by some enquiries myself 'has been at the pains to make. I must 'confess it was with difficulty I listen-'ed to any reports to his prejudice; I 'could not tell how to believe such foul 'deceit could be couched under a form 'so seemingly adorned with every vir-'tue, as well as every accomplishment 'befitting his birth. But, my dear Kit-'ty, we are never so easily beguiled as by 'the appearance of honour and sincer-'ity. I tremble to think to what dangers 'you are exposed, while suffering your-'self to be entertained with the insinu-'ating addresses of a man who can mean 'nothing but to involve you in eternal 'wretchedness: I conjure you there-'fore, I command you by all the au-'thority I have over you, never to see 'him more; to fly his presence as a ser-'pent that watches to blast your peace 'and reputation with his envenomed 'breath. I have sent Landy on pur-'pose to bring you this, and to attend 'you to London; and hope you will 'not detain him any longer than is ne-'cessary for your getting ready to set 'out. Farewel! That Heaven may 'have you always under it's protec-'tion, is the unceasing prayer of, my 'dear child, your most affectionate mo-'ther,

'K. WINGMAN.

'P. S. I am not in a condition to 'write to your sister, but desire 'you will give my blessing to her; 'and let her know, that if she 'stays behind you at Bath, as I 'suppose she will, she may expect 'to hear from me in a short time. 'In the present confusion of my 'thoughts, I had almost forgot my 'compliments to Miss Jessamy, 'which pray make acceptable to 'her.'

Jenny could scarce find words to express her astonishment at what she heard; she could not tell how to think Lord Huntley guilty in the manner he was represented; and yet could less believe

that

that Sir Thomas Welby and Lady Wingman, who she knew had always favoured his pretensions, would write as they had done without having undeniable proofs of the justice of their accusation.

The three ladies had a long conversation together, the event of which will be seen in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF RECITAL OF THE RESOLUTIONS TAKEN ON THE FOREGOING ADVICE.

AMONG the many who made their addresses to Miss Wingman, there was none who had been so likely to succeed as Lord Huntley: she respected him so well, that had the information against him come from any other hands than those it did, she would not have given the least credit to it; but she loved him not enough to reject the admonitions of her friends, or to make her hesitate one moment if she should believe him guilty, or refuse to condemn a person whom they had found worthy of it.

Gay as she was by nature, she testified not the least reluctance to obey the commands of her mother in quitting Bath, and all it's pleasures; and resolved to do so without seeing Lord Huntley before she went, or being at the pains of reproaching him with the crime he was accused of.

But as she seemed a little desirous that he should some way or other be made acquainted with her knowledge of his perfidiousness, and thought it as great an infringement of her mother's orders to write as to speak to him any more, Lady Speck was so obliging as to tell her she would take that task upon herself at his next visit.

Nor was it by this alone she proved the affection she had for her sister. 'As 'you were entrusted to my care by my 'mother,' said she, 'on our coming down 'to Bath, I am very loth to part with 'you till I have seen you safe again in 'her arms; therefore,' continued she, 'if Miss Jessamy consents, I should be 'glad to return all together to London 'in the same manner as we left it.'

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Jenny than this proposal: she was not now in a condition to relish the pleasures of Bath, and longed very much to return to a place where persons are at liberty either to see all the world, or to live perfectly retired, as suits best with their humour or circumstances.

'I am charmed with your ladyship's 'design,' cried she; 'I could not have 'been easy to have seen Miss Wing-'man torn from us in this manner, 'especially on an occasion which could 'not afford her any pleasing ideas for 'the companions of her journey.'

Miss Wingman made many acknowledgments to them both for this kind offer, but at first refused to accept it. 'I think myself happy,' said she, 'in 'the testimony you give me of your 'good-nature and friendship towards 'me; but I cannot suffer you to think 'of leaving this place just in the 'height of the season, and returning to 'London, which is now a perfect wil-'derness, merely because I am obliged 'to go thither by a duty which I can-'not dispense with.'

It is not to be supposed reasonable that this young lady was much in earnest in what she said on this score; the others, however, were too sincere to take her at her word; and it was at last agreed, that they should all set out together as soon as every thing could be got ready for their departure.

No company happening to come in, they passed the whole evening in Jenny's chamber; where the conversation turning chiefly on the communication of Lord Huntley's marriage, it suddenly came into Lady Speck's head, that it would be better for her to express her sentiments on that occasion by a letter, than by holding any discourse with a man whom she could scarce think upon with any tolerable degree of patience.

Miss Wingman approving of her intention, her ladyship took Jenny's standish, and immediately wrote to him in the following terms.

'TO LORD HUNTLEY.

'MY LORD,

'IT is with an infinity of astonish-'ment, and little less concern, that 'I find your lordship's proposal of an 'alliance with our family, instead of

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'an honour, is the greateſt affront that 'could poſſibly be offered to it. I 'thought my ſiſter's birth, fortune, 'and character, had ſet her above be- 'ing attempted to be made the dupe 'either of a vicious inclination or un- 'meaning gallantry; for to what elſe, 'than to gratify one or the other of 'theſe propenſities, can tend the ad- 'dreſſes of a perſon who has already 'diſpoſed of himſelf to another?

'This, my lord, is ſufficient to con- 'vince you that we are perfectly well 'acquainted with your marriage: af- 'ter which I cannot ſuppoſe you will 'even think of continuing your viſits; 'the only reparation you can make for 'a proceeding ſo unworthy of you be- 'ing to ſhun, henceforward, the pre- 'ſence of my much-injured ſiſter, and 'alſo of all thoſe who have any intereſt 'in her happineſs or reputation; a- 'mong the number of whom, you can- 'not doubt, is her who is ſorry to ſub- 'ſcribe herſelf, my lord, your lord- 'ſhip's ill-treated ſervant,

'M. SPECK.'

This, after having ſhewn it to Miſs Wingman and Jenny for their approbation, ſhe ſent by a ſervant, to be left for Lord Huntley; but that nobleman coming not home till very late, could do nothing in the affair that night. Early the next morning Lady Speck received a billet from him, containing theſe lines.

'TO LADY SPECK.

'MADAM,

'I Received yours with more aſtoniſh- 'ment than you could be capable 'of feeling at the motive which in- 'duced your ladyſhip to write to me 'in the manner you did. So baſe, and 'withal ſo ridiculous, a calumny, 'would have merited only my con- 'tempt, had it not reached the ears of 'perſons for whom I have the greateſt 'reverence. Nothing is more eaſy than 'for me to clear my innocence in this 'matter; but, as I cannot bear to ap- 'pear, even for one moment, guilty in 'the eyes of my dear adorable Miſs 'Wingman, I beg your ladyſhip will 'give me the opportunity of juſtifying 'myſelf by letting me know the name 'of my accuſer; that villain who, 'while he ſtabs in the back, reaches 'my heart. In confidence of your 'ladyſhip's generoſity in this point, I 'will wait on you as ſoon as I am 'dreſſed; promiſing, at the ſame time, 'to intrude no more till this cruel aſ- 'perſion is removed, and I ſhall be 'found to be, what I truly am, a man 'of honour; and, with the moſt pro- 'found reſpect, Madam, your lady- 'ſhip's moſt humble and moſt obedient 'ſervant,

'HUNTLEY.'

The two ſiſters, who had imagined he would have been too much ſhocked at the detection of his crime to have gone about to deny it, or to excuſe it, cried out, that he had an unparalleled aſſurance; that to behave in this manner was an aggravation of his guilt; and proved his ſoul as mean and abject as his principles were corrupt and baſe.

But Jenny, who was always ready to think the beſt, and, beſides, had the eyes of her reaſon leſs obſcured by paſſion, began immediately to entertain more favourable ſentiments: ſhe found ſomething in this letter which, in ſpite of all the appearances againſt him, made her believe there was a poſſibility of his being wronged. She could not forbear communicating her opinion to the ladies; and urged in the defence of it theſe arguments.

'Lord Huntley is a man of ſenſe,' ſaid ſhe; 'and, if he was ſo wicked as 'to be capable of acting in the manner 'that has been repreſented, he could 'not be ſo ſtupidly weak as to deſire a 'farther explanation of it; certainly 'he would rather be ſilent on that 'head: if guilty, what would his pre- 'tenſions to innocence avail? His 'making any noiſe in relation to a fact 'which, if true, may be ſo plainly 'proved, would only ſerve to make his 'criminal deſigns more conſpicuous, 'and expoſe his villainy to thoſe who 'otherwiſe might hear nothing of it.'

'All this is very true, my dear,' replied Lady Speck; 'but yet there are 'ſome men who have had the impu- 'dence and folly not only to court, 'but even actually marry, a ſecond 'wife, while the former has been liv- 'ing; and perhaps, too, at leſs diſtance 'than, it is likely, Lady Huntley was

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'when he first made his addresses to my 'sister.'

'It will not enter into my head that 'Lord Huntley is one of these; nor 'can I think it quite just that a man 'should be absolutely condemned with-'out a fair trial, or even knowing by 'whom he is accused.'

Lady Speck paused a little on these words; and then said, that, as she was certain Sir Thomas Welby would not so positively assert a thing, the truth of which he was not well assured of, she was half inclined to grant Lord Huntley's request, though it were only the more to confound him.

Scarce had she done speaking in this manner, when her woman came into the room, and told her that Lord Huntley's servant, who had brought the letter, and had waited all this time for an answer, begged to know if her ladyship had any commands to send by him; to which, after a short consideration, she replied—'Yes; he may tell his lord 'that I shall be at home.'

Miss Wingman had not opened her mouth during this whole debate; but now shewed, by her countenance, that she was not displeased at the result; and, it is highly probable, felt more impatience than she thought proper to express for what should pass in this important interview.

CHAP. VIII.

SERVES ONLY TO RENDER THE CAUSE MORE INTRICATE, AND INVOLVE THE PARTIES CONCERNED IN IT IN FRESH PERPLEXITIES.

LADY Speck had given orders that, when Lord Huntley came, he should be admitted, but not farther than the parlour. It would have been pleasant enough for any one to have observed the meeting of these two: he approached her with a profound reverence, but with a reserve which had something in it very near akin to resentment; she returned his salutation with an air all distant and austere; and they stood looking upon one another for the space of near half a minute without speaking.

Lady Speck was the first that broke silence: 'I did not expect, my lord,' said she, 'that your lordship would 'have given yourself the trouble of 'making any visits here, after what I 'wrote to you last night.'

'It is not, indeed, Madam, a thing 'very common with me,' answered he, gravely, 'to go to any place where I 'have been once forbid: but I am 'pierced in too tender a part to stand 'upon punctilios; both my love and 'honour are wounded, gashed, man-'gled, in a most cruel and infamous de-'gree; and it is only from your lady-'ship's justice and humanity that I can 'hope a cure!'

'Can you deny, my lord, that you 'are married?' cried she. 'By Hea-'ven! not married, nor contracted!' returned he, eagerly: 'nor, till I saw 'your charming sister, I defy the world 'to prove that I ever made the least 'proposal of that nature to any woman 'breathing.' These words, and the manner in which they were delivered, began a little to stagger that belief of his infidelity which she, till now, had thought herself confirmed in. 'If any 'part of what your lordship avers be 'true,' said she, 'Sir Thomas Wel-'by must certainly have been imposed 'on by some very extraordinary me-'thods.'

'Sir Thomas Welby, Madam!' retorted Lord Huntley, in great amazement; 'is it then possible that he should 'be my accuser?'—'There required a 'no less substantial evidence,' said she, 'to authorize a supposition of your 'lordship's being guilty of a crime like 'this. But you may see what he says,' added she, presenting him with Sir Thomas's letter.

He read it hastily to himself; and, as soon as he had done so—'I perceive 'indeed, Madam,' said he, 'that some 'uncommon arts have been put in prac-'tice against me; for what reason I 'am not able to conceive. Sir Tho-'mas's veracity is well known to me; 'and, I think, he has been inclined 'to favour my pretensions: I doubt 'not, therefore, but he will readily 'afford me his assistance in diving to 'the bottom of this mysterious vil-'lainy. I am sure I shall lose no time, 'nor spare no pains, to bring the dark 'incendiary to light. But,' pursued he, 'I will trouble your ladyship no

'farther, nor even ask to see the ob-
'ject of my soul's desire, till my inno-
'cence is fully cleared, and I have
'proved myself less unworthy of ador-
'ing her.'

He concluded these words with a low bow, and went directly out of the room, without waiting to hear what answer she might have made to them.

It was, perhaps, much for her ease that he did so; for she was now in a consternation at his behaviour little inferior to what she felt on the first information of his crime: his words, his looks, his resolution, made a deep impression on her; she had seen grief and resentment in his countenance, but nothing that betokened a consciousness of guilt. She knew not what to think, or how to form a right judgment of him; but ran immediately to Jenny and Miss Wingman, to impart to them all that had passed, and hear their sentiments upon it.

The latter of these young ladies was afraid of giving her opinion, probably lest it should be thought too favourable; but Jenny presently cried, that she could almost lay her life upon his innocence. 'I dare believe,' said she, 'that I have 'hit upon the real ground-work of 'this story: the woman who would 'pass for his wife is certainly no other 'than some cast-off mistress of his, 'who, either in revenge for his desert-'ing her, or to give herself an air, as-'sumes the name of Lady Huntley.'

'No, no, Miss Jessamy!' interrupted Lady Speck; 'it is impossible that Sir 'Thomas would assert, in such positive 'terms, a thing of this nature on so 'slender a foundation: I know him 'better; and there must be something 'more in it than we can at present see 'into.'

While the ladies were in this dilemma, Lord Huntley, who, the moment he had left Lady Speck, went in search of his two friends, Sir Robert Manley and Mr. Lovegrove, was now complaining to them of the aspersion cast upon him, and declaring his resolution of going to London with all possible expedition, in order to detect the primary author of the calumny cast upon him.

These gentlemen, who had known his lordship for a considerable time, and had never heard any thing like his having consummated a marriage, were very much surprized that so odd a story should be raised, and highly applauded his intention of justifying himself as soon as he was able.

Both of them offered to be partakers of his journey: he told them he was greatly indebted to their friendship on this score; but that he hoped he should soon return to Bath with the proofs of his innocence, and that it would be altogether needless for them to undergo the fatigue of accompanying him.

Sir Robert Manley, however, insisted on going with him. 'As for Love-'grove,' said he, 'I think he stands 'better with Lady Speck for some days 'past than he had ever done before; and 'it would be pity to take him from her 'at a time when she seems to be in 'such favourable dispositions towards 'him: but, as for me, I have no mis-'tress, at least none that will receive 'my vows, and consequently can have 'no pleasure equal to that of proving 'my sincerity to my friend.—There-'fore, my dear lord,' added he, 'if 'you do not suffer me to go with you 'in your coach, you shall not hinder 'me from following you on horse-'back.'

Lord Huntley was at last prevailed upon to take Sir Robert with him on this expedition; but, though he hoped to return triumphant from it in four or five days at farthest, he would by no means hear of Mr. Lovegrove's leaving Bath, for ever so small a space of time, while Lady Speck continued there.

They all dined together; after which, Sir Robert and Mr. Lovegrove left Lord Huntley; the one to give directions to his man for every thing to be got ready for his departure the next morning by break of day, and the other to pay his devoirs to his mistress.

Jenny, who would not be persuaded to keep her chamber any longer, though not quite recovered enough to go abroad, was now come down into the dining-room; and Miss Wingman resolved not to appear again in any publick place while she remained at Bath, for fear of meeting Lord Huntley. Lady Speck, also, in complaisance to them both, would not go out of the house; so that Mr. Lovegrove, on his coming there, found them all at home.

The first compliments were no sooner over,

over, than the converſation began on Lord Huntley's affair. Mr. Lovegrove left nothing unſaid that he thought might contribute to make them entertain a more favourable opinion of his friend: he remonſtrated to them the improbability of his being guilty in the manner he was repreſented; and Lady Speck and Miſs Wingman, in their turn, remonſtrated the improbability that ſuch a ſtory could be raiſed without ſome ſort of foundation; but Jenny, as ſhe had always done, ſided with Mr. Lovegrove, and took the part of the accuſed.

They were engaged in this diſpute when Sir Robert Manley came in. That gentleman, though expecting to be back in a ſhort time, was too polite to think of going without taking his leave of the ladies: hearing what ſubject they were upon, he ſeconded Mr. Lovegrove's arguments; and ſo warmly defended the cauſe of his abſent friend, that Lady Speck was obliged to cry out—'Well, well, let us have no 'more diſcourſe upon this head; it is 'time alone that can decide the point 'between us: for my part, I wiſh his 'lordſhip may be found as innocent 'as you would perſuade us to believe 'he is.'

'This is extremely generous in your 'ladyſhip,' replied Sir Robert. 'But, 'Madam,' continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Wingman, 'how happy ſhould I make my friend, if I 'were permitted to carry him the aſſurance that you alſo joined with 'your ſiſter in the ſame kind wiſh!'

'Lord Huntley may be certain,' anſwered ſhe, bluſhing, 'that I ſhould be 'very ſorry a crime like what is laid to 'his charge ſhould be proved on any in 'the world, much more on a perſon 'whom I cannot deny but I once 'thought highly deſerving of my eſteem.'

There paſſed nothing more of any moment while they were together, which was not very long; for the gentlemen were impatient to return to Lord Huntley, who, they knew, was alone, and ſtood in need of all the conſolation they could give him. They ſtaid the whole evening with him, and rejoined him very early in the morning, at which time he ſet out with Sir Robert on his journey to London.

CHAP. IX.

HAS IN IT SOME THINGS OF NO SMALL IMPORTANCE, THOUGH AT PRESENT THEY MAY APPEAR TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO BE INSERTED.

LORD Huntley being gone, and Miſs Wingman freed from all thoſe dangers her mother apprehended for her, there ſeemed no neceſſity for that young lady's leaving Bath; yet, as ſhe had received ſuch poſitive commands to do ſo, and Landy waited to conduct her, ſhe thought ſhe could not well excuſe herſelf from going. Jenny, who was now quite weary of the place, having loſt all her reliſh for it's pleaſures, ſaid all ſhe could to fortify her in this reſolution; and, between them both, Lady Speck was prevailed upon to think it right.

Accordingly both the ſiſters wrote to Lady Wingman, giving her an exact account of all that had paſſed in relation to Lord Huntley, and aſſuring her that they ſhould throw themſelves at her feet as ſoon as the neceſſary preparations could be made for their journey.

But before I proceed any farther on the particulars of theſe ladies adventures during the ſhort time they had now to ſtay at Bath, I think it highly proper that the reader ſhould be made fully acquainted with the ſeveral diſpoſitions their minds were in at preſent.

As for Lady Speck, the late behaviour of Celandine had rendered him ſo deſpicable in her eyes, that ſhe wondered at herſelf for having been able ever to endure the converſation of ſuch a fop, and much more to have been won to a liking of his perſon, the graces of which ſhe now plainly ſaw were chiefly owing to his milliner and taylor. Mr. Lovegrove, on the contrary, had ſhewn ſo much of the man of honour, and of the reſpectful lover, in what he had done, that ſhe heſitated not a moment if ſhe ſhould give him the preference to all others who made their addreſſes to her; and if ſhe could not as yet entirely overcome her averſion to entering a ſecond time into the bands of marriage, ſhe however reſolved not to change her condition except in favour of him.

Miſs Wingman was in a ſituation

very different from that of her sister. This young lady was of a humour extremely gay and volatile; she had never been at the pains of examining into the emotions of her own heart; but she now found out a secret there which had hitherto been concealed as much from herself as from the world: those alarms with which she had been agitated at first on the accusation against Lord Huntley, and the pleasure she had since felt in the assurances given her by Sir Robert Manley and Mr. Lovegrove, that it would be easy for him to prove his innocence, equally convinced her that he was not altogether so indifferent to her as she had imagined; and this it was which, perhaps, more than obedience to her mother's commands, made her so eager to return to London, where she thought she might soon be informed of the whole truth of this affair.

But poor Jenny laboured under sensations of a yet more unquiet nature: she had the confirmation of her lover's infidelity under his own hand; and whether he was guilty to the degree she had at first believed, of courting another woman upon honourable terms, yet he could not but appear extremely criminal in the attempt of purchasing the favour of one he intended only for a mistress, with the contempt of those solemn engagements he was bound in to herself.

In what other sense, indeed, was it possible for her to understand the first paragraph in that letter, which by his mistake in the superscription, had fallen into her hands? 'Here is no room 'for doubt,' cried she; 'the meaning 'is obvious and explicit; his heart re- 'nounces the obligation his father laid 'him under, and which his own per- 'jured tongue a thousand times has 'sworn he wished no greater blessing 'than to fulfil.

'The ungrateful man,' continued she, 'shall find no difficulty in getting 'rid of me; I shall spare him the pains 'of seeking a pretence to break off an 'engagement now grown so irksome to 'him; nor shall I envy the woman to 'whom his faithless heart is next de- 'voted. I shall always reflect on a 'distich I remember to have read in the 'works of old Michael Drayton:

"He that can falsify his vows to one,
"Will be sincerely just and true to none."

Thus in some moments did she feel a kind of satisfaction in this early discovery of the inconstancy of his temper; others again representing her with the idea of what she once believed him, all that was just, generous, virtuous, and sincere, threw her into the most melancholy musings: every innocent endearment that had passed between them from their tenderest infancy till this great period, came fresh into her memory, and made her deeply regret the finding him so much unworthy either of her love or friendship.

It is certain that, besides the vivacity and flow of spirits which are generally the companions of youth and affluence of fortune, and keep affliction from seizing too forcibly on the vitals, she stood in need of all the good understanding she was endued with to enable her to sustain the shock of Jemmy's infidelity with that chearfulness she wished to do. In spite of all her endeavours, she would sometimes fall into reveries which demanded other helps than those she received from within herself, to rouse her from them entirely. Though the natural sprightliness of Lady Speck and her sister was very much abated, in the one by the secret remorse she felt for the encouragement she had given to Celandine, and in the other by her suspense on account of Lord Huntley; yet neither of them were so taken up with their own cogitations as to neglect any thing in their power to dissipate the languor they observed in their fair friend.

But as it was Jemmy who had been the sole cause of her disquiet, so it was to him alone she was now indebted for her relief: the night before their departure she received a letter from him containing these lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

'MY DEAR, DEAR JENNY!

'I Am so happy as just to snatch an 'opportunity of acquainting you 'that the wedding is over. I wish to 'Heaven that the revels for it were so 'too, that I might be at liberty to get 'away; for, besides the impatience I 'am in to see you, I am quite sick of 'the incessant noisy mirth of those who 'come to testify their joy on this occa- 'sion: I doubt not but they take me 'for the most dull, stupid fellow, in the 'universe; and, indeed how should it

'be

'be otherwise? In the midst of dancing, 'drinking, laughing, romping, I am 'absent; my heart is with you at Bath, 'and representing to me the more true 'felicities I might enjoy in your dear 'conversation. They tell me this hur- 'ry is to continue no longer than six 'days; but I think that an age; and 'nothing but my gratitude to my old 'friend, for the care he has taken of 'my affairs, should keep me a prisoner 'here for half that time. Be assured, 'that as soon as I can get free, I shall 'do little more than pass through Lon- 'don in my way towards you; so that 'if I am deprived of participating with 'you in the pleasures of the place you 'are in, I shall at least have that of con- 'ducting you home; till when, I hope, 'I need say nothing to convince you, 'that I am inviolably, and for ever, 'my dear Jenny's most affectionate and 'devoted

'J. JESSAMY.

HAM-HALL:

'P. S. When we meet, you may ex- 'pect a particular detail of what 'passes here, and some description 'of the bride, who has indeed a 'fine outside, but I am afraid 'wants a little of my dear Jenny's 'understanding. Harry, however, 'finds no defect in her as yet, and 'I heartily wish, for both their 'sakes, he never may. Every 'man's lot is not so happy as 'mine. Once more, my dear Jen- 'ny, adieu for a short time!'

This letter was a kind of clue to guide Jenny through the labyrinth of perplexity she had been involved in. She knew very well that one of the gentlemen, appointed by the last will and testament of Jemmy's father for his executor and trustee, had a seat called Ham-Hall, in Bedfordshire. She had also heard that his son was about being married to a young lady of that county with a considerable fortune; she therefore easily conceived that the engagement mentioned by Jemmy in that former epistle, and which she imagined he had meant with herself, was in reality no other than being obliged to go down into the country on account of this wedding.

She immediately imparted to her two friends the letter she had received, and also gave them, at the same time, an explanation of the mystery which had given her so much pain. Both of them sincerely congratulated her on the occasion, especially Miss Wingman, who took her in her arms, crying out—'Did not 'I tell you, my dear, that Mr. Jessamy 'was not so guilty as you imagined?' —'Aye,' replied Jenny, 'but for all 'that he is not quite innocent; nor 'will he find me very easy to give him 'absolution.'

'If criminal in no greater matters 'than a transient amour,' rejoined Lady Speck, 'I think you might forgive 'him, without putting him to the pe- 'nance even of a blush by your re- 'proaches. In good truth, we women 'have nothing to do with the men's 'affairs in this point before marriage; 'and as I now begin to believe, in spite 'of all I have heard to the contrary, 'that he addresses no other woman than 'yourself upon honourable terms, these 'are but venial transgressions, which 'you ought to overlook till you have 'made him your own.'

They were discoursing in this pleasant manner when Mr. Lovegrove entered: he came to pass the evening with them, knowing their things being all packed up for their journey, they would not go abroad any more while they staid at Bath.

Talking of the hour in which they intended to set out, he said that he was extremely glad to know it, because he would give orders for a post-chaise to be ready exactly at the same time, that he might not have the mortification of being left behind them even for a moment.

Though he directed these words to the ladies in general, yet Lady Speck knew very well they were meant only to herself; and, looking on him with the most obliging air—'No, Mr. Love- 'grove,' said she; 'since you will 'needs be so complaisant as to accom- 'pany us, I see no occasion for your 'travelling in the way you mention. 'As your own coach is not here, and 'there is a vacant place in mine, I am 'very certain we shall all be pleased to 'have it so agreeably filled.'

He was so transported with this offer, that he could not restrain himself from catching hold of her hand, and kissing it with the most passionate gestures. 'This is a condescension, Ma- 'dam,' said he, 'which I never durst 'have

'have presumed to hope, much less to 'have requested; but it is the peculiar 'property of Heaven to prevent the 'petitions of it's vassals, by blessings 'the most unexpected, as well as un-'deserved.'

Miss Wingman and Jenny, finding they were likely to enter into a conversation which required no sharers, withdrew to a window, as if to look at something that passed in the street. How far Mr. Lovegrove improved this opportunity is not material to particularize. The reader will easily suppose, that neither that nor Lady Speck's good-humour were thrown away upon him.

CHAP. X.

IS A DIGRESSION OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO THE HISTORY, AND MAY THEREFORE EITHER BE READ OR OMITTED AT DISCRETION.

THE sun had made but a very short progress in his diurnal course, when Lady Speck, Miss Wingman, and the amiable Jenny, accompanied by Mr. Lovegrove, set out on their journey for London, escorted by Landy and all their men-servants on horseback.

Our fair travellers soon found the advantage they had gained by the invitation given to Mr. Lovegrove; the innate satisfaction that gentleman felt on Lady Speck's obliging behaviour towards him, diffused itself through all his air and features, and added a double vivacity to his conversation: he was all life, all gaiety, all spirits; he told a thousand diverting stories, and sung as many pretty songs; so that if they had been more inclined to seriousness than they really were, it would have been impossible for them to have indulged any melancholy reflections in his company.

The day was near passed over in this agreeable manner, when a sudden stop was put to all their pleasantry: one of the hindermost wheels of the coach flew off it's axis, and but for the coachman's uncommon presence of mind, in restraining the horses that same instant, some mischief might probably have ensued: all the servants immediately alighted, endeavouring to repair the damage, but in vain; part of the iron-work was broke, and two spokes of the wheel had started with the shock. This accident happened about five miles from the town where they had designed to lie that night: but as there was a small village pretty near, it was judged proper to walk thither, as the only expedient in this exigence; which they did with a great deal of alacrity and chearfulness, while the dismembered machine, though with some difficulty, was dragged after them.

The accommodation they found here was indifferent enough; but what deficiences are there in nature or in fortune which good-humour cannot supply? The ladies laughed heartily at their pilgrimage: and Mr. Lovegrove made them all scamper about the room by attempting to wipe the dust off their shoes with his handkerchief.

In fine, their supper, their lodgings, all that to persons of less wit and more affectation would have been matters of the utmost mortification, to them served only as subjects of diversion, and occasioned pleasantry.

They arose the next morning in the same chearful temper with which they had lain down; nor did it abate on being told that the workmen who had been sent for to mend the coach could not pretend to make it fit to take the road for several hours. As the place they were in afforded no other convenience to prosecute their journey, they resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and content themselves with what was without a remedy. Mr. Lovegrove, however, took upon himself the office of caterer, and was so fortunate as to provide an entertainment somewhat less inelegant than they had been obliged to content themselves with the night before.

But, while dinner was getting ready, an accident happened which contributed to make the time of their abode there seem the shorter, by presenting them with a new theme of conversation.

The woman who kept the house, after having gently opened the door of the room where they were, came in making a curtsey at every step she took, and approached the ladies with an—'I 'beg pardon; I hope no offence: but 'I have a poor guest below that would 'have me to come up. I am very ten-'der hearted; though God knows what 'she is, or who she is; for my part, I 'never

Plate V.

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'never saw her before last night in my 'whole life, so I have nothing to an-'swer for on that account; and if she 'be bad, it is the worse for herself; 'that is all I have to say.'

'If you have nothing more to say, 'mistress,' cried Mr. Lovegrove laughing, 'I think you are very much to 'blame to lose your time in telling us.' —'I hope your lordship's worship and 'all their ladyships will excuse me; I 'am but a plain woman; but, God 'knows my heart, I mean no harm: 'but, as I was saying, a poor young 'woman finding I had quality in my 'house, has been baiting me this two 'hours, I am sure, to shew you a 'snuff-box she had got to sell; how she 'came by it, I cannot tell; but this I 'must say, that she does not look like 'a thief; though there are such sad do-'ings in the world, that one does not 'know who to trust.'

'Let us see it, however,' said Lady Speck. 'Aye, aye,' rejoined the others; 'let us see it, by all means.' On this the woman produced the box, though not without repeating several times over her former apologies.

The box was a most curious English pebble, set in gold, with a hinge and lining of the same metal; they handed it from one to the other, and concluded, that as it was a toy too genteel for the possession of a person in very abject circumstances, it must either be stolen, or the real owner be reduced by some uncommon distress to the necessity of parting with it.

'This,' said she, 'is the young wo-'man; she says she came very honestly 'by the box: as I told your honours 'before, I know nothing of the matter; 'she is quite a stranger to me, but I 'shall leave her with you; and if your 'honour and ladyships worships will 'be pleased to examine her, you may-'hap will be better judges than I am. 'For my part, I have a great deal of 'business to do, and cannot be spared 'any longer from my bar and my 'kitchen; indeed, there is nobody but 'myself to take care of any thing in 'this house, though I have a husband, 'and daughter at woman's estate, as I 'may say, for she is past fourteen; yet 'all lies upon me; so I hope your ho-'nours will excuse me.'

It may be easily imagined that all the company were very glad to get rid of her impertinent babble, so readily dismissed her; Mr. Lovegrove telling her at the same time, with an ironical complaisance, that he was extremely troubled she had wasted so many of her important minutes on so trivial an occasion.

After this prating woman was gone, the young person she had left behind, and who had entered no farther than just within the door, on being desired to come forward, advanced with a slow and timid air, yet which had nothing in it of the appearance of a conscious guilt: notwithstanding the disguise of an old-fashioned long riding-hood, which covered her whole body, and even hid some part of her lovely face, there was still enough to be seen to prepossess any beholder in her favour.

Her extreme youth, for she seemed not to have exceeded fifteen or sixteen years at fartherest, the delicacy of her complexion, and of those features which she suffered to be exposed to view, excited a kind of respectful compassion in the hearts of all those she was at present with.

Mr. Lovegrove, who had undertaken to be the speaker, began with asking her, if she was the owner of the box before them; to which she answering in the affirmative—'I am very sorry, then,' said he, 'and I am certain that all here 'are so, that any exigence should oblige 'you to dispose of it.'

'The vicissitudes of fortune, Sir,' replied she, with a becoming assurance, 'are too frequently experienced in the 'affairs of life to raise much wonder, 'or to know much pity, except from 'the hearts of a generous few.'

'That is true,' resumed Mr. Lovegrove; 'but you are too young to have 'been subjected to them by any of those 'ways the fickle goddess ordinarily 'takes to shew her power over the 'world: the distress you labour under 'must therefore proceed from some un-'common source, which if you thought 'proper to communicate, I dare an-'swer you are now among persons who 'would not only wish, but also make 'it their endeavour, to lessen the weight 'of your affliction.'

She was about to make some reply, but was prevented by Lady Speck, who immediately subjoined to what Mr. Lovegrove had said—'There is no-'thing wanting,' cried she, 'but the

'knowledge

'knowledge of your affairs to make 'me shew my readiness to serve you.' The other two ladies spoke much to the same purpose, especially Jenny, who had taken more than an ordinary fancy to this fair-one.

After having thanked them in the politest terms for their goodness to one so altogether a stranger to them—'The 'accidents of my life,' said she, 'are 'little worthy the attention of this com-'pany; but since I am commanded to 'repeat them, I shall make no scruple 'to obey, on condition I may be per-'mitted to conceal the names of all the 'persons concerned in them.'

They then assured her that they should content themselves with such things as she thought proper to impart; and, making her sit down, desired she would not delay one moment the satisfaction she had promised; which request she complied with, as will be seen in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. XI.

IS A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME DIGRESSION, WHICH, HOWEVER INSIGNIFICANT IT MAY APPEAR AT PRESENT, THE READER WILL HEREAFTER, PERHAPS, BE GLAD TO TURN BACK TO THE PAGES IT CONTAINS.

THE young stranger having been made acquainted, before her coming up stairs, of the rank and condition of the persons to whom she was about to be introduced, would not suffer herself to be any farther entreated by them, but began to satisfy the curiosity she had excited in these or the like words.

'I am the daughter of a gentleman,' said she, 'who, by living in his youth 'above the income of his estate, has 'been reduced to live below the dig-'nity of his birth, in order that his 'children may not, at his decease, have 'too much cause to regret the situation 'in which they shall be left.

'It is impossible for any parent to 'behave with greater tenderness and 'indulgence, or to be more sincerely 'anxious for the welfare of his poste-'rity. Sensible of his former mis-'takes, he has often condescended to 'tell us, that he looks upon us as per-'sons he has wronged, by having 'wasted what should have rendered 'comfortable the life he gave. His af-'fairs, however, are not on so ill a 'footing but that he supports his fa-'mily in a genteel, though not in a 'grand manner; and if he lives a few 'years longer, it is hoped will be able 'to leave the estate to my brother, now 'a student at Cambridge, born to in-'herit, free from all incumbrance, ex-'cept myself and a sister some years 'older than either of us.

'As for a provision for myself and 'sister, I have heard him say that his 'scheme is, as soon as my brother ar-'rives at a proper age, to match him 'with some woman of fortune; which 'fortune should equally be divided be-'tween us two, and a settlement made 'for her out of the estate.

'He never flattered himself with the 'expectations of any offers of marriage 'to our advantage; and though he gave 'us all the accomplishments befitting 'our station in life, yet did he never 'encourage either of us to imagine 'that without money we had any thing 'in us capable of attracting a heart 'worthy our acceptance.

'But to my great misfortune, he found 'himself mistaken in this point. A 'gentleman of a very large estate, hap-'pening to see me at a friend's house 'where I sometimes visited, took an 'extraordinary fancy to me; and after 'some necessary enquiries concerning 'my birth, character, and circum-'stances, came to wait upon my father, 'and asked his permission to make his 'addresses to me; adding, at the same 'time, that he desired nothing but my-'self; and whatever fortune was in-'tended for me might be given to my 'sister.

'This last was a prevailing argu-'ment with my father, who, dear as 'I believe I then was to him, would 'perhaps have rather suffered me to 'lose so advantageous a match, than 'have confessed his incapacity of giv-'ing me a portion.

'But how fatal did this act of ge-'nerosity in my lover prove to me! 'My father, charmed with the pro-'posal, hesitated not to comply with 'it, provided my consent might be ob-'tained; which in his heart he resolv-'ed from that moment to compel me 'to grant, in case he should find me 'refractory to it.

'It will doubtless seem a little strange

'to

'to you,' continued she, 'that I should 'mention as a misfortune what you 'might expect a girl in my precarious 'situation would have rejoiced at, and 'been elated with, as the greatest good 'that could have befallen her: the world 'I know condemn my folly; I con-'demn myself; yet was it as impossible 'for me to act otherwise, as it is to 'repent of what I have done.

'You will perhaps imagine that he 'is some deformed and loathsome crea-'ture, but I assure you he is not; for 'I must do him the justice to acknow-'ledge, that, making an allowance for 'his age, which by his own account is 'pretty near fifty, few men can boast 'of having a more agreeable person; 'that he has also a good understand-'ing, a great deal of ready wit, and is 'very facetious in conversation: but all 'this was insufficient to engage my 'affection; and I have a certain deli-'cacy in my nature, if I may so call 'it, which will not permit me, on any 'consideration whatever, to give my 'hand where my heart will not go 'along with it.

'The astonishment I felt on being 'first informed of the new conquest I 'had made, was succeeded by an ade-'quate proportion of horror at being 'commanded by my father to receive 'that gentleman as the person ordain-'ed by Heaven and him to be my hus-'band, and to look on such an alliance 'as the greatest blessing that could be 'bestowed upon me.

'I blushed, I trembled, and had 'not power to make the least reply, till 'being urged to speak, I recollected, 'as well as I was able, my scattered 'senses; and cried, though with a 'broken and faltering voice, that I 'was too young to think of marriage; 'to which my father sternly answered —"Be guided, then, by those who "know how to think for you;" and 'with these words left me to consider 'on what he had said.

'The same day my lover dined with 'us, as I afterwards found, by the ap-'pointment of my father; who, as 'soon as the cloth was taken away, re-'tired to his closet, pretending he had 'some letters to write, and left me to 'entertain this guest, or rather to be 'entertained by him with the declara-'tion of his passion.

'He made it, indeed, in the most 'respectful terms: he told me, that 'having lost his wife in bringing a son 'into the world, he had resolved never 'to transfer the affection for her to any 'other woman; that he devoted near 'two and twenty years to her memory; 'that, during the whole time of his 'widowhood, he had never seen that 'face, till mine, which had the power 'to alienate his thoughts from the grave 'where she lay buried; but that he no 'sooner beheld me, than he felt new life 'and new desires rekindling in him; 'remembered that he was a man, born 'to enjoy the social delights of pure 'and virtuous love, and at the same 'time found it was with me alone he 'could partake them.

'As this sort of conversation, and, 'indeed, every thing relative to love, 'was entirely new to me, I made but 'very aukward replies; and was so 'little able to express my real senti-'ments to him on that head, that I 'afterwards found he took what I said 'as the effects of simplicity and bash-'fulness, rather than any aversion ei-'ther to him or his proposals.

'My father, who, poor man! re-'joiced in this opportunity of making 'my fortune, seemed highly pleased 'with the account my lover gave him 'of my behaviour: he told me I was 'a very good girl, and that he doubted 'not but that I should deserve the hap-'piness Heaven was about to confer 'upon me. "But," said he, "though "the modesty with which I hear you "receive this first declaration was very "becoming in a maid of your years; "yet, as we have agreed the wedding "shall be consummated in a few days, "I would have you grow less reserved "on every visit he makes to you: ac-"custom yourself to treat him, by de-"grees, with more freedom, to the "end that, when you are made one, "you may not be too much strangers "to each other."

'This so frighted me, that I could 'not forbear crying out, with some 'vehemence—"Oh, Sir! I conjure "you not to talk in this manner! I "never can think of being married to "him!"

'The look my father gave me at 'these words will always be imprinted 'on my memory. "Never think of "being married to him!" said he; "then never think I am your father;

" think rather of being an utter alien, " an out-caſt from my name and fa- " mily! Think of begging, ſtarving; " of infamy, contempt, and wretched- " neſs!"

' Theſe cruel expreſſions coming ' from the mouth of a parent, who, ' till now, had always uſed me with ' the extremeſt tenderneſs, cut me to ' the very ſoul: I threw myſelf at his ' feet; I wept; I beſeeched him to ' moderate his paſſion; and proteſted, ' as I might do with the greateſt ſin- ' cerity, that the thought of offending ' him was more terrible to me than ' that of death itſelf.

' He appeared ſomewhat mollified ' with theſe ſubmiſſions. " Child," ' ſaid he, raiſing me from the poſture I ' was in, " you cannot be ſo ignorant " as not to know what I do in this af- " fair is wholly for your happineſs; " though, indeed, whenever Heaven is " pleaſed to call me hence, it would be " an infinite ſatisfaction to me in my " dying moments that I left one of my " daughters independent. — I could " wiſh," added he, looking towards ' my ſiſter, who ſat at work in the room, " that ſhe had an offer equally advan- " tageous."

" If I had, Sir" replied ſhe pertly, " I " ſhould ſcarce be ſo mad or ſilly as to " run the riſque of diſobliging you, " and, at the ſame time, of ruining " myſelf by refuſing it."

The beautiful ſtranger was in this part of her little hiſtory, when ſhe found herſelf obliged to break off by ſeeing dinner brought upon the table. She would have withdrawn till the com- pany ſhould be more at leiſure; but they inſiſted, in the moſt ſtrenuous terms, that ſhe would be their gueſt; to which, after making ſome few apo- logies, ſhe conſented.

CHAP. XII.

CONCLUDES THE DISTRESSFUL NARRATIVE.

AS the waiters were preſent, nothing was ſaid, during the whole time of dinner, concerning the ſubject which that neceſſary appendix to life had in- terrupted; but the cloth was no ſooner taken away, than the three ladies, as well as Mr. Lovegrove, teſtified the in- tereſt they took in their fair gueſt's af- fairs by their impatience for knowing the event.

She replied to the many complaiſant things they ſaid to her with ſuch an air and grace as convinced them, more than any thing ſhe had related, that ſhe had indeed been educated in the moſt gen- teel manner, and alſo been accuſtomed to converſe with perſons of the beſt fa- ſhion and greateſt politeneſs.

But, though the diſcourſe that paſſed between them, on the ſcore of mere ci- vility, might very well deſerve a place in this work, I ſhall omit the repetition, as it might be apt to make the reader's attention to wander from the main point; and only ſay, that ſhe proſecuted her hiſtory in the following terms.

' My father,' ſaid ſhe, ' now con- ' deſcended to talk to me in the mildeſt, ' and withal in the moſt pathetick ſtile; ' he endeavoured to allure my young ' heart by enumerating and diſplaying ' the pleaſures that attend on wealth ' and grandeur. He remonſtrated to ' me, that the circumſtances of our fa- ' mily would not permit his children, ' eſpecially his daughters, to be direct- ' ed only by inclination in the article ' of marriage; and that, as I could ' find no poſſible objection to my lover ' but being ſomewhat too old, grati- ' tude for the happineſs he was ready ' to put me in poſſeſſion of might very ' well atone for that defect.

" You ſay you cannot love this gen- " tleman," continued he; " but, pray, " what is this paſſion that is called love " but a vain deluſion, an *ignis fatuus* " of the mind, that leads all that fol- " low it aſtray? Suppoſe, rejecting the " certain good fortune now put into " your power, you ſhould hereafter fix " your fancy either on ſome one who " has not the means of ſupporting you, " or on one who returns not your af- " fection, how truly miſerable would " be your ſtate!"

' I could find no arguments to oppoſe ' againſt thoſe he urged, and could only ' anſwer with my tears; till, being bid ' to ſpeak, and the command ſeveral ' times repeated, I at laſt ſobbed out, ' that I would make uſe of my utmoſt ' endeavours to obey him.

' I know not whether his menaces at ' firſt, and his perſuaſions afterwards, ' might not have made me, at that time, ' promiſe to do every thing he would

' have

'have me; but some company coming 'in, luckily preserved me from adding 'to the guilt of disobedience that of 'deceit.

'These visitors staid with us till very 'late; so I was relieved from any far-'ther persecutions for that night: but 'the next morning, at breakfast, they 'were renewed; and, as I had no heart 'to consent, nor courage absolutely to 'refuse, I could only beg him to allow 'me a little time to bring my mind to 'a conformity with his will.

'It is certain that my aversion to this 'match seemed unreasonable even to 'myself, and I did all I could to con-'quer it; but my efforts to that pur-'pose being fruitless, I set myself to 'consider, whether to live under the 'everlasting displeasure of a father 'whom I revered and loved, perhaps 'be turned out of doors by him, and 'exposed to poverty and contempt, or 'to pass my whole life in opulence 'with the man I hated, would be the 'least of evils.

'Oh, ladies! how impossible is it to 'represent what it was I felt while thus 'employed! To whichsoever of these 'ways I turned my thoughts, I was all 'horror and confusion: the present idea 'seemed still the worst; I was distract-'ed, irresolute, and fluctuated between 'both; and all I knew of myself was, 'that I was wholly incapable of sup-'porting either.

'To heighten my affliction, though 'I had many acquaintances, I had no 'one friend on whom I could depend 'for assistance or advice. My sister, 'who, by the rules of nature, should 'have pitied my distress, rather added 'to it by all the ways she could in-'vent.

'Indeed, she never loved me; and, 'I have reason to believe, I owe great 'part of my father's severity to her in-'sinuations. I will tell you an inci-'dent which confirms me in that be-'lief: it was this.

'The very Sunday before the mis-'fortune I am now reciting befel me, 'a young gentleman happened to sit in 'a pew just opposite to mine: he fixed 'his eyes upon me with so much ear-'nestness during the whole time of di-'vine service, that I could not help 'observing him with some confusion. 'After we came out of church, turn-'ing my head back upon some occa-'sion, I perceived he followed me, 'though at a distance; but when I 'came near our door, the footman who 'attended me stepping before to knock, 'he advanced hastily, and came time 'enough to make me a profound re-'verence just as I was entering the 'house. I was a little confounded, as 'I had never seen him before. I re-'turned his civility, however, and went 'in. My sister, who had not been at 'church that day, was looking out of 'a window, and beheld this passage: 'she railled me a little upon it, and 'asked me who that pretty fellow 'was that came to the door with me. 'I told her the simple truth, and it 'passed off till we were going to-bed; 'when one of the maids told me, in her 'presence, a fine young gentleman had 'watched the footman as he was going 'on some errand, and asked him a-'bundance of questions concerning 'me. I thought it a little strange, but 'said nothing; nor did my sister seem 'to take much notice of it.

'I thought little of this adventure; 'but found she afterwards made a 'handle of it, not only to possess my 'father with an opinion that I rejected 'the lover he recommended to me for 'the sake of one who was my own 'choice, but also to reproach me as 'having encouraged a clandestine 'courtship.

'I mention this only to shew how 'destitute I was of any consolation 'whatever; but, in the midst of pertur-'bations which almost deprived me of 'my senses, an expedient started at once 'into my head, which flattered me with 'some small prospect of relief.

'My lover appeared to be a man 'who wanted neither good sense nor 'generosity; and I fancied that, if he 'knew the true state of my heart, the 'one would shew him the extreme mad-'ness of marrying a woman who had 'so utter a dislike to him; and the 'other make him ashamed of rendering 'miserable the person he pretended to 'love.

'On this foundation I built my 'hopes; and resolved, on his next visit, 'to make him thoroughly acquainted 'with the deplorable condition to 'which I was reduced by his unfor-'tunate passion; and to beseech him to 'withdraw his pretensions as of his 'own accord, and without hinting to

'my father that any thing in my behaviour had been the cause.

'But, alas! I had no sooner contrived this project, than I found the impracticability of putting it into execution. My father had a closet which opened from his bed-chamber; it was between that and the dining-room, and divided from the latter by a thin partition.

'Good God!' continued this afflicted fair-one, 'how every thing conspired against me! My father had always kept the key of this closet himself, but had now given it to my sister; and, I soon found, for no other purpose than that she should hear from thence what passed between me and my lover, and give him an account.

'Though I only suspected this at first, yet was certain of it when, being called down from my chamber where I lay, to receive my lover, who waited for me in the dining-room, I saw, as I crossed the stair-case, the shadow of my sister passing hastily into the very closet I have mentioned.

'The old gentleman was in great good-humour that day; and perhaps my tears and prayers might have worked on him the effect I wished, had I not been so unhappily disappointed of making the experiment.

'Having taken notice, I suppose, that I wore no watch, though indeed I had one, but, it being out of order, was sent some time before to be mended, he brought with him a fine repeater set round with diamonds, and begged me to accept of it. As I knew who was witness of our conversation, I durst not refuse his present, and much less talk to him in the manner I had intended.

'I knew not then what course to take; but, at last, bethought me of employing my pen to give him that information which my tongue was deprived of all opportunity of doing: accordingly I wrote to him in this manner.

"SIR,

"IT is only in your power to save "me from the worst of miseries; "that of a forced marriage. My father is inexorable to my tears, and "resolute to compel me to be yours; "but not all his authority, your merits, nor my just sensibility of them, "can ever bring my heart to consent "to the union you propose: in fine, I "cannot love you as a husband, but "shall always regard you as the best "of friends, if you forego the claim "paternal power has given you, and "refuse that hand, the acceptance of "which would infallibly make you no "less wretched than myself. Consider, "therefore, Sir, what it is you are "about, and drive not an unhappy "maid to desperation; for, be assured, "I will seek relief in death rather than "be yours."

'This I folded up; but neither sealed nor directed it, as I designed to slip it into his own hands as he should be going away from his next visit: but here again my scheme was frustrated, my father coming home before he went away, and waiting on him down stairs.

'The ensuing day, however, I thought myself more fortunate. He came; and business calling him away somewhat before his usual hour, I followed to the dining-room, and gave him the paper, saying at the same time—"I beseech you, Sir, to "consider seriously on the contents of "this, and make no mention of it to "my father."

'He looked very much surprized, and seemed as if about to open what I gave him; but I clapped my hand hastily upon his, crying—"For Heaven's sake, take care what you do; "this is no proper place!" And with these words turned quick into the room, to prevent any questions he might have made.

'My heart fluttered a little at the step I had taken. Suspense is a very uneasy situation; but, as I thought it impossible that any man would venture to marry a woman who had wrote to him in the manner I had done, I grew more composed, and slept much better that night than for several preceding ones.

'But, oh! how short-lived was my ease, and how terrible a surcharge of woe did the next day present me with! My father, who went out soon after breakfast, returned not till the cloth was laid for dinner, and then only to tell me that he had been with my lover all the morning; that every thing was concluded between them;

'and

'and that the marriage should be so-
'lemnized at our house the evening of
'the succeeding day.

'Judge, ladies, of my condition!
'The convict at the bar feels not more
'horror at the sentence of approaching
'fate than I did at the event which I
'had vainly flattered myself was far
'removed from me: the amazement I
'was in kept me for some moments in
'a kind of stupid silence. My father
'was so taken up in directing my sister
'what preparations she should make
'for this affair, that he regarded not my
'confusion, till grief and despair un-
'looſed my tongue; and I cried out—
"Oh, Sir! did you not say I should
"have time?"

"Time!" replied he; "can any
"time be more lucky for you than
"this, when you are going to have the
"same settlement as if you brought ten
"thousand pounds? Your lover is so
"pleased with the pretty trick you
"played him last night, that, I be-
"lieve, I might have got more for you
"if I had insisted upon it: but this
"was his own offer; and it is very
"well. We are going together to my
"lawyer's, to order the writings."

'My sister then asked him if he
'would not dine; to which he answer-
'ed in the negative: and, after giving
'her some farther instructions, left us
'to return to his intended son-in-law,
'who, he said, waited for him at the
'chocolate-house.

'Dinner was presently brought in:
'I sat down, but could not eat a bit.
'My sister, who, since the death of my
'mother, had been housekeeper, and
'affected to be very notable, talked of
'nothing but the hurry she should be
'in; and what should be the first, and
'what should be the second, course of
'the wedding-supper: for though there
'were but two or three friends to be
'invited, yet my father had ordered
'that every thing of this dreadful cere-
'mony should be set forth with as much
'elegance as possible.

'On my making no reply to all she
'said, she told me I was a sullen fool,
'and did not deserve my good fortune.
'I had no spirit to enter into any al-
'tercation with her; so flung from the
'table, and retired to my chamber, to
'vent those cruel agitations with which
'I was now more than ever over-
'whelmed.

'The first reflections that occurred
'to me were on this hated lover's being
'pleased with the paper I had given
'him, and telling my father that I had
'played him a pretty trick. "What!"
'cried I to myself, "is it not enough
"that he neglects my complaints?
"Must he also insult me for them, and
"turn my grief into derision?"

'But I had no time to waste on this
'subject: my doom was fixed; and I
'must either fly or tamely submit to it.
'I resolved on the former, whatever
'should be the consequence; and now
'thought of nothing but the means of
'accomplishing it.

'It was not long before I determined
'on what course to take. I have an
'aunt married to a merchant at Corke;
'I believe she will grant me her pro-
'tection. I am going, however, to
'make the experiment; and, if she re-
'fuses, must content myself to earn
'my bread either by going to service,
'or working at my needle.'

CHAP. XIII.

MAY PROPERLY ENOUGH COME UNDER THE DENOMINATION OF AN APPENDIX TO THE THREE LAST PRECEDING CHAPTERS, AS CONTAINING SOME THINGS WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED IN THEM.

THE fair fugitive now thought she had related all that was expected from her; but Lady Speck, perceiving she had done speaking, prevented what any of the rest of the company would have said on that occasion, by crying hastily—'Madam, you have not given
'us an account of the manner of your
'escaping the misfortune you so much
'dreaded: we see you here, but know
'not by what means you are so, with-
'out which your history will be im-
'perfect.'

'As I may, perhaps, have been too
'circumstantial in some parts of my
'narrative,' replied she, 'I was cau-
'tious not to weary out your patience
'by any farther particulars of an event
'so little deserving your regard; but,
'as you are so good to afford me your
'attention, I shall readily make you a
'detail of whatever passed from the
'moment of my resolving to fly from
'my

'my father's house to that of my arrival at a place where I have the honour 'to be so generously entertained: and I 'am the more glad to do it, as there is 'indeed one thing which, in common 'justice to the gentleman who made 'his addresses to me, I ought not to 'have omitted.

'As to my departure,' pursued she, 'nothing was more easily to be accomplished. No one suspected I had any 'thoughts of it; so no care was taken 'to prevent my flight, either by confining my person, or setting any body 'to observe my motions: but I was 'willing to take such of my things as 'I could conveniently carry with me. 'This required some contrivance: 'there was no possibility of sending a 'trunk or portmanteau out of the 'house; therefore found I was obliged 'to leave every thing behind me which 'I could not be the porter of myself.

'My sister was mighty busy all that 'afternoon in her domestick affairs. I 'employed that time in looking over my 'wearing apparel; and made the first 'assortment of them I could, selecting 'those which I thought I could least 'support the want of. My fine laces I 'crammed into a handkerchief, in order 'to put into my pockets; and the 'more bulky part of my linen, with 'some upper-garments, I tied in two 'pillow-cases; and then essayed whether I could carry them on each side 'under my hoop-petticoat, and found 'I could do it very well. Certainly 'these vast hoops were invented chiefly 'for the conveniency of those who 'carry about them what they want 'should be concealed!'

Not only Mr. Lovegrove, but the ladies themselves, laughed heartily at this reflection on their mode; but they would not interrupt her; and she went on.

'Finding I was able to walk under 'the burdens I had prepared, at least 'as far as out of sight of our house, I 'put them all together into a large 'trunk, packed up as they were, ready 'to march next morning; for I thought 'it not advisable to go that night, as 'lying at any house in town might endanger a discovery; and I knew that 'no carriage of any kind would set out 'before day-break.

'After this I had sat down and considered what more was to be done before I went away. My father, till 'now, had always been most indulgent 'to me; humoured me in every thing; 'and even this last act of power, cruel 'as it was, I knew was kindly meant; 'I could not therefore think of leaving 'him, perhaps for ever, without letting 'him see I had not quite forgot the reverence I owed him.

'I then took pen and paper, and 'wrote a letter to him: I cannot remember exactly the expressions I 'made use of, but know they were as 'pathetick as could be dictated by a 'heart overflowing, as mine was, with 'filial love and grief.

'I told him that I had exerted the 'whole force of my endeavours to obey 'him; that my reason and the insurmountable aversion I had to the match 'he proposed, had occasioned conflicts 'in my breast which life could scarce 'sustain; that I fled not from the presence of the best of fathers, but to 'avoid being guilty of a deed which 'would have been yet more grievous 'to him; begged him to forgive me, 'and to rest assured, that to what exigencies soever I might be reduced in 'this forlorn and helpless condition, 'nothing should tempt me to bring disgrace upon my family, or dishonour 'to myself.

'Having finished this melancholy 'epistle, I threw it into the drawer of 'a little escrutoire, designing to take it 'with me in the morning, and send it 'to my father by the penny-post: but, 'good God! how great was my confusion, when happening to look over 'some writings I have here, I know not 'for what reason, for I had nothing 'which I feared should be exposed after I was gone, one of the first things 'I laid my hands on was the very paper I had wrote to my lover, and 'thought I had given to him!

'I did not presently conceive how 'this could be. I knew I had wrote no 'copy, and that it was the same which I 'had been certain of having delivered 'to him; but at last I remembered, that 'not being able to give it to him on the 'day I intended, I had put it into this 'drawer to prevent it's being seen by 'any accident; and this recollection 'convinced me, that, instead of a letter 'of complaint, he had received from 'me a foolish love-song, though set to 'very good musick, which a lady of

'my

'my acquaintance had desired me to 'write out for her; and I thought, as 'I could not find it, I had dropt it 'from my pocket. It begins thus:

"Dearest Damon, would you shew
"What a faithful man can do,
"Love me ever,
"Leave me never."

She was proceeding, but Mr. Lovegrove was so highly diverted with this incident, that he could not forbear interrupting her. 'By heavens, Ma-'dam,' said he, 'it would have been 'cruel in you to have made us lose so 'agreeable a part of your history!'

The ladies expressed themselves in much the same manner. 'I cannot help 'laughing,' cried Lady Speck, 'to 'think of the old gentleman's trans-'ports on receiving so fond a remon-'strance from his young mistress.'—'Nor I,' subjoined Miss Wingman, 'at the idea how much he must be 'mortified when he found himself de-'ceived.'—'For my part,' said Jenny, in a more serious air, 'I pity the poor 'man, and am heartily sorry for the la-'dy, who, but for this mistake, might 'not, perhaps, have been driven to the 'necessity of quitting her father's 'house.'

'It is utterly impossible, Madam,' replied the other, resuming the thread of her discourse, 'to know what would 'have happened, had this not been the 'case. I was, however, so much shock-'ed at the thoughts of what I had done, 'that I resolved to let him continue in 'his error no longer than I had it in 'my power to convince him of it. To 'this end I enclosed the letter I had de-'signed for him in another piece of pa-'per, in which I wrote, I think, to this 'effect:

"SIR,

"THE silly paper, which by mis-"take I put into your hands, "must certainly have given you a very "odd opinion both of my understand-"ing and sincerity.

"This will, however, undeceive you "as to the latter, by shewing you I "meant not to disguise the true situa-"tion of my heart, which had you "sooner known, perhaps I might not "have been the wretch I am: but it is "now too late; and all the hopes I flat-"tered myself with from your genero-"sity and compassion are vanished into "air.

"Yes, Sir, the agreement made be-"tween my father and yourself drives "me from all I once thought happi-"ness; but beg you to believe that I "shall always retain a grateful sense of "the advantages offered me by your "love, how miserable soever it has made "me; and shall never cease to wish "you may longer enjoy all those bless-"ings in life which cruel destiny de-"nies any part of to

"The forlorn, &c."

'To this,' continued she, 'I added 'a postscript, to let him know that I 'left behind me the watch which he 'had been so good to present me with, 'and doubted not but my father would 'return it to him as soon as my flight 'should be discovered.

'Having dispatched all that I thought 'necessary for my going, my mind for 'some moments was as easy and com-'posed as if the preparations I had been 'making were only for a journey of 'pleasure; but, alas! the sad occasion 'soon recoiled upon me, and filled me 'with most gloomy apprehensions.

'My father came home in the even-'ing in so jocose a humour as hindered 'him from observing that melancholy 'which I could not else have been able 'to hide from him: he had, indeed, 'been drinking more freely than he was 'accustomed; and I found also by what 'he said, that my lover, by toasting my 'health too plentifully, had rendered 'himself incapable of waiting on me 'that night.

'Nothing material happened after-'wards to the time of my elopement, 'which every thing seemed to favour: 'my sister went very early in the morn-'ing to Covent Garden to buy fruit 'for the dessert, taking one of the men 'with her to bring home what pur-'chases she made; the other was busy 'in cleaning the plate; all the maids 'were in the kitchen, and my father 'was yet in bed: so the coast being en-'tirely clear, I tied my panniers to my 'sides, stuffed my pockets with as much 'as they would contain, and went di-'rectly out of the house without being 'seen by any body; though I believe 'whoever had met me would not have 'guessed in what manner I was equip-

'ped.

'ped. I made all the haſte I could out 'of the ſtreet, however; ſtept into the 'firſt hackney-coach I found, and 'drove to a place where I remembered 'to have ſeen ſecond-hand cloaths hung 'up for ſale; there I bought this rid-'ing-hood, which I thought would be 'ſome kind of a diſguiſe.

'Briſtol being juſt oppoſite to that 'part of Ireland where my aunt lives, 'I had no other route to take; but, in 'the hurry of my thoughts, had never 'once conſidered that as I had ſecured 'no place in the ſtage-coach, it was a 'thouſand againſt one if there would be 'any room for me in it this ſeaſon of 'the year.

'I did not forget, however, in my 'way to the inn, to put the letters I 'had wrote to my father and lover into 'the penny-poſt; but found, when I 'came there, the coach was not only 'full, but had ſet out above an hour 'before. This put me into great per-'plexity; but I was now embarked on 'an expedition, and muſt go through 'it ſome how or other. The Windſor 'ſtage was juſt going out, and had a 'place, which I gladly filled, in order 'to be ſo far on my journey.

'On my arrival there, I was at as 'great a loſs as before; but being told 'that if I hired a chaiſe to Maiden-'head, I might poſſibly find a place in 'ſome one or other of the coaches that 'put in there, I took this advice; but 'would not lie in that town, leſt I 'ſhould be ſeen by ſome perſons of my 'acquaintance that lived there; ſo drove 'on to this village, which I thought 'would anſwer my purpoſe as well, as 'I ſhould catch the coaches as they 'paſſed by this morning. I got up very 'early, that I might be ready for the 'firſt; for it was indifferent to me in 'which I went, provided they took the 'road I wanted to go; but my hopes 'deceived me; every one that came this 'way was full.

'But this was not the only, nor the 'worſt diſappointment I met with at 'this place. Having laid out what looſe 'money I had about me, I thought to 'have recourſe to my purſe; in which, 'beſides ſufficient to defray the ex-'pences of my journey, there was a 'diamond-ring which had been my 'mother's, and a medal which I ſet a 'high value upon: not finding it pre-'ſently, I was very much alarmed. I 'pulled every thing out of my pockets 'that were in them, but the examina-'tion only ſerved to convince me that 'what I ſought was loſt. I know not 'how this accident happened, nor is it 'of any importance.

'It is eaſy to conceive how terrible 'a misfortune this was to a perſon in 'my preſent circumſtances. I ſhould 'have been driven to the laſt deſpair, 'if a thought had not occurred to me, 'that the little box I took the liberty 'of ſending by the woman of the houſe 'might be acceptable to ſome one or 'other of this company.'

Here ended all ſhe had to ſay; but the concluſion was accompanied with ſome tears, which, notwithſtanding robbed the eyes from which they fell of no part of their luſtre.

CHAP. XIV.

CONTAINS MUCH MATTER FOR EDIFICATION, BUT VERY LITTLE FOR ENTERTAINMENT.

THE diſtreſſes of a beautiful perſon have a double influence over the heart. Thoſe misfortunes which the dignity of our nature oblige us to commiſerate, excite a more kindly warmth, a more intereſted concern, in proportion to the lovelineſs of the object we ſee labouring under them.

There was ſomething in the air and whole behaviour of this young ſtranger, which, joined to the calamity of her preſent condition, had a kind of magnetick force, capable of attracting both reſpect and compaſſion in minds leſs generous and gentle than thoſe of the company ſhe now was with.

They thanked her for the pleaſure ſhe had given them in the recital of her adventures, and at the ſame time teſtified the moſt affectionate concern for the event.

Each having expreſſed ſome part of their ſentiments on this occaſion, Lady Speck drew her ſiſter and Jenny aſide, and, after a ſhort whiſper between themſelves, all returned to their ſeats; and the former addreſſing herſelf to their unfortunate gueſt, ſpoke in this manner:

'We cannot think, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'of depriving you of a thing 'which an unforeſeen neceſſity has

'obliged

'obliged you to expose to sale; but if 'you please to receive a small contri-'bution in lieu of a purchase, we shall 'take your acceptance as a favour done 'to ourselves.'

With these words her ladyship put six guineas into her hand, which she took, bowed, and blushed; though not half so much as Jenny did, who was extremely scandalized at the meanness of the present, though she did not think proper to discover her opinion of it at that time.

On this Mr. Lovegrove, who doubtless had his own reflections, cried hastily out—'Then, ladies, since you will 'not buy the box, I will; I have a 'mind to make a present of it to a 'lady.'—'I protest I will not have 'it,' said Lady Speck. 'Nor I,' rejoined Miss Wingman. 'Nor I,' cried Jenny. 'You need not be under this 'agitation, ladies,' replied he, smiling; 'for, I assure you, it neither was 'nor is my intention to make an offer-'ing of it to any of you.'

They all looked a little grave at hearing him speak in this manner, but said nothing; while he counted ten guineas out of his purse, and presented them to the fair fugitive with one hand, and with the other, in the same moment, took up the snuff-box, which had all this time lain on a side-board near which he sat. 'This, Madam,' said he, 'is an equivalent, I believe.'

He then put the box into his pocket with a very serious air; but immediately taking it out again, laid it into the lap of the owner. 'You are the only 'person, Madam,' said he, 'to whom 'I ought to make this present: be 'pleased to accept it as a token of my 'sincere respect for a lady who at your 'years can have behaved with so much 'fortitude and resolution.'

All the ladies were highly pleased at the gallant turn he had given to this affair; but the obliged person was so much overwhelmed with the sense she had of such an unexpected act of generosity, that she was able to express her gratitude only in broken and disjointed phrases; which, notwithstanding, Mr. Lovegrove would not suffer her to go on with; but asked her in what manner she now intended to prosecute her journey.

She replied, that as there was no wheel-carriage to be procured in that village, she had thoughts of taking a man and horse to conduct her as far as Reading, where she was informed she might be sure of being better accommodated.

Though Mr. Lovegrove had no other view in this question than merely to turn the discourse, it proved a very fortunate one for the young traveller: on hearing the answer she made—'You 'need not,' said Lady Speck, 'be at 'the pains or expence of hiring a man 'and horse, as we have enough of both 'standing idle. I doubt not but the 'woman of the house will readily pro-'vide a pillion; and you may ride be-'hind one of my servants.'

This offer being too convenient, as well as obliging, not to be joyfully accepted, the lady immediately called for one of her servants, and gave him orders to do as she had said; adding withal, that when they came to Reading he should use his endeavours to assist the young lady he carried in getting a post-chaise for her to pursue her journey.

A very little time served for the execution of this command; and after the most becoming retributions on the one side, and sincere good wishes on the other, the fair stranger took her leave of a company among whom she had been so providentially thrown in a time of such distress.

Jenny, who had her head and heart a good deal taken up with what had passed, followed her down stairs; and making her step into a little room where they could not be overheard, surprized her with these words.

'I cannot express,' said she, with the greatest sweetness in her voice and looks, 'how deeply I have been touched with 'your misfortunes, nor how much 'ashamed I am of the slender contribu-'tion made for your relief. Lady Speck 'is very good; and I never was more 'amazed than to hear her mention so 'pitiful a sum as two guineas a-piece; 'but as it was agreed to by her sister, 'I could not well oppose it without 'giving offence: I shall, however, ne-'ver be able to remember this affair 'without blushing, if you do not allow 'me to make up some part of the de-'ficiency.'

She accompanied the latter part of this speech with a present of five guineas, which the other shewed great unwillingness to accept; saying, she was

already overloaded with favours, and what she had received was more than sufficient for all the purposes she wanted: but Jenny told her, that she knew not what accidents might happen to a person at such a distance from her friends; and, in fine, forced her to take it; then, after giving her a most cordial embrace, left her, and returned to the company, without taking any notice of the occasion of her leaving them.

She found them animadverting on this adventure, which doubtless had something pretty extraordinary in it. Lady Speck was just saying how lucky a thing it was for the young stranger that she happened to come into the same inn where they were. 'It was so, in-'deed,' replied Jenny; 'and I think 'no less fortunate for us also, as the 'sight of her distress has given us an 'opportunity of doing what every one 'ought to rejoice in having the power 'to do.'

'Nothing can be more just, Ma-'dam, than this reflection of yours,' said Mr. Lovegrove; 'but I am sorry 'to have observed, that there are too 'many who have greatly the power 'without being blessed with the will 'to do the least good office: others 'again, who, though of a more bene-'ficent disposition, confine their boun-'ties within the narrow compass of their 'own acquaintance. Distress is not 'distress with them, unless the person 'who labours under it be known to 'them; forgetting that all mankind are 'but one family, descended originally 'from the same parents; that every in-'dividual is a branch from the same 'stock, and consequently have a kin-'dred right to the protection of each 'other.

'I was an ear witness not long ago,' continued he, 'of a very severe as well as 'genteel reprimand given to a peer of the 'first rank by a person in great distress, 'who had petitioned his lordship for 'relief, and to whom he sent for an-'swer, that he knew nothing of him, 'and that he never gave any thing to 'strangers; on this the unfortunate 'person replied to him that delivered 'the message—"Then tell your lord "that he will never relieve an angel."'

This worthy gentleman would perhaps have farther expatiated on the beauties of a mind extensively benevolent, if they had not been interrupted by Landy, who came up to acquaint them the necessary repairs of the coach were now entirely finished. On hearing this, as there were yet some hours of daylight, they all agreed to go to Maidenhead that night; not only because they were sure of meeting with better accommodation than they had found here, but also for the sake of being so much the farther on their journey.

Every thing being got ready with all imaginable expedition, they departed from that village, where Lady Speck left orders that the servant who had been sent to conduct the young stranger should refresh himself there that night, and follow them early the next morning to Maidenhead.

CHAP. XV.

CANNOT FAIL OF GIVING AN AGREEABLE SENSATION TO EVERY HONEST AND GOOD-NATURED READER.

MISS Wingman, who, besides the natural affection she had for a mother who tenderly loved her, had always been bred in the strictest principles of duty and obedience to her, could not keep herself from being a little uneasy at the delay that had happened in their journey, fearing that indulgent parent might be under some apprehensions of her being detained by a worse accident than the real one, a day longer than she expected.

To relieve her as soon as possible, however, from the anxieties she might be under on this score, she made Landy, instead of stopping with them at Maidenhead, proceed directly, and with all the speed he could, towards London: the honest steward knowing his old lady's temper, was glad to be charged with this commission, assured the young one, that, as far as the day was advanced, he doubted not but he should be able to reach Windsor that night; and from thence, setting out early the next morning, carry Lady Wingman the joyful news of their approach several hours before the coach could possibly arrive.

This filial observance, in a young lady of Miss Wingman's gay and volatile disposition, appeared extremely amiable in the eyes both of Jenny and Mr.

Mr. Lovegrove; but I will not trouble the reader with any repetition of the many compliments they made to her upon the occasion, things of much greater moment requiring to be discussed.

Nothing worthy of obtaining a place in this history happening at present, I shall only say, they all came to Maidenhead perfectly well pleased with the change of their quarters; and that Mr. Lovegrove, to whose direction every thing was left, took care they should be made full amends that evening for the bad entertainment of the preceding one.

The servant, who had been sent to attend the fair fugitive, returned, according to the orders he had received, very early in the morning, and brought an account, that he had been so fortunate as to procure a handsome post-chaise for her, which was to carry her quite to Bristol.

Mr. Lovegrove, Jenny, and Miss Wingman, were all up and dressed; the equipage was ready: but Lady Speck, who loved to travel at her ease, not rising before her usual hour, they did not set out so soon as some of the company, her sister in particular, were impatient to do.

Notwithstanding this, the high metal of the horses, and skill of the conductor, brought them to London pretty early in the afternoon. Lady Speck, who thought herself under an indispensable duty of waiting on her mother before she went home, prevailed on Jenny and Mr. Lovegrove to accompany them; so the coachman was ordered to drive directly thither.

It cannot be doubted but that the good old lady received her two daughters with all the demonstrations of affection imaginable, and those they brought with them with the greatest complaisance; but after the first salutations were over—'I am sorry,' said she, turning to Lady Speck, 'that what I 'wrote to Kitty has made you and 'Miss Jessamy quit the pleasures of 'Bath, so much sooner than I believe 'either of you intended.'

'I am sorry, Madam,' replied she, 'for the occasion of your ladyship's 'writing in that manner.'—'So am 'not I,' cried a voice well known to all that were present; and immediately Lord Huntley, followed by Sir Thomas Welby, rushed from an inner room, where they had withdrawn on the ladies coming up. 'The late cloud,' continued Lord Huntley, 'cast upon my 'honour, I hope will only serve to ren-'der it more bright in the eyes of those 'to whom I most desire it should be con-'spicuous.'

He then paid his compliments to each of the ladies, one after another, who were all of them so astonished at the sight of him, that they had not the power of uttering one word: this scene, in effect was so pleasant, that Sir Thomas Welby laughed till his sides shook; and Lady Wingman, in spite of her gravity, could not forbear smiling.

As Lord Huntley advanced to embrace Mr. Lovegrove—'I congratulate 'you, my lord,' said that gentleman; 'I congratulate you, since there needs 'no other proof than seeing your lord-'ship here, to assure me that your in-'nocence is fully cleared.'

'Aye, aye,' cried Sir Thomas Welby; 'all this bustle has happened 'through my foolish mistake: and I am 'glad that, besides my fair charge and 'her mother, here are so many wit-'nesses of my acknowledging it.'

'Sir Thomas,' replied Lord Huntley, 'you have so well atoned for re-'presenting me more unworthy than I 'really am, or can be, by the promise 'you have given me of using your in-'terest to make me more happy than I 'can ever deserve to be, that I have 'reason to bless an error so propitious 'to my hopes.'

'The event, I perceive, has proved 'fortunate enough,' said Lady Speck; 'but, methinks, I should be glad to 'know how it came about to be so, and 'by what means Sir Thomas was so 'strangely deceived.'

'Strangely indeed, Madam!' answered he; 'I am ashamed to think of 'it: but have a little patience, and you 'shall be fully acquainted with all the 'particulars of this very foolish affair; 'it is a penance I have enjoined my-'self, for my weakness in so rashly 'giving credit to appearances.'

The company now seated themselves, which before they had not done; and Sir Thomas, on seeing the three young ladies and Mr. Lovegrove prepared to give their attention to what he had to deliver, began the recital he had promised, in these or the like words.

'Happening to call,' said he, 'at 'the house of an honest tradesman 'with whom I have been long ac- 'quainted, I was a little surprized, on 'passing through his shop, to hear a 'person who came in just after me, en- 'quire if Lord Huntley or his lady 'were at home.

'I staid not to hear what answer was 'given to the man, but went directly 'to my friend, whom I saw sitting in 'his counting-house: the first question 'I asked him was, what lodgers he had 'in the house? To which he replied, 'that at present he had the honour of 'having Lord and Lady Huntley, of 'the kingdom of Ireland; but should 'not long be so happy, for they had 'taken a great house in the New Build- 'ings, and only waited till their fur- 'niture, which was on the road from 'West-Chester, should arrive.

'The consternation I was in made 'me put a great many interrogations 'to him, some of which I believe were 'impertinent enough; but he had the 'good manners, however, to answer 'succinctly to every thing I asked, ac- 'cording to the best of his knowledge. 'He told me, that Lord Huntley had 'been in England some time before his 'lady; that he had staid but two nights 'with her in these lodgings before he 'went out of town, and would not re- 'turn till his house should be quite 'compleated, and fit for his reception, 'leaving the care of every thing to her 'ladyship and the steward.

'He also added, that hearing they 'intended to furnish one apartment 'entirely new, he had recommended an 'upholsterer and cabinet-maker to them 'for that purpose, and hoped he should 'have an opportunity of obliging se- 'veral others of his friends and neigh- 'bours, by helping them to the cus- 'tom of this noble lord.

'As he is of a very communicative 'disposition, he ran on, of his own 'accord, with several other particu- 'lars; to which, indeed, I did not give 'much attention, thinking myself tho- 'roughly convinced in the main point, 'that of Lord Huntley's being a mar- 'ried man.

'But notwithstanding all he said 'served to corroborate that belief in 'me, I was willing to be still more 'confirmed; which I thought I might 'be, by seeing and speaking to the lady 'herself.

'Accordingly I told my friend, that 'I was well acquainted with Lord 'Huntley, though I had not till now 'heard of his marriage; but that, since 'it was so, and the thing seemed to be 'no secret, I should be glad to pay my 'compliments to her ladyship on that 'occasion.

'To this he replied, that she was 'the best-humoured woman in the 'world, and he was sure would take 'it very kindly. "Yonder is the stew- "ard," cried he; "I will let him "know your intentions." In speak- 'ing these words, and without wait- 'ing to hear what I would say, he 'beckoned to a person who was that 'moment coming into the house: pre- 'sently the worst countenanced man I 'ever saw, on my signifying to him 'my desire of waiting on Lady Hunt- 'ley, answered with a great deal of ci- 'vility, that he would see if her lady- 'ship was at leisure to receive the ho- 'nour of my visit.

'I forgot to send up my name, which 'blunder occasioned him to come down 'again to ask it. I made no scruple 'to inform him who I was, with this 'addition, of being one of Lord Hunt- 'ley's friends: he went up again, but 'staid much longer above the second 'time than he had done the first; at 'last, however, he returned with leave 'for my admission.

'I followed my conductor, who in- 'troduced me to the presence of a very 'lovely woman indeed, though she had 'somewhat of a downcast look in her 'eyes; which, as well as a good deal 'of hesitation in her voice in receiving 'me, I at that time imputed to her 'modesty, on finding herself accosted 'by a stranger; but have since found 'more proper causes to ascribe it to, 'those of guilt and fear.

'When the first compliments were 'passed, I took the liberty of asking 'her to what part of the country my 'lord had retired. She seemed in more 'confusion than before at this ques- 'tion, which then gave me some sur- 'prize; but on reflecting afterwards 'upon it, I easily found it had pro- 'ceeded from her want of being pre- 'pared with an answer. I was, how- 'ever, so inconsiderate as to furnish

'her

'her with one, by mentioning Bath; 'on which ſhe preſently cried out— "Yes, Sir; my lord is gone to Bath "with ſome perſons of quality, his re- "lations."

'Having ſatisfied my curioſity with 'the ſight of this fine lady, I took a 'pretty haſty leave of her, and went 'directly to Lady Wingman, to whom 'I was impatient to communicate the 'diſcovery which, I thought, had been 'ſo providentially thrown in my way.

'Her ladyſhip, as may eaſily be ſup- 'poſed, was both amazed and troubled; 'but the reſult of our converſation was 'to write immediately to Miſs Wing- 'man, and apprize her of the danger 'we imagined ſhe was in from the ad- 'dreſſes of a married man. My lady 'would needs ſend Landy with theſe 'diſpatches, in order to enforce the 'contents, and to conduct her daugh- 'ter up to London.

'I need not tell you the ſatisfaction 'Miſs Wingman's letter gave us. Her 'ladyſhip was now perfectly eaſy; and 'I gave myſelf no farther pains to en- 'quire after Lord and Lady Huntley. 'Happening, however, to meet my 'friend one day by accident, he told 'me that his lordſhip was expected in 'town every hour, and that all was 'ready for their going into their houſe; 'ſo that he ſhould ſoon loſe his lodgers.

'Things were in this poſition, when 'I was told one morning, ſoon after I 'was out of bed, that Lord Huntley, 'and a gentleman he had brought with 'him, were below, and deſired to ſpeak 'with me. I think I was not more 'aſtoniſhed on hearing he was married, 'than I was at his making me a viſit. 'I ran down, notwithſtanding, to re- 'ceive him; but more haſtened by the 'perplexity I was in than by any re- 'ſpect I had for him at that time.

'Indeed, my lord,' continued Sir Thomas, addreſſing himſelf to Lord Huntley, 'I can never too much ad- 'mire your lordſhip's moderation in 'behaving towards me as you did, af- 'ter knowing what I had wrote con- 'cerning you to Miſs Wingman.'— 'Oh, Sir Thomas!' replied that no- bleman, 'I reſerved all my fire for 'thoſe who I ſuppoſed had traduced 'me to you, and created me an enemy 'out of my beſt friend.'

Sir Thomas was about to make ſome return to what Lord Huntley had ſaid; but the ladies cried out, that they were impatient for the cataſtrophe of this adventure, and deſired he would give a truce to compliments, and purſue the thread of his diſcourſe: on which he told them they ſhould be obeyed; and went on thus.

'What I have farther to relate,' ſaid he, 'will be contained in a very ſhort 'compaſs. My lord and I ſoon came 'to an eclairciſſement: his lordſhip re- 'peated to me the heads of my letter 'to Miſs Wingman; and I gave him 'a faithful account of the reaſons on 'which my accuſation was founded. 'He requeſted me to uſe my endea- 'vours to ſhew him the villain that 'had uſurped his name. I readily 'complied; and attended his lordſhip 'and his friend, who, I afterwards 'found, was Sir Robert Manley, to 'the houſe where the ſuppoſed Lord 'Huntley and his lady lodged.

'My honeſt friend was luckily at 'home; but, on my deſiring to ſpeak 'with Lord or Lady Huntley, he told 'me they had left him two days be- 'fore, and were gone to their new 'houſe: on which I aſked him if he 'knew Lord Huntley when he ſaw 'him? "Yes, certainly!" replied he, 'ſomewhat ſurprized at the queſtion. "Am I the perſon," cried Lord Hunt- "ley, ſtepping forward, "that lodged "with you, and bore the name of Lord "Huntley?"—"No, Sir," anſwered 'he; "nor has he any thing of your "reſemblance."—"Then," ſaid I, "you have been impoſed upon; it is "well if not cheated too: for, I aſſure "you, this is the real Lord Huntley; "and him you have had with you muſt "be an impoſtor."

'Never were horror and amazement 'more ſtrongly painted than in the face 'of this poor tradeſman. "Then I "am undone!" cried he. "I do not "mean for what I ſhall loſe myſelf, "though it is no trifle; but I have "drawn in ſeveral of my friends to "give them credit." He then pro- 'ceeded to inform us that they had 'taken up plate, jewels, houſhold fur- 'niture, and wearing apparel, to a con- 'ſiderable amount; and all through his 'recommendation. We pitied his diſ- 'treſs, comforted him the beſt we could, 'and told him that, as the affair was 'ſo recent, it was to be hoped their 'things might be recovered.

'Lord

'Lord Huntley's honour was now 'fully cleared; but he could not be 'content without condign punishment 'being inflicted on the villain who had 'assumed his name and character for 'purposes so infamous and base. The 'defrauded tradesmen were all sent for 'on this occasion; and, as it could not 'be imagined that the pretended Lord 'Huntley would either stay long in this 'town, or venture to appear to any 'stranger while in it, the best expe-'dient that offered was to get a search-'warrant to force open the doors of 'his new habitation; by which means 'he would not only be apprehended, 'but also such part of the goods he had 'taken up, which were not yet em-'bezzled, might be restored to the pro-'per owners.

'A warrant was easily obtained on 'the oath of the several tradesmen, who 'all went with Lord Huntley, Sir Ro-'bert Manley, and myself, to see it 'put in execution by the officers of 'justice; but, to our great disappoint-'ment, the impostor was flown, with 'the whole gang belonging to him, 'both male and female. Upon enquiry 'among the neighbours, we found they 'had been there but one night; which 'time, it may be supposed, they had 'spent in packing up and carrying off 'goods they had brought in. The 'house, indeed, is conveniently situated 'for such a purpose, there being a 'back-door through the stables into 'another street.'

Here Sir Thomas Welby ended his little narrative: what was said upon it will be part of the subject of the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

TREATS OF MORE THINGS THAN ONE.

AFTER thanking Sir Thomas Welby for the trouble he had given himself in satisfying their curiosity, and congratulating Lord Huntley on the ease he had found in removing the aspersion cast upon him, this amiable company began to enquire what methods had been taken to find out where the impostor and his associates had concealed themselves, in order that they might be brought to justice.

Lord Huntley replied, that nothing had been left undone for that purpose; that not only all the suspected places in London had been searched, but also letters sent to all those ports in the kingdom which opened either towards France, Holland, or Ireland, with a description of their persons, and affidavits of the frauds they had been guilty of; but that all this had been of no effect: so that those wretches, if they took any of those routes, must have escaped before the intelligence arrived.

'I cannot but confess,' said Mr. Lovegrove, 'that the impostor shewed 'a good deal of address in the manage-'ment of this affair; for, as he had 'assumed the character of a nobleman 'whose person, he must needs believe, 'was well known, he took care not to 'be seen by any one but the master of 'the house where the scene of his vil-'lainy was to be transacted, and even 'by him but just enough to give him 'room to say he had such a one for his 'lodger.'

'It certainly requires abundance both 'of courage and policy to form a com-'pleat villain,' said Lady Wingman; 'and I have often wondered that men, 'endued with such great talents, should 'not rather employ them for ends more 'laudable, as well as more safe, for 'themselves.'

'All good qualities, Madam,' replied Mr. Lovegrove, 'lose their very 'nature when accompanied with a vi-'cious disposition. Some men are born 'with such an unhappy propensity, 'such an innate love of wickedness, 'that they will do nothing at all un-'less they can do mischief: it is in that 'alone they are capable of exerting the 'talents they are possessed of. Nothing 'is more frequent than for a lawyer, 'who might make a very good figure in 'a just cause, to chuse to engage him-'self only in those which require chi-'canery and artifice; nor for a soldier 'drummed out of his regiment for 'cowardice, to become a most bold and 'hardened villain in robbing on the 'highway.'

'Yet there is a way to correct this 'propensity you talk of,' cried Lady Speck; 'otherwise vice would rather 'be a misfortune than a fault, and 'consequently deserve less blame than 'pity.'

'Doubtless, Madam,' answered Mr. Lovegro e;

Lovegrove; 'but it muſt be done in 'the moſt early years of life, and re- 'quires more pains than either tutor 'or pupil are ſometimes inclined to 'take.'

This gentleman would, perhaps, have gone on with ſome diſcourſe concerning the miſtakes of education, and the little care that is too generally taken in giving a right bent to the minds of youth, which might have been of very great ſervice to many of my readers, if it had not been prevented by the ſudden entrance of Sir Robert Manley; on which the converſation immediately turned on other ſubjects.

The truſty Landy, according to his promiſe, having reached London pretty early that morning, Lady Wingman took it into her head to ſurprize her daughters with the ſight of Lord Huntley in a place where they could ſo little expect to find him; and willing alſo that their common friends ſhould be witneſſes of this meeting, made an invitation, at the ſame time, to Sir Thomas Welby and Sir Robert Manley; but the latter of theſe gentlemen not being at home when the meſſage was delivered, heard not of it till ſome hours afterwards, which was the cauſe that he came not with the others.

Welcomes, congratulations, and all the compliments befitting the preſent occaſion, were now renewed; after which—'What I have loſt,' ſaid Sir Robert Manley, 'by not being here 'before, will, I hope, be made up by 'the company by the intelligence I 'bring.—You know, my lord,' continued he, turning to Lord Huntley, 'that we met Celandine in the Park 'yeſterday?'

'Yes,' replied that nobleman, laughing; 'he was all alert and gay, talk- 'ing to ſome ladies, when we met him: 'but I ſhall never forget how his coun- 'tenance changed on perceiving us, 'and how ſilly and ſheepiſh he looked 'as we paſſed by him!'

'The ſecret of his doing ſo,' reſumed Sir Robert, 'is eaſy to gueſs. The ſight 'of us two, doubtleſs, made him ima- 'gine that the terrible Mr. Lovegrove 'was alſo in town; for I have juſt now 'heard that he has packed up all his 'fardles of fopperies, and is gone this 'very morning to make a ſecond tour, 'and diſplay them to the beſt advan- 'tage he can among his brethren, the 'petit-maitres.'

'What! gone to Paris?' cried Mr. Lovegrove. 'Aye, verily!' replied the other: 'his diamond taſſel now ceaſes 'to ſparkle in St. James's ſun, and his 'muſk and amber to perfume the Mall. 'Your dreadful idea has driven hence 'the hero of the mode—

"To the great grief of many a charming toaſt,
"Who ſighs and mourns her dear Pulvilio
"loſt!"

'Fye upon you, Sir Robert!' ſaid Miſs Wingman, giving him a ſlap over the ſhoulder with her fan; 'I cannot 'have ſo mean an opinion of my ſex as 'to believe that there is even one wo- 'man in the world that will regret the 'abſence of ſuch a coxcomb.'

'Yes, ſiſter,' rejoined Lady Speck, 'juſt as one would regret the loſs of a 'ſquirrel or a monkey, who has di- 'verted one with it's tricks; for, I 'dare anſwer, no woman ever con- 'ſidered him in any other light.'

'Perhaps not, Madam,' ſaid Lord Huntley; 'but as the animals you 'mention are ſometimes very miſchie- 'vous, ſo there may be danger in en- 'couraging the follies of Celandine, 'which every one is not aware of. 'There is a certain young lady in this 'town, by ſome cried up for one of the 'greateſt beauties in it, who has re- 'ceived a wound in her reputation, 'which will not eaſily be healed, on 'account of her acquaintance with 'him.'

'I know who your lordſhip means,' cried Jenny, who was always ready to take part with the abſent; 'but dare 'believe that, whoever cenſures her for 'having the leaſt tendre for that un- 'worthy trifler, does her a great deal of 'injuſtice. It is true, he has had the 'impudence and vanity to follow her 'to all publick places, and even to 'take ſome liberty in company, which 'her exceſs of good-nature kept her 'from reſenting ſo much as, perhaps, 'ſhe ought to have done: yet, in ſpite 'of theſe appearances, I think I may 'be pretty poſitive that ſhe heartily 'hates and deſpiſes him.'

Mr. Lovegrove, who, in all probability, had more concern in this diſcourſe than any one of the company, except

except Lady Speck, joined not in it; but affected to be wholly unattentive during the time it lasted, and seemed taken up with admiring a fine gold-headed cane Sir Thomas Welby had in his hand.

The good baronet, who had all this while been silent, as knowing nothing either of Celandine or the lady mentioned by Lord Huntley, could not now, on hearing what Jenny said, forbear testifying his admiration of her generosity in expressions no less polite than they were sincere.

'It is no new thing, Sir Thomas,' said Mr. Lovegrove, 'to hear Miss 'Jessamy plead the cause of the ac-'cused: strong as was the indictment 'laid against Lord Huntley in your 'letter, I can assure you it lost half it's 'force by the arguments which this fair 'advocate urged in opposition to it; 'scarce could the supposed criminal 'himself have defended his innocence 'with more zeal, or in terms more pa-'thetick and efficacious.'

It cannot be doubted but that Lord Huntley made the most grateful acknowledgments to that young lady, on being told the part she had taken in his justification. 'But how, Madam,' said he to her, 'did my charming judge re-'ceive the pleas you were so good to 'offer in my behalf?'

'Oh, my lord,' answered she with a smile, 'this is not a fair question; a 'barrister, you know, never pretends to 'dive into the sentiments of the court.' He then was about to address something to Miss Wingman, who seemed in a good deal of confusion at this discourse; but her blushes were instantly relieved by the butler coming in to tell Lady Wingman that supper was on the table; on which they all adjourned into the next room, and sat down to partake of a very elegant collation, which that lady had prepared for their entertainment.

What passed during the time of eating would be superfluous to repeat; so I shall only say, that soon after the cloth was taken away, Lady Speck, knowing her mother went early to bed, made a motion to retire, and by doing so, engaged the company to break up, to the no small satisfaction of Jenny, who was impatient to get home, for reasons which will presently appear.

CHAP. XVII.

AFFORDS FRESH MATTER TO EMPLOY THE SPECULATION OF EVERY CURIOUS READER.

BY Jemmy's letter from Ham-Hall, Jenny found that the time which he proposed to continue there was elapsed; and therefore doubting not but that he was now in town, sent her servant the minute she came home, to acquaint him with her arrival; but she was a good deal surprized when the return of the messenger informed her, that after staying but two nights in London, he had set out the very day before for Bath.

The gall of this disappointment had an equal portion of sweetness mingled with it: if she was vexed at not being able to see him so soon as she had expected, she was no less pleased on the haste he had made to go to Bath, as she knew he could have no reason to imagine she as yet had left that place.

This being a new proof of the sincerity of his affection towards her, very much abated her impatience to reproach him with the less honourable addresses he had made elsewhere; and she sometimes even doubted within herself, whether she ought ever to give him any shock upon that score.

When the suspicion of an enormous injury is once removed, all lesser ones decrease in magnitude, and seem less deserving our resentment than they really are. Jenny believing her lover innocent, as to the main point, began now to think little of any thing else he might be guilty of.

The good-humour she was in at present with him rendered her mind quite composed: but the time was not arrived when she was to remain in any settled state of tranquillity; a letter was brought to her by a person who refused to say either from whom or from whence he came. It contained these lines:

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MADAM,

'THE high character I have heard 'of your good-nature and com-'plaisance makes me not doubt but you 'are endowed with an equal share of

'justice

'juſtice and generoſity, eſpecially when 'theſe noble virtues are to be exerted 'in favour of a perſon of your own 'ſex; and in that confidence take the 'liberty of entreating you will ſet me 'right in an affair on which the whole 'happineſs of my life depends, and 'which none but yourſelf can clear up 'from it's preſent ambiguity.

'I have for a conſiderable time re-'ceived the moſt paſſionate addreſſes of 'a gentleman whom, I very well know, 'the world once looked upon as deſtin-'ed to be yours: he has gained my 'friends conſent, and, by his merits 'and aſſiduities, ſo great an aſcendant 'over me, that nothing hitherto has 'hindered me from accepting his hand, 'but the fears that in doing ſo I ſhould 'be acceſſary to his being guilty of an 'irreparable injury to you.

'After all this, it may perhaps be 'needleſs to tell you, that I mean Mr. 'Jeſſamy; but as my circumſtances re-'quire a plain and categorical anſwer 'from you on this head, it behoves me 'to expreſs myſelf in terms which will 'admit no room to doubt their mean-'ing: it is, indeed, Madam, no other 'than he whom I love, and by whom I 'am equally beloved; and who, while 'he confeſſes a former engagement with 'you, proteſts at the ſame time, and 'with the ſame ſeeming ſincerity at 'leaſt, that it is now entirely broken 'off, and that he is at full liberty to 'diſpoſe of his perſon where he has 'given his heart.

'But I have been told, by people 'more experienced than myſelf, that 'men will ſay and ſwear any thing to 'gain their point; I dare, therefore, 'depend on nothing but an aſſurance 'from yourſelf of the reality of his pro-'feſſions. Tell me, I beſeech you, 'how far the intended union between 'you is diſſolved, and whether I may 'be his without a crime? Pity a rival, 'who would rather die than invade your 'property, if once convinced he is ſo; 'eaſe a ſuſpence which has ſomething 'in it more diſtracting, more cruel, than 'all that could be inflicted by the laſt 'deſpair on her who is, with the great-'eſt reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedi-'ent, though unknown ſervant.

'P. S. I beg an immediate anſwer, 'becauſe I have promiſed to give 'mine to Mr. Jeſſamy on his re-'turn from Bath; and ſhould be 'glad to know, before he comes, 'in what manner I ought to ſquare 'my conduct towards him.'

On the firſt reading this letter, new alarms, new doubts, new jealouſies, inſtantly filled the head and heart of Jenny; but, on the ſecond peruſal, there ſeemed to her ſomething too romantick in the expreſſion, as well as purport of it, for her to believe it founded upon real fact; and ſhe began to fancy it was either intended by her enemies as an inſult, or her friends as a jeſt: reſolving, therefore, that from which quarter ſoever it came, neither of them ſhould have any room to laugh at her behaviour on the occaſion, ſhe took a ſmall piece of paper, and wrote in the following words.

'IF I were really poſſeſſed of all the 'good qualities aſcribed to me in 'the letter before me, I know none of 'them that would oblige me to ſend any 'anſwer to an anonymous epiſtle: when 'the lady who wrote it thinks proper 'to reveal herſelf, ſhe may depend on 'the ſatisfaction ſhe deſires; in the mean 'time ſhe is at liberty to form what 'conjecture ſhe pleaſes, and to be di-'rected by them which appear to her to 'have the greateſt probability of being 'right.'

This, without either ſeal or direction, and only folded in a careleſs manner, ſhe gave to the meſſenger who had brought the letter, and bid him carry it to thoſe who ſent him.

She ſet herſelf down again in order to re-examine the contents of this extraordinary epiſtle; but the more ſhe did ſo, the leſs able was ſhe to conceive the real intention of it, or from what hand it came.

After forming, and as often rejecting, a thouſand different conjectures, it at laſt came into her head, that the woman to whom Jemmy had wrote that letter which ſhe received at Bath by miſtake, had contrived this ſtratagem to create a diſſention between them.

'I have heard,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'that women of the vile profeſſion I 'ſuppoſe her of, value themſelves up-'on theſe kind of artifices, and take a 'pride in the miſchiefs they ſometimes 'occaſion: but certainly,' continued

she, 'those on whom such little tricks 'have any effect must have a very small 'share of understanding. Jemmy, how-'ever,' added she, after a pause, 'will 'see by this the scandal and danger of 'entering into any sort of intimacy 'with such abandoned creatures.'

But though it must be acknowledged that there was the appearance of a good deal of reason to confirm her in this last opinion, yet I believe the sagacious reader, by what has been the business of several chapters in the first volume of this work, will easily guess that the letter in question was only an addition to the former attempts made by the invidious Bellpine to dissolve that cement of affection which had so long united the hearts of our two lovers.

It was, indeed, no other than that base man, who knowing she was in town, by having accidentally met her footman in the morning, had taken this method of corroborating the many others which he before had put in practice.

He waited at a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, to see what return Jenny would make by his emissary; which finding not so satisfactory as he wished, he went directly to visit her, hoping that by her countenance and behaviour, immediately after the receipt of this letter, he would be able to discover, more than by her answer to it, what effect it had wrought upon her.

It has been already observed, that Jemmy had inspired her with the best opinion of this treacherous friend; so she no sooner heard he was below, than she ordered he should be introduced, and received him with that sweetness and affability with which she always treated those whom she thought deserving of it.

What company were at Bath; who made the most brilliant appearance there; who won, and who lost at play; with other such like matters, employed the first moments of their conversation: but Bellpine, desirous of turning it on something more applicable to his purpose, gave over speaking on these subjects as soon as he could do so without abruptness.

'Mr. Jessamy must certainly be very 'unhappy, Madam,' said he, 'on find-'ing you had quitted Bath before his ar-'rival there.'—'He deserves little pity 'on that score,' replied Jenny: 'you 'men can always find ways to divert 'yourselves; few of you regret the ab-'sence of an old friend, when you have 'so many opportunities of engaging 'new ones.'

Though she spoke these words with a very gay air, yet there was a certain keenness in her looks at the same time, which persuaded this watchful observer that his plot had not entirely failed of the success he aimed at.

'I do not pretend, Madam,' resumed he, 'to dive into the sentiments of 'Mr. Jessamy; but I am very sure, that 'if you were free, and at liberty to be 'adored, there are men in the world 'who would think no joy equal to that 'of gazing on you, and of repeating 'every day, every hour, nay, every mi-'nute, the influence of your charms.'

'It is possible, indeed,' answered she, 'that there may be some who would 'endeavour to make me believe so, and 'that might be even vain enough to 'imagine I was pleased with what they 'said: it is, therefore, very fortunate 'for me, that I was disposed of by my 'parents before I arrived at an age to 'be teazed with such impertinence.'

'It is strange how you have escaped 'them. However, Madam,' said he, 'your marriage with Mr. Jessamy be-'ing so long delayed, might reasonably 'tempt those who wish it so, to flatter 'themselves with a belief that it never 'will be accomplished, and that there 'was somewhat of a disinclination ei-'ther on the one side or the other.'

These words made her not doubt but that the report she had heard so much of concerning Jemmy's inconstancy had also reached his ears; and she would certainly have been instigated, if not by female curiosity, by love or jealousy, to enter into some discourse with him on that head, if the intimacy between them had not restrained her, as she thought he would not betray to her the secret of his friend, in case he were entrusted with it.

What he said, however, bringing fresh to her memory the vexation she had lately undergone on this account, her countenance went through several changes in the space of half a minute. 'Who-'ever should think in the manner you 'mention,' replied she, 'would dis-'cover a great want of judgment: a

'conjecture

'conjecture of this nature could be justified only by the behaviour of one or 'other of us; and I believe it has been 'such on both sides as to give no room 'for suspicion that either of us regretted 'the agreement made between our 'parents.'

A lady to whom Jenny had sent a card that morning, to give notice of her being in town, that same instant coming in, prevented Bellpine from making any answer; and he took his leave soon after, having discovered by this visit that his artifices had given her some uneasiness, but less resentment than was necessary for the success of his design.

CHAP. XVIII.

IS DULL ENOUGH TO PLEASE THOSE WHO TAKE AN ILL-NATURED DELIGHT IN FINDING SOMETHING TO CONDEMN; YET IS NOT WITHOUT OCCURRENCES WHICH WILL KEEP AWAKE THE ATTENTION OF SUCH WHO READ WITH A DESIRE OF BEING AGREEABLY AMUSED.

THE lady who came to visit Jenny was extremely good-humoured, but a little too talkative; she never exceeded the bounds of truth in any thing she said, but gave herself not the trouble of considering how far the truths she uttered were proper to be revealed.

I have observed, that people of this temper frequently do as much mischief, without designing it, as those of the most malicious intentions are capable of: and though sincerity be among the number of the most valuable virtues, yet there are many circumstances wherein to speak all one knows may produce as bad consequences as to speak more than one knows.

I never happened to fall into the company of either man or woman of this stamp, but I have fresh in memory some lines I formerly read in Browne's works—

'Those babbling echoes of whate'er they hear,
'Fame's menial servants, who her tidings bear,
'Sow such dissention, kindle such debate,
'As turns all sweet to sour, all love to hate.'

But to return to my subject. Bellpine had no sooner left the two ladies together, than Jenny's friend began to express some wonder at seeing her in town so much before the time she was expected: 'What,' cried she, 'is there any 'disagreement between you and Mr. 'Jessamy?'

'No, not any,' replied Jenny, a little startled at the question: 'but wherefore 'do you ask?'—'Nay,' resumed the other, 'it was only a foolish imagination of my own: not but I had some 'reason for it, too. You must know, 'that I thought you had been told some'thing of him that had made you angry; 'and so, when you heard he was com'ing down to Bath, you immediately 'flounced up to London.'

'All a mistake, upon my word!' said Jenny: 'the ladies I was with had some 'business in town; and my unwilling'ness to be left behind was the sole 'cause of my returning to London so 'soon. But, pray, what put such a 'thing into your head?'

'I did not think to tell you,' answered this fair gossip; 'but since you press 'me—though I am afraid it will vex 'you—yet I think, too, you ought to 'know it; and if you will promise me 'not to fret, I will let you into the 'whole secret.'

Jenny then said, that she should listen without pain to any thing she had to relate, and gave her many more assurances of her philosophy in this point than she had occasion to do; as the other was no less impatient to disburden herself of the secret than she was to be made a sharer in it.

'Well, men will be men,' said the lady; 'there is no such thing as chang'ing nature: but, sure, I made the dis'covery I am going to tell you, by the 'oddest accident that ever was; I sup'pose you know Mrs. Comode, the ha'bit-maker?'—'No,' replied Jenny; 'but I have heard of her.'

'I buy all my things of her,' resumed the other; 'she has vast business, and 'I think the genteelest fancy of any wo'man of her profession about town; 'every thing she makes up sits with 'such an air! You must know, I had 'bespoke a fly-petticoat with fringes 'of her: it not being sent home accord'ing to the time she promised, I called 'in one morning as I passed that way 'to see if it was done; she made a thou'sand apologies, and said I should have 'it that day; but I scolded heartily, 'and insisted upon seeing how near it

'was finished; on which she ran up to 'fetch it, leaving me alone in the shop.

'The moment she was gone,' continued this tale-monger, 'I found my 'garter was slipt; I durst not venture 'to tie it up in that place, for fear some-'body should come in; and was running 'into a little room behind the shop; 'but, Lord! I shall never forget how 'I was surprised; I had no sooner push-'ed open the door of that place, who 'do you think I saw there?'

'I cannot guess, indeed, my dear; 'but expect you will inform me,' replied Jenny. 'Why, no other,' said she, 'than the very individual Mr. Jes-'samy!—Do not be uneasy now—sitting 'as close to a fine lady as two kernels 'in a nut-shell, hand in hand, and one 'of his arms across her shoulder: they 'were so earnest in discourse, that they 'either did not hear the door open, or 'thought it was Mrs. Comode herself; 'but both seemed in great confusion, 'and started from their seats when I 'came in. Whether Mr. Jessamy saw 'enough of me to distinguish who I 'was, I know not; for I only cried—"I ask pardon," and went out of the 'room with as much haste as I had en-'tered.

'Mrs. Comode came down presently 'after, and brought the petticoat; but 'I was in such a consternation at what 'I had seen, that I could scarce look 'upon it. I told her of what had hap-'pened, but did not say I knew either 'of the parties. She appeared very 'much shocked, but made an aukward 'excuse; said they were two of her 'customers that had been walking that 'morning, and came in to beg a pot of 'tea; on which I took no farther no-'tice; but have had no good opinion 'of her ever since.

'Some woman of the town, I sup-'pose,' said Jenny: 'pray, what sort 'of creature was it he had with him?'—'Nay,' answered the other, 'you can-'not think it possible for me to give 'any particular description of her by 'the momentary glimpse I had of her: 'but I cannot say that altogether she 'looked like such a person.'

Jenny had boasted of so much fortitude, that she was a little vexed she had betrayed any want of it by the question she had asked; but she afterwards atoned for it by affecting the most perfect indifference during the rest of the conversation they had together on this subject, which lasted almost the whole time the lady staid.

Nothing is more painful than, when the mind is discomposed, to be under a necessity of concealing it: Jenny had been impatient to be alone long before she was so, and found a good deal of ease when she attained an opportunity of reflecting at leisure on what she had heard.

The story told her by this lady had not so much affected her, as the hint given her by Bellpine, concerning a supposition that the match between her and Jemmy was on the point of being broke off. This tallying so exactly with the intelligence sent to Lady Speck at Bath, convinced her that such a thing was really talked of in town, and could not but very much alarm both her love and pride.

Yet when she remembered her lover's tender letter from Ham-Hall, and the many others she had received from him while she was at Bath; besides the haste she found he had made in hurrying down to that place, in expectation of meeting her there; she could not tell how to think it possible, that, if guilty as represented, he could be capable of such deceit.

'There is no answering for the hearts 'of men,' said she: 'love is an involuntary passion; chance or fatality directs the choice, and sometimes a single moment undoes the work of years. 'I should not be surprised that Jemmy 'happened to see a face which had more 'charms for him than mine: but where-'fore, then, should he carry on the de-'ception with me? How would it avail 'his new flame to pretend to prosecute 'a former one? No,' continued she, after pausing a little; 'for him to act in 'this manner would be as inconsistent 'with reason and common sense, as with 'honour and justice; and it would also 'be the utmost weakness in me to be-'lieve it.'

Thus did she make herself tolerably easy as to the main part of what was laid to his charge; but as to his having entered into an affair of gallantry, she had too plain a proof of that under his own hand-writing, to admit the least room for doubt, and needed not the confirmation she had just received of it from her friend.

Upon the whole, however, few young ladies in her circumstances would have suffered less inquietude; and this must

be

be said of her, that it was much more difficult to raise any tempest in her mind, than it was to calm that tempest after it had been raised.

Neither grief nor anger had the power to affect her long, or to drive her to any excesses while they lasted: a humour extremely volatile, a great deal of good-nature, and an equal share of understanding, were happily united in her composition, and made her always ready to believe the best, and to forgive the worst.

The small remains of resentment and discontent, on the various occasions that had been given her for both, were entirely dissipated, when, on the evening of the succeeding day, she received a letter from Jemmy, the contents whereof were as follow.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MY MORE THAN EVER DEAR JENNY!

'I Have certainly been of late one of 'the most unlucky fellows in the uni-'verse; first, to be detained, by a series 'of cross accidents, from following you 'in a few days, as I proposed; then, 'when I had dispatched those vexatious 'affairs, and just upon the wing to fly 'to Bath, to be dragged to another 'quarter of the kingdom, by one whose 'entreaties you know I could not well 'deny; and, lastly, when, got free from 'every care but my impatience to be with 'you, I arrived here full-fraught with 'the expectation of meeting all my soul 'holds dear, to find you had left the 'place scarce twenty-four hours before 'I came; judge how sincerely I am mor-'tified! I suppose the caprice of those 'you were with carried you so sudden-'ly from hence: but I hope that day is 'now near at hand when those who take 'you will be obliged to take me also; 'for indeed, my dear Jenny, I am quite 'weary of this life. Whenever I am 'from you for any length of time, I 'feel, methinks, as if separated from 'myself: the more I see of other wo-'men, the more I regret the absence of 'my dear Jenny. As I came hither 'pretty early last night, I went to the 'Long-room: there were a great many 'fine ladies there; but all their beau-'ties are without a charm for me; I 'can be gay, but not happy, in their 'company; the power of giving true 'felicity to Jemmy is reserved only for 'his dear, dear Jenny.

'I give you warning, therefore, not 'to think of delaying any longer a 'blessing I have been made to hope for 'ever since my first putting on breeches 'reminded me that, if I lived, I should 'be one day a man; but be assured I 'should have little joy in being so, if it 'were not for the expectation of being 'yours by a more tender title than that 'with which I now subscribe myself, 'unalterably and inviolably, my dear, 'dear Jenny's most passionately de-'voted, most faithful lover, and ever 'humble and obedient servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. I would have set out to-mor-'row morning on my return for 'London, but my servant got an 'ugly fall from his horse in com-'ing hither, and is very much bruis-'ed; so I am willing to give him 'one day to recover himself; but 'hope, the next, to be so far on my 'journey towards you, as that there 'will be but a few hours distance 'between your receiving this and 'the author of it; till when I am, 'my dear, dear Jenny,

'Your's, as above.'

Jenny was now in such great good-humour with her lover, that she grew half resolved to consent to his desires for the consummation of their marriage, if it were only to put a final end to those idle reports which had been spread concerning his having an intention to break it off.

But before we bring them together again, it is highly necessary that the reader should be made fully acquainted with the manner in which Jemmy had passed his time during this little separation, and also to clear up those parts of his conduct which have hitherto appeared mysterious.

CHAP. XIX.

RETURNS TO WHAT HAS, DOUBTLESS, BEEN LONG AGO EXPECTED; AND OPENS A NEW SCENE OF VARIOUS AND ENTERTAINING OCCURRENCES.

I Am very much afraid that poor Jemmy has lain for a great while under the displeasure of my fair readers, and that few among them will be quite so ready

ready as Jenny has been to take his bare word for a sufficient proof of his honour, and the sincerity of his passion.

It is high time, therefore, to let his actions speak for themselves; and if they cannot shew him so wholly blameless as could be wished, from the frailties of youth and nature, they will at least defend his character from the more gross imputations of perfidiousness, ingratitude, and deceit.

As I have no view to self-interest in this work; no time-server, no patron to please; it may be depended on that I shall present my hero such as he truly is; and not, like some political historians of a modern date, attempt to mislead the judgment by any false glosses or misrepresentations of facts.

The writers I have been speaking of will not allow the person on whom Fortune has not vouchsafed to smile, any one virtue or good quality; he must be all black, without a single speck of white, even to excite the compassion of the world: what false steps he may have been guilty of are ascribed to his own innate propensity to evil, not to any inadvertency, nor to the wicked insinuations of those on whom he may unhappily have depended, and who, perhaps, have found their interest in pushing him on to things purposely to betray and ruin him.

Whereas, on the other hand, the man whom a concurrence of fortuitous events, or perhaps some indirect measures of his own or partizans contrivance, have raised to prosperity, shall be mounted on the pinnacle of fame; his virtues, if he has any, be resounded even to the remotest borders of the earth; and all his vices, though numerous as the hairs upon his head, and glaring with red impiety, be so screened and shadowed over with the incense of panegyrick, as not to be discerned but by a few eagle-eyed observers: but I shall say no more; these authors, perhaps, earn their sustenance by the labour of the pen; these are not times for Truth to go clad in velvet; and there is no serving God and Mammon.

I cannot, however, without great injustice, close this reflection till I have taken notice that there is one who bravely, and almost alone, has courage to enter the lists of battle against an host of adversaries; and attempts to rescue injured innocence from the claws of cruel and all-devouring Scandal: may his honest endeavours meet the success they merit; and, in spite of prejudice and partiality, open the eyes of too long hood-wink'd Reason!

And now for our Jemmy Jessamy. Nothing is more certain than that he had determined to follow his dear Jenny to Bath, according to his promise, as soon as the affairs which brought his steward to town should be dispatched; nor was he less uneasy than one of his letters, inserted in a former chapter, had intimated to her, on finding himself likely to be detained in London so much longer than he had expected at the time of her departure.

Business of any kind, especially of that sort in which he was now engaged, was no way agreeable to his humour: to be obliged to sit for hours together reading over leases, bonds, and ejectments, instead of poetry and books of diversion; to converse every day with men of pleasure; was extremely distasteful to him: but, in the midst of all this, he met with something, which, though he did not think of any great moment, served, however, to add to the perplexity of his mind, and involve him in an embarrassment he had never dreamt of.

He was at breakfast one morning, when his servant informed him, that a gentleman who called himself Morgan desired to speak with him: this was a person for whom Jemmy had a very great esteem, not only on account of many good qualities he was possessed of, but likewise as he knew he had been always highly respected by his father.

He gave orders that he should be immediately introduced; and when he was so, began to testify, with as much sincerity as politeness, how much he thought himself indebted to him for the favour of this visit; but he was soon interrupted by the other, who, with an honest plainness, replied in these terms.

'Mr. Jessamy,' said he, 'this is not 'a visit of mere ceremony; I come not 'hither at this time either to make or 'receive any compliments, but to do 'you a more essential service, and my-'self a more real pleasure. To be free 'with you,' continued he, 'I am very 'much troubled at some things I have 'heard in relation to you; and would 'gladly offer you such advice as my 'long experience of the world may 'enable me to give you,'

Few

Few young people like to have their conduct called in question: Jemmy presently imagined that the old gentleman had been informed of some little flights, some trifling irregularities, which company and the gaiety of his own temper might have led him into, and expected to be entertained with a grave lesson on that occasion; he told him, however, that he should willingly listen to any instructions he should give him.

'I believe,' resumed Mr. Morgan, 'that you are convinced I wish you 'well; but if you are not, I hope what 'I have to say will make you so. Mis-'take me not,' pursued he, seeing the other look very serious; 'I am not go-'ing to reprimand you; I know not as 'yet whether you deserve it: I have not 'seen Miss Jessamy since she was an in-'fant; I have heard, indeed, a very 'good character both of her person and 'accomplishments; but you are the best 'judge of her merits, as well as of 'your own heart. I am confident, that 'when your parents agreed upon a mar-'riage between you, they meant not it 'should render either of you miserable; 'so have nothing to say as to that: but, 'whatever be the motive of your break-'ing with her, I would not have you, 'methinks, transfer your addresses to 'any one where there is not a greater 'probability of being more happy.'

Jemmy was so confounded, so astonished, at hearing him speak in this manner, that he had not the power, for some moments, of uttering one syllable; and when he had, it was only to cry—'Break-'ing with her, Sir! What! breaking 'with Miss Jessamy?'

'You have, doubtless, your own rea-'sons for so doing,' replied the good old gentleman: 'but let that pass; I 'would only have you be wary how 'you make a second choice. It is not 'in my nature to traduce the character 'of any one: Miss Chit may be a very 'deserving young woman, for any thing 'I have to accuse her of; but you know 'very well that her family is doubtful, 'her fortune precarious, and, if she 'should have any, it will be little for 'her husband's honour to receive. Be-'sides, this is not the worst; for though 'she may be virtuous in fact, yet she 'keeps company with some persons of 'both sexes, which does not become 'a woman who has any regard for re-'putation; in short, my dear Mr. Jes-'samy, she is in no respect a fit wife 'for you.'

'A wife for me!' said Jemmy, not yet recovered from his amazement; 'for 'Heaven's sake, Sir, explain the mean-'ing of all this! You talk of things 'which have so little analogy with my 'intentions, that they never once en-'tered into my head or heart. To break 'my engagements with Miss Jessamy, 'or to make my addresses to Miss Chit, 'are both of them equally inconsistent 'with my inclinations as with my rea-'son; and it is not possible for me to 'conceive how such chimeras could 'come into the thoughts of any one.'

'As to the first,' answered Mr. Morgan, 'I have heard it mentioned in se-'veral companies where I have been, 'as an event past all dispute; and as to 'what concerns Miss Chit, I was not 'only told it by a person who frequent-'ly visits her, but also had it confirm-'ed yesterday at the coffee-house by her 'own father; who being asked if there 'was any truth in the report of an in-'tended marriage between his daughter 'and Mr. Jessamy, replied with his 'usual stiffness and formality, That he 'believed a treaty of that nature was 'upon the carpet.'

Jemmy, on hearing this, was fully persuaded, that so idle a rumour could proceed from nothing but the vanity of that young lady; which so incensed him against her, that he could not forbear, in the first emotions of passion, speaking of her in terms which nothing but the occasion could excuse.

As he was discussing the matter with Mr. Morgan, and convincing that gentleman of the entire fallacy of all he had reproached him with, a card was brought from Miss Chit, in which was wrote these words.

'MISS Chit gives her compliments 'to Mr. Jessamy; and desires his 'company to a concert to be performed 'by private hands this evening at her 'house.'

'Now, Sir,' said he to Mr. Morgan, 'you shall see the little influence the 'charms of this vain girl have over me. 'I will send her a letter instead of a 'card; and such a one as shall put an 'effectual stop to all the foolish imagi-'nations she may have conceived on 'my account.'

He

He then took pen and paper; and, without giving himself much trouble to consider what he was about, wrote to her in these terms.

'TO MISS CHIT.

'MADAM,

'BUSINESS denies me the pleasure 'of accepting your invitation; but 'I lay hold of this opportunity of tak- 'ing my leave of you, as I cannot do 'it in person.

'Love and honour summon me to 'Bath, where my dear Miss Jessamy is 'gone before. As it is impossible but 'you must have heard of my engage- 'ments with that lady, you will not 'wonder that I am in the utmost im- 'patience to follow her.

'Whenever you venture on mar- 'riage, I wish you all the happiness 'which I hope very shortly to enjoy in 'that state with the admirable lady to 'whom I am going. I am, with thanks 'for all favours, Madam, your most 'obedient, humble servant,

'J. JESSAMY.'

This letter, after having shewed it to Mr. Morgan, and received his approbation, Jemmy sent directly away, and gave orders that it should be left for the lady without waiting for any answer.

On talking farther of this affair, they both concluded that the report must have taken rise originally from the vanity of the daughter, and the stupidity of the father; who, misconstruing the civilities Jemmy treated them with, as the effects of an amorous inclination, had boasted of the imaginary conquest to some of their acquaintance; those again had whispered it to others, till it went round, and became, as is common in such cases, the universal secret.

Thus had the artifices of Bellpine made Miss Chit and her father, who were in reality no more than the dupes of his design, appear as the principal contrivers of it. There is nothing, indeed, in which the judgment is so liable to be deceived, as in endeavouring to discover the first author of a calumny; those generally stand behind the curtain, content themselves with the invention, and leave the work of malice to be performed by others; as one of our poets says—

'Tis difficult, when rumour once is spread,
To trace it's windings to the fountain-head.'

The injustice which Jemmy and his friend were guilty of in this point, may, however, have some claim to absolution, as this belief was founded on the most strong probability of truth that could be.

These gentlemen parted not till the clock striking three, reminded them of dinner: Mr. Morgan, being engaged at home, would fain have taken Jemmy with him; but he was not at present in a humour for much company, therefore desired to be excused from complying with the invitation.

CHAP. XX.

IS SHORT, BUT PITHY.

A Volatile temper is not always a sufficient security against discontent. Jemmy loved his dear Jenny even more than he knew he did himself; and to be assured from a mouth whose veracity he was too well convinced of to suspect, that it was said he had quitted her for the sake of Miss Chit, he looked upon as such an indignity to her merits, as gave him more pain than any censure the supposed change might bring upon himself.

He wrote to her that same night; but as he hoped the idle report which gave him so much vexation could not as yet, at least, have extended itself so far as Bath, he thought it improper to make any mention of it till he should see her in person, and have the better opportunity of proving the falshood of it: he complained, therefore, only of the business that kept him so long from her; and his heart now more than ever overflowing with love and tenderness, his expressions were comformable.

This was the letter which Jenny received immediately after the intelligence given her by Lady Speck and Miss Wingman of his supposed infidelity: the effects of it have been already shewn, and need not be repeated.

Bellpine, who had been at Miss Chit's concert, was a good deal surprised at not finding Jemmy there, as he knew he had been invited; but much more when that young lady, taking him aside, shewed him the answer that had been sent

ſent to her card, and reproached him, in terms pretty ſevere, for having endeavoured to perſuade her ſhe was miſtreſs of a heart which ſhe now found was ſo firmly attached to another.

It is natural, when the mind is overcharged with thoughts of any kind, to diſburden itſelf to thoſe who we believe take an intereſt in our affairs: Jemmy had not a greater confidence in any one man of his acquaintance than Bellpine; it may be ſuppoſed, therefore, that he failed not to communicate to him the perplexity he was at preſent under, and the ſtory which had occaſioned it.

That faithleſs friend affected the utmoſt aſtoniſhment at the recital; and cried out, with a ſhew of the moſt affectionate zeal—'Good God! I hope Miſs 'Jeſſamy has heard nothing of this.'

'I think it ſcarce poſſible,' replied Jemmy, 'that ſuch a report can have 'reached her ears, at leaſt as yet, in 'the place where ſhe is; and as I 'hope to be with her in a few days, 'ſhall take care to arm her againſt 'what ſhe might be told hereafter, by 'relating it myſelf.'

This greatly diſconcerted Bellpine: he had flattered himſelf that Jemmy's affairs would have detained him ſo long in London, that the ſtratagems laid to inſpire her with a belief of his inconſtancy would have taken too ſtrong a hold of her heart to be totally removed. Fain would he have diſſuaded him from going to Bath, but could find no reaſons for that purpoſe plauſible enough to prevent the real motive from being ſuſpected. Chance, however, at preſent befriended his deſigns, and did that for him which all his invention, fertile as it was, could not furniſh him with the means of accompliſhing.

As Jemmy, in an indolent and uncontemplative mood, was one day loitering in Covent Garden Piazza, a fine gilt chariot, with two footmen behind it, ſtopped at one of the arches; and juſt as he was paſſing, an ancient gentleman and a very young lady alighted out of it, and went into the Great Auction-houſe, lately Mr. Cock's, but now occupied in the ſame manner by Mr. Langford.

He ſtarted, and was ſtrangely ſurpriſed at ſight of this lady; not on account of her beauty, though ſhe was handſome beyond deſcription, but becauſe he thought himſelf perfectly well acquainted with her face; but where, or at what time he had been ſo, he could not preſently recollect.

He ſtood for the ſpace of ſeveral minutes endeavouring to recover a more diſtinct idea of that lovely perſon; but finding it impoſſible, he ſtepped to one of the footmen, who was leaning his back againſt a pillar, and aſked him to whom that chariot belonged; and being anſwered—'To Sir Thomas Hardy,' 'Then,' reſumed Jemmy, 'I ſuppoſe 'the young lady with him is his daugh-'ter?'—'No, Sir,' replied the fellow with a ſmile, which he was not able to reſtrain, 'I aſſure you ſhe is his wife.'

Jemmy on this began to think he had been miſtaken: reſolving, however, to be convinced, he went into the auction-room, doubting not but a ſecond and more full view would ſet him right.

There was a great deal of company; but he preſently ſingled her out, and was now more aſſured than ever, that they were no ſtrangers to each other; when, on fixing his eyes upon her, he perceived her countenance change at ſight of him, that ſhe grew pale and red by turns, and betrayed all the marks of the utmoſt confuſion.

Yet all this was not ſufficient to enable him to bring back to remembrance what curioſity made him ſo deſirous of retrieving, till the lady, taking the opportunity of her huſband's being engaged in looking over ſome pictures, advanced haſtily towards him, and ſaid in a low voice—'What, has Mr. Jeſſa-'my forgot his Celia of the Woods?'

'Heavens!' cried he, 'what a ſtupid 'dolt was I!'—'Huſh,' replied ſhe, 'take no notice of me here.' She had kept her eyes upon her huſband all the time ſhe was ſpeaking to Jemmy, and obſerving that he now looked that way, rejoined him in an inſtant.

The old baronet kept very cloſe to his fair wife all the reſt of the time; yet had ſhe the addreſs to ſteal a moment juſt to bid Jemmy meet her at ten the next morning at the end of the Mall next Buckingham Houſe.

He could only give her a bow of aſſent; and remained in a conſternation, which only can be gueſſed at by the knowledge who Celia was, and the intercourſe he formerly had with her.

CHAP. XXI.

DISCOVERS CELIA OF THE WOODS ON HER FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH JEMMY, AND ALSO SOME OTHER PARTICULARS OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE.

THOUGH Jemmy, when he was at Oxford, debarred himself from few of those gay amusements which he saw taken by his fellow collegians, yet he applied himself to his studies more closely than most gentlemen-commoners think they are under any obligation to do; and, because he would not be interrupted, would frequently steal from the university, and pass whole hours together in the fields, either reading or contemplating.

A pretty warm dispute happening to rise one day between two students, concerning the true reading of Persius, he was ambitious of becoming more master of the subject than either of them seemed to be; accordingly he put the book into his pocket, and repaired to the usual place of retirement.

The evening was fair and pleasant, and he was so much absorbed in meditation, that he wandered on to a greater distance from the town than he had been accustomed; till at last, finding himself a little weary, he sat down at the foot of a large spreading oak.

Here he prosecuted the examination of that crabbed author; but had not long done so before he was interrupted, and his eyes taken off by the sudden appearance of a sight more pleasing.

The tree, which served him at once for a support and screen, was just at the entrance of a little wood; a rustling among the leaves made him look that way, where he immediately saw a young country maid; she was neat, though plainly dressed; and had eyes which might vie with any that sparkled in the box or drawing-room.

At this view he was not master of himself; like Carlos at the sight of Angelina in the play, he threw away his book, started from the posture he was in, and advanced towards the sweet temptation: she saw him too, and fled, but not so fast as not to be easily overtaken.

The first rencounter between these two young persons reminds me of a passage I have read in one of our best poets—

'As Mahomet was musing in his cell,
'Some dull insipid paradise to trace,
'A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by:
'Passing, she shot at him a side-long glance,
'And look'd behind, as if to be pursu'd;
'He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair;
'And, having found his heaven, he fix'd it
'there.'

It is not to be imagined that Jemmy accosted a maid of her degree with any set speeches or formal salutations: those charms which in a woman of condition would have inspired him with a respectful awe, served only to fill his heart with the most unwarrantable desires; he told her she was pretty, and at the same time attempted to convince her that he thought her so, by catching her forcibly in his arms, and giving her two or three hearty kisses.

She struggled, blushed, cried—'Fye, 'Sir!' and desired him to forbear; but our young commoner was not to be so easily rebuffed; the little repulses she gave him served only the more to inflame his amorous inclination; and he had perhaps compleated his conquest without any farther ceremony, if she had not fallen on her knees, and with tears besought him to desist.

Jemmy had too much honour and good-nature not to be touched with a behaviour so moving, and which he had so little reason to expect from the weak efforts she at first made to repel his caresses.

'Nay, my dear creature,' said he, 'I scorn to do any thing by force; but 'if all the love in the world can make 'you mine, I shall be happy: tell me, 'therefore,' continued he, 'who you 'are, and where you live, that I may 'see you another time.'

'Oh lud, Sir!' cried she, 'that is 'impossible: what do you think my 'friends would say, if they should see 'such a gentleman as you come to visit me?'—'I did not mean so,' replied he: 'but I suppose your father 'lives hereabout; and, it may be, is of 'some business that might give a pretence for my calling at his house.'

'My father keeps a farm,' said she, 'about six miles off; but I am at present

'sent with my uncle, who is a gardener, 'and lives on the other side of the 'wood.'—'That's unlucky,' rejoined he; 'for I have no sort of occasion for 'any thing in his way. You must, 'then, consent to meet me, my little 'angel,' added he, tenderly pressing her hand.

On this she blushed, hung down her head, but made no answer; till he repeating his request, and enforcing it by all the rhetorick he was master of, whether real or feigned I will not pretend to say, she at last promised to meet him the next evening at the place where they now were.

He received this grant with the greatest shew of transport, but made her swear to the fulfilling it; after which he asked her by what name he should think of his dear pretty charmer. 'They call me Celia, Sir,' said she. 'Then,' cried he, 'you shall be my 'Celia of the Woods; and I will be 'your Jessamy of the Plains.'

The sun beginning now to withdraw his beams, they were obliged to part; but before they did, Celia gave evident indications that her Jessamy had made no slight impression on her young and unexperienced heart.

Jemmy returned from his evening's excursion with thoughts very full of this new amour, which he flattered himself would afford him a most agreeable amusement, without costing much pains in the acquisition.

Besides, the liking he had for this country girl seemed to him to be no breach of his fidelity to Jenny, or any way interfere with the honourable affections he had for that young lady; she being then but in her sixteenth year, himself not quite nineteen, and was not intended by their parents that they should marry till they had attained the age of one and twenty; so that it was a long time to the completion of his felicity with her. I know not whether my fair readers will look upon this as a sufficient excuse for him; but dare answer, that those of the other sex will think what he did was no more than a venial transgression.

As for poor Celia, she was in agitations which she had never known, nor had the least notion of before; she was charmed with the person of Jemmy; she was quite ravished at the kind things he had said to her; and the liberties he had taken with her at that first interview would have been shocking to her modesty, had they been offered by any of those whom she was accustomed to converse with; yet did that very rudeness in him appear too agreeable to alarm her with any dreadful apprehensions of his repeating it.

More full of joy than fear, she longed for the appointed hour of meeting him again, and hasted to the rendezvous, where she had not waited many minutes before the charmer of her soul appeared: he flew to her with open arms; and the transport she felt made her half return the strenuous embrace he gave her.

They sat down together upon a little hillock, beneath the shade of some trees which arched above their heads, and formed a kind of canopy; here Jemmy, finding her softened to his wish, would fain have finished the affair he had made so considerable a progress in; but, on perceiving his intent, she burst a second time into tears; begged he would not ruin her; confessed she loved him, but said she could not bear the thoughts of being naughty.

He could scarce keep himself from laughing; but as he had promised not to make use of force, failed not to urge all the arguments that such a thing would admit of, to persuade her that what he requested of her was not naughty in itself, but perfectly conformable to the laws of nature.

She was too ignorant, and perhaps also too little inclined to attempt any thing in order to confute what he said on this occasion; but though she refused with less resolution than she had done, yet she would not absolutely consent to his desires: on which Jemmy, not doubting but the fruit thus ripened would soon fall of itself, told her, that he was not of a humour to accept of any favours granted with reluctance, and that he would content himself with such as he should find her willing to bestow.

He kept his word, and pressed her no farther at that time: this the poor innocent creature looked upon as so great a condescension in him, and thought herself so much obliged by it, that she readily allowed his kisses, his embraces, and, in short, every freedom except that only one which he had assured her he would not take without her leave.

Notwithstanding what they called the

crown of a lover's felicity was wanting, this couple passed the time they were together in a manner pleasing enough to both; nor parted without a mutual promise of re-enjoying the same happiness again on the ensuing day.

Jemmy, however, who was of too sanguine and amorous a disposition not to feel a good deal of impatience for the consummation of his wishes, in order to hasten it, contrived a stratagem, which, from the ascendant he had gained over Celia's heart, gave him no room to doubt would fail of success in making her lovely person no less entirely his. It was this.

He approached her at their next meeting with the most solemn and dejected air. She had brought him a fine posy selected from the choicest flowers in her uncle's garden, tied together with a piece of green ribband: she was going to present it to him, when perceiving the change in his countenance, she started, and asked him if he was not well.

'No, Celia,' answered he, affecting to speak in a very faint voice, 'I am 'sick; sick at heart.'—'Indeed I am 'very sorry,' said she: 'smell to this 'posy; I hope it will refresh you, my 'dear Sir.'—'No, Celia,' returned he, 'it is not in the power of art or nature 'to relieve me: you must lose your 'lover; I must die, my Celia.'—'Now, all that's good forbid it!' cried she, and wept bitterly.

'I must die,' said he again; 'or, 'what is worse than death, never see 'my Celia more.' Surprized and overwhelmed with the melting passions of love and grief at hearing him speak in this manner, she threw her taper arms about his neck, laid her cheek close to his, and begged him to tell her what he meant, and the cause of his complaint.

'You dear, cruel maid,' answered he, with a well counterfeited agony, 'it is you who are the cause of my 'complaint; and it is you alone can be 'my cure: in short, it is impossible for 'me to breathe the same air with you 'and not see you; yet every time I see 'you gives fresh tortures to my bleeding heart, by letting me know still 'more of the heaven I am denied possessing. I have, therefore, taken a resolution to banish myself for ever 'from you, and from this country. 'You must, then,' continued he, embracing her with the utmost eagerness, 'either lose all your Jessamy, or give 'me all my Celia.'

The consternation she was in is not to be expressed; but every look, every emotion, betrayed to him the inward trouble of her mind. She could not speak for several minutes; but at last cried out, with a voice interrupted with sighs—'Oh, Mr. Jessamy! will 'you, can you, be so barbarous to leave 'me, leave me for ever?'

'Call not that barbarous which your 'unkindness drives me to,' rejoined he; 'if I loved you with a common 'passion, I could, perhaps, be easy 'under the severe restriction you have 'laid me under; but you are too beautiful, and I too much enamoured: 'oh, then, throw off at once this cruel 'coyness! this unmerciful reserve! Generously say you will be all mine, and 'make both me and yourself compleatly blessed.'

He uttered these last words in accents which piereed her to the soul: she was all confusion; irresolute for a while; sometimes looking on him, and sometimes on the ground: but love at length, prevailing love, got the better of that bashfulness, which it is likely had, more than any other principle, till now restrained her from yielding to his suit; she threw herself into his arms; and, hiding her head within his bosom—'I 'cannot part with you,' cried she; 'I 'can deny you nothing; you have my 'heart, and must command whatever 'Celia has to give.'

There is a strong probability, if it does not amount even to a certainty, that Jemmy would not have given her time for a second thought, which might have revoked the promise she had made; but his plot, hitherto successful, was now entirely frustrated by the sudden sound of men's voices at a distance, and which seemed to approach more near.

'Oh lud!' cried she, extremely frighted, 'I hear my uncle: if he 'should come this way, and find me 'with a gentleman, he will tell my father, and I shall be half killed. Dear 'Mr. Jessamy, make all the haste you 'can out of the wood; I will go and 'face him, and pretend I was going

'to

'to carry these flowers to a great lady 'who lives hard by.'

Jemmy could not forbear cursing both the uncle and the interruption; but thought proper to comply with Celia's advice, after having exacted an oath from her to meet him again the next day, and fulfil her engagement; which she readily gave, and then tripped away as fast as her legs could carry her.

Thus did they part, not to see each other again for a much longer time than either of them imagined; the cause of which will presently be shewn.

CHAP. XXII.

IN WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, IT WILL BE FOUND HIGHLY PROPER, THAT SOME PASSAGES FORMERLY INSERTED SHOULD BE RECAPITULATED, IN ORDER TO FORM THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THOSE WHICH ARE NOW UPON THE TAPIS.

JEMMY returned to the college in no very good humour, as may be supposed, though the mortification of the disappointment he had received was very much alleviated by the assurance he had of Celia's affection for him; but on his entering into his chambers he met with something which made the adventures of the day, and indeed all that passed between him and the country maid, vanish like a dream from his remembrance.

A letter was presented to him, which had been left for him by the post, summoning him immediately to London to receive the last commands and blessing of a dying father. Filial piety and duteous affection now took up all his mind, and he thought of nothing but to be speedy in his obedience to the authoritative mandate.

Accordingly he arose the next morning by break of day, rode post, and arrived in London before evening, as has been already related in the beginning of the first volume of this work.

On his going back to the university, after the melancholy solemnity of his father's funeral was over, Celia came again a little into his head; and though he designed shortly to quit Oxford entirely, yet he thought that for the time he staid he could not have a more agreeable amusement than the prosecution of that amour to divert his affliction for the loss he had sustained.

To this end he went to the wood; ranged through every part of that scene of their loves, but found no Celia there; he knew her uncle's name, but not directly where he lived; or if he had, would not have thought it proper to go to his house to make any enquiry concerning her: happening, however, to see a fellow cutting down wood, he ventured to ask him if one Mr. Adams, a gardener, did not live somewhere thereabouts. 'Aye, Sir,' replied the man; 'if 'you turn by that thicket, on your right-'hand, you may see his house.'—'Nay,' said Jemmy carelessly, 'I have no bu-'siness with him; I have only heard 'that he is a very honest man.'—'Aye, Sir,' rejoined the other, 'that 'he is, to be sure, as ever broke bread: 'I have known him above these thirty 'years, and never heard any thing ill 'of him in my life.'

Jemmy finding this fellow seemed to be of a communicative disposition, demanded of him what family Mr. Adams had. 'Ah, Sir!' said the man, 'he 'has only two boys; one he brings up 'to his own business, and the other is a 'gentleman's servant: his wife, rest 'her soul! has been dead two years 'come Michaelmas next; and he would 'have been quite helpless, if he had 'not got a brother's daughter of his to 'look after his things; but she is gone 'now, I know not what the poor man 'will do: he was to have a maid, and 'there are so few of them good.'—'What! is his niece dead too?' cried Jemmy pretty hastily. 'No, Sir,' answered he; 'but she is gone away. 'Her father, belike, sent for her home; 'I know not on what account, not I; 'but she has left poor Adams, and he 'is in a piteous plight.'

Jemmy being desirous of receiving as much intelligence as he could of his little mistress, affected to be in some concern for the honest gardener, her uncle, pretending he had heard much in his commendation from those that knew him; and said it was a great pity that the maid should be sent for away, as she was so useful to him, and so notable a manager.

'Aye, very handy indeed, Sir,' answered Mr. Adams's friend: 'she kept 'every

'every thing in the houſe ſo clean and 'ſo tight, it would have done your 'heart good to have ſeen it: but as to 'her father's ſending for her away, I do 'not know; mayhap he had a mind to 'have her under his own eye; he has 'the character of a parlous ſhrewd 'man, and ſees things a great while 'before they come.'

'Was there any danger, then, to be 'apprehended in her ſtaying?' demanded Jemmy. 'I can ſay nothing to 'that, Sir: ſhe is as likely, as comely 'a laſs as any in the country round, 'but I believe very honeſt; though ſhe 'has a kind of leer with her eyes, and 'is always ſimpering and ſmirking; 'and you know, Sir, that gives encouragement. There were a power of 'young fellows that had a hankering after her. I have heard my wife ſay, 'a thouſand times I believe, and ſhe 'is ſeldom miſtaken, that ſhe wiſhed 'Celia might come to good.

'Beſides, Sir,' continued he, ſhaking his head, 'we are ſo near the univerſity here; and the young ſtudents 'are moſt of them wild blades, and 'ſpend their time more in running after 'the girls than in their books.'

It muſt be obſerved, that Jemmy was now in his travelling dreſs; for had he appeared as a gentleman-commoner, nobody can ſuppoſe that the countryman would have been ſo free in his diſcourſe with him; which being once entered into, he would probably have gone on with till he had related all he knew of the news of the whole pariſh.

But Jemmy having ſatisfied his curioſity as fully as he could have deſired, and much more than he had reaſon to expect, grew quite weary of this kind of converſation, and ſoon after took leave of his informer, and walked back to the college.

He had now loſt his Celia of the Woods: he knew, indeed, where to find her; but as his ſtay in Oxford was to be very ſhort, and he had many friends to ſee before he went away, he had no time to devote to the purſuit of a miſtreſs ſo far removed; beſides, he knew not what inconveniences might attend his ſeeking her at a father's houſe; and was too indolent in his nature to riſque any difficulties for the ſake of gratifying a paſſion ſuch as the beauty of that girl had inſpired him with.

After he had quitted the univerſity entirely, and was ſettled in London, beſides the ſociety of his dear Jenny, whom, in ſpite of the little excurſions of his youth, he loved with the moſt pure and reſpectful paſſion, new ſcenes of life, new amuſements, new pleaſures, crouded upon his ſenſes, and preſently obliterated the memory of thoſe he left behind.

Celia no more was wiſhed for, no more thought on by him. How was it poſſible that after ſo long a ſpace of time as two whole years, and having ſeen ſuch a variety of beautiful faces, he ſhould be able to recollect his plain country maid, under the character of a fine town lady, blazing with gold and jewels, attended by a ſplendid equipage, and dignified with a title?

This adventure, notwithſtanding, ſerved greatly to diſſipate all the chagrin which the ſtory invented in relation to his infidelity to Jenny had involved him in: he could not keep himſelf from being highly pleaſed at meeting with a perſon who had once ſo many charms for him, nor with finding, by her behaviour towards him, that ſo prodigious a change of fortune had not made the leaſt change in her ſentiments on his account: in a word, all the long dormant inclinations, which he had formerly felt for Celia, now revived in his boſom at the ſight of Lady Hardy, and he heſitated not a moment whether he ſhould comply with the appointment ſhe had made him.

How uncertain, how wandering, are the paſſions of mankind! How yielding to every temptation that preſents itſelf! Seldom are they maſters of their own hearts or actions, eſpecially at Jemmy's years; and well may they deceive others in what they are deceived themſelves!

When they proteſt to love no other object than the preſent, they may, perhaps, reſolve to be as juſt as they pretend; but, alas! this is not in their power, even though it may be in their will: they can no more command their wiſhes than they can their thoughts; which, as Shakeſpeare tells us, 'Once 'loſt, are gone beyond the clouds.' We often ſee that, to reverſe this boaſted conſtancy, is the work of but a ſingle minute; and then, in vain, their paſt profeſſions recoil upon their minds: in

vain

vain the idea of the forsaken fair haunts them in nightly visions—

'For mighty love, which honour does despise,
'For reasons, shews them a new charmer's
'eyes.'

CHAP. XXIII.

CONTAINS ONLY SUCH ACCIDENTS AS ARE TOO COMMON TO EXCITE MUCH WONDER.

I Would not be understood, by the observations made on the generality of mankind in the close of the preceding chapter, that the vice of inconstancy ought to be imputed to the hero of this history: what in most others is the effect of a love of variety, was produced in him by the too great vivacity and sprightliness of his temper. He had sometimes very strong inclinations, but never a real affection for any but his dear Jenny; and, though these may have led him into errors which render him not wholly blameless, yet the permanence of his devoirs to that sole object of his honourable passion, shews his character to have in it infinitely more of light than shade.

Let no one, therefore, pass too severe a censure on his conduct in regard to this fair tempter, either as Celia of the Woods, or Lady Hardy. Whatever was the first motive of his addresses to her, curiosity to know how this transformation came about might now have, and doubtless had, some share in exciting him to renew his acquaintance with her.

I shall not, however, as I have more than once assured my readers, make any attempts either to palliate or disguise the truth. Jemmy was punctual to the hour that had been prefixed by his mistress; yet found her in the Park before him: she had placed herself on a bench behind the Mall, as being most free from company. When he first discerned her, she seemed talking to a young woman, who stood waiting near her, but left her ladyship alone before he could come up to them.

'How little possible was it for me 'to expect this blessing!' said he, approaching her. 'Hold, hold!' cried she, interrupting him; 'we have no 'time at present for fine speeches; and 'you will be surprized to find yourself summoned here only to be told 'you must be gone.'—'I should be 'indeed surprized,' rejoined he; 'but 'how have I deserved to be so unhappy?'

'No, no!' replied she, smiling; 'you 'are not unhappy, though I could easily 'tell you how you deserve to be so: 'but this is no place either for a quarrel or a reconciliation. You must 'know, I could not come out alone, 'for fear of giving suspicion to my old 'husband, so brought my woman with 'me; but, as soon as I saw you, sent 'her home under the pretence of fetching my snuff-box, which I left behind me for that purpose: she will 'be here again in two minutes, for we 'live but in the next street, and have 'a door into the Park. Therefore take 'this,' continued she; 'and be careful 'to do as this directs.'

'Let me first examine how I approve 'of the contents,' said he, with his accustomed gaiety. 'You may,' answered she; 'but then you will lose the only 'moment that I have to tell you I am 'as much yours as ever, and that I 'have not known one joy in life since 'last we parted.'—'Angelick creature!' cried he, with a voice and eyes all transport; 'Oh! that I had the opportunity of throwing myself at your 'feet, to thank, as it deserves, this 'goodness! Where—when—shall we 'meet again?'

'The paper I gave you will inform 'you,' replied she; 'but do not disappoint Lady Hardy in the same manner as you did Celia of the Woods.'—'Oh, I can clear myself of that!' cried he: 'it was a sad necessity that 'drove me from you; and I had no 'means of conveying a letter to you; 'but I have sought you since.'—'And 'I have sought you too,' rejoined she: 'but we must talk of this hereafter; I 'see my woman coming. Leave me, 'for Heaven's sake! And if you stay in 'the walks, pass carelessly by, and 'seem not to regard me.' Jemmy had only time to tell her that he would read the dear mandate, and obey whatever it enjoined.

After speaking these words, he retired, with as much haste as he could, to the other end of the walk; where he examined what had been given him by the lady, and found it contained only these few expressive lines.

'GO,

'GO, at six this evening precisely, to 'Mrs. Comode, the habit-maker, 'in *** Street: she is already apprized 'of your coming, but knows not your 'person; so you have only to say you 'come for the ribband; on which she 'will immediately conduct you to

'Yours, &c.'

It has been observed through the course of this history, that Jemmy, in spite of his gay temper, had sometimes the power of thinking very seriously. The billet he had in his hand, together with the looks and gestures of the lady, filled him with reflections which, it cannot be supposed, she either intended or wished to inspire.

To find that the most timid bashfulness, the most innocent simplicity of mind and manners, thus improved, in the compass of so small a space of time, into all the assured airs of a woman who had passed her whole life in artifice and intrigue, seemed to him a thing so strange, so out of nature, that he would never have believed it possible, had he not seen it verified in the character of his Celia, at present Lady Hardy.

This transformation did not render her more amiable in his eyes: he was, however, punctual to the assignation; though, it is pretty certain, his curiosity of knowing those accidents which had occasioned so extraordinary a revolution, both in her circumstances and behaviour, had as great a share in carrying him thither as any other motive.

On his coming to Mrs. Comode's, he found the obliging gentlewoman ready to receive him; and, on his giving the appointed signal, led him, with a smiling countenance, into a back-parlour behind the shop, where Lady Hardy already waited his approach.

He was doubtless about to salute her with some fine speech; but she no sooner saw him enter, than, starting from her seat, she threw herself at once into his arms, before they were even open to receive her. 'My dear, dear Mr. Jes-'samy!' cried she, with an undescribable softness in her voice and eyes, 'a 'few days past how little did I hope for 'this happiness!'

Such love, such tenderness, in one so young and beautiful, must have warmed the heart of a dull stoick, much more that of one endowed by nature with the most amorous inclinations. Jemmy must have been as insensible as he was really the reverse, had he not felt the force of such united charms. He returned all her transports, her caresses, with interest: they said the most passionate and endearing things to each other; but the energy of their expressions, as they were so often interrupted with kisses and embraces, would be lost in the repetition; for, as Mr. Dryden justly says—

'Imperfect sentences, and broken sounds,
'And nonsense, is the eloquence of love.'

After the first demonstrations of their mutual joy on this meeting were over—'I will not,' said she, 'be so ungene-'rous to accuse you of a crime of which 'I know you clear. I discovered the 'melancholy occasion which called you 'in such haste to London: but tell me, 'my dear Jessamy,' continued she, 'did 'not your heart feel some anguish on 'finding yourself obliged to leave your 'Celia just as you had prevailed upon 'her to swear she would be yours?'

He could not, without being guilty of as much ill manners as ingratitude, avoid pretending he had suffered greatly on that account: but, whatever was wanting of sincerity in this assertion, he atoned for in the relation he made her of the pains he had taken in searching for her on his return to Oxford.

She laughed heartily at the detail he gave her of the conversation he had with the countryman concerning her uncle Adams, and the affairs of his family: 'And now,' said she, 'I will make 'you the confidante of every thing that 'has happened to me since I had the 'pleasure of seeing you.'

Jemmy then telling her it was a favour for which he had the utmost impatience, she immediately gave him the satisfaction he desired.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE HISTORY OF CELIA OF THE WOODS, PROSECUTED IN THAT OF LADY HARDY, AND RELATED BY HERSELF TO JEMMY.

'I Will not,' said she, 'poison the 'sweets of our present moments 'with any description of the bitter 'pangs I suffered in not finding you,

'as

'as I expected, in the wood: I had too 'much dependance on your love and 'honour to entertain one thought that 'this disappointment was an act of 'your own choice; and therefore feared 'that you was either suddenly taken 'sick, or that some other ill accident 'had befallen you.

'Under these apprehensions I passed 'the most cruel night that ever was; 'nor did the day bring me much more 'tranquillity: though I sometimes 'flattered myself that business, com-'pany, or some such-like enemy to 'love, had kept you from me the even-'ing before, and that you would not 'fail on this to come and make atone-'ment for the disquiet you had given 'me.

'Accordingly, in this hope, I went, 'about the usual hour, to the dear scene 'of our past meetings: I threw myself 'on the little hillock where we had sat; 'I kissed, I embraced, the tree you had 'leaned against; I invoked Love and 'all it's powers to bring my Jessamy 'once more to my arms; and ran to 'the entrance of the wood, and vainly 'still expected your approach. I en-'vied the little birds that hopped a-'mong the boughs above my head; 'and wished to be one of them, that I 'might fly to the place which I then 'thought contained you, and see in 'what manner you were employed.

'I had like to have forgot,' con-tinued she, 'I promised that I would 'not trouble you either with my grief 'or my despair; yet I am unwarily 'running into a detail of both. Par-'don me, my dear Jessamy, and pre-'pare to hear what contrivances my 'passion for you inspired me with.

'It was almost dark when I left the 'wood: my uncle was come out of the 'grounds, and at home before me; he 'chid me for being abroad so late; 'but I made an excuse which, though 'not worth your hearing, passed well 'enough upon him. I rose very early 'the next morning, and wrote a little 'letter to you; but, when I had done, 'knew not which way to convey it to 'you; nor, indeed, how to direct it 'properly, as I had never heard you 'say to which of the colleges you be-'longed.

'Resolved, however, at any rate, and 'whatever I did, to be satisfied con-'cerning your health, and what was 'become of you, I went to Oxford, un-'der pretence of buying something I 'stood in need of. I was afraid and 'ashamed to go to the university, and 'ask for you; but believing that you 'must be known in town, enquired at 'several great shops, but without any 'success, till a perriwig-maker direct-'ed me to go to a coffee-house, which 'he said you used every day.

'Here I was informed, that you had 'been sent for to London, on account 'of your father's indisposition, and 'was gone the day before; but that 'not having quitted the university, it 'was expected you would not long be 'absent. This intelligence a little com-'forted me, and I returned with a sa-'tisfaction in my mind, which I believe 'might spread a more than ordinary 'glee upon my countenance.

'But, however it was, my looks, it 'seems, were that day ordained to do 'for me what I never had vanity 'enough to expect from them.

'On my coming home, I found a 'chariot, with two footmen, waiting 'at our door, and within a very old 'grave gentleman busy in discourse 'with my uncle: the latter had some 'time before got a slip from a fine ex-'otick plant out of a nobleman's gar-'den, which he had reared to such per-'fection, that it was now loaded with 'flowers; and it was concerning the 'purchase of this, and some other cu-'riosities my uncle's nursery afforded, 'that had brought this guest to our 'house.

'I fancy, my dear Jessamy, that you 'already imagine that the person I am 'speaking of was no other than Sir 'Thomas Hardy, whose wife I now 'am, and who you saw yesterday with 'me at the auction: it was he indeed, 'whose heart, without designing it, I 'captivated at first sight.'

Jemmy on this could not forbear making compliments on the force of her charms; to which she only replied, that of how great service soever they had been to her interest, she took no pleasure in looking lovely in any eyes but those of her dear Jessamy; and then went on with her discourse.

'The old baronet,' resumed she, 'had 'his eyes fixed upon me from the mo-'ment I came into the room, and soon 'took an opportunity of asking my un-'cle if I was his daughter. "No,

" pleaſe your honour," replied he, " ſhe " is only my niece. Farmer Adams, one " of your honour's tenants, is her fa- " ther."

" Oh, then," cried Sir Thomas, " I " ſuppoſe he has ſent her hither to be " out of the way of ſome handſome " young man or another whom ſhe may " have taken a liking to."—" No, " pleaſe your honour," ſaid my uncle, " I hope the girl has no ſuch thoughts " in her head as yet: my brother only " lets her be here, out of kindneſs to " me, to look after my houſe."

" A very pretty houſekeeper indeed," ' rejoined Sir Thomas; " and I do not " doubt but ſhe manages as well as " can be expected."—" For her years, " Sir," ſaid my uncle. " I dare ſwear " ſhe does," cried my new lover; " and, " were it not for robbing you, I ſhould " be glad to have ſuch a one to look " after my affairs."

' I could not forbear bluſhing ex- ' ceſſively at theſe words; though I ' was far from imagining he had any ' deſign in them: he ſaid no more, how- ' ever, at that time; but having order- ' ed my uncle to bring home the plants ' he had bought of him, went into his ' chariot, though not without giving ' me a very amorous look as he paſſed ' by.

' For my part, I ſhould have thought ' no more of this ſtuff afterwards, but ' was very much ſurprized when I ſaw ' him come again the next day; my ' uncle happened to be abroad, and I ' was ſitting alone at work in a little ' room juſt by thedoor, which was wide ' open, and he came directly in.

" Where is your uncle, my pretty " maid?" ſaid he; " I would buy ſome " things of him." I replied, that ' I believed he was not far off, and ' would call the boy to go in ſearch ' of him.—" It is no matter," re- ' turned he, taking hold of my hand to ' prevent my doing as I had ſaid; " and, " to tell you the truth, I am glad of " this opportunity of ſaying ſomething " to you that may be for your advan- " tage."

' I wondered what he meant; but ' ſat down again on his bidding me: ' he then told me I was a pretty maid, ' and would be more pretty ſtill, if I ' was dreſſed as I ought to be. " It is " a pity," ſaid he, " that ſuch limbs " as theſe ſhould be employed in any " hard or ſervile work. I know very " well, that neither your father nor " your uncle are able to do much for " you; therefore, if you will be one of " my family, you ſhall eat and drink " of the beſt, have fine cloaths, and " have no buſineſs but to ſee that the " ſervants do theirs."

' To all this I anſwered, that I was ' very much obliged to his honour for ' the offer he made me, but that I was ' not accuſtomed to the ways of gentle- ' men, and in no reſpect qualified for ' the place he mentioned.

" Yes, my dear girl," cried he, " you " are ſufficiently qualified for every " thing I ſhall require of you." In ' ſpeaking theſe words, he threw his ' withered arms about my neck, and ' kiſſed me with a vehemence which one ' would not think his years capable of.

' I proteſt to you,' continued ſhe, ' that I was ſo fooliſh as not to appre- ' hend the baſe deſign he had upon me, ' till this laſt action convinced me of ' it. I ſtruggled, and got looſe from ' an embrace which was then ſo deteſt- ' able to me; I told him that I was not ' for his purpoſe, and that I never ' would be the wicked creature he would ' have me.

" You are a little fool, and do not " conſider the value of the offer you re- " ject," ſaid he, throwing a handful ' of guineas into my lap. " See here; " your pocket ſhall be always filled " with theſe, to diſpoſe of as you think " fit; you ſhall have what you pleaſe, " do what you pleaſe, command me " and my whole eſtate; I deſire only a " little love in recompenſe."

" I deſpiſe all you can give or pro- " miſe," anſwered I; " therefore take " back your gold, or I ſhall throw it " out of doors, for your ſervants to pick " up: poor as I am, I will not ſell my " honeſty."

' It was not in this manner, my ' Jeſſamy,' purſued ſhe, looking fond- ly on him, ' that I withſtood the at- ' tempts you made upon my virtue. ' How wide is the difference between ' love and intereſt! My old baronet, ' however, took my behaviour as the ' effect of the moſt pure and perfect ' virtue; he was both amazed and ' charmed with it; and, approaching ' me with looks as reſpectful as they ' had lately been preſuming—" Well, " my lovely maid," ſaid he " I will

" not

" not henceforward go about to seduce " your innocence: I love you; but will " endeavour to conquer my desires."

' I answered in a tone pretty rude, I ' believe, that it was the only thing ' he could oblige me in; on which he ' stood in a considerative posture for ' some moments: at last, coming out of ' it—" Celia," said he, looking earnestly on my face, " it is my desire to " do every thing to oblige you; and, " since that will do it, shall come here " no more." With these words he ' turned from me, and it was with much ' ado I prevailed on him to take up his ' money; but I protested a single piece ' should not remain behind.'

Her ladyship was going on, but Mrs. Commode, who was all complaisance, came in with tea, which occasioned a small interruption; after which she resumed her discourse, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXV.

CONTAINS THE SEQUEL OF LADY HARDY'S STORY, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

' AFTER my old baronet had left ' me,' said she, ' and I had leisure to reflect on what had passed, ' though I was far from repenting of ' having refused the offer he had made ' of living with him; yet, to confess ' the truth, I thought there was no necessity for giving myself the grand ' airs I had done, and that I might have ' taken the gold he would have forced ' upon me, without any breach either ' of my modesty or virtue: but this it ' was which, as he has since told me, ' gave him so high an opinion of my ' spirit and delicacy, as made him think ' me worthy of the dignity he was determined to raise me to.

' The third day after that in which ' he had been with me, a man and horse ' arrived from my father, with orders ' to bring me home directly. I cannot ' tell whether myself or uncle were most ' surprized at this message, but am certain that both of us were very much ' so. " Sure," said he, " brother does " not intend to take her from me with- " out letting me know, that I might " provide for myself."

" I can say nothing to that," replied ' the fellow; " but I believe she will " not come back in haste; for he bid me " tell her she must bring all the things " away that she has here." This convincing him that my father had indeed taken it into his head to keep me ' at home, he complained bitterly of ' his unkindness, and asked the man a ' thousand questions concerning my being sent for so suddenly away, in none ' of which the other was able to give ' him any satisfaction.

' I was all this while in tears, which ' my uncle, poor man, imputed to my ' good-nature and sorrow for leaving ' him thus destitute; but, alas! they ' proceeded from a cause very different ' from what he imagined, that of being ' obliged to remove so much farther ' from the only place where I could ' ever hope to see my dear Jessamy again.

' But there was no remedy; the orders I had received must be submitted to: I therefore went up to my ' room; packed up my little wardrobe, ' which I gave to the man to put before him; took leave of my uncle; ' got upon the pillion; and, with an ' aking heart, trotted towards home as ' fast as the horse, thus loaded, could ' carry us.

' On my arrival, I found my father ' waiting at the door to receive me: he ' lifted me off the horse himself; kissed ' me; said I was a good girl for making such haste to come when he sent ' for me: in fine, I never remember to ' have seen him in such a humour in ' my whole life. My mother was the ' same: she catched me in her arms as ' soon as she saw me, and cried—" My " dear Celia, thou wert born to be a " blessing to us all!" I was strangely ' surprized at all this complaisance and ' joy; but as my parents made many ' circumlocutions in their discourse before they informed me of the motive, ' I will tell it you in a more brief manner.

' Sir Thomas Hardy, it seems, had ' been with my father; told him he had ' seen me at my uncle's; that he liked ' me; and, if he would give his consent, would marry me, as soon as ' things could be got ready for that ' purpose. You may be sure my father did not make many words to this ' bargain: and it was agreed between ' them, that I should be immediately

'sent for home, in order to be cloathed according to the ſtation I was going to enjoy.

'The aſtoniſhment I was in at hearing all this is impoſſible to be expreſſed; I ſhall therefore only ſay, that it was ſuch as almoſt turned my brain, and for a good while allowed me not the power of knowing whether I was moſt pleaſed or troubled at an event ſo prodigious.

'Early the next morning a ſervant belonging to my lover brought me a portmanteau, in which I found ſeveral rolls of various coloured ſilks; a great deal of lace and Dreſden work, with ſome pieces of Holland of an extraordinary fineneſs: in the portmanteau was alſo a ſmall ivory caſket, containing a gold repeating watch and equipage; a ſet of diamond buckles for my ſtays; a large pearl necklace with a ſolitaire, and ſeveral other trinkets of a conſiderable value.

'You may believe,' continued ſhe, 'that my eyes were dazzled with the ſight of ſuch things as I had never ſeen in my whole life before; but I had ſcarce time to examine them thoroughly before Sir Thomas came himſelf to viſit me: he told me he was glad to ſee me at home, and aſked me how I liked the preſents he had made. I was very much confounded; but had courage enough to reply, that I liked them very well, eſpecially as they were accompanied with honourable intentions. This anſwer pleaſed him ſo much, that he could not forbear taking me in his arms, though my father and mother were in the room, ſaying at the ſame time—"My dear "girl, I have nothing for thee but the "moſt honourable intentions; and "what I have given thee now are mere "trifles in compariſon of what I will "hereafter make thee miſtreſs of."

'He ſtaid with us near two hours; and, before he went away, gave my mother fifty guineas, to pay for making my cloaths, and to provide for me ſuch other things as ſhe ſhould find neceſſary, earneſtly recommending to her to get all ready for our marriage with as much ſpeed as poſſible.

'He might have ſpared himſelf the trouble of this injunction; for never were two people more eagerly anxious for any thing than my poor father and mother to ſee me diſpoſed of in a manner ſo infinitely beyond all they could have hoped. The perſons employed in equipping me were ſo much preſſed, and ſo well paid, that in a very few days nothing was wanting for my nuptials, which were celebrated by the parſon of the pariſh at my father's houſe; after which I was carried to that which is now my home, and as pleaſant a ſeat as any in the whole county.

'During the firſt week of our marriage, my head was ſo taken up with the coach and ſix; number of my ſervants; the magnificence of every thing about me; the title of my Ladyſhip; and the compliments made on that occaſion; that I thought of nothing but my new grandeur: but all theſe things became leſs dazzling to me as they grew more cuſtomary; and all my reliſh for them vaniſhed with their novelty.

'The idea of my dear Jeſſamy now returned to my remembrance; I ſighed; I languiſhed; and thought I could have exchanged all my preſent opulence for one ſoft hour of love with that firſt and only charmer of my ſoul.

'My huſband's fondneſs for me encreaſed every day; but, alas! the endearments of a man of his years are rather diſguſtful than agreeable; and I have often wiſhed, that as it is impoſſible I ſhould ever have any love for him, that he had leſs for me, in ſpite of the advantages I receive by it.

'In this manner, my dear Jeſſamy,' added ſhe, 'I paſſed two whole years, quite hopeleſs of ever taſting more ſubſtantial joys, till buſineſs calling Sir Thomas to London, chance has bleſt me with the ſight of him who never has been abſent from my mind.'

Jemmy, perceiving ſhe had done, thanked her for the gratification of his curioſity, and ſhare he had in her remembrance; and then reminded her, that at the laſt meeting in the wood ſhe had made a promiſe to him, which he had now a right to claim the performance of.

'If I had not intended to pay my debt,' replied ſhe with a ſmile, 'I ſhould certainly have avoided the preſence of my creditor.'—'When, then,' cried he, 'where ſhall we meet? for 'I ſuppoſe this is no proper place for 'the continuance of our interviews.'

'You are miſtaken,' ſaid ſhe; 'Mrs.

'Comode

'Comode and I know each other perfectly well; Sir Thomas carried me to Tunbridge last year; she kept a shop there at that time; I bought all my things of her, and we soon grew very intimate; on my coming to town I renewed my acquaintance with her; and am very sure of her readiness to oblige me in every thing I desire.

'It falls out a little unlucky, indeed,' pursued she, 'that we could not go up stairs to-day; but it seems some other company had appointed to drink tea there before Mrs. Comode knew any thing of our coming.'

He then begged she would prefix a time for their happy meeting: on which she told him, that she was to go the next morning to see Windsor Castle, and that Sir Thomas proposed staying there two or three days; but that as soon as they returned, he might be sure she would fly to her dear Jessamy, with a transport at least equal to his own.

'But how shall I be apprised,' cried he; 'how know when to expect the 'blissful moment?'—'I have a contrivance for that,' answered she; 'I will send a little note to Mrs. Comode, 'which you may either call for here, 'or she shall leave for you on your giving her your directions.'

'I will not give her that trouble,' said he, 'nor fail to wait on her every 'morning till the dear mandate shall 'arrive,'—'Then I will take care,' rejoined she, 'to send the evening before, 'in order to prevent you from being 'previously engaged elsewhere.'

Jemmy was beginning to express himself in a very tender manner on this occasion, when the door immediately flew open, and a lady rushed into the room; perceiving company there, she staid not a quarter of a minute, yet long enough to put them both into a good deal of confusion, especially Jemmy, who by his momentary glance, discovered she was one whom he had often seen with Jenny.

This was, indeed, that same officious friend, who had told Jenny the manner in which she had surprized him; but had he known with what moderation that lady received the intelligence, it would have added, if possible, to the love and admiration he had for her.

But whatever vexation this accident might give him on his own account, he took care to conceal it under the appearance of his great concern for the reputation of his dear Lady Hardy, who, after the first hurry of her spirits was over, seemed perfectly easy, and endeavoured to make him so, saying, that as she had been but three weeks in town, and knew very few people in it, she did not apprehend any danger from this intrusion.

He gave but little attention to what she said on this subject; second thoughts made him repent his promise of calling every day at Mrs. Comode's, as there was more than a possibility of being met there again by the lady who had just left them, or of being seen by some other of Jenny's acquaintance.

As soon as Mrs. Comode had got rid of her customer, she came in and made an apology for what had happened, by relating the accident of the garter, as the lady had told it her, assuring them withal, that the next time they did her the honour of a visit, she would take care they should not be interrupted.

Lady Hardy then told her, they had been settling a correspondence together, and was going to say in what manner it was to be conducted; but Jemmy prevented her, by crying out—'Hold, 'Madam, business or company may 'detain me from receiving your lady-'ship's commands so soon as they arrive. I should be glad, therefore, that 'Mrs. Comode would be at the pains 'to send them directly to me.'

The obliging shop-keeper replied, that she should always take a pleasure in serving Lady Hardy, or any of her friends; on which he told her his name, and that of the street wherein he lived.

After this nothing material passed; and Lady Hardy not judging it proper to stay abroad too long, the lovers separated with a mutual expectation of seeing each other again at the same place in a few days.

CHAP. XXVI.

WILL, IN SOME MEASURE, CONTRIBUTE TO RECONCILE JEMMY TO THOSE WHO MAY HAVE BEEN OFFENDED WITH HIM.

HOW much soever Jemmy might be envied by the young amorous sparks of the town for the adventure he was now engaged in, yet certain it is he

he felt leſs ſatisfaction in it than might have been expected, either from his own years and warmth of conſtitution, or from the beauty and love of his miſtreſs.

Celia of the Woods, it is true, had at firſt ſight inſpired him with very ſtrong deſires; but then it was a tranſient flame, a ſudden flaſh of inclination, which ceaſed on being abſent from the object; the idea of her charms had been long ſince forgot; and if it returned, on finding her again in the perſon of Lady Hardy, it was but a faint reſemblance of what he felt before, and could be called little more than the ghoſt of his firſt paſſion.

The reaſon of this is pretty evident; there is a charm in innocence more attracting to a nice and delicate heart than any other perfection whatſoever: the harmleſs ſimplicity of the rural maid was not only now all loſt in the fine lady, but exchanged for a certain boldneſs of looks and behaviour, and a ſpirit for intrigue, no way engaging to the penetrating Jemmy.

Beſides, it muſt be remembered, that when he firſt ſaw Celia he was two years younger, and conſequently had leſs ſolidity, and, perhaps, a leſs ſenſibility of the merits of Jenny than he has ſince acquired, by being a more conſtant witneſs of them: to this may alſo be added, that an amour with Lady Hardy was not a thing of his own ſeeking, but rather in a manner forced upon him; a circumſtance which, in moſt men, would have deſtroyed a great part of the reliſh for it.

From all that has been ſaid, it may very juſtly be concluded, that Jemmy conſidered the affair he was entering into only as a mere matter of amuſement for his ſenſes, without allowing it any ſhare in the affections of his mind; and it is a point which might bear ſome diſpute, whether, had the buſineſs which ſo long detained him in London been compleated, he would have ſtaid one day longer in reſpect to Lady Hardy, or have rather choſe to have gone directly down to Bath.

An accident altogether unexpected, however, prevented him from being put to the trial, and left him not at liberty to do either the one or the other, by ſnatching him away at once from the purſuit both of his honourable and diſhonourable flame.

The buſineſs he had ſo much complained of was adjuſted while Lady Hardy was at Windſor, and he now had it in his power either to wait her return to London or to go down to Bath: he was, perhaps, debating within himſelf which of theſe two he ſhould do, when he received a billet from Mrs. Comode, with a ſmall piece of paper incloſed in it; that from Mrs. Comode contained theſe lines.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I Juſt now have received the incloſed 'from the lady you know of: it 'was brought by her footman, unſeal-'ed as you ſee, and addreſſed to me to 'prevent ſuſpicion: her ladyſhip has a 'world of wit; but you will eaſily 'comprehend the meaning, and not 'fail to favour with your company, at 'the appointed hour, thoſe who ſo 'much deſire it. I am, with the pro-'foundeſt reſpect, honoured Sir, your 'moſt devoted, and moſt faithful ſer-'vant,

'B. COMODE.

'P. S. You may depend, Sir, that 'every thing ſhall be ordered ſo 'as you may be here in all the 'privacy you can wiſh.'

In the other piece of paper he found theſe words.

'TO MRS. COMODE.

'DEAR MRS. COMODE,

'I Came laſt night from Windſor, and 'am in prodigious want of a new 'robe de chambre, for I am quite 'weary and ſick of thoſe I have by me; 'therefore pray get me ſome patterns 'of ſilks, ſuch as you think I ſhall 'like. I will be with you to-morrow 'at five o'clock preciſely, to make my 'choice. I am, dear Comode, 'yours,

'HARDY.'

'P. S. Be ſure you do not fail to 'get the ſilks ready againſt I 'come.'

Whatever uncertainty his mind was in before, this turned the balance, and he ſent his compliments by the bearer to

to Mrs. Comode, with an assurance that he would wait on her as she desired: but he had scarce dispatched this message, when a footman belonging to one Mr. Ellwood came to let him know his master entreated his company immediately at his house, on business of the utmost importance.

This Mr. Ellwood was one of those gentlemen who had been appointed by Jemmy's father for the trustees and guardians of his minority. He was a man of great fortune, great abilities, and yet greater integrity: our young hero had a thousand obligations to him, particularly in relation to that perplexing affair he had lately been involved in, and which he could not so easily have accomplished without his kind assistance.

The eldest son of this worthy person had been a fellow collegian with Jemmy: they had lived together in the most perfect harmony while at the university; nor had the friendship between them slackened since their quitting it. They had not now seen each other for a considerable time, the old gentleman, who lived for the most part at his seat in Bedfordshire, having sent for his son, in order to make his addresses to a young lady of that county, an heiress to a large estate.

The attachment Jemmy had to this family made him presently comply with the summons that had been sent him. Mr. Ellwood hearing he was come, met him at the top of the stairs, and with a countenance which expressed the inward satisfaction of his mind—'Dear Mr. 'Jessamy,' cried he, 'I have news to 'tell you, which I am certain you 'will participate in the joy of; my 'boy has gained his point, the lady 'has consented, and we must go and 'see them tacked together.'

Jemmy had heard much talk of this courtship, and that it went on very successfully, but did not think it had been so near a conclusion: he expressed, however, the interest he took in so felicitous an event in terms the most obliging and sincere.

'I doubt not,' said Mr. Ellwood, 'but the goodness of your heart makes 'you pleased with every thing that 'gives pleasure to your friends: but 'this is not all we require of you; 'Harry must needs have you as a witness of his marriage; he presses me 'to engage you to accompany me to 'Ham-Hall; and here is a letter for 'you, which he sent inclosed in mine; 'I have not been so curious or so ill-'mannered as to open it; but I suppose 'it is on the account I mention: pray, 'see whether I am mistaken.'

Jemmy having taken the letter out of his hand, instantly broke the seal, and read aloud as follows—

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'DEAR FRIEND,

'I Have now done with hopes, fears, 'and suspence; the angel I so long 'solicited has at last consented to be 'mine, and I am shortly to enjoy a 'happiness which can have no alloy 'but the want of your presence.

'I would fain flatter myself, that 'the earnest desire I have to see you on 'this blest occasion will be sufficient to 'bring you to Ham-Hall; but lest I 'should be too vain in this point, have 'entreated my father, whose influence 'is questionless more powerful, to omit 'nothing which may engage you to 'accompany him; and in expectation 'remain, with the greatest sincerity, 'dear Jessamy, your most affectionate 'friend, and very humble servant,

'H. ELLWOOD.'

This invitation very much disconcerted Jemmy: the regard he had for those that made it, rendered him very unwilling to deny, and the double obligation he had laid himself under, first of meeting Lady Hardy at Mrs. Comode's, and secondly of going down to Bath, made him not well know how to comply.

Mr. Ellwood, on perceiving he paused and seemed in some dilemma, told him he would have no denial, and remonstrated to him that he could have no engagements in town with any persons who were more truly his friends than those that now desired his company in Bedfordshire.

Jemmy was a little ashamed at the reluctance he had shewn to this journey, and could find no better excuse for it than that which was indeed the chief motive, his having promised Jenny to follow her to Bath, and the expectation he knew she was in every day of seeing him arrive.

'If

'If that be all,' cried the old gentleman, 'the difficulty is eaſily remov-'ed; you have only to write to her, and 'relate the occaſion that keeps you 'from her ſomewhat longer than you 'intended; and I will anſwer for her 'ſhe has good-nature enough to pardon 'you.'

Jemmy being ſtill deſirous of finding ſome excuſe to avoid this invitation, repeated the diſcourſe he had with Mr. Morgan, and the report which was ſpread about town in relation to his ſuppoſed infidelity to Jenny, urging the neceſſity of his being with her before ſhe ſhould hear any thing of it.

Mr. Ellwood laughed at the apprehenſions he diſcovered on this account; replied, that it was not likely that ſuch an idle ſtory ſhould be told her, eſpecially while ſhe remained at ſo great a diſtance from the place where it was invented: 'But in caſe,' continued he, 'any malicious perſon ſhould con-'vey the ſcandal to her, as the thing is 'utterly without foundation, it may 'be eaſily diſproved when you come 'together, and ſhe would allow it a 'weakneſs in herſelf to have given cre-'dit to it.'

This, with ſome other arguments, aſſiſted by Jemmy's own unwillingneſs to diſoblige him, ſoon decided the matter; and as Mr. Ellwood ſaid he purpoſed to ſet out early the next morning, Jenny's lover took his leave to make what preparations were neceſſary for his departure, as well as to give an account to both his miſtreſſes of what had happened.

CHAP. XXVII.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER PARTICULARS, A MORE FULL EXPLANATION OF JEMMY'S INNOCENCE IN SOME THINGS WHICH HAD VERY MUCH THE APPEARANCE OF BEING CRIMINAL.

JEMMY had no ſooner taken leave of Mr. Ellwood, than he wrote to Lady Hardy, telling her, that an unavoidable neceſſity had torn him from his wiſhes; that he was compelled to go into the country the next morning, and conſequently muſt be deprived of the pleaſure of meeting her, as he had hoped, according to appointment; but added, that he ſhould return in a very ſhort time, and then enjoy the happineſs he languiſhed for. This he incloſed in another to Mrs. Comode, with an entreaty that ſhe would convey it as directed with all expedition and ſecreſy.

That neceſſary friend diſcharged the truſt repoſed in her with ſo much diligence, that on his coming home pretty early from Vauxhall, where he had been that evening with ſome company, he found a letter from Mrs. Comode, with another incloſed in it from Lady Hardy, in anſwer to his billet; the contents of both were as follow.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I Know not what you will find in 'the incloſed, though it was wrote 'at my houſe, and I ſaw it wetted 'with tears, falling from a pair of the 'moſt beautiful eyes in the world. I 'doubt not, however, but you will 'ſoon dry them up: it would, indeed, 'be a great pity, that two ſuch charming perſons ſhould have any cauſe of 'complaint againſt each other. You 'will pardon this freedom, as it ſprings 'from my zeal for your future happineſs, to which you may aſſure yourſelf I ſhall always be proud to contribute; being with the moſt profound 'reſpect, honoured Sir, your very faithful, and obſequious ſervant,

'B. COMODE.'

By this prelude he eaſily gueſſed what was the purport of the other, ſo was not ſurprized at the reproaches it contained.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I Have juſt now received yours by 'the hands of Mrs. Comode; and 'Sir Thomas being abroad, I have the 'opportunity of diſburdening myſelf 'of ſome part of that mingled aſtoniſhment and grief your cruel epiſtle 'has involved me in. Oh, Mr. Jeſſamy! how can you treat with ſuch 'indifference a woman who loves you 'to diſtraction! Nothing but yourſelf 'could ever made me believe you were 'capable of behaving towards me in 'this manner. Is this the effect of all

'your

'your soft expressions? Is this the recompence of the fondness I have 'shewn to you? You find me ready to 'risk every thing for you, virtue, duty, 'reputation; nay, the dangers of eternal ruin are too weak to deter me from 'flying into your arms: should any 'other engagement, then, any business, 'any pleasure, have the power to 'snatch you from me? The excuses 'you make might have passed well 'enough with me when I was the ignorant unjudging Celia of the Woods; 'but time, reading, and observation, 'has now informed me better; and I 'know what a woman has a right to 'expect from the man who has a real 'passion for her; but I see you are insensible, ungrateful, yet still I love 'you; and, in spite of my resentment, 'cannot help wishing you a prosperous 'journey, and a safe return. You promise me that it shall be speedy; but 'I know not how to give credit to 'your words: the sooner you come 'back, however, the more you will be 'entitled to the forgiveness of your 'too much devoted

'CELIA.'

'P. S. Sir Thomas talks of staying 'in London all next winter. This 'would be joyful news to me indeed, if I could flatter myself 'with a belief you wished it so; 'but dare not hope too much, after the cruel disappointment 'you have given me.'

Till the receipt of this, Jemmy thought he had done with Lady Hardy till his return from Bedfordshire; but he now found himself under a necessity either of writing to her again, or of giving her cause to complain of his want of politeness as well as love.

With the pleasures of an amorous intrigue there will be always some mixture of fatigue. Jemmy loved to enjoy the one, but was not of a humour to endure much of the other, especially at present; and the tender reproaches and accusation in this letter seemed to him so many impertinences, which he would gladly have been able to dispense with himself from answering.

He was also obliged to write to Jenny that same night, in order to give her an account of the motive that carried him to Ham-Hall, at the very instant he was about to gratify his inclinations in following her to Bath; but this was a task which he was far from feeling any reluctance in the performance of: so widely different are the effects of an honourable and a dishonourable passion!

This put me in mind of a very just, as well as beautiful, hieroglyphick, which I once saw among the paintings of Titian. The capital figures in the piece were two Cupids, the one coming down from Jupiter in a milk-white robe, his sparkling eyes wide open, and garlands in his hands, of fresh and unmixed sweets, ready to crown the brows of every faithful votary: the other in a garment of a dusky yellow, spattered all over with black, seemed ascending from the earth; condensed vapours encircled his head, a bandage covered his eyes, and in his impure hands were wreaths of half-shed faded roses, thinly blended with thorns and prickly briars.

The ancients were extremely fond of expressing their designs by emblems; and this custom, which is as old as the Syriac and Chaldean, is still retained, throughout the greatest part of Europe, in the devices on their shields; so that, by looking on the escutcheon of any family, it is easy to know for what great action it was at first distinguished. And this, methinks, should remind those who wear them to act in such a manner as may render themselves worthy of the honours acquired for them by their progenitors; otherwise they are no more, according to the words of a late author, than—

'Dignify'd dregs of Britain's fallen race,
'Honour's dishonour, and Fame's last dis-
'grace.'

But this is not a work in which remonstrances are to be expected, nor perhaps would be greatly relished; I shall therefore leave the world such as it is, and, without being much of a prophet, one may say, is like to be, and return to the subject of my history.

Jemmy wrote a long letter to his dear Jenny; in which he acquainted her with all the particulars relating to the journey he was about to take, in compliance with Mr. Ellwood's invitations; and expressed the utmost discontent at an accident which hindered him from

going to Bath so soon as he designed, and hoped to have done.

Having finished this, he set himself about answering the complaint of Lady Hardy; which he did in terms that have no occasion to be repeated, this letter having been already inserted in the fifth chapter of this volume; to which, if the reader takes the trouble to turn back, he will easily perceive to be the same that, by one of the caprices of fortune, fell into the hands of Jenny, and threw her into the condition there described.

Jemmy, in this point, acted like some careless apothecaries, who, by fixing wrong labels on the potions they prepare, frequently destroy one patient by what would have given relief to another: so he, having sealed both the letters before he wrote the superscription of either, directed that he designed for Jenny to Lady Hardy; and, by consequence, that for Lady Hardy to Jenny.

Quite ignorant of the mischief his inadvertency would occasion, he sent a servant with these dispatches; the one to be left at Mrs. Comode's, and the other at the post-house.

About five the next morning, the impatient Mr. Ellwood called on him in his travelling coach. What unwillingness soever he had testified for this expedition, he had taken care that every thing necessary for it should be prepared against the coming of his friend; so being entirely ready, they set out together immediately, attended by the servants belonging to both of them.

The coachman having orders to make all the speed he could, the horses being full of spirit, the road good, and no bad accident retarding the progress of their journey, they arrived at Ham-Hall that same evening; where it is not to be doubted but they were received by the intended bridegroom with all demonstrations imaginable of joy; of duty to the one, and affection to the other.

The wedding was not solemnized till two days after, on account of some writings which had waited for the old gentleman to sign, he having agreed to settle a pretty large estate upon his son at this marriage.

I will not trouble my reader with any description of these nuptials, though they were celebrated with as much magnificence as the rank of the persons, and the place they were in, would admit of, without incurring the censure of vanity and ostentation. Jemmy staid there eight days, and was then obliged to tear himself away from his kind hosts, who would not have suffered him to part so soon but on the score of his impatience to be with Jenny, and the reasons he had given Mr. Ellwood for it.

CHAP. XXVIII.

TREATS OF SUCH THINGS AS THE AUTHOR IS PRETTY WELL CONVINCED, FROM A LONG SERIES OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE HUMAN MIND, WILL AFFORD MORE PLEASURE THAN OFFENCE, EVEN AMONG SOME OF THOSE WHO MOST AFFECT A CONTRARY SENSATION.

HOW strangely ignorant are we of our own hearts! How weak a dependance is there to be placed upon our best resolves! So true is this maxim of Mr. Dryden—

'Men are but children of a larger growth;
'Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
'And full as craving too, and full as vain.'

Who that has heard with what reluctance Jemmy went down to Bedfordshire, the insensibility he expressed for all the gaieties and pleasures of the nuptial-feast, and the impatience he had to take his leave of friends who so much desired and valued his company; who, I say, that has been informed of all this, but would have thought that, according to the promise he had made to Jenny in his letter to her from Ham-Hall, he would have done little more in London than just pass through it in his way to Bath?

Yet see the swift vicissitude, and how suddenly the rolling tide of inclination is capable of overturning those designs which even we ourselves have believed were founded on the most solid basis, and impossible to be shaken!

But I will not detain the attention of my readers with any superfluous remarks of my own; the fact I am going to relate will be sufficient of itself to prove the uncertain state of human resolution, and may serve to abate the

pride

pride of those who depend too much on their own strength of mind.

Jemmy, who, during his stay in the country, had his whole soul absorbed, as it were, in the thoughts of his dear and deserving Jenny, had no sooner reached London than his stability began to slacken; and, though he did not cease to love her with the same tenderness as ever, yet that burning impatience he had so lately felt to be with her became less fierce on something coming in his way which, till he saw, had almost slipped his memory.

He came to town in a post-chaise: but how his inclinations stood in regard to Lady Hardy, or whether he would have endeavoured to see her before he went to Bath, is altogether uncertain; something, however, happened, which turned the balance on her side, and reminded him both of her and the promise he had made in that letter, which he doubted not but she had received.

He alighted at a coffee-house, which he was accustomed to frequent very much. A stop of coaches happening to be in the street, he saw Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy in one of them, just opposite the door he was going to enter: she saw him too, and gave him a very significant look; which was all the salutation the place and company she was in would allow of.

A young amorous heart, I think, may, with some analogy, be compared to tinder, as it is ready to take fire from every spark that falls. How cool soever Jemmy might have been some moments before, this sight sufficed to revive the glowing embers of desire, and made him think it would not become him to neglect totally so kind and fair a creature.

He supped that night with some company he met at the coffee-house; but resolved to send to her, by the way of Mrs. Comode, the next morning. The impatience of the lady, nevertheless, prevented his intentions; and, on his coming home, he was presented with a letter, which, his people said, had been left for him by a porter above an hour before.

He opened it with some eagerness, not doubting from what hand it came; and found, as he had imagined, the cover from Mrs. Comode, with these lines.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I Send you what, I dare say, will be 'a welcome present: your answer 'to it, with the utmost expedition, is 'requested to be left at my house, as 'usual. I beg you, Sir, to believe that 'I shall always be ready to oblige you 'and the beautiful party to the utmost 'of my poor power; being, with the 'greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant, to 'command,

'B. COMODE.'

The contents of the inclosed were as follow.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I See you are in town, but am far 'from assuring myself you have 'any thoughts of me: the violence of 'your passion for your charming Jenny, and the hurry you are in to follow her to Bath, may probably have 'made you forget that there is such a 'person in the world as myself. I send 'this, therefore, to desire one more interview, even though it should be to 'take an everlasting leave. My happy 'rival would not certainly regret your 'giving that satisfaction to a woman 'who loves you more than, perhaps, 'she is capable of doing. Honour and 'gratitude demand this from you; to 'them I appeal, and shall commit my 'cause.

'Since you went out of town, I have 'another misfortune added to that of 'having discovered your engagement 'with Jenny: Mrs. Comode has let 'her lodgings to a person intimately 'acquainted with my husband; so it is 'utterly impracticable for me to see 'you there; and I am reduced, by this 'piece of ill-luck, to desire you will 'find out some more proper place for 'our meeting. Whether it be at your 'own house, or at that of any friend 'in whom you can confide, is a matter 'of indifference to me; only remember, that I will not venture to a tavern, bagnio, or any such publick 'place.

'As I am convinced your heart, if 'not wholly lost, is at least divided, I 'should have little joy in the continu-

'ance of an intercourſe ſo dangerous 'to myſelf, and ſo negligently purſued 'by you: you need not, therefore, be 'under any apprehenſions of my perſe-'cuting you with a paſſion you ſeemed 'to have ceaſed deſiring any farther 'proofs of. Happy ſhould I be, in-'deed, to find myſelf miſtaken in what 'I have ſo much cauſe to fear. See 'me once more, however; and fix the 'yet uncertain fate of her who is, with 'too much ſincerity, the unkind Jeſ-'ſamy's ſtill affectionate and devoted

'CELIA.

'P. S. If you no longer have any 'love for me, let pity and good-'nature for that you have inſpired 'me with prevail on you not to 'keep me in ſuſpenſe. I languiſh, 'I am diſtracted, till I receive 'your anſwer, with an appoint-'ment where and when I ſhall 'have the opportunity of telling 'you all my ſoul is full of!'

This paſſionate epiſtle gave Jemmy much more pain than pleaſure; not that he was either ſurprized or troubled at the knowledge he found ſhe had of his engagement with Jenny. He was ſenſible a thouſand accidents might reveal it to her; nor did he think ſhe had any buſineſs to interfere with the honourable addreſſes he made elſewhere; and, had ſhe ever queſtioned him upon that ſubject, would not have evaded or denied the truth.

But it vexed him a good deal to find that the providing a place for their meeting was required of him. Whatever amorous intrigues he had hitherto been engaged in, had been accompanied with no difficulties; they had fallen in his way without any pains of his own; he had never been put to the trouble of forming any contrivances for the carrying them on; and the injunction now laid upon him was a thing no leſs new than diſagreeable to him.

Never had he been ſo much puzzled in his whole life: he judged it highly inconvenient, for many reaſons, to make an appointment with her at his own houſe; and, as ſhe had excepted againſt all thoſe he ſhould readily have propoſed, he might well be at a very great loſs to whom he ſhould apply on ſuch an occaſion.

What courſe he took in this perplexing dilemma, and what conſequences attended this adventure, as well as the cataſtrophe of many others mentioned in this work, the reader, if he has patience to wait, will find fully ſet forth and explained in the ſucceeding volume.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

SHEWS THE CHARACTER OF JEMMY IN A LIGHT WHICH WILL BE THOUGHT WORTHY OF APPROBATION BY SOME READERS, AND EQUALLY RIDICULED BY OTHERS.

HOW much ſoever Jemmy was taken up, on going to bed, with the thoughts of when and where he ſhould meet with his miſtreſs according to her deſire, he did not forget, next morning, an appointment he had made to breakfaſt with a gentleman, in order to look over ſome curioſities that had been brought from Rome at the laſt jubilee.

In his way thither, as he was paſſing by the door of a great mercer, he was ſurprized with the ſight of Lady Hardy ſtarting out upon him; and, before he had time to ſpeak, or, indeed, to think whether he ought to do ſo in that place or no—'Well, Mr. Jeſſamy,' cried ſhe, in a low voice, 'what anſwer may I 'expect to the letter I ſent laſt night?'—'Such a one, Madam,' replied he, 'as, I hope, will give you no future 'cauſe to reproach me.'

'I ſhould be glad——' ſaid ſhe, and was going on; but ſomething, which will hereafter be diſcovered, prevented her, and ſhe ran back into the ſhop in the greateſt hurry and confuſion. Jemmy imagined that the ſight of ſome perſon who knew her had given her this alarm; but as it was improper to follow her, and he did not chuſe to ſaunter about the ſtreet in hopes of ſpeaking to her again, he went directly to the place where he was expected.

He ſtaid no longer at this viſit than mere civility required. The talk enjoined him by Lady Hardy ran very much in his head, and he could not be eaſy till he had found ſome means or other of performing it.

He was returning home ſo deeply buried in cogitation, that, though he went through the Park, which at that time was very full of company, he ſaw not nor took notice of any body in it, till Bellpine meeting him in his unuſual muſing, accoſted him with a ſlap on the ſhoulder, accompanied by theſe lines, borrowed from Farquhar's Recruiting Officer—

'Spleen, thou worſt of fiends below,
'Fly, I conjure thee, by this magick blow!'

'What, in the name of wonder,' purſued he, 'has wrought this trans-'formation? What fair cruel ſhe has the 'power

'power to engross you to herself, and 'make you absent amidst a throng of 'beauties?'

The sight of him, together with the salutation he had given him, put Jemmy in mind of something he had never thought on before: 'Faith, Bellpine,' answered he, laughing, 'your guess is 'partly right; I was thinking of a la-'dy, though no cruel one, and just 'wishing for such a friend as you.'

'Then here I am a-propos,' cried the other: 'what act of friendship am I to 'be employed in?'—'Come home with 'me, and I will tell you,' replied Jemmy. 'With all my heart,' said Bellpine; 'I will only speak to a couple of 'gentlemen I see yonder, and be after 'you in a moment.'

Jemmy was now astonished at his own stupidity: so anxious as he had been to find a proper place for the consummation of his amour with Lady Hardy, yet he had never once thought of having recourse to Bellpine for that purpose, who was a single man, had handsome lodgings, and looked upon by him as sufficiently his friend to oblige him in a much greater matter than the use of his apartment for a few hours.

He walked slowly on, and the other overtook him before he reached his own door. As soon as they were come into the house, and shut up together, Jemmy told him, that having a small affair of gallantry with a woman of condition, who would not venture to any house of publick resort, the favour he requested of him was to lend him his lodgings to entertain her in.

To this the other replied, that he was glad of the opportunity of contributing to his pleasures: 'But,' said he, 'we must be very cautious; my land-'lady, you must know, is a formal 'piece of stuff, and piques herself 'mightily on the reputation and ho-'nesty of her house; I will therefore 'sneak privately out before you come, 'that she may not know that I am 'abroad; and when my man has shew-'ed you and your fair companion up 'stairs, he shall tell the old cant that 'you are relations of mine come to vi-'sit me.'

Bellpine looked extremely thoughtful all the time he was speaking, which Jemmy interpreting as the effect of his great zeal and care that every thing should be conducted to his satisfaction, heartily embraced and thanked him for.

The other grew every moment more serious: but asked him on what day, and what hour, he intended to bring his mistress. 'That must depend up-'on herself,' said Jemmy, 'and what 'opportunity chance and our good for-'tune may befriend us with; but I shall 'take care to give you timely notice.'

'I suppose,' resumed Bellpine, 'as 'this affair is to be a mighty secret, I 'must not be trusted with the name of 'this fine lady.'—'No, friend,' replied Jemmy, 'you must excuse me there: 'she is a person of fashion, and a mar-'ried woman.'—'Aye,' returned Bellpine, in a voice scarce articulate, through his inward agitations; 'and you might 'have added too, a lewd, a base, and 'a most ungrateful woman.'

'What do you mean, Sir?' demanded Jemmy, somewhat startled at his looks and manner of speaking. 'Be-'fore I answer you,' cried Bellpine, 'tell me, I conjure you, by all our 'friendship, tell me truly, whether you 'have yet enjoyed her?'—'No, upon 'my honour!' replied the other, still more surprized; 'but wherefore do you 'ask? She is perhaps your mistress.'

'Would to Heaven,' said Bellpine, 'that she were mine, or yours, or any 'man's mistress, so she were not my 'uncle's wife, and dignified with the 'name of Lady Hardy!'

Never was any one in a greater consternation than Jemmy was on hearing this; he had been told, indeed, somewhat concerning his having an uncle who had married a girl of mean extraction, but knew nothing of his name, or the particulars of the story. 'What!' cried he hastily, 'is Sir Thomas Har-'dy your uncle?'

'Yes,' replied the other sullenly; 'he is my mother's brother, and I was 'always looked upon as his undoubt-'ed heir; but by his marriage with this 'Jezebel I am like to be defrauded of 'an estate of upwards of two thousand 'pounds a year.'

Jemmy having by this time a little recovered himself from his surprize, was very much affected at these last words: 'You shall not be a loser by any act of 'mine,' said he: 'if Lady Hardy were 'more handsome than she is, and I

'loved

'loved her more than I ever did, be assured I would henceforth for ever 'shun her presence, and forego the gratification of my desires, rather than 'be guilty of attempting any thing 'which might happen to prove an injury to my friend.'

'This is generous, indeed,' cried Bellpine, embracing him, 'and what 'I could have expected from no man 'but yourself. You will pardon, dear 'Sir,' continued he, 'the warmth of 'some expressions I may have let fall; 'but I cannot keep my temper in due 'bounds whenever I think on my uncle's dotage, and the misfortunes I 'may possibly be reduced to by it.'

After many repeated assurances on the one side, and retributions on the other, Jemmy bethought himself of asking him how it came into his head to guess that Lady Hardy, of all woman kind, was the mistress he had spoke of, and intended to have brought to his lodgings.

'It can be called, indeed, no more 'than a conjecture,' replied Bellpine, 'yet was it such a conjecture as amounted almost to a certainty. You know,' pursued he, 'that you spoke to her this 'morning at the door of a shop in 'Chandos Street; I was sitting in a 'parlour-window just opposite to it; 'and had the opportunity of beholding 'with what hurry of looks and motion her impudent ladyship flew out 'to meet you; and how presently after conscious guilt and fear at sight 'of me in turning her head that way, 'made her leave you, and retire with 'as much precipitation as she had come 'out. This,' went he still on, 'was 'enough to give a strange suspicion of 'your intimacy, and I thought to have 'asked you by what means you came 'to be so well acquainted with one of 'our family: but you prevented me, 'by making a request which confirmed me in what I had so much reason to believe before; and also that 'you were entirely ignorant of the near 'relationship between me and that vile 'woman.'

'You do me justice,' said Jemmy; 'nothing could be farther from my 'thoughts than that she was your aunt; 'I knew her before she had any expectation of being so, and when she was 'much more innocent than I fear she 'is at present.' He then, on the desire of the other, related the manner of his first acquaintance with Celia of the Woods, and the many accidents which had intervened, and hindered the completion of what at that time he so ardently had desired, and she seemed not very averse to grant.

On his having finished this recital—'When I consider,' said Bellpine, 'what you are, and what she was at 'the time of her acquaintance with you 'in the wood, I could almost pity her 'for not being able, even after marriage, to banish an idea so agreeable, 'and which had made the first impression on her heart; but, my dear friend, 'it is not for your sake alone she has 'transgressed the rules of virtue, and 'even of decency: others have proved 'the too great warmth of her constitution; some unquestionable instances 'of this have come to my knowledge; 'be assured I speak not this out of malice, nor, in regard of my uncle's honour, would mention it at all, if I 'did not think it might serve to fortify you in the resolution you have taken of never seeing her any more.'

A sort of contemptuous smile spread itself all over Jemmy's face at this supposition: he assured Bellpine that there was no occasion for any proofs of that lady's levity to enable him to keep the promise he had made; and that as he never was possessed of any more than a transient inclination for her, he could throw it off without feeling the least pain. 'Whatever anecdotes, there-'fore,' said he, 'you favour me with, 'will only serve to gratify my curiosity.'

Bellpine was, however, preparing to recollect the passages he had to relate; but their discourse had already taken up so much time, that before he could begin, a servant came into the room, and told his master that dinner was upon table. 'Well, then,' said Jemmy to his guest, 'you must do penance 'with me; a batchelor's table is always thinly served; but I indulged 'somewhat too plentifully last night, 'so mortify to-day with a boiled chicken and small beer.'

In speaking these words he took Bellpine by the hand, and led him into another room, where it is not to be doubted but that they found more covers already placed than he had made mention of.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS, BESIDES OTHER MATTERS, SOME FARTHER PARTICULARS RELATING TO LADY HARDY, WHICH SHE DID NOT THINK PROPER TO MAKE ANY MENTION OF TO JEMMY, IN THE DETAIL SHE HAD GIVEN HIM OF HER ADVENTURES.

DINNER was no sooner over, all the appurtenances of it removed, and the servants withdrawn, than Bellpine began the little narrative he had promised, in these or the like terms:

'It was always my custom,' said he, 'even from my childhood, to go to 'Oxfordshire, and pay my respects to 'my uncle three or four times a year; 'nor did I refrain continuing to give 'him this mark of my duty and affection after his marriage: though, 'as you may suppose, it was an event 'which gave me great uneasiness.

'The first time I saw my new aunt, 'I found her busily employed in learning French, musick, and dancing. 'She seemed, and I believe really was, 'no less desirous of becoming mistress 'of those accomplishments than her 'fond husband was that she should be 'so, passing all those hours he suffered 'her from his presence either in reading some books which he had presented to her, or in the study of the 'lessons given her by her masters; her 'behaviour was also full of humility 'and courtesy: in a word, as much as 'I was prejudiced against her, which I 'confess I greatly was, I could see nothing in her to condem during this 'visit, which lasted near three weeks, 'and as unwilling that my uncle should think I took any umbrage at the 'change of his condition.

'I went not down again till six 'months after, having been detained in 'London by a long fit of sickness, which 'it was thought would have been my 'last: but, good God! how strange a 'transformation had happened in the 'family in that time! On my arrival, 'most of the old servants were removed, and new ones in their places; all 'my aunt's preceptors were dismissed, 'and her ladyship, instead of the tractable, obliging creature I had left her, 'was now grown haughty, sullen, and 'reserved; scarce spoke but in her husband's presence, and then with only 'an assumed softness. In short, every 'thing was the very reverse of what it 'had been, except my uncle himself, 'and he too, I thought, appeared less 'chearful and satisfied than usual.

'But what the most amazed me was, 'to find that in the change of domesticks was included an old gentlewoman who had lived with my uncle 'for seven or eight and twenty years, 'in quality of a housekeeper, and being a distant relation of my father's, 'and reduced by misfortunes to go to 'service, had been recommended by 'my mother to take care of his affairs; 'which trust she so well discharged, 'and gave my uncle such content, that 'he used frequently to say, that as 'long as they both lived, Jamison, for 'so she is called, and he should never 'part.

'I took the liberty of asking my 'uncle what was become of her; but 'he only replied, that she was a foolish woman; that he had discharged 'her; and that he had done with her: 'I rejoined, that I hoped she had been 'guilty of nothing to incur his displeasure. "I tell you," cried he, 'peevishly, "she is a foolish impertinent woman: say no more about "her." I obeyed; but could not keep 'myself from putting some questions 'concerning her removal to those of 'the servants who had lived there in 'her time; but could get no other answer from any of them than a shake 'of the head, or a shrug of the shoulder. All this encreased my wonder; 'but on hearing she was at present 'boarded at a little farm-house about 'three or four miles off, I got one of 'my uncle's horses, and went thither 'one morning, under pretence of riding for the air.

'Notwithstanding the good creature 'received me with the greatest joy imaginable, I found the utmost difficulty in prevailing on her to acquaint 'me with the reason of her having left 'a place where she had been so useful as well as so much respected; and 'all I could get from her for a good 'while was, that Sir Thomas had now 'no occasion for a housekeeper, having so good a lady, and such like evasive answers; which convincing me 'there was some mystery in the affair,

'made

'made me the more solicitous for an 'explanation.

'I pressed, however, in such strong 'terms, that she at last consented to 'satisfy me. "Your aunt is a base "woman," said she, "and deserves to "be exposed; but as ill as Sir Thomas "has used me, I should be sorry that "he should be made the jest of the "county, therefore would not men- "tion what I am going to relate to "any person in the world besides your- "self; nor even to you, if I did not "know you would be obliged, for "your own sake, to keep it secret."

'After this, she asked me if I did 'not remember that the last time I was 'down, there was a young French Hu- 'gonot, who made part of the family, 'and had been agreed with by Sir 'Thomas to teach her ladyship the lan- 'guage for two guineas a month and 'his board. I told her I knew very 'well there had been such a man, and 'she proceeded to inform me, that this 'fellow presently grew a prodigious 'favourite with Lady Hardy; that she 'was always praising him, and was so 'extravagantly silly as even to ask the 'maids if they did not think Monsieur 'La Noye was a very handsome man. "This," said Mrs. Jamison, "occa- "sioned whispers in the family, which "were little to her ladyship's advan- "tage; but, for my part, I really look- "ed upon her behaviour as the effect "of simplicity, and not of guilt, as "some of them imagined; till happen- "ing to go to the best chamber to see "if every thing was in order, as I had "made it be cleaned the day before, "who did I see there but my lady and "this La Noye upon the bed together; "they had forgot, it seems, to fasten "the door, and the posture I surprized "them in admitted no doubt of their "guilt; I was so thunder-struck, that "I had not the power to go either "forward or backward, but stood mo- "tionless as a stock; the fellow started "up, and rushed by me out of the "room: my lady, you may be sure, "was in confusion enough; she ran "to me, threw herself at my feet, burst "into tears, and cried—"Dear Jami- "son, do not betray me!"—"Oh, "Madam!" said I, "I never thought "to have seen what I have seen."— "I was half asleep," rejoined she, "when he came into the room, and I "scarce knew what I did; therefore, "dear Mrs. Jamison, do not ruin me; "do not tell Sir Thomas; indeed I "will never be guilty of the like "again."

'I could not forbear interrupting the 'good woman in this part of her story," said Bellpine, 'by venting my indig- 'nation in a volley of curses on the 'scandal of our family; but she con- 'jured me to moderate my passion, and 'resolve to shew no future marks of 'it, or protested she would reveal no 'further; I gave my promise to do as 'she desired, and she went on.

"The deceitful creature," resumed 'she, "hung about me all the time she "was speaking, with such a shew of "innocence and grief, that at last, I "am ashamed to say it, her tears, her "seeming penitence, her humiliation, "melted me into pity, and I promised "never to mention what I had disco- "vered, on condition she would never "repeat her offence; and also that she "should make some pretence to Sir "Thomas for getting the vile seducer "of her honour removed out of the fa- "mily.

"This she bound herself by the most "solemn imprecation to perform; but, "alas! one day, another, and another, "still came on, and passed away with- "out any proof, or even probability "of the sincerity of her conversion; "she took care, indeed, not to be sur- "prized in the manner she had been; "but I easily saw by Sir Thomas's be- "haviour, and some words he let fall "in casual conversation, that there "was no thought of parting with this "French fellow till her ladyship was "made perfect in the language.

"I expressed my sentiments very "plainly to her on this head, on which "she told me that Monsieur had not "taken any freedoms with her since "the time I catched them together, "and that he had sworn never to at- "tempt the like again; and added, "that though she would be glad to get "rid of him, and could not endure the "sight of him, yet she could find no "excuse to make to Sir Thomas for "leaving off learning French, till she "was become mistress of it, which she "was far from being as yet.

"This not satisfying me, I renewed "my remonstrances to her as often as I "had an opportunity; but I soon found,

" that inſtead of working the effect I " aimed at, ſhe rather ſeemed more " hardened by them; every time I " ſpoke ſhe anſwered in a more lofty " ſtrain; and at laſt told me that ſhe " would not be teazed; that it was ſuf- " ficient ſhe did not repeat her fault, " and as for the reſt ſhe knew what was " proper to be done, and would not be " kept in leading-ſtrings by any ſer- " vant of her huſband's.

" I now plainly ſaw, that ſhe was no " leſs wicked, though more wary, than " ſhe had been; I was troubled at the " ſhame ſhe would bring upon my ma- " ſter, and was debating within my- " ſelf whether or not I ſhould relate " to him the diſcovery I had made, " and all that had paſſed upon it between " us, when an unforeſeen accident " ſaved me the pains of thinking any " farther on the matter.

" Her ladyſhip, who, as you may " ſuppoſe, was never much reſpected " by the ſervants, on account of her " birth, became every day leſs ſo " through the ſtrong ſuſpicion they " had of her incontinency; but the in- " ſolence of her gallant was intolerable " to all of them, eſpecially to Hum- " phrey, who being the oldeſt ſervant " in the houſe, except myſelf, would " not ſubmit to the impertinent com- " mands of that French renegado; this " cauſing many quarrels, he reſolved " to leave Sir Thomas's ſervice; but, " before he went, had opportunity of " revenging himſelf on thoſe who were " the occaſion of his doing ſo.

" I was one morning with Sir Tho- " mas in his cloſet, ſettling my ac- " counts, as I always did every month, " when this Humphrey came running " in, and told him that my lady was in " the ſummer-houſe at the farther end " of the garden, and deſired he would " come to her that minute, for there " was a great curioſity to be ſeen there. " What little fancy has ſhe got in her " head, I wonder?" ſaid Sir Thomas; " but I will go."—" Your honour muſt " come immediately," cried the fellow, " or the ſight will be gone."—" Well, " well," replied he, " ſhe muſt be hu- " moured." In ſpeaking this he threw " down the papers, and hurried away " as faſt as the burden of his years " would let him.

" I ſtaid ſome little time in the clo- " ſet, expecting Sir Thomas would " ſoon return; but finding he did not, " left it, and went down. I had juſt " got to the bottom of the ſtairs, when " he came in, followed by my lady, " both of them with countenances " ſtrangely diſcompoſed. " Sirrah!" " ſaid he, very angrily to Humphrey, " who happened to be in the paſſage, " how dare you tell me that your lady " wanted to ſpeak with me in the ſum- " mer-houſe?"—" Sir," replied the " fellow, with the greateſt aſſurance, " I ſaw my lady and the young French- " man run thither very faſt, ſo I thought " there might be ſomething very extra- " ordinary to be ſeen; ſo made bold to " tell your honour of it."—" You are " an impudent raſcal!" cried Sir Tho- " mas, and went up ſtairs, ſtill follow- " ed by my lady.

" I wondered what all this meant, " but was ſoon after informed of the " whole matter. The fellow, it ſeems, " being convinced in his own mind " that my lady and this Frenchman " were too great, had watched all their " motions, and finding that they re- " tired almoſt every morning into this " ſummer-houſe, when they knew Sir " Thomas was reading, or otherwiſe " employed in his cloſet, he had taken " this method of giving the injured " huſband an opportunity of detecting " them.

" I did not approve of Humphrey's " proceeding in this point; and told " him, that let the matter be how it " will, he muſt not hope to keep his " place after what he had done. He " replied, that he did not care how ſoon " he was diſcharged; that he had got " money enough to ſet up an ale-houſe, " and would not ſtay in any ſervice " where he muſt be inſulted by people " no better born than himſelf, and not " half ſo honeſt."

' Here,' ſaid Bellpine, ' I could not ' forbear interrupting Mrs. Jamiſon a ' ſecond time, by aſking her how the ' ſhameful pair behaved on the approach ' of my uncle. " All that can be " known of that part of the ſtory," ' replied ſhe, " I was told by the gar- " dener, who happened to be at work " very near the place. He ſaid, that " Sir Thomas, on finding the door " made faſt, knocked, and called to be " let in; but no anſwer being made, he " beckoned the gardener to him, and " bid him clamber up to the window,

" and

" and get in that way; but on his at-
" tempting to do so, the door was open-
" ed by those within, and Sir Thomas
" having gained entrance, the man
" withdrew, and went again to his
" work. He told me that the French-
" man came out in a few minutes,
" looking very pale and discomposed,
" and that neither Sir Thomas nor his
" lady appeared in a much better con-
" dition, though they staid some time
" after, as he supposed, to talk the bu-
" siness over.

" What passed between them on this
" score," pursued Mrs. Jamison, " is
" impossible to be known; all that I
" can tell you is, that Monsieur La
" Noye was dismissed entirely from the
" family within two hours after; that
" my lady either was or pretended to
" be very sick, and Sir Thomas ap-
" peared in a worse humour than ever
" I had seen him. Humphrey was dis-
" charged that same day; and the next
" day the poor gardener and two other
" servants, for what reasons I know not,
" shared the same fate: indeed, I little
" thought it would also have been mine;
" but all the distinction I had to boast
" of from the rest was, to be the last
" turned off."

Bellpine was going on, when Jemmy was called suddenly away to a gentlewoman, who his servant told him was very earnest to speak with him. Who this person was, and what her business, the reader shall not wait long to be informed.

CHAP. III.

IF IT CANNOT BE SAID TO DESERVE ANY ENCOMIUM, IT MUST AT LEAST BE ALLOWED TO STAND IN NO NEED OF AN APOLOGY.

THIS person whom Jemmy had been told was so importunate to see him was no other than Mrs. Comode. Lady Hardy, after having been obliged to leave him so abruptly in the morning, went directly to this woman, and commissioned her to find him either at his own house, or wherever else he could be heard of, in order to excuse her behaviour, by relating the accident which had occasioned it; and also to know of himself if he had thought of a convenient place for their meeting.

This necessary woman delivered her message with the utmost punctuality; and added, that she was extremely sorry for not having at present an apartment to accommodate them with: ' But your ' honour may depend,' said she, ' that ' nothing in my power shall be want-' ing to oblige both you and the good ' lady.'

Jemmy received all this with great coolness, and only told her that Lady Hardy should have a full declaration of his sentiments in a letter that same even-ing—' Which,' said he, ' I will direct ' under a cover to you, as usual; and, ' perhaps, will be the last trouble I ' shall give you.'

She seemed pretty much astonished on hearing him speak in this manner, and was going to make some reply; but he told her he had a friend within whom he could not leave alone any longer, so begged her pardon, and rung the bell for a servant to open the door.

He paused for some moments before he returned to Bellpine, considering whether he should inform him of the visit he had just received; but as he was so nearly interested in the honour of Sir Thomas Hardy, he thought it best not to say any thing to him of an affair which was of no consequence in itself, and would only serve to add to the chagrin he was already in.

The other no sooner saw him re-enter the room, and that he was prepared to give attention to what he had to say, than he resumed his discourse in words to this effect.

' There is now little remaining to ' inform you of,' said he; ' Mrs. Ja-' mison only told me, that for three or ' four days after La Noye was dis-' missed, her infamous ladyship kept ' her chamber; whether by the order ' of Sir Thomas, or that she was really ' indisposed, she could not be certain; ' but during that time her artifices so ' far prevailed upon him, that he not ' only discharged all those servants ' whom he thought had any suspicion ' of her crime, but also forbad them ' from ever coming within his doors ' again on any pretence whatsoever. ' I then asked her, if she thought my ' uncle was really convinced of the in-' fidelity of his wife. " As much as " I am myself," replied she, " though " he will not seem to be so, because " the excessive fondness he has for her

" will not suffer him to part from " her."

" I rather think," said I, " that he " stands in awe of the just ridicule of " the world, for having married, at his " years, a girl whose conduct obliged " him to get rid of in so short a time." —" It may be owing partly to the one, " and partly to the other of these mo- " tives," answered she; " but how- " ever that may be, I can assure you, " that he will suffer nobody to come " near him, that he imagines has the " least suspicion of her virtue.

" This is sufficiently evident in the " case of La Noye," added she: " but " I can give you another instance since " the banishment of her Frenchman; " she has been catched in pretty close " conference with a young gentleman, " who has been for some time a guest " at a neighbouring seat. Though " Sir Thomas has been told that a fine " diamond ring, which her ladyship " pretended to have lost, has been seen " on the finger of that spark, he only " affected to laugh at the intelligence, " and has since broke off all acquain- " tance with the person from whom he " received it."

' This is the sum of that account ' given me by Mrs. Jamison; and I ' must be in fact as stupid as my uncle ' affects to be, if I doubted the truth ' of it. Judge then, my dear friend,' continued he, ' of the unhappiness of ' my situation; I am every moment in ' danger of being deprived of my inhe- ' ritance by the incontinency of this ' vile woman; and if I make any at- ' tempt to detect her infamy, am equal- ' ly in danger of losing it by my uncle's ' displeasure.'

Jemmy could not help agreeing with him, that there was, indeed, somewhat extremely precarious in his case; but told him, he ought to console himself with this reflection, that as Lady Hardy had never yet been pregnant, she might, in all probability, not be so while Sir Thomas Hardy lived.

After this the conversation between them turned on various subjects, till Bellpine, having an engagement that evening, took his leave; but before they parted, Jemmy told him, that his business in London being now entirely finished, he intended to set out the next morning for Bath, where he knew Jenny by this time expected him.

Bellpine was not altogether so much chagrined at this intelligence as he would have been some days before; for, though he would have been glad to have kept him from Jenny, yet he was pleased at his removing himself out of the way of Lady Hardy. Men who are themselves deceitful, are always slow in giving credit to the sincerity of others: he had not enough depended on the promise Jemmy had made of breaking off all intercourse with his aunt, till he found him resolved to go from the place she was in, and to which it was not likely he should return till she had left it, as he had heard Sir Thomas say he intended to stay but a few days longer.

But not even this demonstration of his friend's honour towards him had the power of touching his ungrateful heart with any remorse for what he had done, or of obliging him to desist from the prosecution of his wicked attempt to break the union between him and Jenny; as the reader must have observed by the letter he sent to her under the character of a supposed rival, and the invidious hints he threw out in the visit he made her on her arrival in town.

As for Jemmy, he was not much surprized at the account given him of Lady Hardy's conduct: by the little he had seen of her behaviour since his renewing an acquaintance with her in the character she now bore, he was perfectly convinced that she had a great genius, as well as inclination, for intrigues; and had also often imagined that an amour, such as she was about to enter into with him, was not a thing in which she was altogether unpractised. He was not, therefore, sorry that his friendship for Bellpine obliged him to discontinue an amorous correspondence with her; and as it was an affair at present not of his own seeking, and he had given into not through the force of passion, but merely for the sake of amusement, cannot be supposed to give him any pangs in quitting.

He thought it a great pity, however, that a woman, endowed by nature with beauty, wit, and every thing requisite to adorn the station to which she was raised, should know so little how to improve or to deserve the good fortune that had befallen her; and, in this serious humour, remembering the promise he had

had given to her emiſſary of making a full declaration of his ſentiments by way of letter, ſat down immediately, and wrote to her in the following manner.

'TO LADY HARDY.

'MADAM,

'I Know not how you will reliſh this 'epiſtle; but am very certain you 'ought to look upon it as the greateſt 'proof both of love and friendſhip that 'can be given by man: be not there-'fore ſtartled, when I tell you I muſt 'ſee you no more. It is for your ſake, 'and yours alone, that I have taken 'this reſolution, and tear myſelf away 'from all the joys which beauty, ſuch 'as yours, has the power of beſtow-'ing.

'I have well conſidered the conſe-'quences which muſt infallibly attend 'your entering into an amorous en-'gagement with me; and find that all 'the love I could offer in return would 'be too poor a recompenſe for thoſe in-'numerable difficulties and dangers to 'which you would be perpetually ex-'poſed by it.

'Exert, then, the whole force of 'your reaſon to curb the encroachments 'of lawleſs paſſion in your own heart, 'and to diſdain the ſhew of it in ano-'ther; ſet a true value on yourſelf, and 'believe that no man living can de-'ſerve that, merely for the gratification 'of his deſires, you ſhould ſacrifice 'your honour, virtue, reputation, peace 'of mind, and, in ſhort, all that is va-'luable in your ſex.

'This advice may appear very odd in 'a man of my years; but the leſs you 'expected it from me, the more im-'preſſion it ought to make on you. 'You are not only a wife, but alſo 'bound, by a double obligation, to be 'juſt. Remember the ſtation for which 'you were deſigned by nature, and be 'not inſenſible of that to which you 'are raiſed by fortune: look round on 'the magnificence of every thing about 'you; think to whom you owe it, and 'let gratitude ſupply the place of love 'for a huſband who ſo dearly prizes 'you. I allow that old age has ſome-'thing in it extremely diſagreeable to 'youth; yet, methinks, the many ad-'vantages you enjoy might compenſate 'for that one deficiency; and alſo re-'mind you, that as Sir Thomas, by the 'courſe of nature, cannot long be with 'you, it is only by obſerving a proper 'conduct, while he lives, that you can, 'after his deceaſe, have any right to 'expect the honourable addreſſes of a 'perſon capable of making you more 'happy.

'Before I take my leave, I have one 'thing more to add, though it be a ſe-'cret which my ſex would hardly for-'give me for revealing. We are apt 'to think a woman is never ſingly 'kind; that the favours ſhe grants to 'one, ſhe is equally liberal of to others; 'and, in this opinion, are ſeldom very 'thankful for the bleſſings we enjoy. 'If you take this upon the aſſurance I 'give you of it, pride will enable you 'to forbear making the experiment. 'Farewel! Believe that, though I ceaſe 'henceforth all correſpondence with 'you, I am, with the beſt wiſhes, Ma-'dam, your ladyſhip's moſt humble 'and obliged ſervant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'POSTSCRIPT.

'MADAM,

'To attempt ſending to me again, 'either by letter or meſſage, will 'be giving yourſelf an unprofit-'able trouble; for, beſides the re-'ſolution I have made of avoid-'ing a communication which I 'can neither anſwer to myſelf, 'nor the regard I have for you, I 'ſhall infallibly leave this town 'to-morrow morning.'

This he ſealed up, and put under a cover directed to Mrs. Comode; in which he wrote theſe lines.

'MADAM,

'PRAY deliver the incloſed with 'your accuſtomed care; and you 'will oblige your humble ſervant,

'J. JESSAMY.'

It muſt be owned, that the advice contained in the above was very good; but whether Jemmy would have acted in this manner if his paſſion for the lady had been more ſtrong, or his friendſhip for Bellpine leſs ſincere, is a moot point, and muſt be left to the deciſion of the judicious reader.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINS A BRIEF RECITAL OF JEMMY'S JOURNEY AND RETURN, WITH SOME OTHER PARTICULARS, WHICH, IF NOT INTERESTING, WILL BE FOUND NECESSARY, HOWEVER, TO BE INSERTED.

THE morning dew was yet upon the grass, when Jemmy, attended by one servant, set out for Bath in a post-chaise. It happened a little unluckily for him, that this was the very day that Lady Speck's coach had broke down, and the company been obliged to put up at the first village till it was repaired; but for which accident he might have spared himself part of his journey, and met those upon the road whom he went to seek at a greater distance.

Finding, on his arrival at Bath, that Jenny had left the place, he was no less disappointed and vexed than he had expressed himself to be in the letter he sent to her from thence. He took a lodging in the same house the ladies had quitted, and put many questions to the mistress of it concerning the motive of their departing so suddenly; but all she could answer was, that she believed it was on Miss Wingman's account, as the old lady's steward had been sent down, after which they had presently prepared for going.

In order to divert his thoughts, he no sooner had put off his travelling-dress than he went to the Long-Room: but as it often happens that seeking pleasure we encounter pain, so it was with Jemmy; here he met with something which, instead of dissipating the gloominess of his mind, served only to render it more heavy.

There was a great deal of company, many of whom Jemmy had a slight acquaintance with, but none with whom he had any intimacy, except one gentleman, who, on the moment of his entering the room, ran to embrace him. 'Dear 'Jack!' cried Jemmy to him, 'you 'wonder, I believe, to see me here at 'this tail of the season?'—'No, faith!' replied the other; 'I should have wondered if I had seen you here before. 'I have always observed that married 'people, and people that are going to 'break off, are always careful to avoid 'each other; they are like buckets in 'a well, one up and the other down.'—'What do you mean?' demanded Jemmy, a little gravely. 'How dull 'of understanding you affect to be!' said the other. 'Miss Jessamy left Bath 'one day, you come to it the next: do 'you think the world do not see into 'this? It was not, however, quite so 'politick, methinks; you should have 'staid a day longer at least; for sure 'you must meet, if not clash, upon the 'road.'—'If I had been so fortunate,' replied Jemmy, 'you would not have 'found me at Bath; for, I assure you, 'it was only my impatience to see 'that lady that brought me hither.'—'Then there is nothing in the story of 'your breaking with her,' cried the gentleman, 'and going to be married 'to Miss Chit?'—'Just as much,' returned he, 'as that you are going to 'be made King of the Romans.'

The other was about to make some answer; but all farther discourse between them on this head was prevented for the present by several gentlemen, who, seeing Jemmy at a distance, came that instant towards him to pay their compliments to him on his arrival.

As Jemmy had never been in the least sensible that any report was raised of his infidelity to Jenny till he was told it by Mr. Morgan, he was the more surprized to hear it at Bath, and from the mouth of a person who had left London before he thought such a thing had ever been talked of there. This making him extremely curious to know who had been his informers, he took an opportunity, when most of the company were engaged at play, to propose to him passing the remainder of the evening together at a tavern; to which the other readily agreed, and they immediately adjourned.

They had no sooner seated themselves, than Jemmy renewed the conversation which had been interrupted in the Long-Room, and desired his friend, in the most earnest terms, to let him know by whom, and in what manner, he had been told so wild and so improbable a story as that of his breaking off with Miss Jessamy, and making his addresses to Miss Chit.

'Faith, my dear Jessamy,' replied the other, 'I am afraid I shall be able

'to give you but little satisfaction in 'this point. I think that the first time 'I ever heard any thing of it was at 'White's Chocolate-House, the day 'before I left London; but there be-'ing a good deal of company, I cannot 'for my soul recollect what gentleman 'began the discourse, though I know 'I was a good deal surprized at it, re-'membering that I heard you expres 's some uneasiness that your affairs in 'town would not permit you to ac-'company me to Bath; where, you 'then said, the best part of yourself,' meaning Miss Jessamy, 'was already 'gone. I must confess,' continued he, 'that my journey, and one affair or 'other of my own, put this intelligence 'quite out of my head, till, on my 'coming hither, I found it the dis-'course of almost all the tea-tables 'where I had been; some condemning, 'others excusing, your change; but 'every one agreeing in the certainty of 'the fact.'

Here Jemmy could not keep himself from expressing some astonishment, that a thing, so utterly without the least foundation in truth, should be able to obtain such credit; and, more especially, that it should already have reached to such a distance as Bath.

'For my part,' resumed the gentleman, 'I see nothing strange in all this: 'a story once raised, whether true or 'false, immediately spreads itself like 'wild-fire, and runs through the ears 'and tongues of as many as have any 'acquaintance with the persons con-'cerned in it. Do you not know what 'the poet tells us?

"On eagles wings immortal scandals fly."

'Besides,' said he, 'Bath is the same 'thing as London: people are so per-'petually going backwards and for-'wards, that what is talked on in one 'place can never be long a secret in the 'other. You may also find another 'reason for the propagation of this ru-'mour: you cannot suppose that either 'yourself or Miss Jessamy are so little 'known, or so indifferent to the world, 'as that it should not be interested in 'whatever concerns you.'

This compliment was lost upon Jemmy in the humour he was in at present: they were going on, however, with some farther discourse on the same subject, when something else coming that instant into the gentleman's mind, he asked him suddenly if he had heard any thing of the hurly-burly that had happened in the house where Miss Jessamy and the other ladies lodged; to which Jemmy answered in the negative, and desired to know of what nature.

The other then repeated to him what he had heard from the mouth of common fame; that a woman, who it was said had been kept by Celandine, and ran mad on his quitting her, had attempted to stab Miss Jessamy; that Mr. Lovegrove had sent him a challenge on that young lady's account, which he refused to accept; but that some brulée happening between them afterwards, they were both carried before a magistrate, where Mr. Lovegrove, being proved the aggressor, was obliged to give bail; and the other, to avoid being pointed at for a coward, went directly out of town.

'Well, but the occasion, my dear 'friend,' cried Jemmy hastily; 'how 'was Celandine answerable for the 'fury of his forsaken mistress? Or, if 'he could be so, how came Lovegrove, 'who all the world knows courts Lady 'Speck, to be so warm in his resent-'ment on the account of any other 'woman?'—'Indeed,' replied the other, 'the whole affair seems to me, 'and to all I have heard speak of it, as 'much a mystery as it can be to your-'self: I can only tell you what hap-'pened; but as to the why and the 'wherefore, it must be left to time, and 'the parties themselves, to unfold.'

Jemmy's impatience to know every thing relating to an event in which he thought himself so deeply interested, made him persecute his friend with a thousand questions, which were altogether unavailing, as the other had it not in his power to inform him in any more than he had already done. Hoping, however, to get better intelligence at home, he took leave of his friend more early than otherwise he would have done; yet came to his lodging too late for what he had proposed: the gentlewoman of the house was gone to bed, and he was compelled to defer taking any measures for the satisfaction of his curiosity till the next day.

In the morning, the mistress of the house, on his requesting it, drank chocolate with him in his own apartment; but,

but, at first, was very cautious in her replies to the interrogatories he put to her; till finding he was already informed of the quarrel between Mr. Lovegrove and Celandine, and also on whose account it happened, she made no scruple of relating to him all she knew of the transaction of the garden, and the danger Miss Jessamy had been in from the jealous rage of Mrs. M——.

Let any one, who is truly a lover, judge how much Jemmy must be shocked on hearing the double danger to which his mistress had been exposed; and, as he doubted not but his presence would have secured her from meeting either with the one or the other of these insults, he severely condemned himself for having suffered any thing to keep him from her. He met with several of his acquaintance here, who would fain have detained him among them during the remainder of the season: but all the persuasions in the world would not now have prevailed upon him to stay a moment longer than he could conveniently depart.

By way of atonement for the vexation, and perhaps the slights Jenny might have sustained through the report of his infidelity, he resolved to shew that he came to Bath only for her sake, and that neither the place nor company had any charms for him now she was gone. Accordingly he set out for London, after giving one day's rest to his servant, who, as he had wrote to Jenny, was very much hurt by a fall he had received in the journey thither.

CHAP. V.

DISPLAYS LOVE IN COLOURS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IN WHICH THAT PASSION GENERALLY APPEARS, AND SEEMS CALCULATED CHIEFLY FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR; BUT WILL SCARCELY BE DISPLEASING TO SUCH AS ARE NOT SO; WITH THIS PROVISO, THAT THEY HAVE NO SHARE OF ENVY IN THEIR COMPOSITION.

NOT the sybils of antiquity, nor those enthusiasts who mounted the hallowed tripod, more mistook for the inspiration of their fictitious deity the phrenzy of their own heated imaginations, or were more deceived themselves, or capable of deceiving others, than those lovers are who dignify with the sacred name of a pure and virtuous affection that passion which is excited merely by beauty and the difference of sex.

I have heard of some ladies of that romantick turn of mind, as not to be convinced of their lovers sincerity without the most fatal proofs, and have taken in good earnest what the humorous poet only meant in ridicule—

'He that will hang or beat out's brains,
'The devil's in him if he feigns.'

But though it is to be hoped that far the greater number are of a more reasonable way of thinking, yet I am afraid that, even among some of these, the hero of this history will be looked upon as no more than a half lover at the best. He could be perfectly easy and gay out of Jenny's company; nay, and what is less to be forgiven, amuse the hours of absence from her in an amorous conversation with other women, when with her he has hitherto discovered none of those impatiences, those alternate hopes and fears, those extravagances, which men so frequently put in practice, and which their mistresses are apt to take as the most certain indications of a true and ardent passion. Yet, in spite of these deficiencies, omissions, commissions, and other commissions against the god of love, I doubt not to bring him, by degrees, into the good graces of the most imperious, vain, and tyrannick, of my fair readers.

It will appear that he loved the object of his honourable flame much more than he knew he did himself: he had never been sensible of the least jealousy on her account; nor, indeed, had taken much pains to prevent that passion from laying hold on her; yet no sooner had he reason to believe she was acquainted with the story of his falshood, than he felt all the pangs which he supposed had seized her heart on receiving a shock so unexpected.

What was wanting in the violence of that passion he had for her, was abundantly made up with tenderness: he trembled not for himself, but her; conscious of his innocence, he had no cause to dread the reproaches she might meet

meet him with; but was ready to sink under the apprehensions of what she endured till he was fully cleared of this unjust accusation.

It was now that he first began to feel that burning impatience to be with her which all lovers pretend to have: it was not that he so much languished to feast his eyes upon her beauties, or his ears with her wit and engaging conversation, though both had charms for him preferable to those of any other woman in the world; but it was to ease her of all suspense, in regard to his integrity; and convince her, by the most unquestionable integrity, that he was incapable of love for any but herself. Let the discreet and judging part of womankind speak their opinion of a lover such as this; and, I believe, Jemmy himself might safely appeal to the verdict they would give.

The freedom with which, from their infancy, they had been accustomed to converse together, abolished all manner of ceremony between them; but, had more been required, Jemmy's eagerness to see her would not have permitted him to make use of it at this time: he ordered the postilion to drive directly to the house where she was lodged, and without going home, or having any thoughts of changing his travelling dress, flew up stairs, nor even waited till a servant should apprize her of his arrival. This, however, being the day on which his letter had made her expect his coming, she had taken care to be at home and alone, judging it improper there should be any witnesses of a conversation which she knew not but might be of too much importance to be divulged.

On seeing him enter the room, she rose hastily from her seat, and received the embrace he gave her with the same sweetness and obliging air with which she had always treated him. 'My dear, 'dear Jenny,' cried he, throwing himself a second time upon her bosom, 'how many disappointments have I 'suffered before I could attain the bless-'ing I now enjoy!'—'I should have 'shared with you in those disappoint-'ments,' answered she, smiling, 'if I 'had not been assured that whatever 'pleasures you missed the enjoyment 'of at Bath, were very well atoned for 'by others that you met with in Lon-'don.'—'Cruel sarcasm!' rejoined he, looking earnestly on her face; 'could 'I have expected it from a mouth so 'much used to softness? If to have 'been detained from the presence of 'all my soul holds dear; if to have 'been involved in affairs to which my 'nature is the most averse; if to have 'been aspersed, scandalized, doubly 'wounded in my love and honour by 'a villainous report; if these are plea-'sures, I have indeed met with enough 'to gratify the spleen of my worst ene-'mies, but would, methinks, excite my 'Jenny's pity.'

'One cannot rightly pity,' replied she, more seriously, 'what one is not 'perfectly acquainted with: you may, 'perhaps, have had some embarrass-'ments which you did not think pro-'per to communicate to me, and I was 'loth to depend too much on what I 'heard from others.'—'The less you 'have depended, the more generous 'you are, and the more fortunate I am. 'I need not ask what it is you mean; 'I know you have been told, that I 'am inconstant, perfidious; that, in-'sensible to your merits, and the hap-'piness ordained for me by the best of 'fathers, I have basely transferred my 'vows and affections to another.

'This story,' continued he, perceiving she was silent, 'false and ab-'surd as in itself it is, has not only 'gained strange credit here, but I find 'has also been carried down to Bath, 'and cannot have escaped your ears. 'I hope you know your Jemmy better 'than to imagine there was even a pos-'sibility of there being the least truth 'in it; yet the uneasiness you may 'have felt through the regard for me, 'in finding it believed by others, has 'given me a mortification beyond what 'I am able to express.'

'Much pains has, indeed, been tak-'en,' replied Jenny, 'to persuade both 'myself and friends, that you no long-'er thought me worthy of your affec-'tion, and were weary of the engage-'ments made for us by our parents; 'but I assure you, that I never gave 'the least credit to any insinuations of 'this kind, though made in the most 'specious manner imaginable.'

She was going on, but Jemmy could not forbear interrupting her, by catching her in his arms, and testifying by that action, as well as by the most rapturous expressions, the grateful sense

he had of the juſtice ſhe had done him. After having indulged him for ſome moments—'It was not,' ſaid ſhe, 'that 'I was thus tenacious of your con-'ſtancy through any vanity of my own 'merits, but through a perfect confi-'dence in the ſincerity of your heart: 'I was far from thinking it impoſſible 'that you could ceaſe to love me, but 'then I alſo thought it impoſſible that 'you would not at the ſame time ceaſe 'all profeſſions of it; I always believ-'ed you incapable of deceit, and there-'fore could not give credit to your 'change of ſentiments in reſpect to me, 'while you continued to aſſure me they 'were the ſame as ever.'—'Charming, 'angelick creature!' cried he, ſeizing her a ſecond time, and preſſing her with the extremeſt tenderneſs to his breaſt—'How beyond all deſcription 'villainous, as well as ſtupid, muſt be 'the man, who could wrong ſuch ex-'celling ſweetneſs, ſuch unparalleled 'goodneſs!'

Jenny then told him, that whoever had propagated this report, muſt certainly be greatly intereſted in having it believed, ſince ſuch uncommon methods had been taken for that purpoſe —'As you will preſently be convinced 'by what I have to ſhew you.' In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe ran haſtily to a little cabinet, and having taken thence the letter which had been ſent to Lady Speck at Bath, and that other which ſhe had received herſelf ſince her coming to town from a pretended rival, put them both into his hands, and deſired him to peruſe them.

Jemmy read them over with an equal mixture of rage and aſtoniſhment. He now plainly ſaw, that to break the union between him and Jenny muſt have been a thing contrived by ſome perſon who was an enemy to both, and could not proceed merely from the vanity of Miſs Chit, in imagining him her lover; much leſs could he think it poſſible that any woman was capable of raiſing ſuch a report for the ſake of revenge, againſt a man for not loving her, who had never pretended to do ſo. He repeated to Jenny, without the leaſt reſerve, the motive of his being at firſt introduced to that young lady's acquaintance, and of the viſits he continued to make at her houſe, till he was informed by Mr. Morgan what the world ſaid of it; proteſted, as he might do with the greateſt veracity, that he never had the leaſt thought of making an amorous addreſs to her on any ſcore whatever.

They were ſtill upon this topick, and endeavouring, by various conjectures, to fathom the bottom of an affair which ſeemed ſo myſterious to both of them, when a ſervant came into the room to lay the cloth, Jenny having ordered ſupper ſhould be ſerved up that night in her own chamber. This changed the ſubject of their entertainment for the preſent; but the buſineſs of the table was no ſooner over, than more and greater matters came upon the carpet.

CHAP. VI.

WILL BE FOUND YET MORE AFFECTING THAN THE FORMER, UNLESS THE READER IS AS DULL AS, PERHAPS, HE MAY THINK THE AUTHOR.

WHEN our lovers had regained the opportunity of communicating freely to each other all that their minds were charged with, Jemmy, who had thought a good deal of what had been told him concerning the inſults Jenny had received from Celandine and his outrageous miſtreſs, began to teſtify a deſire of being fully informed of the particulars of an adventure he had heard but an imperfect account of at Bath.

Jenny heſitated not to comply with his requeſt; but though ſhe expatiated, with all the wit and ſatire ſhe was miſtreſs of, on Celandine's behaviour in regard to the challenge ſent him by Mr. Lovegrove, yet ſhe took care to avoid ſetting his impertinence towards herſelf in ſo bad a light as ſhe might have done, and it indeed deſerved. Never had this young lady given a greater demonſtration of her prudence, than in thus ſhadowing over, as much as truth would permit, the inſolence of Celandine: ſhe conſidered, that it was not unlikely that Jemmy might ſome time or other meet him, and think himſelf obliged to call him to a ſevere account, for an affront offered to the woman whom it was ſo publickly known he was about to marry.

She ſoon found how neceſſary had been the precaution ſhe had taken;

Jemmy

Jemmy flew into the extremeſt rage at the preſumption of Celandine, even on hearing it in the manner ſhe recited it; and ſhe was obliged, before ſhe could bring him to any degree of moderation, to remind him, that all the actions of ſo egregious a coxcomb proceeded more from folly than deſign, and merited rather contempt than indignation from a man of ſenſe.

'You ſee, my dear Jenny,' ſaid he, 'how many inconveniences have attended the protraction of our marriage ſo much beyond the time in which it was expected to have been conſummated: for Heaven's ſake, therefore, let us put an end to the ſuſpence that every one is in, and convince the world that we indeed are born only for each other.'

'Could you reſolve,' cried ſhe, with an air which had ſomething very meaning in it, 'to renounce all the joys of an unhouſed condition, as Otway calls a ſingle life, and give up your liberty before fully ſatisfied with the ſweets you men find in it? How would it ſound at Mrs. Comode's, that Mr. Jeſſamy was become a huſband?'—'Mrs. Comode!' repeated he. She made no anſwer preſently, but went again to her cabinet to fetch the letter he had intended for Lady Hardy, and put it open into his hands. 'How would marriage, my dear Jeſſamy,' reſumed ſhe, 'agree with the promiſe you made in this, of coming to the arms of the kind ſhe to whom you wrote it, with a heart entirely unincumbered with any cares but thoſe of pleaſing her?'

The conſternation he was in at this ſight is utterly impoſſible to be deſcribed; but recovering himſelf from it as well as he could—'Before I make any attempt,' ſaid he, 'either to excuſe or juſtify my conduct in this point, tell me, I conjure you, by what means this letter came into your poſſeſſion.'

'You need but turn the paper,' anſwered ſhe, 'and the ſuperſcription will inform you.' He did ſo, and finding it—'To Miſs Jeſſamy at Bath,' inſtantly diſcovered the miſtake he had committed, and cried out in the greateſt confuſion—'Good God! how juſtly is my folly puniſhed!' then turning to Jenny—'yet when known,' continued he, 'by how odd an accident I was betrayed into this error, you will, I am ſure, forgive me.'

'I will know nothing farther of this matter,' replied Jenny, 'nor ſhall I ever think of it hereafter; all I deſire is, that, when we marry, you will either have no amours, or be more cautious in concealing them: and, in return, I promiſe never to examine into your conduct; to ſend no ſpies to watch your motions; to liſten to no tales that may be brought me; nor by any methods whatever endeavour to diſcover more than you would have me.'

'Generous creature!' rejoined he, kiſſing her hand; 'yet permit me to aſſure you, by all my hopes of happineſs, that the fault I am now detected in was never eagerly purſued by me; that it was only an intention; did not proceed to ſwerve, even in thought, from the fidelity I owe my dear forgiving Jenny.'

'Make no vows on this laſt head, I beſeech you,' ſaid ſhe; 'I have heard people much older, and more experienced than ourſelves, ſay, that the ſureſt way to do a thing is to reſolve againſt it. Beſides, my dear Jemmy,' added ſhe, with the moſt engaging ſprightlineſs, 'I ſhall not be ſo unreaſonable to expect more conſtancy from you, than human nature and your conſtitution will allow; and if you are as good as you can, may very well content myſelf with your endeavours to be better.'

What ſo much gains upon the ſoul as to meet endearments where we expected only reproaches? according to the words of a late honourable author:

'Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charms,
All things elſe but faintly warms;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlave grow pleas'd and vain.'

To find Jenny thus turning into pleaſantry what would have made other women ſwell into a ſtorm of rage and jealouſy, tranſported Jemmy almoſt beyond himſelf; he thought ſhe was ſomewhat ſuperior to mortality, and half divine, and aſcribed to her what Mr. Addiſon makes Juba ſay of Cato's daughter:

'The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her ſex;
True, ſhe is fair, O how divinely fair!

'But then the lovely maid improves her
'charms,
'With wisdom, modesty, good-nature,
'And sanctity of manners.'——

In the exuberance of his present admiration, he gave her such praises, as not being able to endure the hearing; she put her hand before his mouth to silence—'Hold, Jemmy,' said she; 'you 'cannot entertain me with any thing 'less agreeable than encomiums, which, 'thank Heaven, I am not so silly as to 'imagine I deserve. If you would 'oblige me, let us change the conver-'sation.'—'Oh, Jenny! Jenny!' cried he, sending forth a tender sigh between every repetition of her name, 'How is 'it possible for me to think or speak of 'any thing but your transcendent good-'ness, and my own unworthiness!'

In pronouncing these last words he fixed his eyes upon the letter which had given him so much confusion, and he had thrown upon the table after having seen what it was. Jenny perceiving on what his looks were bent, snatched it hastily away, and running to a candle, set it immediately on fire. 'This testimony of your fault,' said she, 'shall no more rise up against you; 'and, as it consumes, may all remem-'brance of it for ever be extinguished!'

The heart of Jemmy was so much overwhelmed with love and gratitude at this action, and the words that accompanied it, that he could not refrain the most extravagant demonstrations of what he felt; he threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees with transports not to be described, nor even by himself expressed.

It was with a great deal of difficulty that she made him rise from the posture he was in, and much more that she prevailed on him to talk no more on this affair; to which, on whatever topick she began, he would still return.

The time passed so swiftly, as well as sweetly, in this tender intercourse, that the lovers never so much as thought on hours, nor once looked upon their watches, till the sonorous guardian of the night, with his usual solemnity, thundered in their ears—'Past two 'o'clock.'

It was now that Jemmy first reflected how much he had transgressed on his dear mistress's repose, and therefore prepared to take an unwilling leave; but she would not suffer him to go, till her servant, none of his own being there, had got a chair for him; which being brought, they embraced, kissed, and parted; the behaviour of each to the other having imprinted a mutual satisfaction in their minds, greater than ever either of them had before experienced.

CHAP. VII.

IS VERY CONCISE, AND PRESENTS THE READER ONLY WITH SOME FEW PASSAGES, BY WAY OF A PREPARATIVE FOR EVENTS SHORTLY TO ENSUE, OF AN INFINITELY FAR GREATER CONSEQUENCE.

THE good-natured reader must certainly be pleased to find, that all the base artifices of Bellpine were so entirely frustrated; that all his endeavours to dissolve the union between the lovers had only served to cement it the more firmly; that they were now in a fair way of being as happy as could be wished; and that the ungenerous contriver of the plots against them had the mortification to see all his labour had been thrown away.

He could not, indeed, any longer flatter himself with the least hopes of success; the last conversation he had with Jemmy before he went to Bath, and that he now had with Jenny on her arrival from that place, convinced him that neither the one nor the other were to be wrought upon by any projects he could frame. Besides the disappointment of those vain hopes he had entertained of becoming one day the master of Jenny's person and fortune, it vexed him to the heart to have lost himself in the good graces of Miss Chit; not that he had any regard for her on her own account, but because, as has been already observed, he was soliciting for an employment at court, where he knew that young lady had a very great interest. He had never been to visit her since the concert, when, as the reader may remember, she had given him a rebuff which might well make him fearful of approaching her again, without some more plausible pretence than it was in his power to make, to cover the occasion

III.

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Plate IV.

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sion he had given her of offence. It also fell out, very unluckily for him, that just at this time the post he was endeavouring to procure happened in the disposal of a certain great person, who, it was said, was too nearly allied to Miss Chit to have refused her any thing she asked; well, therefore, might he be chagrined at having, by a foolish scheme, incurred the displeasure of one so able, and whom he had reason to believe would otherwise have been so ready to serve him.

Miss Chit had, indeed, a great deal of good-nature, and an inclination to afford all the assistance in her power to any one who she thought either wanted or deserved it; she had been acquainted with Bellpine for a considerable time, had looked upon him as a very facetious tea-table visitor, and he had not deceived himself in believing she would have exerted her whole interest in his favour.

But all the good-will she once had for him was now justly converted into an adequate resentment; she was gay and flighty, but wanted not understanding; she plainly saw he had imposed upon her on Mr. Jessamy's account, by the answer that gentleman had sent to her card of invitation; and as she was not able to conceive with what design he had made her the dupe, it gave her the more disquiet, and dwelt the longer on her mind. She likewise found he had told the same story he had done to herself to several of her friends, who were continually teazing her with one question or another concerning this imaginary lover; nor could all her protestations that she knew nothing of the matter, pass with any of them for more than maiden bashfulness.

All this while, however, she knew not how much she suffered in the opinion of some people, till a pretty extraordinary chance discovered it to her. On account of some apprehensions of an inward decay, she had been advised to drink milk warm from the cow, with conserve of roses; and, in compliance with this recipe, went every morning into the Park, and sat upon a bench while her maid prepared the dose she was to take.

It happened that at one of these times two elderly gentlemen came and placed themselves on the same seat; they took no other notice of her than the compliment of—'By your leave, Madam;' nor did she much regard the near neighbourhood of them, as their age and gravity defended her from the fears of being treated by them with any of those impertinences she might have had reason enough to expect from the more young and gay. They talked only of the weather, the calamity of the times, and such like common topicks of conversation, till he who appeared to be somewhat the oldest of the two, started up on a sudden, and went hastily towards a footman who he saw passing along on the other side of the Mall.

On his return—'If I am not mistaken,' said his friend, 'the person 'you have been speaking to belongs 'to Mr. Jessamy.'—'Yes,' replied he; 'I did not know his master was in 'town; but it seems he came last night.' —'Are you acquainted with him, 'pray?'—'No otherwise,' said he, 'than by seeing him at a coffee-house 'where I sometimes go; but I am told 'he is a very accomplished gentle-'man.'—'As any in town,' rejoined the old gentleman, pretty eagerly; 'and, I can tell you, has as few of the 'vices of it.'

Before we proceed any farther, it is highly proper to inform the reader, that the person who spoke with so much friendly warmth, was no other than that very Mr. Morgan mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of the second volume, for the remarkable conference he had with Jemmy, on account of his supposed infidelity to Jenny. This hearty well-wisher of Jemmy was about to add something farther in his praise, but was hindered from doing so at that time by the other's saying, that he had heard some talk of the match between him and Miss Jessamy being broke off, and that he made his addresses at present to a young lady called Miss Chit. 'Nothing in it, upon my word, Sir,' replied Mr. Morgan, a little peevishly; 'all an idle story, raised by the vain 'girl herself. I heard it too, and 'I believe was the first that told 'him of it; but I never saw a man so 'much surprized and vexed. She 'wanted to draw him in, I suppose: 'she has a good voice, it seems, and 'plays on the harpsichord; he made 'her

'her ſome few viſits on that ſcore, and 'ſhe was ſo ſilly as either to believe 'him really in love with her, or to en-'deavour to make others believe ſo, if 'ſhe could; that is all, upon my ho-'nour, Sir.'

It is eaſy to conceive what Miſs Chit muſt feel on being witneſs of this diſcourſe. On hearing Mr. Jeſſamy named, ſhe had ſat longer than elſe ſhe would have done, out of mere curioſity of knowing what would be ſaid of him, but little expected to hear ſuch a character of herſelf: ſhe as yet, however, reſtrained the paſſion ſhe was in, and Mr. Morgan went on—'Thank Heaven, 'I have no daughters,' reſumed he; 'formerly a young maid was ready to 'bluſh to death at being told a man was 'in love with her; but now, forſooth, 'the girls are as proud of a new lover 'as they are of a new ſuit of cloaths, 'and want as much to ſhew it: but, 'a lack-a-day! Miſs Chit quite miſſed 'her mark in my friend Jeſſamy; he 'loves muſick, it is true; but is not to 'be ſung or played out of his ſenſes.'

She could now hold out no longer. 'Do you know this Miſs Chit, Sir,' demanded ſhe, 'whom you ſpeak of in 'this contemptuous manner?'—'No, 'truly, Madam,' anſwered he; 'but 'if I did, I ſhould make no ſcruple to 'tell her my mind on this occaſion.'—'If you had the leaſt acquaintance with 'her,' returned ſhe, 'you would find 'ſhe ſtood in no need of any leſſons you 'could give. I can aſſure you ſhe de-'ſpiſes the thoughts of drawing in any 'man; ſhe is above it: and as for 'boaſting of her lovers, has too many 'who are really ſuch, for her to be vain 'on any imaginary ſingle one.' With theſe words ſhe quitted the bench; and, caſting a diſdainful look on Mr. Morgan, took hold of her maid's arm, and tripped down the walk with the utmoſt precipitation.

What the gentleman ſaid of her after ſhe was gone, or whether Mr. Morgan had any gueſs that ſhe was the perſon he had been ſpeaking of, is not material; I ſhall only ſay, that the affronted lady went home in the greateſt agitations; that ſhe wept, raved, curſed Bellpine as the primary cauſe of all this, and at laſt took a reſolution to do what will preſently be ſhewn.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTAINS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY, AS WELL AS UNEXPECTED, TURN IN THE LOVERS AFFAIRS, NOT FIT TO BE READ BY THOSE WHO HAVE TENDER HEARTS OR WATERY EYES.

THE joy one feels on being forgiven an offence which one repents, and is heartily aſhamed of, can be ſurpaſſed by nothing but that moſt ſublime ſatisfaction which muſt fill the mind of the perſon who forgives. Both our lovers were equally pleaſed with themſelves and with each other, and there wanted but one thing to compleat the felicity of either.

As for Jenny, it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe wiſhed a ſupremer happineſs than what ſhe now enjoyed, in a full aſſurance of the affection and ſincerity of her dear Jemmy; but we will not pretend to ſay, that his deſires were altogether ſo much circumſcribed. He thought it was now high time to fulfil the agreement made between their parents, and the more ſo, as it would be the only ſure way of totally ſilencing the preſent invidious report, and of preventing all others of the like nature from being propagated hereafter. This laſt, he thought, would be a prevailing motive with her, and therefore reſolved to omit neither that nor any other argument, which all the love and wit he was maſter of could furniſh him with, to gain her conſent to a ſpeedy celebration of their nuptials.

The pleaſing contemplations on Jenny's behaviour towards him the evening before, her thouſand amiable qualities, and the idea of that happineſs he hoped ſhortly to be in full poſſeſſion of, kept him in bed ſomewhat longer than was his cuſtom: but he was no ſooner up and dreſſed, than he haſted to the apartment of that dear miſtreſs, who had been the ſole object both of his dreams and waking thoughts.

He found Miſs Wingman with her, but was not ſorry he did ſo; for as he knew that lady was acquainted with the ſtory of his imaginary falſhood, by the letter which had been ſent to Lady Speck,

Speck, he made no ſcruple of ſaying to Jenny great part of what he would have done had ſhe not been preſent; nor was Jenny at all diſpleaſed that this young lady ſhould be witneſs how little foundation there was for the reports which had been ſpread. 'Indeed, my dear,' ſaid Miſs Wingman, on hearing him preſs the completion of their marriage, 'I think you ought not to refuſe compliance with Mr. Jeſſamy's deſires, 'if it were only to make him ſome 'amends for the vexation he muſt have 'endured in the late ſcandal thrown 'upon him.'—'Firſt, be generous 'yourſelf, before you direct others to 'be ſo,' replied Jenny, laughing. 'Mr. 'Jeſſamy cannot have ſuffered more, 'or with leſs reaſon, than Lord Huntley has done; and when I ſee you inclined to make a reparation, I may 'perhaps be prevailed upon to follow 'your example.'

'I do not know how ſoon I may be 'obliged to it,' reſumed that lady; 'for Sir Thomas Welby and my mamma are ſo aſhamed and concerned at 'the injury they have done my lord by 'their unjuſt ſuſpicions, that, by way 'of atonement, they are for making a 'preſent of me to him, almoſt whether 'I will or not.'—'Excellent, i'faith!' cried Jemmy; 'you are caught, my 'dear Jenny, and have made a promiſe without knowing you did ſo: I 'ſhall, however, be obliged to watch 'and pray for Lord Huntley's happineſs, as I find my own ſo much depends upon it.'

They went on in the ſame ſtrain of pleaſantry all the time Miſs Wingman ſtaid; but after ſhe was gone, Jemmy began to renew his ſuit with more ſeriouſneſs, and had the pleaſure to find it not altogether rejected, though not immediately complied with.

'It is not owing to the want of affection for you,' ſaid ſhe, with the moſt enchanting ſoftneſs, 'but rather to 'an exceſs of it, that I would yet a little 'longer protract what you at preſent 'ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire: men are often deceived in their own hearts; I ſpeak 'not to reproach you for any amours 'you have been engaged in, or that I 'am jealous of any you may hereafter 'be engaged in; no, my dear Jemmy, 'I ſhould not think that even marriage 'gave me a right to cenſure or pry into 'your actions: it is for your own ſake 'alone that I would have you forbear 'making a vow of conſtancy, till you 'are very certain of being quite out of 'love with variety; but rather continue in a condition which allows you 'full liberty to purſue whatever pleaſures you think fit, without having 'any occaſion to condemn yourſelf.'—'I ſhould be ready to condemn myſelf 'to everlaſting horrors,' cried he, 'could I be capable of laviſhing one 'tender thought on any but ſhe who 'ſo well deſerves all, and much more 'than I can pay. I confeſs I have 'been guilty of ſome follies; but in 'all my amuſements with your ſex, 'my heart had never the leaſt ſhare: no, 'that was always, is, and ever muſt 'be entirely, unchangeably, inviolably, devoted to my only dear, dear 'Jenny!'

They were in the midſt of this tender converſation, when the perſons with whom Jenny boarded, hearing Jemmy was above, ſent to entreat he would honour them with his company at dinner that day; which invitation, for the ſake of not being ſeparated from Jenny, he willingly accepted.

Theſe people were well-bred, and perfectly chearful; but the lovers liking no company ſo well as that of each other, ſtaid no longer with them than decency demanded, and Jemmy had again an opportunity of repeating his ſolicitations, which he did in the moſt preſſing and emphatick manner. How far he would have been able to prevail is uncertain; Jenny's ſervant came into the room, and told her that a young lady, who called herſelf Miſs Chit, was in a chair at the door, and deſired leave to wait on her. On hearing the name of Miſs Chit, Jemmy and Jenny looked upon each other with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. 'Are you acquainted 'with her?' cried he. 'Not in the 'leaſt,' anſwered ſhe; 'nor can imagine what ſhould bring her here.—'But go,' ſaid ſhe to the man, 'and 'ſhew her up.' They had no time to form any conjectures, the lady immediately came in, and Jenny roſe to receive her with her accuſtomed politeneſs, but mixed with a certain reſerve, which ſhe neither could nor endeavoured to throw off.

'You are, doubtleſs, ſurprized, Ma'dam,' ſaid Miſs Chit, 'at receiving 'a viſit from one ſo much a ſtranger to 'you;

'you; but you will pardon the liberty 'I have taken, when you know the ne-' ceſſity that obliged me to it.'—'I 'cannot ſuppoſe, Madam,' replied Jenny, 'that you would have given 'yourſelf this trouble without being 'induced by ſome extraordinary mo-' tive.'—'An extraordinary one in-' deed, Madam,' reſumed the other—' And I am very glad to meet you here,' addreſſing herſelf to Jemmy, 'as what 'I have to ſay to this lady concerns 'you alſo.'—'You are certainly in 'the right, Madam,' added he very gravely; 'for whatever relates to this 'lady muſt infallibly concern me too.' —'I never believed the contrary,' ſaid Miſs Chit; 'nor doubted of the ſin-' cerity of your attachment to one ſo 'deſerving of it: and it was in ſome 'meaſure to do juſtice to you that 'brought me hither, as well as to vin-' dicate myſelf from the moſt cruel aſ-' perſion that ever was laid on any one 'of my ſex.'

No reply being made to theſe words, ſhe went on—'It is ſcarce poſſible,' ſaid ſhe, 'that either of you can have 'eſcaped the hearing a report, which, 'abſurd as it is, has been ſtrangely 'propagated about town, concerning 'the intended marriage between you 'being broke off. But you, perhaps, 'may be ignorant that your pretended 'friend, Bellpine, was the ſole author 'of this invention.'

'Bellpine!' cried they both out at the ſame time; 'ſure, Madam, you 'miſtake!'—'Yes, Bellpine,' rejoined ſhe, 'for what baſe ends I know not, 'would fain have made me ſo weak as 'to believe Mr. Jeſſamy was not only 'falſe to his firſt vows, but alſo falſe 'on my account. I pretend not to be 'free from the follies my ſex are charged 'with, yet was never vain enough to 'believe a man in love with me till he 'had told me ſo himſelf; and therefore 'gave no credit to all he ſaid and ſwore 'upon that ſubject: his artifices, how-' ever, wrought ſo far upon my father, 'and all thoſe of my friends with whom 'he had any acquaintance, that, where-' ever I went, I was entertained with 'no other diſcourſe than my imaginary 'conqueſt. I was very much amazed 'at all this; but other thoughts kept 'it from dwelling much upon my mind, 'till this morning I was groſsly affront-' ed, by being told that I myſelf had 'ſpread about this fooliſh ſtory, as 'having flattered myſelf that the few 'viſits Mr. Jeſſamy had favoured me 'with were made on the account of his 'having a paſſion for me.'

'It is no matter, Madam,' cried Jemmy, 'by whom or in what manner 'this ridiculous ſtory has been propa-' gated: but tell me, was it from Bell-' pine that you were firſt informed of 'this pretended villainy?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' anſwered ſhe; 'it was from him, 'and him alone, that your character 'has been traduced, Miſs Jeſſamy 'without doubt diſquieted, and my-' ſelf attempted to be deceived, as you 'will preſently be convinced, if you 'have patience to liſten to the mon-' ſtrous detail I can give you of his be-' haviour.'

She then went on, and gave a ſuccinct account of all the particulars ſhe knew of Bellpine's conduct in this affair; which, as the reader is already perfectly acquainted with, need not be here repeated.

Jenny opened not her lips, but liſtened with the greateſt attention to all ſhe ſaid; but Jemmy could not keep himſelf from interrupting her at almoſt every ſentence by ſome vehement exclamation; and when he ſpoke not, diſcovered by his geſtures all the marks of an overboiling rage. 'Well, Ma-' dam,' cried he, perceiving ſhe had done, 'I ſee that Bellpine has been the 'Boutefeu: for what reaſon he has 'been ſo, belongs to me to penetrate.' He ſaid no more, but ſnatched up his hat, which lay on a table near him, and flew down the ſtairs without taking any other leave.

Jenny having obſerved the agitations he had been in, was greatly frighted at this laſt action: ſhe ran and opened the door, which he had ſlung after him as he went, and called as loud as ſhe could to him to come back; but he either heard not, or would not at that time obey her ſummons. She then ſtamped with both her feet, and rung the bell for her footman with ſuch violence, as ſnapped the wire by which it hung. 'Run,' cried ſhe, 'overtake Mr. Jeſ-' ſamy, who is juſt gone out of the 'houſe; tell him, I muſt needs ſpeak 'with him, and deſire he will return 'this inſtant.'

It

It is not to be doubted but that the fellow did his beſt; but notwithſtanding all the ſpeed he made, the perſon he purſued was gone quite out of ſight. This increaſing the ferment on Jenny's ſpirits—'I wiſh, Madam,' ſaid ſhe to Miſs Chit, 'you had reſerved the 'ſtory you have been telling, till you 'had found me alone; it is dangerous 'to let one gentleman know too much 'of the injuries he has ſuſtained from 'another.'—'I ſhould be ſorry, 'Madam,' replied that young lady, 'that what I meant well ſhould prove 'the contrary: but I flatter myſelf the 'event will give me no cauſe for re'pentance; Mr. Jeſſamy, I hope, will 'only examine Bellpine on this affair; 'he is not worthy of his ſword; nor, 'as baſe men are generally cowards, 'will ſcarcely be provoked to meet 'it.'

Jenny making no anſwer, and continuing to walk about the room in a diſordered motion, the other eaſily perceived her company was not deſired, ſo took her leave without much ceremony on either ſide.

Impoſſible is it to deſcribe the apprehenſions, the alarms, which ſhook the tender heart of Jenny for what might be the conſequences of the diſcovery Miſs Chit had made. She figured to herſelf all that was terrible on the occaſion, and could ſcarce bear up under the ideas of her own formation. But if ſhe ſuffered ſo much through the fears of what might, or might not happen, what muſt the cruel certainty inflict, when in about three hours after ſhe ſaw Jemmy enter the room with a countenance pale and confuſed, and his cloaths ſprinkled in many places with blood! 'Oh, heavens!' cried ſhe, 'what have you been doing?'—'An 'act of juſtice,' replied he, 'which I 'can repent of for no other reaſon than 'as it compels me to be once more ſe'parated from you. I know not but 'I have killed the villain Bellpine, 'and prudence requires that I ſhould 'be out of the way for a ſhort time.' —'But whither will you go?' demanded ſhe, in a voice ſcarcely articulate. 'Where can you be ſafe?'—'I have 'already taken care of that,' anſwered he; 'all is prepared for my departure, 'and I but ſtay to ſnatch one dear em'brace.'—'Go, then; oh, go!' cried ſhe, 'and hazard not your ſafety by a 'moment's delay.' Though ſhe ſpoke this with all the courage ſhe could aſſume, yet ſhe could not ſo well conceal the tremblings of her whole frame, while he held her in his arms, but that he found, and was pierced with them to the ſoul: 'I cannot go,' ſaid he, 'and leave you thus.'—'You muſt, 'you muſt,' rejoined ſhe; 'your preſ'ence, while this danger threatens, 'is much more terrible to me than your 'abſence can be.'

He then told her, that a boat waited to carry him that night to Greenwich; that he ſhould take poſt-chaiſe from thence to Dover, and hoped to be in Calais before that time the next day. On hearing this, ſhe in a manner forced him from her arms, and never was there a more tender, though haſty parting, than between thoſe two ſo equally loving and beloved.

CHAP. IX.

IS INSERTED FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN MERELY TO GRATIFY THE CURIOSITY OF THE READER.

THE event which once more ſeparated our lovers is of ſo intereſting a nature, that I believe there are but very few who will not be deſirous of knowing thoſe particulars concerning it, which Jemmy had no opportunity of relating to his fair miſtreſs, in the ſhort time his ſafety allowed him to ſtay with her.

But, firſt, as ſome people may be apt to think that Miſs Chit, in making the diſcovery ſhe had done, had a view to the conſequences which enſued; and that, in mere ſpite to Jemmy for not loving her, and Bellpine for having impoſed upon her, ſhe had taken this method of revenging herſelf on both; in juſtice to her character, I muſt therefore beg leave to obſerve, that, if this had been the caſe, ſhe would rather have choſe to have wrote the whole matter to Jemmy, with whom ſhe was acquainted, than have gone in perſon to a lady to whom ſhe had never ſpoke in her whole life, and from whom ſhe could not be certain of meeting a very candid reception.

On hearing herself accused in the manner she had been by Mr. Morgan, and not doubting but that Jenny, as the party most concerned, had been equally severe upon her on that occasion, she came, in the heat of her passion, to clear herself to that lady from the imputation of a vanity of which she was, indeed, not guilty; and to convince her, by relating the whole proceeding of Bellpine in this affair, that she neither was, nor ever imagined herself, her rival in Jemmy's affection. It is true, that, on seeing him there, she might have forebore making any mention of Bellpine, or the business on which she came; but, then, what other excuse could she have made to Jenny for this visit? At least, she was not at that time prepared with any; so that, it must be allowed, the mischief she did sprung more from inadvertency than design.

As for Jemmy, nobody, I believe, will either wonder at, or condemn, his just indignation, on finding himself thus treacherously dealt with by a person he had loved and so much confided in: the laws both of honour and nature obliged him to demand some satisfaction for the injury that had been done him; and he must have been little of a lover, and, indeed, little of a man, not to have resented it in the manner he did. Fired with a rage impossible to be expressed, he had not patience to wait the dull formality of a challenge; but, the moment he left Jenny's apartment, flew in search of that infamous traducer of his reputation.

As he knew most of the houses frequented by Bellpine, he went from one to another enquiring for him, but without success; and was just going home in order to send him a summons to meet him the next morning, when, in his way thither, he saw, by the light of the lamps, (for it was then dark) the person he had vainly sought for, coming out of a tavern with another gentleman, arm in arm. 'Bellpine!' cried he. 'Jessamy!' rejoined the other. 'What, left Bath so soon?'—'Yes,' resumed Jemmy; 'and must needs speak 'with you this instant.'—'I was go-'ing to supper with this gentleman,' said Bellpine; 'but will put off my en-'gagement, if your business be of any 'importance.'—'It is,' replied Jemmy; 'and cannot be delayed.'

Bellpine perceiving, by his manner of speaking, that he had somewhat more than ordinary in his mind, and perhaps imagining it might be some new incident relating to Lady Hardy, excused himself to his friend for quitting him; and they went into the tavern, and up into the same room where Bellpine and the other gentleman had been drinking. The bottles and glasses were not yet removed; but, as soon as they were so, and fresh wine brought in—'Now, my 'dear friend, your pleasure?' said Bellpine. 'To tell you that you are a vil-'lain!' replied Jemmy; 'a most con-'summate villain!'—'A villain, Sir!' retorted Bellpine. 'Yes, I again re-'peat the name,' cried Jemmy; 'a 'villain, a base incendiary! or you 'would not, by the most monstrous of 'all falsehoods, have defamed the cha-'racter of one you called your friend, 'and endeavoured to break the bands 'of union between two hearts insepara-'bly linked by love and honour!'

Conscious guilt now stared this base man in the face, and assisted the reproaches of his injured friend: he affected, however, an entire ignorance of what he was accused of, and would have seemed to take as only a jest what the other said to him. But our hero was in too great a heat to endure this trifling: he told him, that he had learned the truth of every thing from Miss Chit; that she was now with Jenny; and insisted that he should either go with him to those two ladies, renounce all he had said, and ask pardon on his knees, or with his sword defend the injustice he had done.

To this he sullenly replied, that he knew of no obligation he was under to do either the one or the other. 'Then 'you are a coward, a scoundrel, and 'poltroon!' cried Jemmy; 'and de-'serve to be used as such!' With these words, he took one of the glasses, which the drawer had filled before he left the room, and threw full in his face. The other could not now be any longer passive; they made several thrusts, and Bellpine had the advantage of having the first hit, by wounding his antagonist in the arm: but this slight hurt was soon retured with double interest; Jemmy making a furious push, ran him quite through the body. He fell immediately, crying out—'Oh! I am 'killed!'

Plate VI.

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'killed!' Jemmy ran to him; but he spoke no more, nor shewed the least signs of life; on which he thought it behoved him to make the best of his way out of the house; which he did directly, though not without ordering a drawer, as he passed by the bar, to go up to the gentleman above.

After he had got out of that street, he stood still awhile, to consider what course he should take, in case Bellpine was really dead; and, on reflecting how much circumstances were against him, found it most advisable to leave England till he should hear whether the wound he had given him was mortal or not. Having resolved on this, he called upon a surgeon of his acquaintance, and directed him to go immediately to the tavern where he had left Bellpine, contenting himself with having his own arm, which had only a flesh-wound, dressed and bound up by the apprentice.

He then went home, and made his servants get every thing ready for his departure. They loved their master too well not to be very expeditious in executing his commands; and, indeed, as it was not likely but that what had happened would presently be known, there was no time to be lost: the danger he was in, however, would not prevent him from bidding adieu to his dear Jenny, as has been already said.

As for Bellpine, he was not dead, nor speechless, as he had feigned to be; but, finding himself deeply pierced, had fallen out of policy, to prevent his enemy from giving a second blow: so apt are men of mean minds to judge of others by themselves.

A surgeon had been sent for by the people of the tavern before Jemmy's friend arrived: both these gentlemen coming almost at the same time, examined the wound together; but neither of them could pretend, as yet, to give his opinion how far it might be dangerous. The condition he was in not permitting him to be put either into a coach or chair, they were obliged to lay him on a mattrass, and, covered close over with blankets, make him to be carried by two fellows on a bier to his lodgings. Both the surgeons immediately followed, saw him into bed, and gave exact directions in what manner he should be ordered till they should attend him again the next morning; which they did very early, as believing his case extremely dangerous.

To their care, and the secret remorse of his own conscience for having so justly incurred the misfortune now fallen upon him, we shall leave him for a time, and return to subjects more capable of affecting the heart of every generous reader.

CHAP. X.

TREATS OF DIVERS THINGS, SOME OF LITTLE, SOME OF GREATER, CONSEQUENCE; BUT NONE THAT WILL AFFORD MUCH MATTER OF ENTERTAINMENT TO THOSE THAT READ FOR NO OTHER END THAN MERELY TO DIVERT THEMSELVES.

EVERY passion of the human mind gains double energy by our endeavours to conceal it: like fire, which, being smothered for a time, bursts out at last with greater violence. Jenny, who had behaved with so much seeming resolution while Jemmy was with her, could not see him turn his back to leave her, she knew not for how long, and on so dreadful an occasion, without falling into the extremest agonies: all her moderation, almost all her reason, forsook her at this dreadful juncture. 'He is gone!' cried she. 'He is 'gone! perhaps for ever! and I am 'left to waste my youth in unavailing 'grief! But what of that, selfish that 'I am, in comparison of him? How 'small a share of pity is my due! 'His single loss is all I have to mourn; 'while he, dear unhappy wanderer! is 'driven at once from his native coun'try, from love, from friendship, for'tune, without any other companion 'than the dire reflection of having em'brued his hands in the blood of a fel'low creature! Bellpine was wicked,' continued she; 'but justice might have 'overtaken him without the guilt of 'him he had wronged. Oh, what is ho'nour! this impatience of indignities, 'as the poet calls it—

"This raging fit of virtue in the soul;
"This painful burden, which great minds
"must bear;
"Obtain'd with danger, and possess'd with
"fear."

This was the manner in which the generous and truly amiable Jenny lamented the accident that had happened: she wept not for the absence of her lover, but for the occasion that enforced it. Such was the delicacy of her soul, that his real infidelity would not have inflicted on her the thousandth part of those agonies she now endured on his having so fatally resented the aspersion; and so dear was he to her, that she would have wished to see him unfaithful rather than unhappy.

It might, perhaps, be too affecting, though all that could be said would be far short of the truth of what she suffered during this whole cruel night: the morning, however, brought her some consolation; she heard that Bellpine was not dead; and, to find that he had not been killed on the spot, as Jemmy had imagined, affording her some hopes that his wounds might not be mortal, gave her as much satisfaction as a person in her circumstances was capable of feeling.

The whole adventure being presently blazed abroad, all her friends, and more of her acquaintance than, at that time, she wished to see, came to visit her, and make their compliments of condolance. Among the number of the former were Lady Speck, Miss Wingman, Mr. Lovegrove, and Sir Robert Manley. After their having expressed their concern for the accident, as it might give Mr. Jessamy much trouble, especially if his antagonist should die, they told her that Lord Huntley was to give them a concert that evening upon the River, and would have persuaded her to have accompanied them, in order, as they said, and really meant, to divert those melancholy thoughts which could not but rise in her mind on what had happened.

It is not to be imagined that she gave the least ear to so unseasonable an invitation; but they continuing to press her with a great deal of earnestness to accept it—'Oh!' said she, bursting into tears, which hitherto she had restrained in their presence, 'can you think me 'capable of making one in a party of 'pleasure, while the liberty, perhaps 'the life, of him ordained to be my 'husband, is in danger? No! till I 'know him safe, musick would be dis-'cord to my ears, and every thing that 'gives joy to others, add to my afflic-'tion!' On hearing this, Sir Robert Manley could not forbear breaking into a kind of rhapsody—'Happy Mr. Jes-'samy!' cried he; 'by his very mis-'fortunes rendered yet more blessed 'in the proofs of such exalted tender-'ness!'

Mr. Lovegrove said little less in praise of her constancy and generosity; and the ladies afterwards gave over urging her any farther on the subject they had done, but employed the whole time they staid with her in discourses more suitable to her present humour. But what was most of all obliging to her, was a promise the two gentlemen made of taking care to inform themselves, from day to day, of the true condition of Bellpine's wounds, and letting her have an exact account, to the end she might transmit it to Mr. Jessamy, and enable him the better to judge what course he had to take.

Several others of her acquaintance, who, hearing what had happened, came to visit her on that occasion, and those among them who were most apprehensive on Jemmy's account, forbore to speak their sentiments in her presence; but, on the contrary, all joined to comfort her with hopes which they were far from entertaining themselves; so that she passed this night with somewhat more tranquillity than she had done the preceding one.

Between her broken slumbers, however, a thousand melancholy reflections returned upon her mind; her thoughts pursued the dear unhappy fugitive in his wanderings; they painted him to her troubled imagination in the most forlorn and piteous moving figure; thus travelling by night, and exposed to dangers almost equal to those from which he fled: nor when her eyes, doubly fatigued with tears and watching, were closed again in sleep, did the sad ideas entirely quit her head.

The next day brought with it somewhat which threw her into fresh agitations. She was no sooner up than her maid presented her with a letter, which had been left for her by a footman some time before she had quitted her bed, she having lain that morning longer than was her usual custom.

She was a little surprized at not knowing the hand on the superscription; but

but on her opening it, found it from Miss Chit; and contained the following lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MADAM,

'I Am extremely sorry to send you 'any intelligence that may add to 'the disquiet I am sensible you are already under; but there are some in 'which it is absolutely necessary that 'even the most painful truths should 'be revealed: you will find this relating to Mr. Jessamy is so; and 'therefore do not condemn, as an over 'officiousness in me, what I now take 'the liberty to communicate.

'One of the surgeons who attends 'Bellpine has declared, that, according to the best of his judgment, his 'patient cannot live; on which a search-'warrant is issued out against Mr. Jessamy, it being already known that he 'has absconded from his house.

'This, Madam, my father heard last 'night at a coffee-house; and, moreover, that the people of the tavern, as 'well as a gentleman who, it seems, 'was with Bellpine when he was met 'by Mr. Jessamy, have offered to depose, that he took him aside, prevailed 'with him to leave his company, and 'go with him into a private room, where 'he soon after left him for dead.

'I cannot pretend to any understanding in such matters; but they say that, 'in the eye of the law, these circumstances will make the affair appear 'very black on the side of Mr. Jessamy; 'and that the fact will not be considered as a rencounter, or a fair duel, 'but as a downright premeditated murder.

'As I cannot suppose that to whatever place Mr. Jessamy is retired you 'are ignorant of it, I thought it highly proper to give you this intimation, 'to the end you may apprize him of the 'greatness of his danger, and warn him 'to keep extremely close: indeed, I 'should never have forgiven myself, 'if, by neglecting to do so, any worse 'accident than what has already happened, should ensue; but I will trouble you no farther, than to assure you 'that I am, with all due respect, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

'S. CHIT.

'P. S. My poor father is troubled 'beyond measure at this event; 'and swears, that, old as he is, if 'he had sooner been convinced of 'the baseness of Bellpine, which 'till now he never was, he would 'have taken upon himself to punish it.'

Jenny had but just finished the reading this epistle, when she was convinced of the truth of the intelligence it contained; the officers of justice came in; produced their warrant; and one of them very civilly entreated her leave to do what, by virtue of their commission, they were empowered to have done without it.

She seemed a little surprized notwithstanding, and said with an air of some resentment, that it seemed very odd to her that they should come to search her lodgings for a gentleman; to which another of them, more surly than he who had spoke first, replied, that they had orders to search not only her lodgings, but all that house, and every other which Mr. Jessamy had been known to frequent. She said no more, but suffered them to pass wherever they would, and they discharged their duty with so much diligence, as to leave no place unlooked into, that was big enough to have concealed a much less person than him they sought for.

Though Jenny had nothing to apprehend on this score, yet the sight of these men, and the errand they came upon, was an extreme shock to her; but she presently received another yet greater, when the person with whom she boarded told her, without considering the consequence of what he said, that he was credibly informed that notice had been sent to all the ports, to prevent Mr. Jessamy from making his escape out of the kingdom. These words struck her with such a horror, that she was very near falling into fits; and it was not in the power of all that both he and his wife could say afterwards to pacify her grief, or to make her be persuaded that Mr. Jessamy must needs be in Calais before any orders to stop him could arrive at Dover. They remonstrated to her, that if he travelled all night, as it was not to be doubted but he did, he would certainly reach the port by the next day at noon; and as there was always some one or other

of

of the packets ready, might embark the same hour he came; 'So that, my dear 'Miss,' cried he merrily, 'you may 'depend upon it, your lover, long be- 'fore now, has been regaling himself 'with good Burgundy, and some 'Quelque chose or other, a-la-mode 'de France.'

She could not help allowing the reasonableness of his arguments; but imagination, that creative faculty, which has the power to raise us to the utmost pinnacle of happiness, or sink us into the lowest depths of despair, formed so many accidents which might retard her dear Jemmy's journey, and render him too late to avoid the pursuit made after him, that she could not think she ought to flatter herself with the hopes of his being safe, till she was positively assured he was so.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINS SOME OCCURRENCES DESERVING THE ATTENTION OF THE READER.

IN a continual rack of thought, to which all the persuasions of her friends could not give the least intermission, did the fair heroine of this history pass her nights and days, till Jemmy, being safely arrived at Calais, sent her the following epistle:

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MY FOR EVER DEAR, DEAR JENNY!

'THE concern I saw you under on 'my departure has hung more 'heavy on my spirits than even the oc- 'casion that enforced it; but I assure 'you that none of your commands have 'been lost upon me; I have taken all 'the precautions that human prudence 'could suggest not to render your kind 'wishes unavailing, and preserve a life 'which I am so happy as to know you 'set some value upon. The date of 'this will inform you that I have now 'reached an asylum, from whence it is 'not in the power of my enemies to 'snatch me; but perhaps, after all, I 'might have spared your tender heart 'the cruel alarm I have given it, and 'myself the trouble of coming hither. 'Since I left London I have been tempt- 'ed to hope that Bellpine is not dead, 'and that it was no more than a swoon 'in which I left him; if so, with what 'transport shall I soon return to thank 'my dear Jenny for all her unequalled 'goodness!

'It is you, and you alone, my ever- 'lasting charmer, that can make either 'my life or liberty a blessing; and 'when this cursed affair is once over, 'I shall then doubly taste the sweets of 'both; for oh, my soul! I now feel 'that the apprehensions of being de- 'prived of you are infinitely more ter- 'rible to me than those of becoming 'an exile, an outlaw, a vagabond. But 'I will not turn the eyes of my ima- 'gination that way; my reason, my 'resolution, faulter at it; and, as Ot- 'way says—

"Madness lies there, and hell is in the
'thought."

'I will rather endeavour to believe 'the best, and that the first intelligence 'I receive from England will entirely 'banish these sad ideas from my mind; 'but whatever I suffer, or shall here- 'after suffer, I beg my dear Jenny will 'exert all her fortitude to repel the in- 'vasions of an over-much grief and 'pity: let your answer to this assure 'me, that you bear with moderation 'this sudden turn in our late blest con- 'dition, which is the only consolation 'can at present be received by him who 'is, with a love unalterable, soul of 'my soul, your most faithfully, and 'most passionately devoted lover and 'servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. In the distraction of my 'thoughts, I had like to have sent 'this away without informing you 'where an answer might find me; 'pardon therefore the wildness of 'my brain, and direct for me at 'Monsieur Grandsire's, the Silver 'Lion, in Calais.'

The joy which filled the affectionate heart of Jenny, on finding her dear Jemmy had so happily avoided all the pursuit that might be made after him, was so great, that for a time it entirely dissipated all her other anxiety. But the ease she enjoyed was momentary; all

all the information the enquiries that her friends could procure was, that though Bellpine was not dead, he was far from being out of danger; and the conſideration of what conſequences his death muſt produce, in caſe his wound ſhould prove mortal, rendered her incapable of enjoying any laſting or perfect ſatisfaction.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe contented herſelf with once peruſing a letter ſhe had ſo much languiſhed for; ſhe read it over and over, and the oftener ſhe did ſo, the more a flood of tenderneſs poured in upon her ſoul; but the reader will be better able to judge, by her own words, of the diſpoſition ſhe was in, than by any deſcription I am able to give of it.

After having well weighed what apprehenſions they were which ſeemed to give him the moſt pain, ſhe thought herſelf obliged, both by love and gratitude, to make uſe of her utmoſt endeavours to remove them, as will be ſeen in the anſwer ſhe gave to his letter, which was wrote in the following terms:

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY VERY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Congratulate you on your fortu-
'nate arrival at Calais: you can-
'not more rejoice on finding yourſelf
'in a place of ſafety, than I have done
'in the knowledge that you are ſo. I
'have alſo the pleaſure to acquaint you,
'that Bellpine ſtill lives; I wiſh I
'could lengthen the intelligence by
'adding, that there are hopes of his re-
'covery; but that is a ſatisfaction as
'yet denied us.

'But wherefore, my dear Jemmy,
'do you wound my heart with appre-
'henſions for which you have not the
'leaſt ground? Do you know ſo little
'of your Jenny as to believe that any
'change of circumſtances can change
'her ſentiments in regard to you? No;
'if the vain ſuppoſition of loſing me
'diſturbs your peace, henceforth be
'perfectly at reſt; for be aſſured, that
'wherever you are, I will be.

'Take not this as a flight of ſudden
'paſſion, which I may hereafter be
'tempted to repent of and retract, but
'as the firm and determined reſolution
'of my ſoul, founded on the principles
'of honour, of duty, and of juſtice, as
'well as inclination.

'Love for each other, my dear Jeſ-
'ſamy, was the firſt leſſon taught us
'in our moſt early years, and I have
'too long been accuſtomed to the prac-
'tice, to be capable of ſwerving from
'it: ſhould therefore the fate of Bell-
'pine, which Heaven forbid, be ſuch
'as our worſt fears ſuggeſt, you have
'no more to do, on the news of it,
'than to go directly into Paris, and
'provide a proper place for my recep-
'tion; and there, if you continue to
'deſire it, the Engliſh ambaſſador's
'chaplain may fulfil the engagement
'made for us between our parents.

'Farewel: I flatter myſelf that you
'will find ſome ſatisfaction in the aſ-
'ſurance I now give you of being, with
'all the tenderneſs you can wiſh or ex-
'pect, my dear Jemmy, ſincerely, faith-
'fully, and ever yours,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. I muſt do our common friends
'the juſtice to let you know they
'are greatly affected at your miſ-
'fortune, all of them at leaſt
'that I ſee; indeed, if they were
'not, they would find but little
'welcome from me. Once more
'adieu; I expect to hear from you
'again by the firſt poſt.'

Jenny, not doubting but what ſhe had wrote would afford great relief to the anxieties of her lover, found in that thought ſufficient to calm thoſe ſhe had felt within herſelf. Such is the effect of a real tenderneſs, as to make us take pleaſure in every thing that we imagine will give pleaſure to the perſon beloved.

And now let thoſe readers, who in the beginning of this hiſtory were apt to look on Jemmy and Jenny as two inſenſibles, acknowledge their miſtake, and be convinced, that flames which burn with rapidity at firſt are ſooneſt waſted; and that a gentle, and almoſt imperceptible glow of a pure affection, when once raiſed up by any extraordinary incident, ſends forth a ſtronger and more laſting heat.

I remember to have read a little pamphlet, entitled, Reflections on the different Effects of Love, which contains many pretty obſervations on the ſubject

ject I am speaking of; but I know of none more just than this of Mr. Dryden:

'Love various minds does variously inspire;
'He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
'Like that of incense on the altars laid;
'But raging flames tempestuous souls invade,
'A fire which every wind of passion blows;
'With pride it mounts, and with revenge it
'glows.'

It may easily be perceived by those who consider the motives on which the events of this history depend, that our lovers were not thus stirred up by accidents relating merely to themselves, but by such as concerned each other: Jemmy had not fought with Bellpine but for the discontent and affronts which he thought his dear Jenny had suffered through his base artifices; nor would Jenny have discovered any part of the warmth she now did, had she not been invigorated by the perplexity and danger of her Jemmy. Nothing certainly can be more truly worthy of admiration than the love, the constancy, the generosity of this amiable lady, who at her years could so readily renounce her native country, kindred, and all the amusements to which her youth had been accustomed, and resolve to live in a perpetual banishment, if, by the death of Bellpine, the man ordained to be her husband in his more prosperous circumstances, should now be reduced to the condition of an exile. Nor was Jemmy, gay and unthinking as he has sometimes appeared, at all inferior to his charming mistress, in giving her the most unquestionable and exalted proofs of the sincerity and disinterestedness of his passion, as the next chapter will declare.

CHAP. XII.

RECITES A PASSAGE WHICH WILL CERTAINLY BE EXTREMELY AGREEABLE TO ALL THE LADIES: IT IS MUCH TO BE FEARED, HOWEVER, THAT THERE ARE BUT VERY FEW OF THEM WHO CAN, WITH ANY REASON, FLATTER THEMSELVES WITH EXPERIENCING THE LIKE.

JENNY, who had the mortification of hearing every day that Bellpine grew rather worse than better, began to call to mind every trifling accident that had happened to give her any disgust in England, to the end that she might have the less love for it, and be more reconciled to the thoughts of leaving it for ever. She found it, indeed, a thing of no great difficulty to conquer all the reluctance she might at first have on that score: the society of the man she loved, and by whom she was so much beloved, was an over-balance for all she was about to quit for his sake; and her whole mind was now taken up with the manner in which she should order her affairs, so as to be prepared to go whenever the circumstances of things should call her.

Her resolution being settled, her thoughts, by degrees, became so too, and she now enjoyed more serenity than she had known since the accident that drove Jemmy from her; but the post not bringing her a letter as she expected, some part of her former discontents began to revive in her: she was, however, too well assured of his punctuality not to impute this disappointment to some other cause than his neglect.

She soon found that she had done him no more than justice in this point. Mr. Morgan came the next morning to visit her. As she had not seen him since she was a girl, his coming at this juncture a little surprized her, and he kept her in suspense for some time, by making her a thousand compliments, after the fashion of old men, on the improvements he found in her stature and beauty, before he related to her the business which had brought him thither.

At last, though not till after many circumlocutions, by way of prelude—'I have a present for you, my pretty 'lady,' said he; 'I received a letter 'last night from my good Mr. Jessamy, 'and something inclosed for you, which 'he commissioned me to deliver into 'your own hands: here it is,' continued he, giving her a packet; 'take 'it, I believe it will not be displeasing 'to you.'—'I have no apprehensions 'of receiving any thing that can be so, 'either from him or you, Sir,' replied she; 'you will, therefore, pardon my 'impatience to see what it contains.' —'Aye, aye,' cried he, 'read it by 'all means; I would have you read it 'while I am here.'

He then retired to a window, and took up a book while she opened the packet,

packet, in which was a large parchment, heavy with the weight of ſeals, and a letter from Jemmy containing theſe lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'WITH what words, O thou more 'than woman! thou angel of 'thy ſex! ſhall I expreſs that ruſh of 'joyous aſtoniſhment, that extaſy, 'which, on the reading your dear letter, overwhelmed my heart! Can you 'then reſolve to leave your native country, with all the charms you once 'found in it? Can you do this for my 'unworthy ſake, conſent to ſhare my 'fate, and live in exile with your 'Jemmy? Yes, I know you can; you 'have ſaid it, and will not promiſe 'without meaning to perform.

'Thus tranſcendently bleſſed in your 'affection, the goods of fortune would 'be below my care if you had no intereſt in them; nor would even life itſelf 'be of any eſtimation with me, were it 'not dear to you: but as they both are 'yours, eternally devoted to you, they 'ought not to be neglected by me.

'On my relating my affair with 'Bellpine, in all it's unhappy circumſtances, to a lawyer who happened to 'come over with me, he told me I 'ought to take proper methods for ſecuring my eſtate, in caſe the wound 'I had given ſhould prove mortal: I 'approved of his advice; and as there 'is no Engliſh attorney at Calais, he 'has been ſo good as to draw up an 'inſtrument for that purpoſe himſelf, 'which is the ſame I now ſend to you.

'You will find by it, my dear Jenny, that I am no longer poſſeſſed of 'any lands or hereditaments; you are 'the miſtreſs of all that once was mine: 'to whom, indeed, ſhould I commit 'my eſtate but to her who has my ſoul 'in keeping? I have wrote to Mr. 'Morgan and Mr. Ellwood to aſſiſt 'you in whatever cares may attend 'this acceſſion, and alſo to my ſteward 'and houſe-keeper to receive their orders henceforward from you, who 'have now the only right to command 'and to direct their ſervices.

'What remittances I may have occaſion for, I ſhall become your petitioner to grant, and doubt not but 'your charity will extend itſelf as far 'as you think my wants may reaſonably require. I am ſure that I can 'feel none of the thouſandth part ſo 'great as that of your dear ſociety, 'which, without my daring to aſk, you 'have promiſed to relieve.

'I ſhould be glad, methinks, however, to know the certainty of my 'doom; that is, whether I may have 'hope of returning to England, or 'muſt content myſelf with being a denizen of France; though in whatever 'place my lot is caſt, fate will find it 'very difficult to render me unhappy, 'while permitted to ſubſcribe myſelf, 'with the moſt perfect and pure paſſion, my deareſt Jenny's fervently 'and unalterably devoted ſervant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. I need not tell my dear Jenny with how much impatience 'I ſhall long for the arrival of the 'next mail, and every mail, till 'we are ſo happy as to meet again.'

Having read the letter, ſhe unfolded the writing which accompanied it, and found it was a deed of conveyance to herſelf of Jemmy's whole eſtate, both real and perſonal. As ſhe knew not well the nature of theſe things, nor for what end this had been done, it threw her into ſo deep a reverie that ſhe forgot Mr. Morgan was in the room. But that gentleman perceiving ſhe had done reading, returned to the ſeat he had lately quitted; and, taking her by the hand, aſked her, with a ſmile, what ſhe thought of the gift her lover had made her. 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I know not what to think; and 'ſhould be at a very great loſs how to 'behave on the occaſion, if I did not 'depend on being directed by one or 'other of the two worthy perſons mentioned in Mr. Jeſſamy's letter.'

He then explained to her all ſhe wanted to know, and concluded with ſome compliments on the confidence Mr. Jeſſamy repoſed in her: 'If ever 'I ſee him again,' ſaid he pleaſantly, 'I ſhall tell him that he relies much on 'his own merit to imagine he can ſecure the affections of ſo fine a lady, 'after endowing her with a fortune 'which may entitle her to the addreſſes 'of the firſt nobleman in the kingdom.'

'He need not be very vain,' return-

ed she, 'to be entirely free from all 'apprehensions on that score. But, 'Sir,' continued she, 'there is ano- 'ther danger, which, perhaps, he has 'not thought of; I have a kinsman, 'who, though a very distant one, is 'yet my heir, in case I die unmarried, 'and would certainly, after my de- 'mise, seize on every thing which 'could be proved had been in my pos- 'session at that time.'

'Demise!' cried Mr. Morgan. 'How 'can such a thought come into your 'head? A virgin in her bloom talk of 'dying!'—'Things more unlikely, 'Sir, have come to pass,' said she; 'and I am for leaving nothing to 'chance, especially on such an account 'as this: as the first proof, therefore, 'of that assistance Mr. Jessamy makes 'me hope for from you, I must entreat 'you will provide me an able lawyer, 'that I may make my will, and, by 'bequeathing back to Mr. Jessamy his 'own estate, with my whole fortune 'annexed to it, unite both, according 'as our parents always intended they 'should be.'

Mr. Morgan looked on her with the highest admiration all the time she was speaking; but making no immediate answer, she went on, insisting that he would do as she desired; to which he at last consented, and promised to bring an attorney with him in the afternoon: they had some farther conversation together, in which Jenny displayed herself so well, without aiming to do so, that he departed quite amazed and charmed to find such generosity, such justice, and such prudence, in a person of her years.

When she was left alone, and had leisure to reflect on what Jemmy had done, it did not seem at all strange to her that he should have reposed so much confidence in her, because she thought there was not a possibility for any woman in the world to be wicked enough to abuse such a trust; but she wondered at the haste he made to execute a deed of this nature, which she could see no necessity for on the score of what had passed between him and Bellpine, at least as yet. After a little pause—'It 'must certainly be,' cried she, 'that the 'dear generous man has caused this 'instrument to be drawn up merely for 'my sake, that if any unforeseen ac- 'cident should snatch him suddenly 'from the world, I should then re- 'main in an undisturbed possession of 'all he left behind: no other motive 'can have induced him to act in this 'manner; and it was only the secret 'sympathy of my soul with his, that 'has put it into my head to make a 'will in his favour.' It pleased her to think she had found a way to be even with him in his tender care, and longed for the return of Mr. Morgan, that she might put in execution what she had devised.

That gentleman came in the afternoon, and, according to the promise she had exacted from him, brought with him an able lawyer of his particular acquaintance, whom, as soon as the first civilities were over, she immediately set to work upon the business for which she had desired his presence.

The writing being entirely finished in all it's forms, and witnessed by Mr. Morgan and the people of the house, whom Jenny had ordered to be called up for that purpose, she deposited it in Mr. Morgan's hands, desiring him to keep it till she should die, unless some accident should oblige her to demand it back: this he assured her he would do, still affecting to smile, though admiring within himself a precaution so uncommon in a young lady. But whatever either he or his friend the lawyer might think of her on this occasion, they were afterwards convinced, by the vivacity and sprightliness of her conversation and behaviour during the whole time they continued with her, that it was not by any melancholy vapours she had been instigated to the step she had taken, and which appeared so extraordinary to them, as indeed it well might do to persons who never had an opportunity of being acquainted with the greatness of her mind.

CHAP. XIII.

AFFORDS LESS MATTER EITHER OF INSTRUCTION OR ENTERTAINMENT THAN MANY OF THE FORMER; THOUGH PERHAPS MORE OF BOTH THAN CAN BE FOUND IN SOME OTHER HISTORIES OF THE SAME NATURE WITH THIS.

HOW preferable are the enjoyments of the mind to those of the body! Persons of a truly delicate way of

of thinking find a much greater pleasure in their own contemplations, on a delightful subject, than those of less refined ideas are capable of tasting in the utmost gratification of the senses.

Our amiable Jenny felt a more perfect satisfaction in the proof she had received of her lover's affection, and in that she had just shewn of her own for him, than she had ever known when with him; and no cross accident had intervened to oblige either of them to exert and display their mutual tenderness. She was in a most delightful situation of mind on this occasion, when Mr. Morgan made her another morning visit, on a business which, he doubted not, but would greatly add to her contentment. It was this.

The sincere good-will he had towards Jemmy had made him indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the true state of Bellpine's condition; he had gone and sent several times to the house where he lodged, without being able to get any satisfactory account, sometimes being told one thing, and sometime another; they even refused to let him know who were the surgeons that attended him: this, however, he got intelligence of from the people of the tavern where the accident had happened; the first to whom he applied seemed a little uneasy at the questions he put to him; made very short and evasive answers, the plainest of which was, That if the gentleman lived, it would be a miracle.

Mr. Morgan, not contenting himself with this, went directly to the other, who was the same that had been sent by Jemmy, and whom he found of a much more communicative disposition, though less able to give him the information he desired: he said, that on examining the wound, he had thought it a very bad one; but when he went the next morning to visit Mr. Bellpine, he was told by somebody about him, that there was no need of his attendance, and that he was not permitted to stay in the room even while the first dressings were taken off, though he had earnestly requested it. Mr. Morgan then asked him, if he apprehended the wound to be mortal by what he had seen of it at first? 'I then thought it so,' replied the surgeon; 'for, had it been as I imagined, he must have died in twelve hours; 'but as he has lived till now, I think 'I may safely pronounce him out of 'danger, except a fever takes him.'

He then went on, and gave so many reasons, from the structure of the human body, to prove that if Bellpine's wound had been mortal, he must have died long before the time which had elapsed since his receiving it, that the hearty old gentleman was quite convinced, and ran immediately to make Jenny partaker of the joyful news.

She was, indeed, extremely pleased; but said she could not conceive what motive should induce Bellpine or his friends to give out that he was still in danger, if it was not really so. 'Spite,' cried Mr. Morgan; 'nothing but spite, 'as my friend Lee somewhere has it:

"Spite, by the gods! proud spite, and burning envy."

'I see into his design,' continued he, 'as well as if I were of his cabinet-'council. The venomous revengeful 'rascal thinks, as long as he can make 'people believe his life is despaired of, 'Mr. Jessamy will be obliged to keep 'out of the way: but he may be out 'in his politicks; the surgeon assures 'me, that he will depose upon oath 'that the wound is not mortal; and if 'so, Mr. Jessamy may come over as 'soon as he pleases; bail will be taken for him.'—'Ah, Sir, let him not 'trust to that,' cried Jenny hastily; 'and I beseech you do not advise him 'to it when you write.'—'I advise 'him, Madam!' answered he, 'not 'I indeed; I shall only tell him what 'I think; he may do as he pleases.'—'You may be certain, Sir,' resumed she, 'that I should greatly rejoice in 'Mr. Jessamy's return, if he could 'come without any hazard either of 'his life or liberty; but you must pardon me, if I am not altogether so sanguine in this matter as you seem to be: I am apt to hope, and believe with 'you, that Bellpine is not in so dangerous a way as is pretended; but 'then, methinks, we ought not to build 'too much upon the asseveration of this 'surgeon, whose judgment we cannot 'be sure is infallible.'

Mr. Morgan was about to say something in answer to this, but was prevented; Jenny's servant opened the door

inſtantly, and told her that Lady Speck was juſt coming up ſtairs; on which he took his leave for that time.

After the uſual ſalutations of a firſt meeting were over, and they had ſeated themſelves—'If the heart is to be 'judged by the countenance,' ſaid Lady Speck, looking earneſtly on her friend, 'I may hope, my dear, that 'yours is ſomewhat leſs depreſſed than 'it has been of late.' On her ſpeaking in this manner, Jenny made no ſcruple to repeat to her all ſhe had been told by Mr. Morgan in regard to Bellpine's condition, and alſo the reaſons which both of them had aſſigned for his cauſing it to be reported ſo much worſe than in effect it was.

'Bellpine muſt certainly be one of 'the moſt miſchievous fellows in the 'univerſe,' ſaid Lady Speck; 'and 'ſince you have now got a more per'fect intelligence of his ſituation, I may 'venture to let you know, that nothing 'can be more terrible than the account 'given of it by his ſervant, both to 'Sir Robert and Mr. Lovegrove; who, 'I aſſure you, did not fail to make the 'enquiries they promiſed when they 'were here laſt; and it has been only 'becauſe they were unwilling either to 'deceive you, or to be the bearers of 'an unwelcome truth, that they have 'denied themſelves the pleaſure of 'waiting on you for ſome days.'

Jenny expreſſed herſelf in the moſt grateful terms for the generous concern thoſe gentlemen had ſeemed to take in her affairs; and then began to turn the converſation on ſome other topick: but there was ſomething in the behaviour of Bellpine, which appeared ſo peculiar as well as baſe, in the opinion of Lady Speck, that ſhe could talk of little elſe all the time ſhe ſtaid, which, indeed, was not very long, her ladyſhip being in her diſhabille, and in haſte to go home to dreſs for dinner.

She was no ſooner gone, than Jenny's ſervant acquainted her, that a lady who called herſelf Sophia had been to wait on her. 'Sophia!' cried ſhe haſtily; 'why then did you not ſhew 'her up?'—'You had company, Ma'dam,' anſwered he, 'and ſhe ſaid ſhe 'rather choſe to wait on you when you 'were quite alone, and that ſhe would 'come again in the afternoon to ſee if 'you were ſo.'

If the reader has forgot this young lady, he may have recourſe to the ſecond chapter of the firſt volume, where he will find her character at large; and now need only to be told, that Jenny, who had not heard of her being in town, was extremely glad that ſhe ſhould have a perſon near her, in whom ſhe placed more confidence than in moſt others of her acquaintance.

The pleaſure of this friend's return did not, however, make her forget that it was poſt-day, and that ſhe had an obligation to diſcharge, which could not be diſpenſed with by any other; and, therefore, to prevent any interruption which delay might occaſion, ſat down immediately, and wrote the following lines:

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Received the truſt you repoſed in 'me, of which I ſhall be a very 'faithful ſteward; but I have juſt heard 'ſomething which makes me hope you 'might have ſpared yourſelf that trou'ble. Your worthy friend Mr. Mor'gan will write to you the particulars, 'and, perhaps, ſubjoin ſome advice, 'which, though I am certain he means 'well, cannot conſent you ſhould com'ply with. So much as I prize your 'preſence, I ſhould tremble to behold 'you here, while there remains even 'the moſt diſtant menace either to your 'life or liberty.

'A little time, of courſe, muſt put 'an end to our ſuſpenſe; till then, 'therefore, I conjure you, content 'yourſelf with the aſſurance I have giv'en you, and now again repeat, that if 'you cannot come to me, I will go to 'you, and endeavour, by every thing 'in my power, to ſoften the aſperity of 'all other loſſes.

'I fear, indeed, you paſs your days 'in a manner uncomfortable enough; 'without friends, without acquaint'ance, without any companion but 'your own melancholy thoughts; no'thing to pleaſe, or even to amuſe your 'mind. I am ignorant of the place 'you are in; I only know it is on the 'ſea-coaſt: there, methinks, I ſee you 'often wandering, caſting a wiſhful 'eye towards what you left behind, 'and almoſt curſing fortune for the de'privation. Tell me, my Jemmy, does 'my fancy paint your ſituation ſuch as

'it

'it is? I shall rejoice to find myself deceived, and to hear that Calais is not 'wanting in matters of agreeable entertainment. Believe, you can give 'no account so welcome to me as that 'of your being perfectly easy: endeavour, at least, to make yourself so, I 'beseech you, till the circumstances of 'things permit you to be happy, and to 'make happy all your friends, particularly her who is, with an unfeigned affection, dear Jemmy, yours eternally,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. I cannot close this without 'once more conjuring you, not 'for your own sake but mine, not 'to think of returning till we shall 'be well assured that Bellpine has 'left his chamber.'

She soon found how much she had been in the right to lay hold of the first opportunity to prepare the above, otherwise she might have been prevented from doing it all that day; for Sophia, who had a great deal to say to her, came very early in the afternoon.

CHAP. XIV.

CONTAINS A VERY STRANGE AND DETESTABLE INSTANCE OF PERFIDIOUSNESS AND INGRATITUDE, IN A PERSON OF THE MOST HONOURABLE VOCATION.

THESE two young ladies, who, from their childhood, had preserved an entire friendship for each other, could not meet, after an absence of many months, without the utmost demonstrations of affection on both sides; after which Jenny gently reproached the other, as having been very remiss of late in writing to her; and that, whenever she did so, her letters had been short, reserved, and such as ordinarily pass between persons who converse together merely through complaisance.

'Your charge would be very just,' said Sophia, 'had it been in my power 'to have acted otherwise than I did; 'but indeed, my dear Miss Jessamy, I 'had nothing to write, except such 'things as were utterly improper for 'me to communicate by the post. I 'am now, however,' continued she, with a deep sigh, 'come to tell you all, 'as well as to take my everlasting leave.'

These words, and the manner in which they were delivered, threw Jenny into so great an astonishment, that she had not the power of asking an explanation of them; which the other perceiving, saved her the trouble of speaking, and went on.

'Yes,' continued she, 'I shall very 'shortly be removed from all that ever 'yet have known me; shall quit England as soon as the vessel that is to 'carry me is ready to put to sea, which 'I hope will be in a very few days; 'nor, when you have heard my unhappy story, will you think it strange 'that I should be impatient to go from 'a place where I have received such 'cruel injustice, as, perhaps, no woman but myself ever met with.'

'Heavens! of what nature?' cried Jenny with some eagerness. 'Of a 'most monstrous, and I believe, unprecedented one,' replied she: 'but I 'will keep you no longer in suspense; 'you shall at once be let into the secret of those wrongs I have sustained, and of the folly which exposed me 'to them.'

Finding Jenny made no answer, but was prepared to give attention to what she was about to say, she wiped off some tears, which, in spite of her endeavours to restrain them, fell from her eyes, and then began the recital she had promised, in the following terms.

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA.

'YOU may remember, my dear 'Miss Jessamy,' said she, 'in 'what a rage my brother flew out of 'the house after the ridiculous adventure you was witness of, the last time 'you favoured me with a visit; he then 'went no farther than to a gentleman's 'seat about four miles distant; but 'from thence proceeded to London, 'where he continued full three months: 'on his return, he appeared very pensive and discontented, which I at first 'imputed to the disappointment he had 'received from the lady you saw; but 'I soon found it arose from a quite 'different cause. He had, it seems, 'mortgaged the best part of his estate 'to discharge some debts he had contracted at play; the only vice I know 'him guilty of, but to which he has 'always

'always been too much addicted: he 'had the generosity, however, to pay my 'fortune, which was but five and twenty hundred pounds, into the bank. He 'now gave me the bills, and told me, 'that he must go and live in the southern 'parts of France till he had retrieved 'his circumstances, and that he had 'spoke to a gentleman about letting 'his house; but added, that I should 'be welcome to stay in it, and have the 'use of every thing, till a tenant could 'be found, if I chose to do so. This 'offer, having my own reasons for it, 'I gladly accepted of. He had before 'prepared every thing for his depar-'ture, and in four days left me to my-'self.

'You will, doubtless, wonder that 'I should chuse to remain in a great 'lone house without any companion, 'and be at the expence of keeping two 'maids and a man-servant, which the 'income of my little fortune could ill 'afford, rather than come to town, 'where I might have been boarded in 'a genteel family, and lived much 'cheaper, and more agreeably in the 'opinion of every body but myself. I 'will tell you my reason for all this; 'it was love; love, that fatal phrenzy 'of our sex, that sure destruction of all 'that is dear to womankind. I ought 'to blush even at the remembrance I 'ever was directed by it, much more 'to confess the shameful folly.'

'Hold, my dear Sophia,' cried Jenny, interrupting her, 'take care what 'you say: Mr. Dryden was certainly 'as good a judge of human nature as 'you can pretend to be; and he tells 'us, that—

"Love's an heroick passion, which can find
"No room in any base degen'rate mind;
"It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
"To make the lover worthy his desire."

'And I am of opinion, that a vir-'tuous love, such as I doubt not yours 'was, ought never to be repented or 'ashamed of.'—'I allow the truth of 'what you say,' answered Sophia; 'but 'then it must be a love conducted with 'prudence, and for a worthy object. 'Mine, alas! had neither the one nor 'the other of these excuses to plead in 'it's defence, as you will presently be 'convinced.'

Here she stopped to give passage to some sighs which had been labouring in her bosom; after which, growing a little more composed, she went on in the prosecution of her narrative.

'While my brother was at London,' resumed she, 'I unfortunately, as it 'has proved, happened into the ac-'quaintance of a young officer in the 'army, called Willmore. The first 'time I saw him was at a gentleman's 'house about a mile distant from ours, 'where I sometimes visited: though 'there were several other ladies in the 'company, he seemed to take a parti-'cular notice of me, and I could not 'avoid doing so of him. He has, in-'deed, every thing in his person that 'can attract the eye, and captivate the 'heart; he is handsome, well made, 'genteel, has abundance of wit and 'vivacity; and, though he talks a great 'deal, never speaks but to the purpose.

'When I took my leave, he would 'needs see me home, though I had a 'servant with me, and but three little 'fields to cross. I refused this offer; 'but must own I could not help being 'very well pleased that he persisted in 'it. In short, he came home with me; 'and though, as we walked, he enter-'tained me only with common sub-'jects of conversation, yet he treated 'them in such a manner as appeared to 'me very agreeable.

'Among other things, happening 'to tell me that he had lodgings at 'Windsor, and was almost always 'there, when not obliged to be with 'the regiment, I said it was a thing 'seldom heard of, that a gay young 'gentleman, like him, should prefer a 'little country town to the pleasures 'of London: to which he replied, that 'hunting and reading were his fa-'vourite pleasures. "The one," said 'he, "I frequently take with very "good company; and the other I am "here more at liberty to indulge my-"self in than I could possibly be in "London." He then asked me if I 'took any delight in the latter of these 'amusements; and on my answering 'that I did—"Because, Madam," 'rejoined he, "I have all the publick "papers and new pamphlets constantly "sent down to me as they come out; "and, if you will give me leave, will "wait on you with such of them as I "shall find worthy of your perusal."

'Though I plainly saw this was no

'more

'more than a pretence to visit me, yet 'I thought it so handsome a one, and 'afforded me so good an excuse for 'granting him the permission he de-'sired, that I hesitated not to tell him 'that I should readily accept, and be 'thankful for, the favour he men-'tioned.

'This was the method he took to 'introduce himself. He was almost 'every day bringing me some new 'book or other; and, in return for this 'civility, I lent him such as he chose 'to read out of my brother's collection, 'which is esteemed a very good one. At 'first, our conversation turned chiefly 'on the subjects with which we had 'mutually obliged each other; but, 'after a few visits, he threw off that re-'straint he had hitherto been under, 'and professed himself my lover.

'As I have already confessed the 'liking I had of his person, you will 'not expect to hear that I received the 'declaration of his passion with any 'disdain; on the contrary, I am afraid 'I listened to it with too visible an ap-'probation: but, however that might 'be, (for, indeed, I do not well re-'member how I behaved at that time) 'all that I know is, that I forbad not 'his addresses.

'I will not give you the trouble of 'hearing, nor myself the confusion of 'repeating, how very easily I was won 'to give credit to every thing he said 'in relation to his pretended passion; 'for such you will find it was; and 'not only pretended for the sake of 'gallantry and amusement, but for the 'carrying on a design the most low, 'base, and dishonourable, that ever en-'tered the heart of man, much less of 'a gentleman, to conceive or put in 'practice.

'It was in the height of his court-'ship that my brother came home. The 'hurry of his affairs, the discontent he 'was in, and the short time he staid, 'hindered me from saying any thing 'to him concerning my new lover: 'but you now may perceive the mo-'tive which induced me so readily to 'embrace the offer he made me of stay-'ing in his house after he was gone. I 'knew Willmore was fond of the 'country; and I dreaded lest I should 'see him less frequently in town: fool 'that I was, not to consider that a man 'who truly loved would follow me 'any where!

'As we grew more familiar in con-'versation, I found he was much better 'acquainted with the circumstances of 'our family than I could have thought 'he was. Among other things, he one 'day mentioned my brother's late mis-'carriage; and asked me, with some 'concern, whether it had been any pre-'judice to my fortune. I told him that 'it had not, and related to him how 'tender he had been of me in that 'point; at which he seemed extremely 'pleased, and said no more upon that 'subject.

'Soon after this he went to London, 'where he staid upwards of a week; a 'much longer time than ever he had 'done since my acquaintance with him. 'The same day which brought him 'again to Windsor, brought him also 'to visit me; but though his expressions 'were, I think, more endearing and 'more passionate than ever they had 'been, I perceived there was a certain 'air of melancholy about him, which 'very much affected me: I could not 'forbear taking notice of it to him; 'and asked him, with more tenderness 'than perhaps became me, if any ill 'accident had happened to him since 'he left me. He told me not any; but 'added, that he had been a little vexed, 'and could not help thinking himself 'a very unlucky fellow.

'On my farther desiring him to let 'me know the occasion of his chagrin, 'he told me, that he could not content 'himself with the condition of a subal-'tern; that he had never entered into 'the army but with the hopes of rising 'in it; nor had accepted of a lieute-'nancy, which was the commission he 'then bore, but with the expectation 'of being soon a captain. "Now," 'said he, "just at this juncture, an old "officer has got leave to sell out; and "I might have his commission for about "a thousand guineas and my own in "exchange, which I have a gentleman "ready to purchase. This it is, my "dear Sophia," added he, "that has "so much disconcerted me; for, though "I have offered a very large premium, "and my own bond to pay the money "quarterly, I can no way raise it."

"Bless me!" cried I, "have you "no friends, no relations, who, on

"such

" such an occasion would not advance " that sum?" — " Yes, several," answered he, " who would do it for a " word speaking; but they are all of " them either out of the kingdom, or " at their country-seats, I know not " how far off; and the thing must be " done immediately, or not at all; " and Heaven knows whether I shall " ever meet with such an opportunity " again!"

' Indeed, my dear Miss Jessamy,' continued she, ' I thought it a great pity ' that any man, much more the person ' I loved, and intended to make my ' husband, should lose so considerable ' an advantage through the want of ' what was in my power to supply him ' with. I did not consider much on ' the matter; but stepped to my cabi- ' net, and took out bank-bills to the ' amount of a thousand pounds, which ' I put directly into his hands. " There, " Mr. Willmore," said I, " is the sum " you stand in need of; and I hope " it will not come too late to lay out in " the purchase you mention."

' Though I believe he saw enough ' into my weakness to expect I would ' do as I did, yet he seemed equally sur- ' prized as transported with it. " Well, " my dear Sophia," cried he, kissing ' my hand, " this is generous indeed, " and truly like yourself! But I hope," ' continued he, " you will soon con- " sent to reap some part of the benefit " of the favour you have conferred; " and, as promotions in the army must " come by degrees, who knows but you " may one day see your lover (I flatter " myself, long before then your hus- " band) at the head of a regiment, in- " stead of a company?"

' I replied, that I wished him success ' for his own sake; and as to what re- ' lated to myself, we would talk of that ' hereafter. He then told me, that he ' would go to London very early the ' next morning; and, at his return, ' bring with him a bond in exchange ' for the bills I had obliged him with: " Which," added he, with a gay air, " if you should not think sufficient, I " am ready to give you my person as " a collateral security."

She was in this part of her story when the tea-equipage, that important article of a lady's drawing-room, was brought in; on which she was obliged to break off till it should be removed.

CHAP. XV.

IS ONLY A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME STORY.

THE ladies having finished their little regale, and the gentleman-usher of the ceremony withdrawn with his tea-kettle and lamp, Jenny began to testify some impatience for the knowledge of an event which, as yet, she could have no other room to guess at than by the exclamations of Sophia.

' If I had not been infatuated to a ' degree beyond what ever woman was,' resumed that lady, ' I must have seen ' that, whatever Willmore pretended, ' his head was much more taken up ' with the thoughts of his commission ' than of his passion for me; for, after ' the first retributions were over, he ' talked of little else during the whole ' time he staid.

' He took his leave, however, in a ' manner tender enough; and I re- ' mained perfectly satisfied with his ' behaviour, as well as with myself for ' what I had done. So high an idea had ' I both of his love and honour, that ' when, instead of seeing him in five or ' six days, as he had made me expect, ' I heard nothing of him in three whole ' weeks, I was far from entertaining ' the least suspicion of him; nor felt ' any other alarms than what proceeded ' from my fears that some ill accident ' might have befallen him.

' But at last he removed all my ap- ' prehensions on that score by sending ' me a letter, or rather billet, contain- ' ing these lines.

" TO MISS SOPHIA ******.

" MADAM,

" I Have, at last, accomplished my af- " fairs, which took me up more " time and expence than I imagined: " all is now over, however; and there " remains but one thing more to make " me compleatly happy. I shall be at " Windsor in a few days, and will then " do myself the pleasure of waiting on " you; till when, believe me, with great " respect, Madam, your most humble " and obedient servant,

" G. WILLMORE."

' You

'You look aſtoniſhed, my dear Miſs 'Jeſſamy,' purſued ſhe, perceiving Jenny did ſo; 'and well indeed you may! 'Did ever man write ſuch a letter to a 'woman he courted, who he knew loved 'him, and from whom he had received 'ſo great an obligation? Yet, (would 'you think it poſſible?) not even this 'opened my blinded eyes! I doubted 'not but, by the one thing remaining 'to make him compleatly bleſſed, he 'meant the conſummation of our marriage; and the kindneſs of that expreſſion ſufficed with me to atone for 'all the cool indifference of the reſt.

'Eight days more, from the time of 'my receiving this epiſtle, were elapſed 'without my ſeeing or hearing any 'thing farther of him: but when, at 'the expiration of that time, he came, 'whatever doubts might have been beginning to riſe in my mind, they all 'vaniſhed as ſoon as he appeared, and 'were ſucceeded by a double portion 'of ſatisfaction.

'I know not whether it was owing 'to his being ſo long abſent from me, 'or whether the ſucceſs of his affairs 'had diffuſed a more than ordinary 'ſprightlineſs through all his air, but, 'methought, he looked more charming, more engaging, than ever: the 'paſſion he pretended to have for me 'ſeemed alſo to be increaſed even to a 'romantick height; and, after telling 'me that his own lawyer being out of 'town, and not chuſing to employ any 'other, he had not brought the bond 'he promiſed—"But what occaſion," 'cried he, eagerly kiſſing my hand, "is there for the formality of a bond, "when you have my heart, my ſoul, "in your poſſeſſion? When myſelf, "and all I am or ever ſhall be maſter "of, is entirely at your command; "never happy till you accept the offer!"

'In a word, he continued to preſs 'me ſo cloſely on the article of marriage all that whole evening, that, before we parted, I made him a kind of 'half promiſe; and, to confeſs the 'truth, (for I will hide nothing from 'you) I was at that time ſo much 'ſoftened by the artifices he put in 'practice, that if I did not ſay poſitively 'I would be his, it was owing rather 'to my baſhfulneſs than want of inclination to comply.

'Indeed, when I came to reaſon with 'myſelf, I thought it would be a piece 'of ſilly nicety to keep him any longer 'in ſuſpenſe; that his family, his perſon, his accompliſhments, and the poſt he had now obtained, might entitle him to a woman of a larger fortune than I was miſtreſs of; and that, 'putting love entirely out of the queſtion, nobody would condemn the 'choice I had made of him. In ſhort, 'my dear, having thus fixed my reſolution, the next viſit aſſured him of 'my conſent; and I told him that I 'was ready to give him my hand, as 'ſoon as every thing neceſſary for that 'ceremony could be prepared.

'I had often heard him, in caſual 'converſation, expreſs a great diſlike 'of publick weddings; and he now 'repreſented, that for ours to be ſo muſt 'infallibly be attended with many inconveniences. "For beſides," ſaid 'he, "the ridiculous buſtle of drums, "trumpets, epithalamiums, that al"ways diſturb the ſlumbers of people "on their firſt going to bed together "with a licence, there are ſo many "young officers of my acquaintance "who would come the next morning "to congratulate me on my happineſs, "as I know would be ſhocking to the "modeſty of my dear Sophia."

'Finding I approved of what he 'ſaid—"For the reaſons I have men"tioned," reſumed he, "Windſor "would be the moſt improper place in "the world: we both are ſo well known "there, that, the moment we are "tacked, the bells would immediately "proclaim what we had been about. "The thing can be done no where with "ſo much privacy as in London; and, "to tell you the truth, though perhaps "you will laugh at my ſuperſtition," 'continued he, "my father and mo"ther were married at Ely Chapel: "their whole lives were a ſeries of love "and joy; and I ſhould like, me"thinks, that my happineſs ſhould be "fixed at the ſame altar theirs was."

'I could not, indeed, forbear railly'ing him a little on this whim; but 'replied, that I had not the leaſt ob'jection to the place he mentioned; 'but, on the contrary, ſhould chuſe 'that the ceremony ſhould be performed there, rather than in any pa'riſh church whatever. He then told 'me, that, having flattered himſelf 'with finding me no leſs juſt to his

'passion than I now had been, he had already made some preparations, which 'he hoped would not be displeasing to 'me. I asked him of what nature; to 'which he replied, that he had an aunt, 'an excellent good old lady, whom he 'had made the confidante of his court-'ship to me; that, by the character he 'had given her of me, she approved 'highly of the match; and that we 'should be welcome to an apartment in 'her house till we could take one for 'ourselves, and get it fitted up for our 'reception.

'To this he added, that she was a 'widow of a handsome jointure; that 'her eldest son had a large estate in 'Somersetshire, and her youngest was 'a captain in the navy; that she had 'two daughters, who were both un-'married, and lived with her; that 'they kept the best company: "So "that, my dear," continued he, "you "will find you do not marry into a fa-"mily you will have any cause to be "ashamed of."

'He said a great deal more in praise 'of these relations; all which I took 'for gospel; and was so much charmed 'with the character of my aunt that 'was to be, and two young cousins, 'that I almost longed to be with them; 'and it was presently concluded be-'tween us, that I should go with him 'to London the next day; that he should 'introduce me to these ladies; that he 'should leave me with them for that 'night, and return in the morning with 'a ring and licence, in order to put the 'last hand to the business of his court-'ship.

'Every thing being thus settled, as 'I then thought, much for my conve-'nience and satisfaction, I slept that 'night without the least forebodings of 'the mischief that was just ready to 'fall upon me. About eleven the next 'morning, a chariot, by Willmore's 'order, came to the door. I told my 'maids I was going on some business 'to London, but should come back in 'a few days, as I knew I was obliged 'to do, on account of delivering up the 'keys of the house, and all that was in 'it, to the person whom my brother had 'intrusted with the care of his affairs; 'so took nothing with me but some 'linen, and a wrapping gown. I took 'up Willmore at the corner of a back 'lane, where he waited, by appoint-'ment, for me; and we drove directly 'to London.

'We alighted at the door of a hand-'some house in one of the streets near 'Hatton Garden, and were immedi-'ately shewed up into the dining-room, 'where we found a grave old gentle-'woman, whose appearance answered 'very well to the description Willmore 'had given of her. He presented me 'to her with these words—"This, "Madam," said he, "is the lady I "spoke of, and who has, at last, con-"sented to make me happy." She re-'ceived me with a great shew of respect 'and kindness, but accompanied with 'a certain stiffness, which, I thought, 'had something of affectation in it; 'but this I imputed merely to the time 'in which she had been educated, ac-'cording to the silly notion, that people 'of the last age were less free in their 'conversation than those of ours.

'The room we were in was very 'genteelly furnished; but what most 'attracted my eyes were the pictures of 'five or six young ladies, very different 'in their features and complexions, 'but all of them extremely handsome. 'I could not forbear expressing my 'admiration of these pieces to the old 'lady, who told me that two of them 'were drawn for her daughters, and 'the others for her nieces and cousins; 'and added, that she hoped one day 'to have the honour of seeing mine 'there. I replied, that I should make 'but an ill figure among so many 'beauties; on which she made many 'compliments not worth repeating.

'Chocolate and biscuits were the first 'things presented to us, and were soon 'after succeeded by a bottle of Ma-'deira. The old lady said that she was 'disconcerted beyond measure; that 'not being certain of my coming, she 'was not provided in the manner she 'would have been for my reception; 'and particularly, that she had given 'her daughters leave to go on a party 'of pleasure with some persons of 'quality: but added, that they would 'be home in a day or two, and hoped 'her family would then be more agree-'able to me. I was of her opinion, in-'deed, as to this last article; but could 'not avoid telling her, that nothing 'could be wanting where she was. 'This drew on so many compliments 'in return, that I should have been

'very

'very much embarraſſed to reply, if 'Willmore, the only thing I have to 'thank him for, had not given a turn 'to the converſation.

'Soon after lighting the candles, 'ſupper was ſerved in, which conſiſted 'of ſeveral ſmall diſhes, all in a fo-'reign taſte. When the cloth was 'taken away, and bottles and glaſſes 'ſet upon the table, the old lady began 'the King's health in a bumper; then 'another to the Prince of Wales; and 'a third to the Duke of Cumberland. 'Theſe having gone round, Willmore 'ran to the ſide-board, fetched a large 'water-glaſs, which filling to the 'brim—"Here is the noble duke "again," cried he; "we cannot toaſt "his health too often! Here is to his "Royal Highneſs, and proſperity to "the army; may they increaſe and "multiply till every houſekeeper in "London and Weſtminſter has at leaſt "half a dozen of them quartered at "once upon him!"

'I cannot ſay that I was pleaſed 'with any thing which ſhewed a ten-'dency to the manifeſt deſtruction of 'the conſtitution and liberties of my 'country; but I thought myſelf about 'to be the wife of a ſoldier, and that 'it would not become me to make any 'objection. I only repeat theſe cir-'cumſtances to you, to let you ſee what 'company I was among.

'The night growing pretty far ad-'vanced, Willmore began to talk of 'going home, and deſired a coach might 'be called; but his kind relation told 'him ſhe could not bear he ſhould think 'of ſuch a thing; ſaid that, as the girls 'were abroad, he might lie in their bed 'without the leaſt trouble to any one 'in the family; reminding him that it 'was a long and very ugly way from 'Hatton Garden to his lodgings at 'Whitehall, and bid him conſider how 'many deſperate fellows lay in wait 'for the purſes, and even the lives, of 'gentlemen, who expoſe themſelves, as 'he would do, to their villainous at-'tacks. He ſeemed to laugh at all this; 'and inſiſting that a coach ſhould be 'called, ſhe renewed her remonſtrances, 'and begged of me to ſecond them; 'which I readily did, having heard 'ſuch frightful ſtories of ſtreet-rob-'beries, that I was in more real terror 'for him than ſhe affected to be.

'I no ſooner ſpoke than he pulled off 'his ſword, and ſaid my commands 'were not to be diſputed; he would 'ſtay. "But, Madam," continued 'he, turning to the old lady, "I am "afraid we have kept you up beyond "your hour."—"I am never weary "of good company," anſwered ſhe; "but for this ſweet young lady's ſake, "who may want repoſe after her jour-"ney, I think it may be proper for us "to retire." In ſpeaking theſe words, 'ſhe rung her bell for a ſervant to ſhew 'Willmore his chamber. She would 'needs attend me herſelf into that al-'lotted for me, and ſee me into bed; 'but whether ſhe did this out of com-'plaiſance, or a far different motive, 'you will preſently be judge.'

Here the melancholy Sophia ſtopped to take breath; and, as it is very poſſi-ble the reader will be glad to do ſo too, I ſhall defer giving the cataſtrophe of this adventure till the next chapter.

There is a maxim, which I have al-ways thought worthy of being obſerved by every writer, that an old author has delivered down to poſterity in theſe lines—

'Too much of one thing the vex'd mind
'will cloy;
'It aſks a relaxation—e'en from joy.'

CHAP. XVI.

CONTAINS THE SEQUEL OF SOPHIA'S STORY.

'THOUGH the old lady,' re-ſumed Sophia, purſuing the thread of her diſcourſe, 'ſhewed a moſt 'tender care in tucking the cloaths 'about me, and drawing cloſe the cur-'tains of the bed, I found it impoſſi-'ble, after ſhe was gone, to compoſe 'myſelf to reſt. It was not the thoughts 'of what I was about to do, nor the 'ſtep I had taken towards it, that kept 'me waking, for I accuſed myſelf not 'of the leaſt imprudence in that affair, 'nor once imagined that the condition 'I was going to enter into would not 'render me perfectly happy; but it was 'a ſtrange mixture of ideas, which I 'then thought nothing to the purpoſe, 'and could not account for, but have 'ſince aſcribed, and ever muſt aſcribe,

'to the goodneſs of my guardian an-
'gel, which prevented me from falling
'into a ſtate which muſt have deprived
'me of the power of reſiſting the worſt
'miſchief that could have happened to
'me.

'Finding I could not ſleep, the moon
'ſhining extremely bright, I got out of
'bed, and throwing on my wrapping
'gown, I went to the window, which
'looked into a pretty large garden; the
'air was ſweet and ſerene, and the
'beams of my favourite planet, glit-
'tering among the trees and plants,
'afforded a very delightful proſpect,
'and filled me with ſolemn contem-
'plations on the beauties of nature,
'and the bounties for which we are in-
'debted to the Great Author of our
'being.

'How long I ſhould have remained
'in this pleaſing reverie I know not,
'if I had not been diſturbed by fancy-
'ing I heard ſomething behind me in
'the chamber: on turning my head
'haſtily about, in order to convince
'myſelf, I ſaw the figure of a man in
'a night-gown and cap, but could not
'diſtinguiſh the face, he being in the
'dark part of the room; I ſhrieked
'out. "Huſh! huſh!" ſaid he, ad-
'vancing: I then found it was Will-
'more; and though leſs frighted than
'before, was equally aſtoniſhed.
"Willmore!" cried I, "what brings
"you here?"

"I ſhould rather aſk," ſaid he,
"what brings you out of bed at this
"unſeaſonable hour? Come, come, my
"dear," purſued he, going to lay hold
'on me, "let me replace theſe tender
"limbs where they will be expoſed to
"leſs inconveniences."—"Stand off,"
'rejoined I, "and tell me what you
"mean by this intruſion?"

"Can a man intrude on what is his
"own?" cried he. "Are you not
"already mine by love; and will not
"to-morrow make you ſo by law? A-
"way, then, with this idle coyneſs;
"there ſhould now be no reſerve be-
"tween us; be as wiſe as you are fair,
"and generouſly grant to-night what
"to-morrow will give me power to
"ſeize; leave nothing for the parſon but
"to confirm the gift your inclination
"has previouſly beſtowed: this is the
"marriage of the ſouls, that of the
"hands is mere matter of form; this
"alone can aſſure me of your affec-
"tion; and, by conſequence, engage
"the continuance of mine."

'You will perhaps wonder, my dear
'Miſs Jeſſamy,' purſued ſhe, 'that I
'had patience to liſten to ſo impudent
'a declaration, and did not rather at-
'tempt to put a ſtop to it, by expreſs-
'ing the juſt abhorrence and diſdain I
'had of his behaviour; but, indeed, I
'was ſo much ſhocked and confound-
'ed, that, I believe, had he run on in
'the ſame ſtrain even longer than he
'did, I ſhould not have had the power
'to make the leaſt reply.

'Miſconſtruing, I ſuppoſe, my ſi-
'lence as a half approbation of what
'he had been urging, he took me in
'his arms, kiſſed, and preſſed me to his
'boſom with the utmoſt vehemence,
'though I cannot ſay with any inde-
'cency. I ſtruggled; burſt into a flood
'of tears; but as yet was able to bring
'out no more than—"Oh, Mr. Will-
"more! I never could have believed
"you would talk to me in this man-
"ner."

"I talk to you as a man of reaſon,
"as well as a lover," anſwered he;
"and I would have you behave like a
"woman who has ſome ſhare of both.
"I do not deſpair, however," added
'he, with an affected laugh, "but to
"find my arguments will have more
"efficacy with you when we are in
"bed."

'While he was ſpeaking theſe words,
'he made an offer of forcing me from
'the place where I was ſtanding; and
'this action it was which firſt rouſed
'me from that ſtupid lethargy, which
'amazement at his proceeding had
'thrown me into. "Baſe man!" cried
'I, "unworthy of my leaſt regard! be
"aſſured I will rather plunge myſelf
"headlong from this window, than be
"expoſed one moment longer to ſuch
"audacious inſults; therefore be gone;
"leave me this inſtant, or I will raiſe
"the whole family with my ſhrieks."

"Mighty well, Madam!" ſaid he,
'with an air of deriſion; "it is mighty
"well! I ſee the reſpect you have for
"me! and now will let you into the
"ſecret of my acting in the manner I
"have done. You muſt know, that
"being perfectly acquainted with the
"ſham tenderneſs with which your ſex
"frequently impoſe upon us men, I
"made a reſolution never to give up
"my liberty to any woman, who would

"not

" not convince me of her love, by per-
" mitting me to enjoy her before mar-
" riage."

" Monſter! villain!" cried I; and ' was going on, but he prevented me. " No hard names, I beſeech you, Ma-
" dam," ſaid he; " we men have as
" much vanity as you women can have,
" and have as good a right too as your-
" ſelves to it; we are as well pleaſed
" as you with being loved, and as ma-
" licious as you when we find we are
" not ſo: you take a pride in triumph-
" ing over us, when you fancy you
" have us in your power; and when-
" ever we have you in ours, we ſhould
" be aſſes not to make uſe of it; you
" happen to be in mine, and though
" you do not love me, nor I care two-
" pence for you, I ſhall not take all
" this pains for nothing, nor come here
" to lie alone to-night."

' In concluding this fine ſpeech, he ' flew upon me like a lion; and ſure it ' was Providence alone, which, in that ' dreadful moment, inſpired me with ' an unuſual ſtrength and courage: I ' broke from the hold he had taken on ' me, and ran ſcreaming into the next ' room; but that would have availed ' me little, if, in purſuing me, his feet ' had not entangled in the carpet, and ' he fell at full length upon the floor. ' This gave me an opportunity to pull ' down the bars of one of the windows, ' open the ſhutters, and throw up the ' ſaſh. The villain's ſword, which he ' had pulled off on our perſuading him ' to ſtay all night, lay juſt at my hand; ' I drew it, reſolving to run it into his ' heart, if by no other means I could ' eſcape the violence he threatened. He ' ſoon recovered himſelf from the acci-
' dent, and was with me: I ſtood on ' my defence with his own weapon ' pointed againſt his breaſt, calling out ' at the ſame time, " A rape! thieves!
" murder! fire!" and every thing that I ' thought might alarm the neighbour-
' hood. He would fain have come near ' enough to me to have wreſted the ' ſword out of my hand, but I kept it ' ſtill waving; and I could perceive he ' was pretty fearful of encountering the ' point. The noiſe I made, however, ' brought the woman of the houſe up ' ſtairs: ſhe came running into the ' room with a candle in her hand, and ' affected to be greatly ſurprized to ſee ' Willmore there, and myſelf in the ' poſture I was.

' Had I been in any other ſituation ' than ſuch as I then was, I muſt have ' laughed exceſſively at the ſight of this ' old beldam, juſt riſen from her bed. ' Her head was ſo caſed with napkins, ' that it almoſt rivalled the ſize of her ' enormous belly, which, ſtripped of ' the pent-houſe of her hoop-petticoat, ' ſhewed itſelf in it's full magnitude: ' the flannel bandages about her gouty ' legs, expoſed by the ſhortneſs of a ' little red petticoat, which ſcarcely ' reached below her knees, and her ' bowed-out back, covered only with a ' thin toilet, which I ſuppoſe ſhe had ' ſnatched up in the hurry of hearing ' me call out, rendered her certainly ' the moſt groteſque figure that ever ' eyes beheld.

' Though it was doubtleſs this ' wretch's fears of being expoſed, and ' not any compaſſion for me, that ' brought her to my relief, yet it muſt ' be owned her coming was very ſea-
' ſonable at this juncture, as my ſpirits ' as well as ſtrength muſt inevitably ' have failed in a ſhort time, and left me ' entirely deſtitute of all defence. " By
" what vile arts ſoever I have been de-
" coyed into your houſe," ſaid I, as ' ſoon as I ſaw her enter, " I expect to
" be protected in it; and if I am not ſo,
" nothing but your murdering me ſhall
" prevent my applying to a magiſtrate
" for juſtice."

' In ſpite of the confuſion I was in ' myſelf, I could perceive ſhe was moſt ' terribly alarmed at my words, and ' the poſture in which ſhe found me.
" You ſhall not be murdered, you ſhall
" not be hurt," cried ſhe in a hoarſe ' trembling voice; " no harm ſhall
" come to you in my houſe. But,
" pray, what has happened to put you
" into this diſorder?"—" Aſk that
" villain there, who calls himſelf your
" nephew," returned I, " and thank
" him for the ill opinion I have of eve-
" ry thing that is here."

' On this ſhe took Willmore by the ' arm, and drew him to a corner of the ' room, where they talked together for ' the ſpace of ſeveral minutes, but in ' ſuch low and grumbling accents, that ' I could hear nothing of what was ' ſaid, till he raiſing his voice a little, ' cried—" It is not that I care a ſtraw

" for

" for the girl, but I hate to be baulk-
" ed." She then ſpoke ſomething to
' him very ſoftly, on which he flung
' from her, and went out of the room,
' caſting a moſt malicious look at me
' as he paſſed by.

' As ſoon as he was gone—" Dear
" Madam," ſaid ſhe, approaching me,
" I am afflicted to the laſt degree that
" any thing ſhould happen to diſconcert
" you in my houſe: ſure the captain
" was drunk; but all is over now; he
" is gone up to his own chamber; and
" I am ſure, after what I have ſaid to
" him, he will not come down again
" to-night; therefore I beſeech you,
" give me leave to help you into bed;
" you will certainly get cold in the
" night air."

' I would have thanked her, for, in-
' deed, I thought it beſt to behave ci-
' villy till I had got out of that curſ-
' ed houſe, but I had not the power of
' ſpeaking: the late terror I had been
' in being now a little ſubſided, a flood
' of other mingled paſſions overwhelm-
' ed my heart; I threw myſelf into a
' chair, and was ready to faint. Seeing
' my condition, ſhe ran and fetched a
' bottle of cordial-water, which I took
' a little of, and found myſelf refreſh-
' ed. All ſhe could ſay, however,
' would not perſuade me to go into bed:
' I told her, that the greateſt obliga-
' tion ſhe could confer upon me, was
' to leave me to myſelf for the remain-
' der of the night; on which ſhe retir-
' ed, after giving me, on my deſiring it,
' the keys of the dining-room and bed-
' chamber doors.

' When I had ſecured myſelf as
' much as locks could make me, I be-
' gan to give a looſe to emotions, which,
' had they not found a vent in tears,
' muſt certainly have burſt my heart,
' and left me dead upon the ſpot: but
' I will not prolong my already too te-
' dious narrative with any deſcription
' of what I ſuffered; I ſhall only ſay,
' that I continued in a condition little
' inferior to madneſs till break of day,
' without once reflecting that I was al-
' moſt naked, or of the dangers to
' which my health was expoſed. At
' laſt, however, I recovered my ſenſes
' enough to get on my cloaths, and to
' think of going from a place which
' had been the ſcene of ſo much horror
' to me. Hearing the maids were up,
' I ventured to unfaſten my door, and
' went down into the parlour, where I
' deſired a wench that was ſweeping the
' entry to call a coach for me, which
' ſhe promiſed, but I found, inſtead of
' doing ſo, ſhe went up directly to her
' miſtreſs, and told her my requeſt, for
' the old beldam immediately came
' down, and aſked me, in her fawning
' tone, if I would not pleaſe to ſtay
' breakfaſt; which I refuſing—"I hope,
" Madam," ſaid ſhe, "you will take
" nothing amiſs from me; I am ſorry
" to the very ſoul that you ſhould meet
" with any thing in my houſe to diſo-
" blige you: I do aſſure you I have
" rattled the captain ſoundly about it;
" he confeſſes he was in liquor, and
" will beg your pardon."

" I want no ſubmiſſions from him,"
' anſwered I, " nor will I ever ſee him
" more; but you may tell him, that I
" expect he will ſend me a bond for
" the money he borrowed of me."—
" I am quite a ſtranger," cried ſhe, " to
" all affairs between you; but I will
" go up directly, and let him know
" what you ſay." With theſe words
' ſhe left me, I ſuppoſe with the intent
' ſhe mentioned.

' The moment ſhe was gone, a hack-
' ney-coach came to the door; two
' young women, gaily dreſſed, bolted
' out of it; I preſently knew them by
' the pictures I had ſeen above, for thoſe
' ſhe called her daughters; though in-
' deed their faces had nothing of that
' innocence which the painter had be-
' ſtowed upon them; they ſtared at me
' as they paſſed by the parlour-door,
' but ſaid nothing, and ran ſinging up
' ſtairs: in fine, they had the marks of
' their profeſſion about them; and the
' very ſight of them would have con-
' vinced me, if I had doubted of it
' before, into what ſort of a houſe the
' villain Willmore had ſeduced me.

' The coach that brought them not
' being yet gone from the door, I
' thought beſt to take this opportunity
' of going away, without waiting to
' hear what anſwer Willmore would
' give to my meſſage by his pretended
' aunt: I was juſt ſtepping in, when
' ſhe came down, and told me that the
' captain was aſleep at preſent, but that
' as ſoon as he awoke, ſhe would not
' fail to deliver to him what I had ſaid.
' I replied, that it was no matter, I

' ſhould

'should find other means to send to 'him, and then bid the coachman drive 'to Piccadilly.

'The fatigue I had sustained the 'night before, and the hurry of spirits 'I was still in, rendered me very unfit 'to be seen by any of my acquaint-'ance; I therefore resolved to go di-'rectly home; and as I knew not but 'the stage might be already set out, or 'if not so, was equally uncertain of 'getting a place in it, I hired a cha-'riot at Bullamore's: I found myself 'very much indisposed during all this 'little journey, and on my arrival grew 'so extremely ill, that I was obliged 'to be let blood; but this was far from 'giving me any relief; I fell the next 'morning into a fever, in which I con-'tinued eleven days without hope of 'recovery.

'If the extremest bitterness of heart, 'if shame and remorse for ever having 'loved a man so unworthy of it, if rage 'and disdain at the insults I had re-'ceived, were capable of killing, I 'could not have survived; yet so it was, 'my distemper left me at the expiration 'of the time I mentioned, and I re-'gained my health, though, indeed, 'by very slow degrees, for it was near 'a month before I was able to quit my 'chamber.

'In all this time I received no bond, 'nor even letter from Willmore; there-'fore, as soon as I was fit to see com-'pany, I sent for a lawyer, who was 'a friend of my brother's, and when 'he was at home had often visited at 'our house. I told him my unhappy 'story, as far as relates to the money 'I had lent, and desired he would 'commence a prosecution against Will-'more on that account: but when he 'found that I had neither bond, pro-'missory note, nor other obligation 'under his own hand-writing, nor even 'any one witness of the loan, he assur-'ed me at once, that if the gentleman 'had not honour enough to pay the 'debt, I must infallibly lose it, for 'law could give me no relief. Per-'ceiving I was extremely shocked at 'what he said, he told me, that if I 'would make a demand of the money 'in writing, he would carry it to him, 'and hear what answer he would make 'to it. Though it was death to me 'to set pen to paper to such a villain, 'my unwillingness that he should run 'away with almost half my fortune, 'made me comply with this proposal, 'and I wrote to him, as near as I can 'remember, in these terms.

"TO CAPTAIN GEORGE WILL-"MORE.

"SIR,

"I Have employed this gentleman to "take such security as he shall "think sufficient from you, for a "thousand pounds lent you by me on "the fourth day of last month; or, on "your refusing to give it, to pursue "such methods as the law provides to "compel you to do justice to the ill-"treated

"SOPHIA ***."

'The lawyer approved of what I 'wrote, said he would argue with 'Willmore upon it, and as soon as he 'had done so, wait on me again with 'the result of their conversation.

'As he had told me, and I myself 'had always believed, that the reco-'very of my money depended wholly 'on the honour of the person to whom 'I had lent it, you may suppose I could 'not flatter myself with the least hopes 'of success; so was not disappointed, 'when, at the end of ten days, my 'lawyer returned and gave an account, 'that the monster Willmore had ut-'terly denied the whole affair, and 'treated both me and my demand with 'the greatest contempt.

"I am very much surprized, Ma-"dam," said this gentleman to me, "that you should venture so large a "sum of money in the hands of any "one without an acknowledgment of "the receipt in some shape or other, "much more in those of a person such "as Captain Willmore; for to deal "plainly with you, I have enquired "into his character, and find he is one "of those sparks who are distinguished "by the name of Bucks, a species of "the creation who are scarce worthy "of the name of men, yet would fain "be thought heroes; fellows that run "about the streets with great clubs in "their hands, and swords by their sides "as long as themselves, frighting wo-"men and children, and affecting to "be ridiculously terrible."

'I was a little picqued at this de-'scription of a man who had once ap-

'peared

'peared but too agreeable to me: I 'said nothing, however; but since it 'was so, I must be content to lose my 'money. I was willing, notwith-'standing, to make some farther en-'quiry what could be done; and ac-'cordingly, as soon as he was gone, 'came to London, where I had the ad-'vice of three several counsel; but 'they all agreeing in what the first had 'told me, I was convinced that all at-'tempts to do myself justice would be 'in vain, and only serve to expose me 'to the ridicule of the world.

'England now grew hateful to me, 'and I took a resolution to leave it, 'and throw myself into a new scene of 'life. A young lady of my acquaint-'ance being lately gone to a convent 'at Brussels, I wrote to her, desiring 'she would make an agreement for me 'with the superior, which she having 'done very much to my satisfaction, I 'discharged the servants in the country, 'gave up the house to my brother's 'friend, and have now nothing to do 'but to depart.

'In the midst of all these embar-'rassments,' continued she, 'I did not 'forget my dear Miss Jessamy: I was 'twice to wait on you, but was in-'formed you was at Bath; and not ex-'pecting your return till the end of the 'season, I despaired of the satisfaction 'I have now enjoyed, both in seeing 'you, and in disburdening myself of 'that load of afflictions with which I 'have been oppressed since last I had the 'pleasure of your company.'

CHAP. XVII.

IN WHICH THE READER IS NOT TO EXPECT ANY EXTRAORDINARY MATTERS.

SOPHIA could not put a period to her recital without letting fall some tears. Jenny, who was all good-nature, though she did not approve of her conduct in some parts of it, said many obliging things for her consolation; and after expressing her detestation of the almost unexampled baseness and ingratitude of Willmore, told her, among other things, that though she was extremely sorry to be deprived of her conversation, she could not but highly applaud the resolution she had taken of retiring into a monastery, as change of place, and a way of living so entirely new to her, might, by degrees, wear out the remembrance of whatever had been disagreeble to her in the past.

'Besides,' said the amiable lady with a smile, 'you will, perhaps, hear of 'many adventures parallel to your own 'among the holy sisterhood; for I have 'been told, and am apt to think with 'some truth, that the convents are 'greatly indebted, for being crouded 'as they are, to the inconstancy and 'ingratitude of the other sex.'

The other agreeing with her in this point, they were beginning to enter into a discourse concerning the swift transition which sometimes happens from the flesh to the spirit, from an enthusiasm in love to an enthusiasm in devotion; when Sophia on a sudden recollecting herself, cried out—'But, my dear Miss Jessamy, 'I have been so engrossed by my own 'affairs, that I forgot till now to en-'quire into yours: I flatter myself, 'however, that you have no reason to 'complain of woes you so well know 'how to pity in another.'—'Indeed,' replied Jenny, 'I have had my share of 'anxieties too, though of a nature far 'different from yours;' and then repeated to her the whole story of that confusion, which both herself and Jemmy had been involved in, through the report raised by Bellpine, as also the consequences which had attended the discovery of his baseness.

They continued talking together upon this subject till Sophia thought it a proper time to retire; but Jenny would not suffer her to go till she had given her a promise to see her again before she left the kingdom.

Her unhappy adventure had made a very great impression on the mind of our young heroine. She sincerely loved her, and pitied her misfortune; but could not help thinking it both strange and blameable in her to entertain so violent a passion for a man whose character she knew so little of: 'People 'make their own unhappiness, and 'then lament it,' cried she, somewhat peevishly; 'sure I never could have 'been so indiscreet.' But this thought no sooner came into her head than it was checked by another. 'Yet how vain 'am I to flatter myself with such an 'imagination,

'imagination, or preſume ſo far on my 'own ſtrength of reaſon; as the poet 'truly ſays—

"When things go ill, each fool preſumes to
"adviſe,
"And, if more happy, thinks himſelf more
"wiſe."

'How can I be certain,' purſued ſhe, 'that in the ſame circumſtances I 'ſhould not have acted in the ſame 'manner that poor Sophia has done? I 'have been defended from the misfor-'tune that has befallen her; firſt, by 'my father's care in training me up to 'love where intereſt and convenience 'would accompany my paſſion, and 'afterwards by the well-proved fide-'lity of the man ordained for me: had 'I been left to my own choice, who 'knows what might have happened? 'I remember to have read a paſſage 'ſomewhere, which may remind the 'fortunate part of the world, that they 'ought not to think they are ſo through 'their own merits, but the prevalence 'of their better ſtars.

"When proſperous gales life's veſſel ſmooth-
"ly glides,
"And on the ſmiling waves triumphant
"rides;
"But when rough ſtorms from adverſe quar-
"ters roar,
"How difficult to gain the wiſh'd-for ſhore!"

Thus did the knowledge of her friend's miſtake, inſtead of making her ſet any value upon herſelf for not having been guilty of the like error, ſerve only to fill her with the warmeſt gratitude to Heaven, that had not expoſed her to the like danger. Happy would it be, both for themſelves and others, if all thoſe ladies who know themſelves free from the weakneſs incident to ſome others of their ſex, were of Jenny's way of thinking: but I ſhall ſay no more upon this head; the reader muſt have ſufficiently obſerved, through all her actions, the ſweetneſs and candour of her diſpoſition; therefore, according to the words of the inſpired writer—

'Let her own works praiſe her in the gates.'

She was every day expecting her unfortunate friend to make her a ſecond viſit to take leave, when ſhe received one from another perſon, on the ſame ceremony, which, though ſhe thought ſhe had no manner of concern in at that time, proved afterwards matter of much ſatisfaction to her.

Sir Robert Manley had a ſudden call to Paris, on account of the death of an uncle, who, diſliking the times, had retired ſome time ago, carrying with him all his effects, which were very conſiderable. It was this gentleman, though his buſineſs required haſte, that could not think of leaving the kingdom without firſt waiting on Jenny, to know if ſhe had any commands in his power to execute at the place he was going to. She thanked him in the moſt obliging terms, but told him ſhe had no affairs in Paris, nor did not know of any acquaintance ſhe had at preſent in all France, except Mr. Jeſſamy, who was no farther than Calais. 'I ſhall 'paſs through Calais, Madam,' anſwered he; 'perhaps ſtay a night or 'two there. I ſhall, doubtleſs, ſee 'Mr. Jeſſamy; at leaſt it will be in 'my power ſo to do, if you permit me 'to acquaint him that I have the ho-'nour to be known to you, and to 'carry to him the joyful news of your 'being in good health.'

Though ſhe had the higheſt eſteem for this gentleman, on account of his many amiable qualities, as well as for his birth, fortune, and accompliſhments, yet always keeping in mind the declaration he had once made of a paſſion for her, ſhe maintained a greater reſerve towards him than to any other of her acquaintance; and now only replied coldly, that if chance ſhould bring them together, Mr. Jeſſamy would certainly think himſelf honoured in the company of a gentleman of his character.

As he was to take poſt for Dover the next morning, and had many friends to ſee before his departure, the viſit he made her was very ſhort; but he had not been gone an hour before Jenny found ſhe had need of his ſervice at Calais, and began a little to repent ſhe had received the offer he had made her with ſo much indifference; a letter was brought her from Jemmy, containing theſe lines.

' TO MISS JESSAMY.

' DEAREST AND ONLY DEAR,

' NOTHING but your commands ' could have kept me here, after ' what Mr. Morgan has wrote to me; ' inſtead of this you would now have ' ſeen me at your feet. Oh, Jenny! ' tender, generous ſoul! but I will not ' wound your delicacy either with ' thanks or praiſes; indeed, all the tri- ' bute I could pay of both would be ' too mean for the occaſion.

' You deſire to know in what man- ' ner I paſs my time while baniſhed ' from you, and I will give you an ' exact account: your ideas of my ſea- ' coaſt promenades are juſt; but for the ' reſt I am not quite ſo unhappy as your ' fancy repreſents. They ſay Calais ' is the ſink of France; but if it is, ' what muſt be the garden? The ſtreets, ' indeed, are, for the moſt part, nar- ' row and ill paved; but there is a ' ſquare, called La Place, ſpacious, ' airy, and very commodious for walk- ' ing; and the ramparts afford as de- ' lectable a proſpect as imagination ' can well figure out: then the air is ſo ' ſerene and pure, the water good, the ' wine excellent, and the inhabitants, ' even to the loweſt degree of the peo- ' ple, extremely polite; an inſtance of ' which I experienced a few nights ' paſt, and muſt acquaint you with it.

' Having ſeen all that is worthy of ' obſervation in the town, curioſity led ' me to paſs the gates, which I had no ' ſooner done than I found myſelf at ' the entrance of three great roads; ' that before me, as I have ſince been ' informed, is the highway to Pa- ' ris; that on the right-hand, to St. ' Omer's; and on the left to Boulogne: ' the good order in which they are kept, ' and two triangles of beautiful fields, ' which ſeparate the one from the other, ' took my eye extremely. The even- ' ing was very pleaſant, every thing ' about me indulged contemplation, ' and I wandered on to a conſiderable ' diſtance, when a ſoldier came run- ' ning almoſt breathleſs after me; and ' being obliged to ſtop and turn about ' by his repeated calling to me, he ac- ' coſted me with a very low bow, and ' told me, that perceiving I was a ' ſtranger, he thought it his duty to ac- ' quaint me, that the gates were al- ' ways ſhut at eight o'clock, and the ' keys carried to the governor; that ' it was very near that hour, and, if I ' did not immediately return, I ſhould ' find it very difficult, if not impoſſible, ' to re enter the town. On this I ' mended my pace, according to his ' advice; but, though I went as faſt as ' I could, came but juſt time enough ' to get over the firſt draw-bridge, ' which they were preparing to take ' up. I now ſaw the danger I had eſ- ' caped, thanked the honeſt ſoldier for ' his intelligence, and offered him a ' piece of money; on which he drew ' back, and ſurprized me with this an- ' ſwer—"No, Sir!" anſwered he; "the " honour of ſerving you is a ſufficient " recompence; we ſoldiers never take " money but from the king our ma- " ſter." Judge, my dear Jenny, of the ' courteſy of the French nation in ge- ' neral, by the ſample I have given you ' of it in this ſoldier.

' I will not, however, ſo far deceive ' either myſelf or you, as not both to ' think and ſay, that, if I were to con- ' tinue here for any length of time, I ' ſhould be very much at a loſs for ' company, the town conſiſting chiefly ' of trading people, who are entirely ' taken up with their ſeveral avocations; ' ſo that, excepting the officers of the ' army, and ſome few friars, there is ' little converſation ſuitable to the taſte ' of an Engliſhman.

' I was yeſterday at St. Omer's, to ' take a view of that famous ſeminary ' of Jeſuits, which has given to the ' world ſo many prime-miniſters, bi- ' ſhops, cardinals, and popes; but, as ' I ſtaid but a few hours there, I ſaw ' ſcarce any thing of the place, except ' the college, which is, indeed, a very ' fine one; and I only tell you this to ' ſhew you that I neglect no opportu- ' nity of amuſing myſelf.

' I alſo intend to make a viſit to ' Boulogne to-morrow, as I am told ' there are ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen ' there at preſent, for ſome of whom I ' have a particular regard. I may, per- ' haps, ſtay two or three days; but, if ' I ſhould tranſgreſs the time of the ' mail coming in, ſhall leave orders ' for letters with my direction to be ' ſent after me. I would not be de- ' prived one moment of the pleaſure of ' hearing from you for all the enjoy- ' ments the world can give; for know, ' my dear Jenny, it is not the park, the

' plays,

'plays, the operas, the assemblies, nor 'the company at White's, but it is 'your dear society I languish for, and 'which, I trust to Heaven, I shall soon 'be blessed with; till when, call every 'soft idea of love and tenderness to 'your imagination, and let them tell 'you how much I am, beyond what 'words can speak, my dear, dear Jen-'ny, your most passionate admirer, and 'eternally devoted lover and ser-'vant,

'J. JESSAMY.'

'P. S. I remember you have a little 'picture, which was drawn for 'you some years ago, and came 'as near the life as any thing of 'art can do: it would be a very 'great pleasure to me if you could 'contrive a way to send it to me, 'without much trouble to your-'self; for though, as you may 'be certain, your image is inde-'libly fixed upon my heart, I 'should be glad, methinks, to 'feast my eyes, as well as mind, 'with your dear resemblance.'

Jenny was now heartily sorry this letter had not arrived before Sir Robert Manley took his leave, as she might have engaged him to be the bearer of the picture of Jemmy requested of her. She resolved, however, rather than not comply with the desire of a person so dear to her, to take the liberty of send-ing to that gentleman, and entreating the favour of speaking with him, if possible, before he set out on his jour-ney.

Sir Robert was not at home when the servant went, nor received the message that had been left for him till it was too late to wait on her that night; but would not go out of town without obeying her summons, and came pretty early the next morning.

Jenny could not repeat, without blushing, the motive which had induced her to send for him; but, after having said all, and, indeed, much more than was necessary, to apologize for what she had done—'Madam,' answered he, 'I know not how to thank, as it de-'serves, the confidence you repose in 'me; but you must own that, in do-'ing me this favour, you put my ho-'nour to the severest trial. How are you 'sure that a trust, such as your picture, 'may not tempt me to be base?'

'I will venture that,' said she, gaily; 'and should be glad to be quite as sure 'you will pardon the trouble I give 'you on this occasion.' On this Sir Robert said many gallant things; but concluded with a promise of delivering his charge safe into the hands of the happy person for whom it was intend-ed; and took his leave, as time pressed him to depart, and his chaise and ser-vants had all this while waited for him at the door.

CHAP. XVIII.

CONTAINS NONE OF THOSE BEAU-TIFUL DIGRESSIONS, THOSE RE-MARKS OR REFLECTIONS, WHICH A CERTAIN WOULD-BE-CRITICK PRETENDS ARE SO MUCH DIS-TINGUISHED IN THE WRITINGS OF HIS TWO FAVOURITE AU-THORS; YET, IT IS TO BE HOPED, WILL AFFORD SUFFICIENT TO PLEASE ALL THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO BE PLEASED.

THE smallest trifle, if requested by a friend, is a business of import-ance to the truly tender and sincere. Jenny was as much pleased with hav-ing found an opportunity of sending her picture to Jemmy, as some ladies would be with being presented them-selves with one set round with dia-monds. She contented not herself, however, with having obliged him in this particular; she knew he would also expect an immediate answer to his let-ter; and accordingly, that same even-ing, wrote to him in the following terms.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Rejoice to hear that Calais is less 'irksome to you than, by the de-'scription which has been given me of 'sea-port towns, I feared it was. You 'could not oblige me more than in 'telling me that you endeavour to make 'it as agreeable as possible, and that 'you support this banishment with 'some tolerable degree of patience.

'Would to Heaven it were any way 'consistent with the affection I have

'for you to invite you home! But all 'the accounts our friends as yet have 'been able to get in relation to Bell-'pine's condition, are so very dubious 'and imperfect, that, till we are more 'assured, I dare not even indulge a 'wish of seeing you here. Perplexing 'circumstances that compels me to be 'thus anxious for the welfare of a 'villain, who has attempted to destroy 'my peace, and that of him whose hap-'piness I prize above my own.

'As you desire to have my picture, 'I have entreated the favour of Sir 'Robert Manley to deliver it to you as 'he passes through Calais in his way 'to Paris: he has the character of a 'person of great sense and honour; 'and, I believe, deserves it. He talks 'of staying a day or two in the place 'where you are; and, if so, I am apt 'to think his conversation, while thus 'destitute of company, will be at least 'equally agreeable as the little token 'that introduces him to your acquaint-'ance.

'I have seen so few people since you 'went away, that I have nothing to 'relate worthy your attention, except 'what you know already, that I am, 'with the most tender affection, dear 'Jemmy, yours entirely, and for ever,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. I will not ask your picture 'in return, because I know not 'whether the place you are in af-'fords any artists of that kind; 'and, besides, flatter myself that 'Fate will order it so, that you 'will not be obliged to continue 'there long enough to have it 'drawn.'

Had Jenny deferred this letter till the next day, it is certain she would have wrote in a different manner. Pretty early in the morning Mr. Morgan came, and brought her the joyful news that Bellpine had been seen walking about his chamber, and looking through the window.

Mr. Lovegrove also made her a visit the same day, and confirmed what the old gentleman had said; as did several others of her friends, who had been industrious in sifting out the truth of an affair which they knew was of so much consequence to her peace.

Two or three days put the veracity of this intelligence beyond all dispute. The surgeon, who had all this time attended Bellpine, no longer denied but that his patient was out of danger from his wound; and the people of the house confessed to those who enquired into the matter that he had quitted his bed, and it was expected would soon go abroad for the air.

Jenny, who was fully informed of every thing that passed on this occasion, was beginning to entertain the most pleasing ideas of seeing her dear Jemmy within a very short space of time, and waited for a letter from him with less patience than ever she had done before, as the answer she should send him to it would be accompanied with an assurance, that all the apprehensions his friends had for him were removed, and he might now return with safety.

She figured to herself the extasy with which her lover would receive this information; the haste he would make to obey the welcome summons; and the mutual joy of their happy meeting. Thus was she amused, as Shakespeare elegantly expresses it—

'Lull'd in the day-dreams of a mind in love.'

But when the wished-for letter arrived, she found the delightful prospect she had formed was, for the present, quite obscured, as the reader will see in these lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MY SOUL'S TREASURE,

'YOU have not only given me the 'resemblance of your angelick 'self, but, at the same time, given me 'a friend, for whom, next to that, I 'ought to bless and thank you. You 'will, doubtless, wonder how I am 'become so well acquainted with the 'virtues of Sir Robert Manley in the 'short time we have been together. I 'will tell you, then: he has made me 'the confidante of the passion he had 'for you; your behaviour on his de-'claring it; and the noble conquest he 'gained over himself, when you so 'generously avowed your fidelity to 'me, and dependance on mine to you.

'But, oh, my Jenny! how could I 'curse that dog Bellpine! How could

'I repeat,

'I repeat, a thousand and a thousand 'times, the blow I have given him, 'when I look back upon that scene of 'wretchedness into which I might 'have been inevitably plunged by his 'base arts! Your ears continually 'filled with reports of my perfidious-'ness and ingratitude; a rival of such 'dangerous merit, encouraged by them 'to make his addresses to you: what 'must have become of me, if the most 'unparalleled constancy on your side, 'and the strictest adherence to justice 'and honour on his, had not secured 'my hopes? But, thanks to both, the 'storm is overblown; the danger is 'past; and I should give up all my-'self to joy, and forgive the wretch 'whose vile attempts to ruin me have 'the more confirmed my happiness.

'And now, my dearest, I am to in-'form you, that to-morrow I remove 'myself farther from you. My new 'friend tells me that I might have seen 'Paris, all the royal palaces, and every 'thing deserving observation, in the 'time I have been here; and is sur-'prized that I did not take this oppor-'tunity of going to a place which af-'fords so much to excite the curiosity 'of a stranger: in short, he has seduced 'me to accompany him. I would not 'have you think, however, that I 'yielded to his persuasions but in the 'assurance he gave me, that he had 'often heard you lament the solitude 'of my condition, and wish me in a 'more agreeable situation.

'Though I dare take his word, yet 'I should be glad of receiving a farther 'confirmation from yourself: a line 'from your dear hand will be a joyful 'welcome to me on my arrival at that 'great city to which I am going. I 'know you too well to doubt of your 'kind compliance with this request, 'as it is the only thing which can en-'able me to relish any amusements that 'may present themselves to me.

'Our worthy friend, who is willing 'to contribute all he can to my satis-'faction, writes this night to Mr. 'Waters, a banker in Paris, to desire, 'if any letters directed to me are left 'at his house, they shall be taken care 'of. Farewel! Believe that, where-'ever I am, my heart is always with 'you; and that I never can be other 'than, with inviolable love and truth,

'my dear Jenny, your most passionate-'ly, and most tenderly, devoted lover 'and servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. Sir Robert lays a strict in-'junction upon me to engage your 'pardon for the tales he has told 'me, and to make his compli-'ments and best wishes acceptable 'to you.'

How would some ladies have swelled at this disappointment! I believe I know those who would have thrown the letter from them with the utmost disdain; perhaps tore it, and cried out—'How dare the fellow use me thus? 'He ought to have asked me leave be-'fore he went away! He does not de-'serve that I should ever see him more!' and a thousand such-like reproaches: but the reader has seen too much of Jenny to expect this sort of behaviour in her. At first, indeed, it gave a little check to her late flow of spirits, to find her lover was every way going farther from her, at a time when she had hoped he would be approaching towards her: but she soon recovered herself; and, on well weighing the motives that induced him to leave Calais, found she had more reason to approve than to condemn him for it.

Though, in his letters to her, he had dissembled his chagrin, for fear she should be too much affected with it, yet she was sensible that, for a man of his gay temper, to be so long pent up in such a place as Calais, could not but be very irksome to him; and, as he yet was ignorant of the hopes his friends had of his returning soon to England, neither wondered at, nor was angry, that he so readily embraced Sir Robert Manley's proposal of passing the time of his absence in a manner so much more capable of improving his mind, as well as of gratifying his senses.

This was the way in which she argued with herself in defence of her lover's proceedings; and, upon the whole, was not sorry to be deprived of his company for a while longer, as he was gone to view the magnificence of a place so famous throughout Europe, and so much the mode for all young persons of condition to be acquainted with.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

WHICH, THE AUTHOR THINKS IT HIGHLY PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLICK, IS MUCH OF A PIECE WITH THE FOREGOING; SO THAT EVERY ONE MAY BE AT LIBERTY EITHER TO READ OR NOT, ACCORDING TO THE SATISFACTION THE OTHER AFFORDED.

JENNY had lived almoſt as retired as a woman in the firſt month of her widowhood, ever ſince Jemmy had been obliged to fly the kingdom on the wound he had given Bellpine; but now, finding he was out of danger, either of life or liberty, on that ſcore, by the recovery of his antagoniſt, and alſo that he was gone to regale himſelf in a place ſo abounding with all ſorts of pleaſures, ſhe began to reſume her former chearfulneſs and vivacity, appeared in all publick places as ſhe had been accuſtomed, and returned all the viſits that were made to her.

Her intimacy with Lady Speck and Miſs Wingman was very much encreaſed ſince ſhe had been at Bath with them, by the participation they had in her ſecrets, and ſhe in theirs: as thoſe ladies were continually entertained by their lovers with all manner of diverſions, ſhe was never left out in any of them, except by her own choice.

Though no one was fonder of all innocent pleaſures, and was leſs reſerved and unconſtrained in converſation, yet ſhe did not ſuffer the gaieties of life to interfere with her more ſerious reflections; the duties of love and friendſhip, next to thoſe of Heaven, were always her peculiar care, and ſhe never neglected the diſcharge of them on any pretence whatever. It cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe omitted the gratification of her dear Jemmy's requeſt; ſhe calculated, as well as ſhe was able, from the accounts that had been given her of the route to Paris, on what day he would be there, and ſent a letter to meet him on his arrival. The contents of what ſhe wrote to him were theſe.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Hope this will find you in good 'health and ſpirits, after the fa- 'tigue of your long journey. I am ſo 'well pleaſed with your having taken 'it, that I ſhould extremely condemn 'myſelf for not having adviſed you to 'it ſooner, if what I confeſs was owing to my want of thought had not 'proved for the beſt, by occaſioning 'you to go into ſuch good company.

'I am told that Bellpine is judged 'to be out of danger; but that is now 'a matter of no moment. Whatever 'may be wrote to you on that head, remember, that as I may never ſee Paris myſelf, I ſhall expect from you a 'very exact account of all the curioſities the place affords: therefore, if 'you would oblige me, you muſt not 'think of coming home till you are 'well aſſured that you can have left 'nothing behind you unobſerved. 'Good night; repoſe, at preſent, muſt 'be more beneficial to you than any 'thing I could ſay, which would all 'amount to no more than a repetition 'of my being, with the moſt unfeigned affection, my dear Jemmy, as much 'yours at this diſtance as when nearer,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. Pray let Sir Robert know I 'think of him with the moſt juſt 'reſpect.'

Though this letter was ſomewhat ſhorter than thoſe ſhe uſually wrote to him, yet the few lines it contained diſcovered, without her deſigning to do ſo, ſuch a well eſtabliſhed fund of tenderneſs in her ſoul, as cannot but be diſcernible to every underſtanding reader.

She was entirely eaſed of all her apprehenſions for him on the ſcore of the wound he had given Bellpine, and doubtleſs wiſhed as ardently to ſee him again as the moſt violent of her ſex could have done; but there was a certain delicacy in her paſſion, which rendered every thing that gave him pleaſure an adequate ſatisfaction to herſelf, nor could ſhe ever have been truly happy without knowing he was ſo. Beſides, ſhe conſidered, that for him to leave ſuch a place as Paris immediately, and without being able, at his return, to give any deſcription of the royal palaces, colleges, convents, and other things ſhe had heard much talk of, muſt infallibly expoſe him to the raillery of all his acquaintance: ſhe knew that they would ſay it was for her ſake he did ſo; that they would call him a romantick lover;

lover; tell him that he was so much the devotee of Cupid, that he could not support the least absence from his mistress, with such like stuff; and would have chose he should even love her less, rather than he should give any proofs of love which might call in question his good sense.

How easy, how contented, must be the man who has a mistress of this way of thinking! and how happy is it also for herself, as it is the almost certain means of securing the lasting esteem, as well as affection, of the man she loves! Jemmy, at least, was a proof of the truth of this observation; the gay and sprightly manner in which he answered his dear Jenny's epistle, shewed he was highly pleased with the injunctions she laid upon him in it. These were his words.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'DEAREST JENNY,

'I Received yours two hours after my 'arrival; I need not tell you with 'what pleasure: but because I have no 'words to thank the kindness of it as 'I ought, nor any thing more material 'to fill up my letter. I shall give you a 'brief recital of our journey, in which 'we met with something droll enough 'to make you laugh, if I do not spoil 'it in the description.

'We had not been long in the first 'inn we baited at, when the drawer 'told us there was an English gentleman in the house, who hearing we 'were his countrymen, begged leave 'to join us. This we readily granted, 'flattering ourselves that the evening 'would pass more agreeably by the addition of a third person in company. 'A young spark was presently ushered in, dressed fitter for the drawing-room than the road. After the first 'compliments were over, he cried out 'in a very theatrick tone—

"Thro' Purgatory first to pass,
"And then arrive at Heaven's high mass."

'We stared at him, but he immediately explained himself, and told us, 'in plain prose, that after the purgatory of an odious sea-sickness, and 'the villainous jolt of a post-chaise, he 'had at last attained the heaven of being admitted into the company of persons whom he knew, by their equipage, must be men of good-sense and 'taste.

'We found him very communicative; he had not been half an hour 'before he gave us the history of his 'life; but so larded with scraps of 'poetry and tags of plays, that it was 'not altogether intelligible; we picked 'out enough, however, to know that 'he had been intended for the law; but 'that, not liking the business, nor indeed any business, he had left his 'master before he had served out half 'his clerkship; and unexpectedly coming into the possession of an estate, by 'the death of a relation, he applied 'himself to the study of the belles lettres, meaning poetry, in which he 'imagined himself a great proficient. 'He told us that he had read every 'thing worth reading in English, and 'was now come to France to perfect 'himself in that language, for the better understanding of Racine, Crebillon, and some other authors, whom 'he had heard much talked of.

'I have known some men, who either having no genius of their own, 'or are too indolent not to exert it, 'have thus set up both for wits and 'criticks upon the shoulders of others; 'but I never found one so strongly 'possessed with this poetical phrenzy as 'the fellow I am talking of.

'Sir Robert, in a sarcastical humour, 'wrote his character extempore in these 'lines, which I find no fault with, but 'that they are not half severe enough.

"Sure he was born when nature was in chime!
"What'er you say, he answers still in rhime;
"Knows all the bards—from Shake-
"speare's lofty flow,
"Down to the jingle of time-serving Rowe,
"And Fielding's Rosamond in puppet-
"show;
"Has all fam'd Laureat Colley's odes by heart;
"Can point out what is dull, and what is
"smart;
"Erects himself a wit on their foundation,
"And proves his argument from sound quo-
"tation;
"Memory supplies judgment and fancy's
"want:
"You miss not these, while that's predomi-
"nant."

'In fine, my dear Jenny, there never 'was a more egregious coxcomb: but 'the poor creature was diverting, and

'complaisant

'complaisant to such an excess, that 'it was not in our power to affront 'him. We had him with us quite up 'to Paris; and, perhaps, should not 'have got rid of him here very easily, 'if it had not come into Sir Robert's 'head to recommend him to a coffee-'house, where, he told him, he would 'find a great many petits-maitres, 'much of his own turn of mind.

'This is the only adventure that 'happened to us on the road, except 'an instance of puritanical hypocrisy, 'which may serve to strengthen that 'contempt I know you already have 'for those pretended zealots. Happen-'ing to stop at a cabaret on the road 'for some refreshment, another post-'chaise came to the door at the same 'time, out of which alighted one of 'the most noted and most impudent 'courtezans that ever strolled in St. 'James's Park. She was handed out 'by a person in laced cloaths, bag-wig, 'feather in his hat, and a long sword 'by his side; but the conventicle leer 'distinguished him through this dis-'guise, and I presently knew him for 'a wealthy citizen of London, a strong 'Presbyterian, and who passes for a 'saint among his congregation. As I 'had some little acquaintance with him, 'having once bought some things of 'him, I stepped towards him, called 'him by his name, and told him I was 'surprized to see him in France. Ne-'ver was poor mortal so confused, so 'shocked: at first, I believe, he would 'have denied he was the person; but 'not having courage, he begged I 'would not expose him, by telling any 'body where, or in what company, I 'had seen him. I promised I would 'not, and left him; but still so discon-'certed, that I dare say it would be 'some time before he could recover 'himself to be good company with his 'mistress.

'I leave you to laugh; for whatever 'tender things I have to say to you 'must be deferred till another oppor-'tunity, and paper affording room for 'no more, than that I am, eternally, 'truly, and passionately, my soul's best 'joy, your most devoted friend, lover, 'and servant,

'J. JESSAMY.'

The satisfaction Jenny felt in read-ing this letter, as indeed in all others she received from the same hand, need not be told to those who have faithful and affectionate hearts; and to those of rougher natures would be but impertinent; I shall therefore say no more on this head, but pass on to matters of a very different kind.

CHAP. XX.

MAKES A SHORT PAUSE IN THE HISTORY, IN ORDER TO PRESENT THE READER WITH THE DETAIL OF A MATRIMONIAL CONTEST ON A PRETTY PARTICULAR OCCASION.

A Very celebrated French author tells us, in his treatise on the human mind, that what we commonly call humour, is no more than nature in odd circumstances. 'Humour,' says he, 'is made up of three qualities; an am-'bition of appearing peculiar; a strong 'attachment to some one trifle, and an 'obstinate perseverance in whatever it 'inclines to: all these three, he still 'goes on, are in nature; but then it is 'in nature perverted, unregulated by 'reason, and consequently in odd cir-'cumstances.'

How far he is right in this definition, I dare not take upon me to determine; but it is certain, that one daily sees a great many people whose characters and manners cannot otherwise be very easily accounted for.

When any two of these humourists meet together in company, and some subject happen to be started, in which they differ in opinion, how farcical would be the dispute with them, if not liable to be attended with worse mischiefs than mutual altercations; both of them vehemently tenacious of what he imagines is right, and equally impatient of contradiction; they foam, they fret, they rail, affect to despise each; and frequently from such begin-nings the most lasting animosities arise; though, perhaps, the thing in question is a mere bagatelle; or, if not so, of no more consequence to either of them than what is doing in the farthest parts of Ethiopia, or the deserts of Arabia.

But how much soever we may laugh at such idle quarrels between persons who are strangers, or only casually ac-quainted with each other, it must afford a very

a very melancholy reflection, when we see the same effects on those who are most near, either by blood or alliance.

Of all ties, that of marriage requires the strictest unanimity; yet how many do we find, who, merely for the gratification of some ridiculous caprice of their own, endeavour to render miserable the person whom, by all laws, both human and divine, they are bound to make it their study to oblige; and turn that state which should be all love and harmony, into one of discord and confusion!

The people with whom Jenny lived were of this unhappy class. They had little to discompose them, except the perverseness of their own humours; but this indulged was sufficient to involve them in greater inquietudes than fortune could otherwise have inflicted on them. Without the least understanding in political affairs, they took it into their heads to attach themselves to different parties, not through principle or interest, but merely because they had a mind to do so. This opposition of humour, for it could not be called sentiment, occasioned perpetual jars between them, in which they were sometimes so loud and disturbing, that Jenny had more than once threatened to quit their house; and it was, perhaps, the fear of losing so beneficial a boarder that kept them within any tolerable bounds.

It is very strange, and would be incredible, if daily experience did not evince the truth, that people of a genteel education, naturally complaisant, and of a social disposition in other things, should suffer themselves to be so much influenced by some one favourite humour, as to throw off all love, all good manners, all decency, and act like the most rude unpolished creatures in the universe. Yet thus it sometimes proves: neither the husband nor the wife I am speaking of were ignorant how to behave themselves agreeably to the world and to each other; but unfortunately happening to be of a different way of thinking in one particular point, their passions got the better of all other considerations, and both of them seemed divested of reason, and equally even of common civility, as will be seen in the instance I am going to relate.

The wife was now lying-in of a first child, which happened to prove a daughter. Jenny, who had promised to be one of the sponsors at the font, frequently stept into the room to enquire after the health of the new-made mother and her infant. As she was going on this good-natured and charitable errand, she heard the husband's voice exceeding loud, and found they were at very high words; but this did not hinder her entering, not doubting but her presence would allay the storm, as it had done many times before.

But this couple were at this time raised to a pitch too high to be easily quelled. 'A man,' cried he, 'had 'better be buried alive than be married 'to a fool, an ideot!'—'And a wo-'man,' retorted she with equal bitterness, 'had better be in her grave, than 'married to a man who, without the 'least share of reason, fancies he has 'more than any body else.'—'Fye!' said Jenny, 'is this a time for quar-'relling, when one should expect to 'see only mutual endearments? Pray, 'what has occasioned this dissention? 'Some trifle, I will lay my life.'—'No, Madam,' answered he, 'it is no 'trifle, I assure you; but the most se-'rious thing that can be. Would you 'believe it, Miss Jessamy,' continued he, pointing to his wife, 'that unna-'tural mother there, would make me 'hate the infant she has brought into 'the world?'—'Regard not what he 'says, Miss Jessamy,' cried she; 'let 'him not lay the blame of his own ve-'nomous heart on me; for he may be 'assured, that if he has his will, I 'would see the little creature, dear as 'it now is to me, sprawling, dying at 'my feet, rather than act a mother's 'part.'—'And if your peevish obsti-'nacy prevails,' rejoined he, 'it never 'shall know me for a father; shall ne-'ver share my blessing or my substance.'

'Bless me,' says Jenny, 'what hor-'rid menaces are these to the poor help-'less innocent! But still I am in the 'dark as to the meaning.' Both the husband and the wife had their mouths open at the same time to make answer to this demand; but the weak condition of the woman having taken away some part of her usual volubility, he had the advantage of speaking first. 'The dispute between us, Madam,' said he, 'is concerning the name by 'which the child shall be baptized: I 'am desirous it should be Charlotte; 'and she, in downright opposition to

'me, will needs have it called Wil-
'helmina.'—'Oh, heavens!' cried Jenny, with a sort of a scornful smile, 'is all this contention about a name?'—'A name, Madam!' resumed he eagerly; 'a name is not so trifling a thing 'as you seem to think: I am an Eng-'lishman, Madam; I love my coun-'try, and will have no foreign names 'in my family.'—'It is a small mark 'of your loving your country,' bawled she as loud as she was able, 'when 'your child is to have a horrid, po-'pish, Jacobite name: but she shall ne-'ver be made a christian on such terms; 'I had a thousand times rather see her 'an atheist, an infidel, or any thing, 'than an odious Jacobite.'

'Both of you are certainly mad,' said Jenny, 'and put constructions up-'on things, which no people in the 'world, except yourselves, would ever 'think of; as if the name of a person 'were the symbol of a party: but, even 'if it were so, how can Charlotte be 'accounted popish? or Wilhelmina 'outlandish? the one, as I take it, be-'ing the feminine of Charles, and the 'other of William, which are both 'English, and also good Protestant 'names.'—'Your derivation, Ma-'dam, is extremely right as to the one,' replied the husband; 'but not as to the 'other. Charlotta is, indeed, the fe-'minine of Charles; but, in our lan-'guage, the feminine of William would 'be Willamina, or Willamana, not 'Wilhelmina; that "hel" in the mid-'dle shews it is not of English extrac-'tion.'

Jenny laughed heartily at this definition, though she could not but allow it to be just: on which the wife said, somewhat sullenly, that she did not care to what country the name most properly belonged, if it were even the Hottentots, provided it did not savour of Jacobitism; and then beginning to inveigh afresh against her husband's principles, provoked him to be no less severe on those she professed.

While they were railing, a thought came into Jenny's head, which luckily put an end to this ridiculous controversy, and was, perhaps, the only way that could have done it. 'I have been 'considering on this matter,' said she; 'not that I pretend to decide which of 'you is in the right; for, as the thing 'appears to me, you are both equally 'in the wrong; but as I am to be god-'mother to the child, and it is the very 'first time I have ever taken that charge 'upon me, I think I might have ex-'pected the compliment of giving the 'name.'

At these words the husband and wife looked on each other with a good deal of confusion, which lasted for some minutes: after which—'Indeed, Madam,' said he, turning to Jenny, 'our unpo-'liteness well deserves this reprimand: 'but it is not yet too late, I hope, to 'make atonement; the honour you do 'us claims, at least, the retaliation you 'mention. Be pleased, therefore, to 'bestow upon the child what name you 'shall think proper; I shall readily ac-'quiesce to whatsoever you make choice 'of, even though it should be Wil-'helmina.'—'Nor will I oppose Miss 'Jessamy,' rejoined the wife, very gravely; 'but flatter myself she will 'not call my poor baby by the cursed 'name of Charlotte.' She said no more, but could not utter these few words without letting fall some tears of spite, which Jenny, as good natured as she was, did not regard with much compassion. 'Since then you consent to 'leave this important matter to my de-'cision,' answered she with a smile, 'you may depend that I shall present 'my little god-daughter at the font 'neither by the name of Charlotte nor 'Wilhelmina; but, in compliment to 'a person who is much nearer to me 'than any Charles or William in the 'world, I shall call it Jemima.'—'I 'understand your reason for that, Ma-'dam, perfectly well,' said the wife; 'I know Mr. Jessamy's name is James; 'and I assure you, that I have so high 'a respect for that gentleman on his 'own account, as well as yours, that 'I shall be proud to have my child call-'ed after him.'—'I hold up both my 'hands in token of approbation!' cried the husband; and was so well pleased with the choice Jenny had made, that he would doubtless have added something more, if he had not been prevented by the fears of rousing certain imaginations in his wife's head, which he was glad to find had not yet entered there, on account of the name Jenny had mentioned.

Thus was this mighty controversy at last happily adjusted through the interposition of Jenny, to the entire satisfaction

tisfaction of one of the parties concerned, and without giving the other the leaſt cauſe to think herſelf aggrieved. The next day having before been agreed upon for the performance of the ceremony, the infant was made a chriſtian by that name which the fair and diſcreet mediator had propoſed. Nothing happening afterwards of conſequence enough to trouble the reader with the repetition of, I ſhall now return to the thread of my hiſtory, which it is more than poſſible ſome may condemn me for having interrupted.

CHAP. XXI.

IS VERY PROPER TO BE READ IN AN EASY-CHAIR, EITHER SOON AFTER DINNER, OR AT NIGHT JUST GOING TO REST.

THOSE people who are juſtly looked upon as the moſt fortunate, cannot paſs through life without having their anxieties on ſome ſcore or other; frequent rubs in the way to our deſires, diſappointments and vexations of various kinds, attend the whole race of man: they are inherent to our very ſpecies, and none can be ſaid to be always totally exempt from them. It is a certain and eſtabliſhed maxim, that as no one was ever ſo compleatly wretched as not to have ſome intervals of joy, ſo no one was ever ſo happy as not to have ſome portion of bitter mingled with the ſweets of life. Sir Robert Howard thus accounts for the fluctuating ſtate of human affairs,

'One gains by what another is bereft:
'The frugal deſtinies have only left
'A common bank of happineſs below,
'Maintain'd, like nature, by an ebb and
'flow.'

The celebrated Mr. Dryden alſo expreſſes himſelf on the ſame ſubject in this manner.

'Good after ill; after pain, delight;
'Alternate, like the ſcenes of day and night.'

And another author of a more modern date, though no leſs worthy of eſtimation than either of the former, tells us, and his words are true.

'Eternal changes on our beings wait,
'Life's certain dow'r, the chequer-work of
'fate.'

But though misfortunes are common to every one, yet they fall lighter or heavier according to the diſpoſition of the perſon they lay hold on: dull and ſluggiſh minds are apt to ſink beneath the weight of the moſt trifling ill; whereas the more active and ſpirited not only bear up with fortitude amidſt the greateſt, but alſo feel a pleaſure in their deliverance from them, which they had never known, had they been ignorant of affliction. To find ourſelves triumphant over difficulties, to have eſcaped ſome threatened calamity, to be raiſed from a ſtate of mourning into one of joy and gladneſs, enhances our ſenſibility of happineſs, and gives us a double reliſh in the poſſeſſion, as old Broome, in one of his comedies, obſerves—

'Paſt woes the preſent bleſſings more endear.'

But I might have ſpared myſelf the trouble of quoting authors to prove this truth, which is in the experience of almoſt every one, in a more or leſs proportion: the heroine of this hiſtory, however, muſt doubtleſs be ſenſible of it in a much higher degree than many others, as ſhe was poſſeſſed of a greater ſhare of vivacity and ſprightlineſs. The apprehenſions, the terrors, which this amiable young lady had lately laboured under for the ſafety of Jemmy, being now entirely diſſipated, by hearing from all hands that Bellpine was perfectly recovered; the ſatisfaction, the tranſport, that ſucceeded thoſe anxieties, was ſuch as, without having ſuffered the other, ſhe never would have experienced. Beſides, without this accident ſhe might poſſibly never have been acquainted with the true tenderneſs of her own heart for him, nor with the ſincerity of his affection for her; and it was the full conviction of both theſe which could alone enable her to taſte the douceurs of love and friendſhip in that elevated manner ſhe now did. To this, therefore, though it ſeemed the worſt of miſchiefs when it happened, did ſhe owe the happineſs ſhe now enjoyed; and to this alſo was Jemmy indebted for that ſoft commu-

nication of hearts, which the volatileneſs of both their tempers had before denied them the bleſſing of partaking.

Her heart, however, was not ſo much taken up with love and gladneſs, as not to afford ſome room for commiſeration to the misfortunes ſhe ſaw others ſuffer. Sophia being now ready to depart, came to take her laſt farewel; and the dejection which appeared in the voice and countenance of that unhappy lady, touched her very deeply. 'Then 'you are reſolved to leave us, my dear 'Sophia!' ſaid ſhe, embracing her. 'It was my fixed determination when 'laſt I ſaw you,' anſwered the other ſighing; 'but if it had not been ſo, I 'have met with enough to convince 'me I had no other part to take.'— 'Can any new inſults have been offered to you?' demanded Jenny haſtily. 'None,' replied ſhe, 'that can 'exceed the baſeneſs of thoſe I had before received from that moſt conſummate of all villains, Willmore; and 'this laſt only ſerves to prove he is incorrigible.

'Happening to have ſome buſineſs 'the other day to croſs the Park,' continued ſhe, 'I met Willmore in the 'narrow paſſage leading from thence 'to Spring-Garden. He had two perſons with him, who, I ſuppoſe, by 'their habits, were officers in the 'army. They were all three arm in 'arm, and took up ſo much of the 'way, that it was impoſſible for me 'to paſs by them without bruſhing. 'Willmore was next to me; and I 'could not, though I confeſs it was 'indiſcreet, omit this opportunity of 'aſking him, how he had the aſſurance 'to deny the debt he owed me. "Child, "do not expoſe yourſelf: I wonder "your friends let you go looſe in this "manner," cried he; and without ſtaying to hear what farther I would ſay, 'went on. Juſt as they had paſſed by 'me, I heard one of thoſe that were 'with him ſay—"Who is ſhe?"— "A poor diſtracted creature, that follows me about," replied the monſter; on which they all ſet up a horſe-'laugh.

'I was frighted almoſt to death leſt 'they ſhould turn back, and alſo of 'being ill-uſed by the populace, as I 'perceived ſeveral people, hearing what 'they had ſaid, ſtood ſtill to ſtare at 'me. I plucked my hood over my 'face, and ran as faſt as I was able, 'to take ſhelter in a ſhop at the corner 'of the place, where I had certainly 'fainted away, if the maſter of it, ſeeing the condition I was in, had not 'brought me a glaſs of water. Judge 'now, my dear Miſs Jeſſamy,' added ſhe, 'if to remain in a place where I 'muſt expect to be made the publick 'ridicule, would not be a folly in me, 'even greater than that which has ſubjected me to it?'

'I have already teſtified,' replied Jenny, 'how much I approved your 'reſolution of retiring, at leaſt for a 'time: but I would wiſh to ſee you do 'ſo without pain; I would not have 'you ſtay, but would have you carry 'no ſad ideas with you; and when you 'quit the ſcene of your misfortunes, 'quit the remembrance of them alſo.'

Tears were the only anſwer which the diſconſolate Sophia was able to make for ſome time to this kind advice; but, recovering herſelf as ſoon as poſſible— 'Ah, my dear Miſs Jeſſamy!' ſaid ſhe, 'a heart ſo perfectly at eaſe as yours, 'is little able to comprehend the hor-'rors mine muſt feel, thus doubly op-'preſſed with ſhame and unavailing 'rage.' The good-natured Jenny then remonſtrated to her, that as ſhe had been guilty of no crime, ſhe had no cauſe to take any ſhame to herſelf. 'You have 'been cruelly impoſed upon indeed,' ſaid ſhe; 'but if you have believed too 'much, it was the ſincerity of your 'own heart that would not ſuffer you 'to ſuſpect another's could be baſe: 'and as for the loſs of ſo conſiderable 'a part of your fortune by the injuſtice 'of Willmore, that misfortune will 'ſeem leſs to you when compared with 'what worſe evils you might have ſuſtained, if marriage had beſtowed the 'whole of what you are miſtreſs of, as 'well as your perſon, on a man of ſuch 'abandoned principles.'

The fair afflicted acknowledged the juſtice of theſe arguments, particularly the laſt; and confeſſed, that, to a virtuous woman, the loweſt and moſt abject ſtation in life was infinitely preferable to being the wife of a man who had neither honour nor humanity. In diſcourſes of this nature did theſe two ladies paſs moſt of the time they were together. On parting, Jenny obliged the other to accept of a ſmall diamond ring, in token of her friendſhip; con-

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jured her to write often to her; and assured her, that there were very few things which could afford her more real satisfaction than to hear that her tranquillity was perfectly restored. The last embrace was accompanied with tears on both sides; and Jenny, after being left alone, could not restrain her eyes from letting fall a second shower. 'Poor Sophia!' cried she, 'what cruel 'star presided at thy nativity, and subjected thee to such dreadful and undeserved misfortunes!'

But afterwards, on beginning to reflect more deeply on the source of that lady's unhappiness—'Yet how unjust 'and silly is it in us,' said she, 'to lay 'the blame of our misdeeds on destiny? 'It is our own actions make our fate; 'else to what end is reason given us? 'wherefore are we endued with the 'power of thinking, of judging, of 'comparing, but to defend our hearts 'from any dangerous impressions? 'Fate, fortune,' continued she, 'their irresistible decrees of over-ruling powers, to which people impute whatever calamities they suffer, are only 'mentioned to excuse the inadvertencies they have been guilty of; so 'strictly true is the inimitable Cowley's observation on this head:

"'Tis our own wisdom moulds our state;
"Our faults or virtues make our fate."

Thus justly did the considerate Jenny reason within herself on the condition of Sophia: though she had always preserved a very great friendship for that lady, and sincerely commiserated her present misfortunes, yet she could not absolve from blame the conduct which had reduced her to them; for a young woman, who wanted not understanding, to resign her heart, trust her fortune, and afterwards her person, in the hands of a man whom she had known but a short space of time, and whose character and principles she was utterly unacquainted with, seemed to her an indiscretion no less inexcusable than it was strange.

'I do not like that sort of love,' said she, 'which comes at once upon us, 'and is inspired merely by exterior 'perfections. Beauty may attract the 'eye; but, in my opinion, is not sufficient to engage the heart; the face 'is not always the index of the mind; 'those qualifications which alone merit our affections, are not presently to 'be discovered; and I am amazed how 'any woman can resolve to give up her 'liberty to a man, without being able 'to alledge something farther in justification of her choice than his having 'an agreeable person.' These were the dictates of her severer reason; but they were soon overpowered by the more prevailing softness of her nature, and swallowed up amidst a flood of joy. 'Yet, why do I think this way!' cried she again; 'the circumstances of my 'fortune have rendered me no competent judge of the passion I pretend 'to condemn. Much certainly may 'be said in defence of poor Sophia: 'her heart was tender, unprepossessed, 'and ready to receive the first impression. She had conversed little with 'the world, was entirely ignorant of 'the artifices which the villainous part 'of mankind are capable of putting in 'practice to deceive our sex, and had 'no friend to advise or warn her against 'the danger: I should therefore, perhaps, be no less inexcusable in censuring this unhappy creature, than 'she is in having yielded to that fatal 'impulse, by which so many, and some 'too of the best understanding, have 'been seduced.'

She was in the depth of these meditations, when a servant from Lady Wingman came to acquaint her, that her company was immediately desired at her house; and also that her ladyship insisted that, putting off all other engagements, she would resolve to pass the whole evening with her. Jenny dismissed the fellow with her compliments, and an assurance that she would accept the invitation her ladyship favoured her with, as soon as she could get herself ready, she being then in an entire dishabille, not having intended to go abroad that day. Accordingly she called her maid that moment to her assistance, and as she never wasted much time in dressing, was soon equipped for the performance of her promise; but remembering it was post-day, would not, on any consideration, omit answering her dear Jemmy's letter; therefore sat down and wrote to him in the following terms.

'TO

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'I Always receive every thing that 'comes from you with an inexpressible satisfaction; but your last 'afforded me a more than double portion, as the strain in which you write 'assures me, that the air of Paris has 'already begun to dissipate some part 'of those melancholy ideas you carried 'with you, which I shall love it for as 'long as I live.

'I flatter myself that, by the time 'this reaches your hand, you will have 'visited some of those fine places which 'are so much talked of here, and expect you will give me a short sketch 'of every thing you see, in order to 'prepare my attention for a more particular description of it hereafter: in 'the mean time, I shall bottle up all 'the occurrences that shall happen to 'fall in my way, to entertain you with 'on your return.

'I have nothing worth your notice 'at present to acquaint you with, except that I am happy in the frequent 'visits of your two very sincere friends Mr. Ellwood and Mr. Morgan. I 'need not tell you, when either of them 'are with me, on what the conversation chiefly turns. They easily perceive they can talk on no subject so 'pleasing to me as yourself; and I am 'perfectly well convinced, by the 'warmth with which they speak of 'you, that it is not altogether owing 'to their complaisance to me, but, in a 'great measure, to gratify their own 'inclinations, that your name and virtues are so often mentioned.

'Lady Wingman has now just sent 'for me in very great haste; I know 'not, as yet, on what occasion; but 'would not disoblige her ladyship by 'being too tardy in complying with 'her request; so must bid you adieu for 'this time. Be assured I am, and ever 'shall be, with the sincerest, tenderest 'affection, my dear Jemmy, as much as 'you can wish or expect, yours,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. The accounts I have con- 'cerning Bellpine are very fa- 'vourable; but let not this intel- 'ligence hasten your return one 'moment sooner than you are 'quite weary of the place you are 'in.'

She had but just sealed up this, and ordered her servant to carry it to the post, when a second message from Lady Wingman arrived, and presented her with a little billet from Lord Huntley, folded in the shape of a true lover's knot; and contained these lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MADAM,

'COME, charmer, come; but leave 'your cares behind;
'To your friends happiness be all re- 'sign'd:
'Haste to congratulate rewarded love;
'A bliss you'll one day give, and Jem- 'my prove;

'In the same manner as does, Ma- 'dam, your most obedient servant, the 'transported

'HUNTLEY.'

Jenny easily found, by this rhapsody, that his lordship's marriage with Miss Wingman was agreed upon, if not already celebrated; and, as she had a very great respect both for the one and the other of them, bid her chairmen make all the haste they could to carry her to the scene of joy.

CHAP. XXII.

CONTAINS, AMONG SUNDRY INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS, A CERTAIN PROPOSAL, AGREEMENT, AND RESOLUTION, SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED, HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO ONE OF THE PARTIES CONCERNED, AND NO LESS PLEASING TO THE OTHER.

JENNY, being shewed up into Lady Wingman's great drawing-room, found Lady Speck, Miss Speck, Miss Wingman, Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and Sir Thomas Welby, with her ladyship: the highest gaiety appeared in all their countenances, except in those of Miss Wingman and Mr. Lovegrove, who both looked extremely serious, though for very different reasons.

This had, indeed, been a pretty extraordinary day. Lady Wingman having consented to give her daughter to Lord Huntley; and Sir Thomas Welby highly

highly approving that union between them, the marriage-articles were that morning signed; and it was either that the intended bride thought it became her to look grave on this occasion, or that the thoughts of being so near entering into a new scene of life, made her really so, which caused an unusual sedateness in her behaviour. As to Mr. Lovegrove, the encouragement he had lately received from Lady Speck, and the knowledge that she had discarded all her lovers, except himself, had given him courage that day to press her in more strong terms than ever he had done before, for the completion of his wishes; at which she had seemed very much offended; and told him, that the man who had not love and patience enough to wait till she discovered an inclination to change her condition, should find that she never would do so in his favour.

This cruel rebuff from a mistress he had courted for so long a time, did not, however, hinder him from waiting on her to Lady Wingman's, having before received an invitation from her ladyship to come there; but it cast, notwithstanding, such a dejection on his spirits as was not in his power to conceal, though he attempted it as much as possible. But Jenny had not presently an opportunity to observe this change in him, or to make her compliments to any of the company: she had scarce returned the first salutation of Lady Wingman, before Lord Huntley, catching fast hold of both her hands—'Dear Miss Jessamy,' cried he, 'you 'were so good to take part in my dis-'tresses at Bath, and, I flatter myself, 'will no less do so in the assurances I 'now have of being shortly the hap-'piest man in the world.'

'Shortly, my lord!' replied she; 'you surprize me! I imagined, by the 'billet I just now received, that the 'ceremony was over, and that your 'lordship was already a bridegroom!' On this, Sir Thomas Welby took up the word—'No, Madam,' said he, 'I 'have not yet given up my fair charge; 'but have promised to put her entirely 'into his lordship's possession on Tues-'day next, according to the institution, 'till death do them part; and it was 'to engage you to be witness of this 'form that your company was de-'sired.'—'That is not all, Sir Tho-'mas,' cried Lady Speck: 'we have 'something more than being present 'at the wedding to require of Miss 'Jessamy.'—'Yes,' rejoined Miss Wingman; 'something that, I fancy, 'will be much more agreeable to her-'self.'—'There is hardly a possibility,' answered Jenny, 'for either of you to 'require any thing of me that will not 'be agreeable; but I am very much at 'a loss to guess what can be more so 'than to behold an union which af-'fords so fair a prospect of lasting 'happiness to persons for whom I have 'the greatest honour and esteem.' Lord Huntley was just opening his mouth to make some return to this compliment; but was prevented by Lady Speck, who cried out—'You must know, Miss Jes-'samy, that we have all taken it into 'our heads to go to Paris; and are re-'solved to have you with us.'

'To Paris, Madam!' demanded Jenny, strangely amazed: 'Pray, what 'does your ladyship mean?'—'We 'all mean alike,' said Miss Wingman, smiling; 'and are determined to take 'no denial: you needs must go with 'us, and fetch home Mr. Jessamy.'

All the presence of mind Jenny was usually mistress of, could not now enable her to recover herself enough from the astonishment she was in to desire an explanation of all this; nor even to ask whether what they had said to her was meant in earnest or in jest. The ladies laughed heartily; but Lord Huntley, pitying her confusion, took upon himself to unfold the mystery.

He told her that his dear Miss Wingman, having an utter aversion to those formal visits of congratulation always made to persons of condition on their marriage, and believing she should be no less troubled with them in the country than in town, had testified a desire of going to France; that Lady Speck, approving of the motion, had promised to accompany them; and, in fine, that it was agreed among them to set out for Dover, in order to embark for Calais, immediately after the ceremony was performed. Lady Wingman confirmed what Lord Huntley had said; and added, that, as her daughters earnestly desired Miss Jessamy would accompany them, she joined her entreaties they might not be refused this satisfaction.

That flutter which had seized on Jenny's heart at the first mention of this

this tour to Paris was not quite gone off, yet she answered with her accustomed sprightliness, that, since the ladies did her the honour to invite her, she should not be so much an enemy to herself, as to refuse making one in so agreeable a party.

Then turning to Mr. Lovegrove, who had not spoke all this while—'I 'suppose, Sir,' said she, 'you are to 'be one of the company?'—'Yes, 'Madam,' replied he, casting at the same time a kind of reproachful look on Lady Speck; 'Lord Huntley and 'Miss Wingman have been so good to 'insist on my being so; and I should 'obey their commands with an infinity 'of pleasure, if I could flatter myself 'that my presence was no less acceptable to every one that goes.'

'I understand you, Sir,' cried Lady Speck; 'and so, I believe, do all here: 'this is because I did not ask you to 'go. Indeed, I thought the knowledge I went was sufficient to engage 'you, by whomsoever the invitation 'was given.'—'You thought right, 'Madam,' returned he; 'yet I should 'have been glad to have attended you 'by your own permission.'

'Well, well,' said she, 'since you 'are so particular, and oblige me to be 'so too, I will give you your humour 'for once; and tell you that, without 'you, I should lose half the satisfaction I propose to myself in this excursion.'

'This is an assurance, Madam,' answered he, in a transported accent, 'as 'much beyond my expectations as my 'power of ever deserving it, and demands all the acknowledgments of 'my future life.'—'I expect no more,' returned she, with a smile, 'than that 'you will not presume too far upon 'it.'

Had they been alone, he doubtless would have thrown himself at her feet, and said a thousand fine things to her on the occasion; but the presence of so many witnesses obliged him to defer his raptures till a more convenient opportunity allowed him to indulge them. To prevent him, however, from saying any thing more than she wished him to do at that time, she went on—'I fancy,' cried she, 'that to see the behaviour of 'Mr. Jessamy on so unexpected a meeting with his mistress, will afford a 'good deal of pleasantry to us all.'

'I had the honour, Madam,' said Lord Huntley, 'to have just the same 'thought with your ladyship: it must 'needs be an admirable scene, if we 'can prevail with Miss Jessamy not to 'apprize her lover of her coming.' Jenny, who was willing to give her friends this satisfaction, and, besides, was herself extremely delighted with the conceit, laughed heartily, and protested she would observe as much secrecy in this point as his lordship could desire.

After this, they fell into some discourse concerning their intended journey; in what manner they should set out; what route they were to take; by what number of servants it would be necessary they should be attended; and such-like particulars; which having settled, so as to be most for the ease and convenience of the ladies, Lord Huntley, who knew Paris perfectly well, farther added, that it would be highly proper a large hotel should be hired for their reception on their arrival; and that, as Sir Robert Manley was luckily there, he would write to him, and beg that favour of him.

This proposal seemed too commodious to be rejected; only Lady Speck said that she feared it would destroy their design of surprizing Mr. Jessamy; for as Jenny had told him of the intimacy that was now grown between him and Sir Robert, it could scarce be doubted but that the latter would inform his new friend what company he might soon expect to see. 'Not, if I 'request him to the contrary, Madam,' replied Lord Huntley; 'which I shall 'do in the strongest terms I am able, 'as you shall all be witness of,' continued he, 'if Lady Wingman will favour me with her standish, and forgive the liberty I take of writing in 'her presence.' He had no sooner spoke than Miss Wingman ran herself into the next room, and fetched all the necessary utensils wanting for him to do as he had said; and he then sat down to a side-table, and wrote in the following manner.

'TO SIR ROBERT MANLEY.'

'DEAR SIR ROBERT,

'WHAT so much testifies the excess of any passion as the being 'unable to express it? It is utterly impossible for me to describe the present

'transport

'transport of my soul; but you will 'easily conceive it, when I tell you that 'my so long adored Miss Wingman 'has at last consented to be mine.

'Next Tuesday is fixed upon to make 'me the happiest of mankind; and it 'is also agreed upon, that, for the sake 'of avoiding those troublesome formalities usual on such occasions, we 'shall that same day set out on our 'way to France; where, it is no compliment to assure you, my felicity will 'receive no inconsiderable addition by 'your being a witness of it.

'We shall come to Paris accompanied by Lady Speck, Mr. Lovegrove, and a third person, whose name 'I am not at liberty to mention; but, 'if you chance to guess at it, must insist upon your not acquainting Mr. 'Jessamy with any part of your conjectures on that head; and, upon second thoughts, it will be still better, 'if, to prevent all suspicion in him, 'you keep him in an entire ignorance 'that any of us are expected.

'You will, perhaps, laugh at this 'injunction; but I make it at the request of the ladies, whose desires, I 'know, you always take a pleasure in 'complying with. I write this in their 'presence: they all send their compliments; and, as well as Mr. Lovegrove, join with me in entreating a 'favour of a more serious nature; 'which is, that you will be so good as 'to employ some person who knows 'the town, to hire a handsome hotel, 'with all other proper accommodations 'for us against our arrival, that the 'fair travellers may meet with no more 'embarrassments at the end of the journey than they would do in stepping 'into their own country-seat.

'I shall not pretend to direct your 'choice in the situation of a place; I 'am convinced you will fix on such a 'one as you shall find most agreeable: 'neither will I attempt any apology 'for the trouble I give you. I am too 'well acquainted with your heart to 'think I stand in need of any; and 'hope you are enough so with mine to 'assure yourself that I am, with the 'greatest friendship and esteem, dear 'Sir Robert, your most obedient and 'most humble servant,

'HUNTLEY.

'P. S. I beg leave to recommend as 'much expedition in this affair as 'possible; for, though we propose 'travelling at our ease, we shall 'certainly, barring accidents, be 'with you in twelve days at farthest from the date hereof.'

After having read this to the company, and received their approbation of it, he sealed it up, in order to have it carried to the post; but Jenny, finding they should not reach Paris in less than twelve days, desired that errand might be deferred for a few minutes. She considered that, before the expiration of the time his lordship mentioned, Jemmy would certainly not only write to her, but also expect an answer from her; and thinking herself under an obligation to prevent him from entertaining any uneasy apprehensions on that disappointment, begged leave to take up the pen Lord Huntley had laid down, and write a few lines to him. 'Ah, Madam!' cried Lord Huntley, 'how are we sure you will 'not undo all I have been doing, and 'apprize Mr. Jessamy of our plot upon 'him?'—'No, upon my honour,' replied she, laughing; 'but, if you will 'not take my word, Miss Wingman 'and Lady Speck, if her ladyship will 'give herself that trouble, shall read 'what I write to him.' She said no more, but sat down to the table; whence she returned in a very small space of time, and, according to her promise, submitted to Miss Wingman's perusal what she had been writing. This little epistle was as follows.

'TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

'MY DEAR JEMMY,

'YOU will wonder at receiving two 'letters from me by one post; 'but I cannot suffer that any pains you 'take on my account should be thrown 'away. I have engaged myself to see 'my charming friend Miss Wingman 'give her hand to Lord Huntley, and 'also to accompany the happy pair in 'an excursion they propose to make 'immediately after their marriage. 'According to the manner in which 'they have regulated the route we are 'to take, it will be ten or twelve days 'before we stay at any one place scarce 'longer than merely for necessary refreshments; so that it will be absolutely impossible for me to give you

'any exact directions where to send to 'me during that time.

'I beg, therefore, that you will not 'think of writing till you hear from 'me again; which, you may be cer-'tain, will be as soon as I shall find 'myself in a situation to hope for an 'answer from you: till when content 'yourself with the assurance, that, 'wherever I am, I shall always be, 'with the greatest tenderness, my dear 'Jemmy, your most affectionate and 'most faithful

'J. JESSAMY.'

Miss Wingman, on reading this, declared to her sister, and the whole company, that Jenny had betrayed no part of their design; but, on the contrary, had wrote in such a manner as would rather prevent than raise any suspicion in Mr. Jessamy of the truth; and, in short, that she had done no more than what love, friendship, politeness, and even good-nature, demanded from a person in her circumstances.

The remainder of the evening was chiefly taken up with conversation on their intended journey, which afforded an ample field for wit and pleasantry. They separated not till it was very late; and even Lady Wingman and Sir Thomas Welby seemed to have forgot their age and gravity, to participate, in some measure, in the good-humour and sprightliness of those who were fired with more gay and sanguine expectations.

CHAP. XXIII.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER PARTICULARS OF LESS MOMENT, AN INCIDENT, WHICH, TO EVERY READER OF A DISTINGUISHING CAPACITY, MUST CERTAINLY APPEAR AS EXTRAORDINARY AS IT DID TO OUR FAIR HEROINE HERSELF, OR, INDEED, ANY OTHER IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

AN excess of satisfaction is sometimes as great an enemy to repose as an excess of grief: so little is human nature able to sustain the violence of any passion! Though Jenny went not into bed till almost the time in which she usually rose, yet could she not submit that those pleasing ideas she was now possessed of should be lost in sleep and inactivity of thought. Never, indeed, had she experienced a contentment more sincere, a joy more perfect, than that she now felt. Scarce could Lord Huntley long with greater impatience for the day which was to put him in possession of his wishes than she did for the arrival of it, as it was the day on which she was to set out on so agreeable a journey, the end of which promised her such an infinity of pleasure, in surprizing dear Jemmy with her unexpected presence.

It is certain that so agreeable a tour, taken in the company of persons of such high rank and fortune, and who, she was convinced, had a perfect friendship for her; the going to a place so famous for it's variety of amusements; had something in it extremely ravishing to a young heart, had love been entirely out of the question: yet, it is no less certain, that this last was the prevailing motive, the verb by which all desires of her soul were governed, and the rest no more than mere adjectives; that was the grand structure her expectation formed, the others no more than exterior embellishments. Tasso, the Italian poet, seems to have, in my opinion, a very just notion of this passion, when he makes Armida, in his celebrated piece of Godfridus, say—

'Love, the great aim of all created beings!
'The source and center of our hopes and
'fears!
'From that they flow, in that they ter-
'minate.'

I know not whether, in my translation of this passage, I have done the original all the justice it deserves; but how much soever I may have wronged that great author in the expression, am pretty certain that I cannot be mistaken in his meaning. I believe, however, that very few of my readers, especially those of the softer sex, will stand in need of any comment on the present disposition of Jenny's heart; their own will sufficiently inform them what hers must feel in the pleasing idea of rushing unexpectedly, undreamed of, unthought of, upon a lover so deservingly beloved; who, she knew, languished to behold her, and whom she languished to behold. But, notwithstanding all the pretty images she pictured in her mind,

mind, on account of this meeting, she suffered not herself to be so much engrossed by them as to neglect the settling her affairs in a proper manner before she went away. She sent for Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ellwood, told them she was going out of town for some time, but without acquainting either of them to what place, and desired that they would give, during her absence, such directions to Jemmy's steward and housekeeper as should be found necessary. She had also some business to dispatch before her departure, in relation to remittances and accounts, with those gentlemen, who were her own trustees; and this, with some articles concerning what habits and ornaments she should carry with her, was, as any one may suppose, sufficient employment for the short space of time between her agreeing to go on this journey and her taking it.

There were very few of her acquaintance of whom she took any leave, and none to whom she imparted the route she was about to pursue; telling them only that she had engaged herself to take a little ramble into the country with Lady Speck and Miss Wingman; though the sole motive she had for preserving such secresy in this point was to avoid the railleries she must have expected to be treated with, in case they had known she was going to the place which Jemmy had made choice of for his refuge.

She was returned to her apartment, after having paid the above-mentioned compliment to those who, by their age or condition, most exacted it from her. Every necessary preparation for her journey was already made, and it was the eve of that important day on which she was to set out, and she had nothing now to do but to indulge contemplations on the happy consequence. The humour she was in at present was so serene and sweet, that one would have thought there was scarce a possibility for any thing to have discomposed her; yet did the compass of a very few minutes serve to dissipate all the sunny chearfulness of her mind, and convert the late calm into a sudden tempest of disdain and indignation. Her footman came hastily into the room, and told her, that a gentleman in a chair begged leave to speak with her, if at home and alone. 'Who is he?' cried she. 'He did not 'send up his name,' replied the fellow; 'but by the glimpse I had of him be'tween the curtains, I think it is Mr. '——.' Before he could pronounce the name, Bellpine rushed in. He had justly doubted of admittance, and, resolute to see her, had got out of his chair, and followed the servant directly up stairs. Jenny was astonished, and started at the sight of him; but he prevented her from speaking by a profound reverence, accompanied by these words: 'I feared, Madam,' said he, 'the dis'advantageous opinion you have been 'inspired with of my principles and 'behaviour, might have excited you 'to deny me the privilege of saying 'something to you of much more con'sequence than the life which has been 'so cruelly attacked, and so miracu'lously preserved, and which, not to 'have uttered, I should have died a 'double death.'

'If you have been attacked,' replied she, looking on him with the extremest scorn, 'you justly merited it; and if 'preserved, must be as vain as you are 'base, to imagine it any mark of Hea'ven's favour to yourself. But to what 'pretence,' demanded she, 'to what 'new artifice, to disturb my quiet, am 'I indebted for this unexpected, this 'unwelcome visit?'—'Ah, Madam!' cried he, casting his eyes round the room to see if the servant was withdrawn, and finding he was so, 'great 'as my offences are,' went he on, 'they rise not to that enormous height 'as in a wish to persevere in them. I 'rather come,' continued he, putting one knee to the ground, 'like a re'pentant sinner, to throw myself at the 'throne of mercy, and, in this humble 'posture, confess my crimes, and im'plore forgiveness.'—'There is no 'need of confession where the facts are 'fully proved,' said she, with the same contempt as before; 'you have already 'received the punishment of them from 'a hand best able to inflict it, and have 'nothing to fear from my resentment.'

'Yet, Madam,' resumed he, 'I have 'much to hope from your forgiveness; 'it is that, indeed, on which my soul's 'eternal peace depends; it is not that 'I dread a second blow from Mr. Jes'samy, should he be inclined to repeat 'it, even were I certain his better for'tune would again give him the ad'vantage over me, and his revengeful

'sword bathe itself in my heart's best 'blood; nor it is the remembrance of 'my wounds, nor all the painful cir-'cumstances of my tedious cure, that is 'capable of giving me the least alarm; 'but it is the sad remorse that I have 'been guilty of any thing to forfeit 'that portion of esteem I once was fa-'voured with by you, which, like a 'vulture, preys upon my vitals, and 'fills me with ideas too terrible for na-'ture to sustain. Oh, therefore, have 'compassion! vouchsafe to say you hate 'me not; that you pardon all I have 'done; and, while I live, I will live only 'in the study how to deserve such good-'ness.'

His words, the seeming contrition in which he uttered them, his pathetick gestures, his pale and dejected countenance, all together gave him such a pity-moving air, as made Jenny lose much of the fierceness she had assumed. 'Mr. 'Jessamy,' said she, 'is the person 'whose friendship you have so grossly 'abused; whom chiefly you have 'wronged; and if he can be brought to 'forgive the mischief you intended for 'us both, I shall easily remit that part 'of it which concerns myself; there-'fore, pray rise: I am neither accus-'tomed to receive, nor desire any such 'submissions.'—'No, Madam,' replied this artful dissembler, 'I must not quit 'this humble posture till I have dis-'closed the whole of my transgression. 'It is not enough that you pardon the 'faults I have been guilty of, without 'you vouchsafe also the same grace to 'the motive which induced me to com-'mit them.'—'Motive!' cried she hastily; 'what motive but the most fiend-'like disposition could tempt any man 'to behave as you have done?'—'Yes, 'Madam,' rejoined he, 'there is one, 'which, if I were as certain you would 'absolve, as I am that the whole world 'besides would applaud me for, I 'should be the most blessed among my 'sex. It was love, Madam! love of 'the most angelick being that Heaven 'ever formed, that has rendered me the 'criminal I seem.'

Finding she made no answer, as indeed it was impossible she should in the present confusion of her thoughts on so amazing a declaration—'Yes, charm-'ing Miss Jessamy,' went he still on, 'if I have been base, ungrateful, false 'to the rules of honour and of friend-'ship, it was your lovely self that made 'me so.'—'Me, villain! Me!' She, as yet, was able to bring forth no more, and he had the opportunity of replying—'Blame not,' said he, 'the effects of 'your own beauty, but rather pity a 'passion which made me deaf to every 'other consideration. The more I have 'forgot the principles to which my 'youth were bred, the more I have err-'ed, the more I have proved the un-'bounded violence of my love; and 'even those very transgressions have 'some claim to a grateful recompense 'from you.'—'Monstrous, unheard 'of impudence!' returned she, a little recovered from her surprize. 'Had you 'the vanity and folly to imagine, that 'if your wicked arts had succeeded to 'separate me from Mr. Jessamy, I 'should ever have descended to cast my 'eyes on you?'—'I am a gentleman, 'Madam,' answered he, rising from the posture he had all this time been in, 'of as good a family as Mr. Jessamy, 'and heir to an estate not inferior to 'his. I knew, indeed, you were de-'signed for him in your childhood, but 'was ignorant that your partial fancy 'preferred him to all other men; and 'therefore hoped——' 'I will hear 'no more,' interrupted she, 'nor suf-'fer in my sight a wretch whose unex-'ampled baseness renders him even be-'low my anger.'

In speaking this she rung her bell; and the footman immediately coming up—'Shew this gentleman down,' said she, 'and take care he enters here no 'more.' On this, Bellpine's late paleness turned to a fiery red. 'You might 'have saved yourself this charge, Ma-'dam,' cried he; 'I shall not trouble 'you with a second visit;' and then flung out of the room without the least mark either of that love, or that humility, which he had, but a few moments before, taken so much pains to counterfeit.

It may, perhaps, seem strange to some people, that a man of so much subtlety as Bellpine, should venture to take a step which could reasonably promise nothing less than the mortification he received; but a very small share of observation is sufficient to inform us, that those who are most cunning in deceiving others, are frequently deceived themselves by their own vanity; as was the case with him.

The

The civilities which, on Jemmy's recommendation, he had been treated with by this lady, had made him imagine, on his first acquaintance with her, that she considered him with an extraordinary regard, and that it would not be very difficult to improve that regard into a softer passion, if a favourable opportunity should once offer for his attempting it. The precariousness of his circumstances, as has already been observed, the largeness of her fortune, and, it is probable, some share of inclination for her person, made him presently envy the friend who introduced him; and to endeavour, by all possible methods, how ungenerous and wicked soever, to exclude him from a happiness he wished to be in possession of himself. The reader has seen how all the plots for this purpose were defeated, and how at last he began to despair of ever being able to succeed. On his recovering, however, his former views began to re-take possession of his mind; he thought things could not be worse with him than they were, and that it would be worth his while to try at least by one bold push if he could not retrieve all.

The report he had caused to be spread concerning the imminent danger he was in from his wound, he found had made Jemmy keep abroad, which was the sole end he proposed by it; being also told that Jenny appeared with the same gaiety as ever, he had flattered himself with the hopes that absence and this accident had somewhat weaned her affection from it's former object, and that she had vanity enough to make her pleased with what he had done, when he should tell her, it was occasioned only by the violence of a passion she had inspired him with.

But the contempt with which our heroine treated this declaration, notwithstanding his disappointment and the vexation he conceived at it, forced him to confess that there are women who set no value on such effects of their beauty as they find not accompanied with honour and virtue.

CHAP. XXIV.

GIVES A VERY SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY ACCOMPLISHMENT OF AN AFFAIR AS YET QUITE UNTHOUGHT-OF BY THE READER; AND ALSO OF ANOTHER WHICH HAS BEEN LONG AGO EXPECTED, WITH OTHER PARTICULARS OF LESS CONSEQUENCE.

JENNY was so much disconcerted at Bellpine's visit, and the manner in which she had been entertained by him, that it was a considerable time before she was able to bring back her temper to it's accustomed serenity; and when the emotions of anger and disdain were a little subsided, they yet left a certain heaviness upon her spirits, which made her fall into reflections of the most serious nature.

'How greatly,' said she, 'does the 'name of love suffer by the unworthi-'ness of it's pretended votaries? How 'is that passion, which in reality re-'fines the mind, and fills it only 'with sublime ideas, made the veil to 'cover the most foul and most detesta-'ble designs, and also an excuse for 'the worst of villainies when perpe-'trated?

'That woman must certainly be very 'weak,' continued she, 'who believes 'herself truly beloved by a man who 'has recourse to dishonourable means 'for the accomplishment of his wishes: 'if this wretch has in earnest been in-'stigated to act as he has done by any 'inclinations for me, they must be of 'such a sort as I should blush to in-'spire; and I am amazed that my sex 'should plume themselves, as I have 'seen some do, in addresses which ei-'ther have no meaning at all, or such 'as are not consistent with their virtue 'or reputation to encourage.'

Her maid now coming in to ask some questions concerning the packing-up of her things, she started from the reverie she had been in, and went into her dressing-room to give the necessary directions, where, busying herself in assisting the execution of her own orders, the pleasing thoughts of her journey drove those of Bellpine pretty much out of her head, though not so entirely, but that the remembrance of his complicated impudence and hypocrisy would sometimes intervene. It would be superfluous to trouble the reader with a detail of those avocations in which she passed the remainder of that evening, as nothing

nothing happened of consequence enough to afford either much delight or improvement.

Ten the next morning being the hour appointed to celebrate the nuptials of Lord Huntley and Miss Wingman, she arose pretty early, dressed herself in a rich riding-habit, and went to Lady Wingman's in a chair, leaving her maid, who was to attend her in this expedition, to follow with the luggage in a hackney-coach.

She found all the company already there, except the reverend divine, who came in a few minutes after. Sir Thomas Welby presented the bride, and the ceremony was instantly performed; but the wedded pair had scarce time to receive the benediction of Lady Wingman, and the congratulations of those friends who were present, before Mr. Lovegrove took Lady Speck by the hand, and led her towards Sir Thomas, saying—'Sir, I must entreat the favour of you to become a father a second time this morning, and bestow a blessing on me which my whole life shall thank you for.'—'How is this!' cried the old baronet, very much astonished, as was every one in the room. 'Is it possible!' added the new-married Lady Huntley; 'sister, are you in earnest? really going to be married to Mr. Lovegrove?'

'Even so indeed, my dear sister,' replied Lady Speck laughing; 'I have suffered him too long as a lover not to make a husband of him at last.' Then turning to Lady Wingman—'I beg pardon, Madam,' continued she, for not consulting your ladyship in this affair; but you gave me away once, and now I thought myself at liberty to make my own choice.'

'Indeed, daughter,' said that lady, it is a choice which I should long ago have made for you myself, if, as you justly say, I had not lost my right of directing your inclinations, by your having been married before: however, I must do you the justice to acknowledge, you exercise not the power you now have over your actions but in favour of a gentleman, who you were very certain would not only receive my approbation, but that of every one who has any acquaintance with his merit.'

It is not to be doubted but that Mr. Lovegrove, who is one of the most polite men on earth, returned this compliment from the mother of his mistress in terms full of submission and respect. Lord Huntley, his fair bride, and Jenny, were all this while got together, expressing to each other the most glad surprize at this event. 'It affords me,' said the former, 'a double portion of satisfaction, to see my friend's happiness go hand in hand with mine;' which Mr. Lovegrove overhearing just as he had done speaking to Lady Wingman—'My dear lord,' cried he, 'though yesterday I thought myself as far removed from the completion of my wishes as I now am near, I protest to your lordship that I found room in my heart to rejoice in your good fortune, while despairing of my own.'

'Aye, aye, we are all very well pleased,' said Sir Thomas Welby; but do not let us make the reverend gentleman wait any longer.—Come, my fair daughter-elect,' pursued he, taking Lady Speck by the hand, 'put yourself under my jurisdiction for a minute or two, that I may consign my short-lived authority to one whose every command, I dare answer, you will find a pleasure in obeying.'

Here the remembrance of some disagreeable passages in her former marriage, made Lady Speck shudder a little at the thoughts of venturing on a second; but she had great experience of Mr. Lovegrove's temper; she had promised to be his, both in private, and now before all this company; so threw off all apprehensions, and advanced with her usual sprightliness towards the clergyman, who had his book ready opened in order to begin the ceremony.

Jenny, who till this morning had never happened to be present at these sacred rites, was filled with the most solemn meditations during the performance, especially on the repetition for this second couple; she found something so binding in the contract, so awful in the injunction laid on the married persons by the ordinance, that she was amazed to think there could be any one hardy enough to infringe it. She thought, nevertheless, that the obligation would make a greater impression, and have more weight with those who entered into it, if celebrated in a place consecrated

consecrated to divine worship, than in one which was usually the scene of feasting, dancing, and all kinds of pleasantry, if no worse. 'Marriage,' said she within herself, 'is the great action 'of our lives, the hinge on which our 'happiness or misery, while we have 'breath, depends; the more respect we 'pay to the institution, the more we 'shall be careful to observe it's rules; 'and I can see no justifiable reason for 'avoiding to solemnize it in the temple 'of him who first ordained, and who 'alone has power to render it a bless-'sing.'

These reflections frequently recurred to her mind, but she had no opportunity at present to proceed in them. Mr. Lovegrove, now put in possession of the happiness he so long had sought, was already receiving the felicitations of his friends; and she, who sincerely rejoiced in his good fortune, would not be slow in testifying the sense she had of it.

Lady Wingman, who was a great lover of old customs, had prepared a rich cake, which Sir Thomas Welby immediately broke over the heads of the bridegrooms and their brides; the servants were all called in to partake of this oblation to Ceres, after which they went down to see if the equipage was ready for setting out.

The leave this happy company took of Lady Wingman and Sir Thomas Welby was very short, as it was now past one o'clock, and they purposed to reach Sittingbourn that evening; they went all together in a landau, chusing to sit close rather than be separated; their women-attendants, which were also five in number, were crammed into Lady Speck's old travelling-coach, with such things as they knew the ladies would require for present use upon the road, and the more heavy baggage placed behind and before it.

Notwithstanding the privacy with which these weddings had been conducted, a crowd of mendicants, having got a scent of what was doing, had gathered about the house, and hung upon the doors and even wheels of the landau; but Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, throwing out handfuls of money for them to scramble for, the machine was soon freed from this incumbrance, and drove away, escorted by nine servants on horseback, valets included.

CHAP. XXV.

CONTAINS A DEAL OF BUSINESS IN A NARROW COMPASS.

LIFE affords but few amusements which are more agreeable than travelling, when in a party of select friends, who have all of them their hearts at ease, and think of nothing but to divert themselves. The company which now set out from Lady Wingman's were in a situation as near to perfect happiness as can be tasted on this side eternity: Jenny was the only person in a state of expectation, yet was she no less alert and gay than those who had already obtained the ultimate of their desires.

When they had got free from the tumultous din, the smoke, the stench, and rugged stones of London—'I be-'gin already,' said this amiable lady with a smile, 'to taste the pleasures of 'this journey: but you little suspect 'how much I have been tempted not to 'take it; and when I make you the 'confidantes of an adventure that hap-'pened to me last night, you will con-'fess that I am a woman of great re-'solution in keeping the promise I gave 'of accompanying you.' On this they all cried to her not to keep them in suspense: 'I will not,' resumed she; 'and 'hope you will not think me too vain 'a boaster, when I tell you at once 'that I have made a new conquest; 'have gained a heart all flaming and 'adoration; a lover who, for my sake, 'has done such things as, I believe, no 'man besides himself ever did or would 'do!'

'Nobody doubts the power of your 'charms, my dear,' said Lady Speck; 'but pray, who is this lover? for he 'must be one of whom you are either 'very fond, or think not worth con-'cealing.'—'I dare answer by her 'looks,' subjoined Lord Huntley, 'that 'he is the latter: but pray, Madam, 'let us have his name?'

'I will not put your lordship, nor 'any of the company, to the trouble 'of guessing,' replied Jenny; 'for 'should you all go to work upon that 'task, it would certainly last till we 'came to Paris, and even then be as 'far from being accomplished as now: 'know then, that the hero of my true 'romance,

'romance, the man who dies for me, 'is called Bellpine.'—'Bellpine! Bell-'pine! Impoſſible!' repeated they all ſeveral times over. 'He, ſure, could 'not have the impudence!' cried Lady Huntley: 'but, dear creature, let 'us have the whole ſtory; it muſt, how-'ever, be very entertaining.'

Jenny then related to them Bellpine's viſit, his diſcourſe, and the manner of his behaviour towards her; and this ſhe did with ſo much wit and ſpirit, as could not but be extremely pleaſing to the company. They laughed heartily at ſome paſſages in the recital; and their mirth would have been yet more compleat, had it not been ſomewhat checked by their aſtoniſhment at his unparalleled impudence and deceit.

'For my own part,' ſaid Lord Huntley, 'though I cannot but own that 'there was ſomewhat very extraordi-'nary in the declaration he made to 'Miſs Jeſſamy, yet it is certain that 'love was the only excuſe he could al-'ledge for what he had done; and I am 'apt alſo to think it might be the real 'motive too, when I remember what 'Mr. Dryden ſays upon this ſubject—

"That love all ſenſe of right and wrong con-
"founds;
"Strong love and proud ambition have no
"bounds."

Mr. Lovegrove replied, that he had the honour to agree with his lordſhip's ſentiments in this point. 'But,' cried Lady Speck, 'would any man beſides 'himſelf, after the moſt plain detec-'tion of his villainy, have had the 'folly and the arrogance to appear be-'fore a woman whom he was conſcious 'had ſo much reaſon both to deteſt and 'ſcorn him?'—'Perhaps, Madam,' anſwered he, 'Mr. Bellpine had been 'juſt reading Shakeſpeare's Richard 'the Third, and flattered himſelf with 'being able to ſay like that prince, 'after courting Lady Ann—

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
"Was ever woman in this humour won?"

'But,' continued he, 'though I can 'very eaſily believe that love might be 'one inducement, yet I can ſcarce think 'it was the only one: I have been told, 'that Bellpine's circumſtances are not 'in the moſt proſperous condition; he 'might hope to mend them by Miſs 'Jeſſamy's fortune; and it therefore 'appears to me extremely probable, 'that the lady's money had, at leaſt, 'as great an influence over him as her 'eyes.'

From this they fell into a converſation concerning the practice of fortune-hunting, and the ſtratagems to which men of deſperate circumſtances, and enterprizing heads, have ſometimes recourſe, in order to gain their point. This was a copious ſubject, and afforded a great variety of diverting ſtories, no way to the advantage either of the deceiver or deceived. Theſe, with ſome animadverſions of the company upon them, laſted till they arrived at Sittingbourn; where, a ſervant having been ſent before, as indeed the ſame care was afterwards taken at every ſtage, they found an elegant entertainment ready prepared againſt their coming. The next day they dined at Canterbury, reached Dover the ſame evening, and the enſuing morning embarked for Calais, to which port a proſperous gale ſafely conducted them in a few hours. But there is no neceſſity to oblige my readers to accompany them through the whole courſe of their journey to Paris, as no material incident happened in it. On the very dawning of that day which was to conclude their progreſs, Lord Huntley ſent a ſervant to Paris, in order to apprize Sir Robert Manley of their approach; and, as he doubted not but he had provided a place for their reception, to take directions from him where they ſhould alight, and then to return with his anſwer to a little town within two leagues of the city, where they intended to bait, and would ſtay for him. This was eaſily performed, as the fellow had an excellent horſe under him, and ſet out ſeveral hours before the company.

Sir Robert was at dinner with Jemmy and ſome other gentlemen, when a waiter of the houſe informed him that there was a man on horſeback at the door, who entreated to ſpeak with him, and ſaid he came from Lord Huntley; on which he roſe up immediately, and went down. Jemmy ſtarted at the name of Lord Huntley; but not being able to aſſure himſelf that his ears had not deceived him, ran to the window which commanded the court-yard, where he indeed ſaw Sir Robert talking with a

man,

man, who he knew, by his livery, belonged to that nobleman, and seemed as if but just come off a journey. This put a sudden thought into his head, which, pleasing as it was, he durst not too much encourage, for fear of a disappointment. 'What!' cried he to Sir Robert, on his returning into the room, 'is Lord Huntley in Paris?'—'No,' replied the other; 'but very near it; he 'will be here by night.'—'I hear he is 'married,' returned Jemmy, strangely agitated: 'I suppose he brings his lady 'with him?'—'I shall soon see that,' said Sir Robert, with a smile; 'for I 'must go to meet him, and shall be 'glad if you will accompany me.'—'I am always ready to attend you any 'where, Sir Robert,' answered he: 'but there is but little of a compliment 'in my doing so at this time; because 'I cannot help flattering myself with 'meeting some company to whom I am 'better known than either to Lord 'Huntley or his lady.' Sir Robert could not keep himself from laughing at these words, but made no reply; and only said he must send out to hire a chariot immediately: on which a gentleman who was present told him he had one at the door that should be perfectly at his service; and as he seemed in haste, and the horses were ready put to, desired he would make use of it.

Sir Robert, for the reasons urged by the gentleman, readily accepted his offer; and, after taking leave of the company, and giving some private orders to a servant, went with Jemmy into the chariot; which, though it carried them with all imaginable celerity, seemed yet too slow to the impatience of one of them.

On their arrival, they were presently ushered into the room, where our travellers had but just got in before them. Jemmy flew to Jenny, as if no other person had been present; and, throwing himself upon her bosom, cried, in the utmost extasy—'My dear, dear Jenny! 'this is an unhoped-for blessing!'—'My dear Jemmy!' returned she, 'I 'did not expect to see you till I came 'to Paris: but I am fairly caught in 'my own snare; I thought to have 'surprized you, and am surprized my-'self!' On this he fell a second time upon her neck; and who knows how long, forgetful of every thing but love and joy, he might have continued in that tender situation, if Sir Robert Manley, having by this time paid his compliments to Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and their ladies, had not advanced to do the same to Jenny, saying—'Dear Jessamy, you must not 'think, as yet, of engrossing this lady 'wholly to yourself.' These words reminded Jemmy of what was due from him to the rest of the company; which debt he discharged with an air of freedom and politeness too natural to him for his late transports to render less so. They staid no longer here than was necessary to take some refreshment; and, on their arrival at Paris, were conducted by Sir Robert Manley to the hotel he had hired for them; which they found so handsome and commodious, that they told him he was certainly the best quarter-master in Europe.

After having led them through several apartments, he brought them into a spacious room, where a table (being already set out) was immediately covered, by directions he had before-hand given, with the most exquisite viands of the season. This was a piece of gallantry which, as well as they knew Sir Robert, they had little expected, or even thought on.

Some hours were past in a continual round of wit and pleasantry, intermixed with more serious demonstrations of love, gratitude, and friendship; but the gentlemen, remembering how long a journey the ladies had come, thought it would be neither kind nor complaisant to keep them from their beds too late; though it may easily be supposed that Jemmy took a very reluctant leave of his dear Jenny, and that she also would have willingly spared some time from her repose, to have been entertained by a lover so much and so deservedly beloved.

CHAP. XXVI.

AFFORDS LESS THAN PERHAPS MAY BE EXPECTED, YET ENOUGH TO SATISFY A REASONABLE READER.

JEMMY's impatience to entertain his fair mistress brought him the next morning to visit her in her own apartment: but, as their conversation consisted only of such things as the reader is already well acquainted with,

it would be needleſs to repeat it here; ſo I ſhall only ſay, that all which can be conceived of ſoft and tender paſſed between them. He thought that he could never ſufficiently acknowledge the proofs ſhe had given him of her affection; nor ſhe too much return thoſe ſhe had received from him. Sweet are the charms of mutual love, when inſpired by merit, and accompanied by virtue. Neither of them, however, ſuffered themſelves to be ſo abſorbed in mutual endearments as to forget the reſpect owing to their friends. Jenny had no ſooner heard that the company had left their chambers than ſhe propoſed joining them; and Jemmy had conceived ſo high an idea of Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, on the character given of them by Sir Robert Manley, that he rejoiced in this opportunity of entering into a more particular acquaintance with them.

On their going into the dining-room, they found Sir Robert Manley was alſo come to pay the ſalutations of the morning, and enquire how they intended to paſs the day; to which the ladies replied, that they could not paſs it more agreeably than in the ſituation he had provided for them, eſpecially as their women had not yet had time to regulate their things in a proper manner to appear in publick; and that, if he and Mr. Jeſſamy would give them their company, they ſhould think it no confinement to ſtay at home. This being readily agreed to, feaſting, cards, and converſation, engroſſed the hours till the night was pretty far advanced; nor were the gentlemen permitted to depart without a promiſe of returning the next day.

Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove had hitherto been entire ſtrangers to Jemmy; but they now found enough in his converſation to make them think themſelves happy in his acquaintance; and he, as well as Sir Robert Manley, was never left out in any party of pleaſure formed by them: in a word, though they continued in different lodgings, they ſeemed but as one family. They all went together to viſit the churches and convents, to the opera, the comedy, the Thuilleries, the gardens of Luxembourg; made frequent tours to Marli, Fontainbleau, and Verſailles: not a day paſſed over without ſome new amuſement; and time ſlid on in a perpetual round of pleaſure.

Lord Huntley, who had been ſeveral times before at Paris, had a pretty large acquaintance among perſons of the beſt faſhion: theſe hearing of his marriage and arrival, came to viſit him, and likewiſe introduced their wives and daughters to the ladies; ſo that there was frequently a very large and brilliant aſſembly of both ſexes at the hotel. Lady Huntley and Lady Speck had their ſhare of admiration among the connoiſſeurs; but Jenny ſeemed, in the eyes of moſt of them, greatly to outſhine both her fair companions: ſhe was toaſted and diſtinguiſhed by the name La Belle Angloiſe. Jemmy was raviſhed at the fine things he heard ſaid of her; and the more ſo, as he found ſhe was not the leaſt elated by the praiſes ſhe received.

This crowd of company, this inceſſant hurry of accumulated diverſions, however, deprived our lover of the opportunity of entertaining his dear miſtreſs in private as often as the pleaſure he took in her converſation above all others made him wiſh to do; and, it is probable, this reſtriction filled him with much more impatience than ever he felt before for the conſummation of their marriage. One day, when he found himſelf alone with her, he failed not to preſs her in the moſt ſtrong terms he was able on that article; but ſhe replied, that it was then neither a fit time nor place for ſuch a thing; and that ſhe wiſhed he would not think of it till they ſhould return to England. 'Why 'not a fit time and place, my dear Jenny?' ſaid he. 'Can there be any 'time or place unfit to ſolemnize a co'venant made ſo long ago for us by 'our parents? A covenant which, I 'hope, the expectation of fulfilling has 'always been equally agreeable to our'ſelves. Remember,' continued he, kiſſing her hand, 'the tranſporting pro'miſe you made in one of your kind 'epiſtles, that, if I could not go to 'you, you would come to me, and the 'ambaſſador's chaplain ſhould com'pleat my happineſs.'—'When I made 'that promiſe,' anſwered ſhe, 'I meant 'nothing more than to obſerve it reli'gioufly; and ſhould have contented 'myſelf to have lived in a continual 'baniſhment with you: but, my dear

'Jemmy,

'Jemmy, the caſe, thank Heaven! is 'now quite altered; the circumſtances 'of our affairs have changed their face; 'the wretch Bellpine is recovered; no 'danger threatens your return; and, 'as we have been here already two 'months, it cannot be ſuppoſed we 'ſhall ſtay much longer: wherefore, 'then, ſhould we hurry thus precipi-'tately into a marriage while in a fo-'reign land, and abſent from the great-'eſt part of our friends?'

She had ſcarce ended theſe words, when Lady Huntley came into the room; but, on ſeeing them together, was about to retire immediately, crying, ſhe would not interrupt their converſation. Jenny called to her to ſtay; and Jemmy, recollecting how much ſhe had been his friend, in a diſcourſe of the like nature juſt after her coming from Bath, told her that her ladyſhip's preſence would be ſo far from giving any interruption, that it was highly neceſſary to decide a little diſpute between him and Miſs Jeſſamy. 'I gueſs the 'ſubject,' anſwered ſhe, with a ſmile; 'and, if I am to be arbiter, ſhall not 'fail to give it on your ſide the queſ-'tion, as I ſhall then be ſure of oblig-'ing both parties.'—'You may be 'miſtaken,' cried Jenny, and was going on; but Jemmy, who would have the advantage of being firſt heard, remonſtrated to the fair judge all the inquietudes of an ever hoping, ever expecting, and never gratified, paſſion, and all the anxieties attending impatience and ſuſpenſe. The manner in which he expreſſed himſelf had ſo much of the humorous in it, mixed with the pathetick, as made both the ladies laugh heartily. Jenny, in her turn, repeated the reaſons ſhe had for denying her lover's requeſt in terms no leſs ſprightly; after which—'Well,' ſaid Lady Huntley, 'this is a moot-point; and 'I muſt even leave it where I found it; 'and the room, that you may agree 'upon it between yourſelves.'

She was going to do as ſhe ſaid, and had turned away for that purpoſe—'Hold, Lady Huntley!' cried Jenny; 'you muſt not depart till I have con-'vinced you of my generoſity to this 'unreaſonable man.—Here,' continued ſhe to Jemmy, 'is my hand, which I 'faithfully promiſe to give you before 'a parſon as ſoon as we arrive at Lon-'don, and things can be got ready for 'the ceremony.' Jemmy received and kiſſed it with the greateſt ſatisfaction. 'This is as it ſhould be,' ſaid Lady Huntley; 'and, to heighten your con-'tentment, Mr. Jeſſamy, I can tell you 'that I believe you will very ſhortly 'have an opportunity to demand the 'performance of this promiſe. For 'my own part, I begin to be weary of 'Paris; Mr. Lovegrove, I can per-'ceive, is ſo too; and, if we can per-'ſuade Lady Speck to be of the ſame 'opinion, I know I can eaſily bring 'my lord into it.' She was going on, when Lord Huntley came in with a letter in his hand. 'Oh, my dear!' cried he, 'I have been looking for you 'through all the rooms. I have juſt 'received a letter from Sir Thomas 'Welby.'—'I hope mamma is well!' cried ſhe haſtily; 'and no ill accident 'has happened?'—'Not in the leaſt,' returned he; 'but far on the contrary. 'Sir Thomas only writes to let us 'know that his ſon is married, and 'will very ſhortly bring his bride to 'viſit us in Paris.'

'I am aſtoniſhed!' cried Lady Huntley; 'Mr. Welby married! I do not 'underſtand how ſuch a thing can be! 'He took leave of mamma and I juſt 'after my coming from Bath, and told 'us he was to ſet out on his travels 'the next day; and I thought that he 'was gone! Sure, he muſt either have 'made a very ſhort tour, or have ſtop-'ped in his progreſs, and have picked 'up a wife by the way!'—'I know 'nothing of the particulars,' reſumed his lordſhip; 'but you ſhall hear what 'Sir Thomas ſays on the occaſion.' With theſe words he looked over the letter; and, ſingling out that part of it which he thought would moſt ſatisfy her curioſity, read as follows.

'I thought him too young to marry; 'but found his inclinations ſo much 'divided between love and travelling, 'that the latter would have afforded 'him neither pleaſure nor improvement 'without the gratification of the for-'mer; ſo conſented to both. He was 'married laſt week; and two days ago 'ſet out on his rambles, and has taken 'his bride with him. As they intend 'to ſtay ſome time at Paris in their way 'to Italy, and other parts, he will have 'the honour to preſent her to the ladies;

'and I flatter myself she will appear 'not unworthy of their countenance 'and friendship.'

'Well, this is strange!' said she, perceiving he had done; 'but he does 'not mention to whom he is married.'— 'Not a syllable,' replied he; 'but we 'shall soon know more of the matter; 'for I find, by the date of this letter, 'which I did not observe before, that 'it has been retarded by some accident 'or other in the post; and the young 'gentleman, by the time mentioned of 'his leaving London, must infallibly 'be already arrived, or very near it.'

These words had but just escaped his lips, when a servant came hastily into the room, and said that a gentleman, who called himself Welby, was in the great saloon with Lady Speck and Mr. Lovegrove, and they sent him to let his lordship know it. On this, Lord and Lady Huntley went to receive their new guest; but Jemmy and Jenny, having no acquaintance with them, thought themselves excused from paying their compliments to him at this time.

CHAP. XXVII.

CONTAINS A VERY REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

MR. Welby made his first visit very short; but was not suffered to depart without engaging himself to come again the next day, and bring his lady, whom they were not a little impatient to see, as Sir Thomas had mentioned her handsomely in his letter.

The daughters of Lady Wingman had a sincere regard for this young gentleman, not only as he was the son of Sir Thomas Welby, but also on the score of his own good qualities; and, willing to testify it by all the marks in their power, gave orders to those who had the management of their household affairs, to omit nothing proper for the entertainment of the new-wedded pair.

Three was the appointed hour; and it had not elapsed as many minutes when their expected guests appeared. The bride seemed very lovely in the eyes of Lord Huntley, Jemmy, and Sir Robert Manley; but there was something in her which attracted those of Mr. Lovegrove and the ladies. Each of these was perfectly convinced that they had been acquainted with her face, though when or where none of them could recollect: but when she spoke, in returning the salutations they severally gave her, her voice immediately eased them of the suspence they had been in, and presented her to their remembrance for the fair stranger whom accident and distress had brought into their company at the village where they had been obliged to lie on their return from Bath. Great was their astonishment, nor was that of Mrs. Welby less; but as they had too much politeness to betray any part of theirs, or take the least notice they had ever seen her before, so she had too much generosity not to avow her remembrance of them.

'It was with a great deal of pleasure 'I came,' said Mrs. Welby, 'to pay 'my respects to the friends of Mr. 'Welby; but how infinitely would that 'pleasure have been enhanced, had it 'been possible for me to have foreseen 'I should have met with the only per- 'sons to whom I have been so highly 'obliged in the extremest exigence in 'my life!' Then perceiving they made no other reply, as indeed they were not yet enough recovered from their surprize to do it—'You may not, perhaps,' resumed she, 'be able presently to dis- 'tinguish in the wife of Mr. Welby 'the once forlorn, the distressed fugi- 'tive; but this will be to me a perpe- 'tual memento of your goodness.' In speaking these last words, the took out of her pocket the snuff-box she had exposed to sale at the inn, and which Mr. Lovegrove had bought and returned to her with so much gallantry. On sight of it—'It will be a lasting honour to 'me, Madam,' said that gentleman, 'that you still retain a trifle no other- 'wise worthy your acceptance than by 'being before in your possession.'

The two sisters now first acknowledged their remembrance of her, with many compliments on the change of her condition; and Jenny, who had been impatient to do so, congratulated her good fortune with the extremest warmth. Those of the company who were not in the secret, were surprized at these salutations; but Mr. Welby most of all; which his fair wife perceiving—'You have introduced me,' said she, 'to persons whom I little hop- 'ed to have met at Paris. but would 'have gone much farther to have seen: 'I shall

'I shall at leisure make you acquainted with the obligations I have to them.'

Dinner being that instant served up, broke off all farther speech upon this head; but the ladies were all the time in the utmost impatience to know the bottom of an affair which at present seemed so mysterious to them; and as soon as the cloth was removed, left the gentlemen to their Burgundy, and drew Mrs. Welby into another room, not doubting but she would readily gratify their curiosity; which she accordingly did in the following manner.

THE SEQUEL OF THE FAIR STRANGER'S ADVENTURES.

'WHAT you desire of me,' said she, 'is so little worthy your attention, that I shall be as brief as possible in the repetition: you already know the catastrophe of my fate, in seeing me the wife of the most generous man on earth; as for the accidents that made me so, they will only serve to shew, that when we think ourselves farthest removed from happiness we are often nearest to it.

'You may remember, ladies, that I told you my design was to cross the sea from Bristol to Cork; I got safe, without the least molestation, to the end of my journey; but was fortunately prevented from embarking on my voyage by this means; I had scarce time to enquire if any vessel was bound for my intended port, when that aunt to whom I was going landed from thence; she came into the same inn where I was; we were mutually astonished at the sight of each other; but I soon related to her the whole of my unlucky story, and the disappointment it was to me to see her come to England in the very moment I was flying for refuge to her in Ireland; at which she seemed equally surprized and troubled.

'At first she highly blamed me for resisting so foolishly my good fortune, as she termed it; but, perceiving I burst into tears at her reproaches, became more gentle. She told me, however, that it would be quite improper for me to go to her house while she was out of it, as my uncle had never seen me, and as I was an entire stranger to every one in the family. "But," said she, "you shall go back to London with me; I shall see your father soon after I come there, will talk to him concerning you, and doubt not but I shall be able to mitigate matters between you, so as you may go home again without being forced to marry against your inclinations."

'This did not well please me, as I knew my father's positive temper, and feared the success of her negociation in this point: however, as I had no course to take, I was obliged to submit to her directions, and the next day we set out together in the stage-coach for London. On our arrival we were lodged at the house of an eminent banker in the city, who had before been apprized of my aunt's coming, by letters for that purpose: she told him nothing more of me than that I was her niece, nor did he think it his business to ask any questions, but treated me with a great deal of civility and respect; and, as I was a perfect stranger in that part of the town, I thought myself as secure there as if I had been in Ireland.

'The next day my aunt went to visit my father; but he happened to be gone out of town for a few days, and she found only my sister, who, on her making some enquiry for me, told her, that I was an impudent slut; that after having promised to marry a gentleman of great worth and fortune, and every thing being prepared for the ceremony, I had run away in a most scandalous manner on the very day it was to have been performed; that nobody knew what was become of me; that I had almost broke my father's heart, and was a disgrace to all that belonged to me.

'As I knew the bitterness of my sister's nature, and the small portion of good-will she always had for me, I was not at all surprised when my aunt returned with this intelligence; I was only sorry that my father was not at home, that I might have known in what manner he resented my behaviour; for as I had never failed in the duteous love of a child to a parent, the thoughts of having been compelled to incur his displeasure gave me the most severe affliction and remorse. While I was in this suspense, an accident befel me, which, though

'though I thought little of at that time, 'proved afterwards to be one of the 'greateſt importance in my whole life. 'My aunt was gone one day to her law-'yer, on the buſineſs which had brought 'her to England; I was ſitting reading 'at a window, when a ſervant at the 'banker's ſhewed a gentleman into the 'room, and deſired him to ſit down, 'ſaying he expected his maſter home in 'a few minutes. I roſe from my ſeat 'at the entrance of this ſtranger, but 'was pretty much ſurprized when I 'preſently recollected he was the per-'ſon who had followed me from church 'one Sunday to my father's door. You 'may remember, ladies,' continued ſhe, 'that I mentioned this incident to you 'on account of my ſiſter's reproaching 'me with it afterwards.'

'I remember it perfectly well,' ſaid Lady Speck; 'and I dare anſwer that 'no part of your ſtory was loſt on any of 'us. But, pray, proceed; for I already 'begin to trace the oddneſs of this 'event.' Mrs. Welby ſmiled, and went on.

'I would have left the room,' reſumed ſhe, 'but an unaccountable 'ſomething rivetted my feet; the gen-'tleman at firſt ſeemed in more confu-'ſion than myſelf, but he ſoon recover-'ed from it; and ſeeing I had a book 'in my hand, approached me, and with 'an air the moſt gay, yet reſpectful—"May I preſume, Madam," ſaid he, "to aſk what author is ſo happy as to "engage your contemplations?" I re-'plied, it was only a novel, entitled 'Love and Duty reconciled. This, he 'has ſince told me, he looked upon as 'a proſperous omen to his hopes: but 'he had no opportunity then to ſay any 'thing farther; the banker came that 'inſtant in, begged his pardon for hav-'ing made him wait, and told him, 'that as they ſhould now be too late 'for the office, if he would accept of a 'bad dinner with him, they would go 'together in the afternoon. The gen-'tleman very readily agreed; while 'they were talking, my aunt came in, 'and the cloth being already ſpread, 'we all ſat down to table.

'My aunt was ſo much diſconcert-'ed that ſhe could ſcarce eat: which 'the banker taking notice of, ſhe burſt 'into the moſt vehement exclamations 'againſt her lawyer. The young gen-'tleman, who by this time had found 'how nearly ſhe was related to me, 'aſked her many queſtions concerning 'the behaviour of the perſon ſhe com-'plained of; and ſhe then gave him a 'long detail of particulars, which, as 'they are no way material to my ſtory, 'I ſhall not trouble you with a repeti-'tion of; and ſhall only tell you, that 'ſhe concluded with ſaying, that Mr. 'Dally was one of the moſt baſe as well 'as moſt unmannerly men in the world. "Mr. Dally!" cried he; "I know "him well; my father has been long "his client, and I believe is the beſt "friend he has: if you will permit me "to wait on you to him, I dare almoſt "promiſe to engage him to do you juſ-"tice."

'She was quite tranſported at this 'offer, and joyfully accepted it; on 'which he aſſured her he would come 'the next morning, and attend her to 'Mr. Dally's chambers. There paſſed 'no more; ſoon after dinner he went 'out with the banker on the buſineſs 'they had been talking of, which I 'afterwards found was to the Million 'Bank, where he had ſome money left 'him on the death of a relation.

'On the banker's return, my aunt 'could not forbear aſking the name of 'the gentleman who had been ſo oblig-'ing to her; to which he replied, that 'he was the only ſon of Sir Thomas 'Welby; and then ran into great en-'comiums on the father and the ſon, 'though no more than what I have 'ſince experienced they juſtly merited. 'I was, however, very much confound-'ed; for I muſt now acquaint you, la-'dies, that Sir Thomas Welby is the 'perſon, the hiſtory of whoſe liking of 'me I have already told you, ſince it 'was he I took ſo much pains to fly.'

Here they all cried out in the utmoſt amazement, almoſt at the ſame time—'What, Madam, Sir Thomas Welby!'—'My guardian!' ſaid Lady Huntley: 'Was it to him you ſhould have been 'married?'

'The ſame indeed,' replied ſhe; 'nor is it ſtrange you ſhould be igno-'rant ſuch a thing was in agitation: 'for, even had it been effected, it was 'to have been kept a ſecret from his 'own family till I had been carried 'home, and ſet at the head of it. But 'I ſhall now proceed to the more agree-'able part of my narrative: Mr. Wel-'by came, agreeable to his promiſe, and

'uſhered

'ushered my aunt to the lawyer's. She 'returned about noon in very high 'spirits; told me that Mr. Welby's 'presence, and what he said, had wrought 'a wonderful effect; that the lawyer 'was now as civil as before he had been 'rude; and that her business would be 'dispatched in a very short time. "But, "my dear niece," said she, "I have "something better than all this to in"form you of: this fine young gentle"man is violently in love with you; "he has made me the confidante of his "passion, and engaged my interest. "What now?" pursued she, seeing me 'look a little grave, "surely you will "not withstand your fortune a second "time?" I replied, that I could see but 'little advantage in that gentleman's 'affections, since it was impossible his 'father would ever give a sanction to 'it. "Pish! what then?" resumed 'she. "When once you are married "to him, the father will easily be "brought to forgive what cannot be "recalled."

'I urged the vanity of hoping a fa'ther would ever forgive a son for 'marrying the woman he had a mind 'to himself; but she made slight of 'all I said, and then told me, that as it 'was not proper the banker should, as 'yet, be let into the secret, she had pro'mised to give Mr. Welby a meeting 'that afternoon, and to bring me with 'her. "Neither your pride nor mo"desty," continued she, "has any "cause to be alarmed; for I shall pre"tend it is all my doing, and that you "knew nothing of seeing him."

'I was very averse to this meeting; 'but she was positive, and I was fear'ful of disobliging her, as I had no 'other friend but herself whom I could 'rely upon for making my peace with 'my father. In short, we went; Dra'per's Garden was the place of rendez'vous; Mr. Welby was there before 'us. He affected, as had been con'trived between my aunt and him, to 'have come there by chance; which a 'little saved my blushes. After walk'ing a turn or two, talking on ordina'ry matters, he proposed going to Ra'nelagh: my aunt replied, that she had 'never seen the place, and could not 'do it in better company. It did not 'become me to oppose what she had 'agreed to; a coach waited, which car'ried us directly thither. It was very 'early in the evening, and the compa'ny were not yet come, so we had the 'gardens to ourselves. My aunt was 'so much in his interest, or rather mine, 'that she gave him all the opportunities 'the place would admit of to declare 'his passion to me; which he did in 'the most pathetick terms, while she 'pretended to amuse herself with look'ing on the story of Pamela, painted 'on the walls. I was far from giv'ing any encouragement to what he 'said; yet, by an irresistible impulse, 'was prevented from treating it with 'that severity I wished to have done.

'But why should I detain your at'tention by particulars? This meeting 'was productive of a second, that of a 'third, and so on for a succession of se'veral days; till at last, finding in 'myself an inclination to be too much 'pleased with his addresses, and dread'ing the consequence, I resolved to put 'an end to them.

'I took the first opportunity of be'ing alone with him, to tell him, that 'I had considered of the honour he did 'me, and found it impossible for me 'to accept the hand he offered; so en'treated him to withdraw his affec'tion, if in reality he had so much for 'me as he pretended, and talk to me no 'more upon that subject. The manner 'in which I spoke convincing him I 'was in earnest, he seemed much amaz'ed; made such replies as might be ex'pected from a lover; accused destiny, 'and the influence of ill stars; com'plained of his want of power to please 'me, and laid the blame of my re'fusal on my aversion to his person. 'This struck me; and, in the sincere'rity of my soul—"No, Sir;" said 'I; "wrong not your own merits, or "my just sense of them, so far as to "harbour such a thought: I blush not "to confess that, of all mankind, you "have the preference in my heart; but "what avails it, when there is a bar "between us, which all the love in the "world, on both sides, would never "be able to surmount?"—"Ah, Ma"dam!" cried he hastily, "what "bar?" I then told him, that I was 'determined never to marry without the 'consent of my parents. "If that be "all," rejoined he briskly, "I do not "despair but to be able to make such "propositals to your father as he will "not disdain to listen to."—"How-

"ever

" ever that may be," answered I, " you, " Sir, have a father too; it is his con- " sent I chiefly mean; and without " his permission of the continuance of " your addresses, be assured I will not " receive them."

' He now seemed much disconcerted, ' sighed, and was silent for several mi- ' nutes. " Well, Madam," said he, " you shall be obeyed: my thoughts " were lately bent on travelling; every " thing was ready for my design; but " on the sight of you, love laid a sud- " den embargo on my feet, and I then " made a thousand excuses to my father " for deferring my voyage; but I will " now confess to him the whole truth, " and implore his sanction to my vows: " he is generous, I am his only son, " he loves me, and I may perhaps " succeed; I will, at least, make trial " of my fate, and to-morrow you will " see either the most happy or the most " miserable of men."

' He parted from me with great emo- ' tions, nor was I less disquieted; but ' I acquainted not my aunt with this ' conversation, knowing she would se- ' verely chide me, and think, as in- ' deed I did myself, that the step I had ' taken would entirely overthrow what ' she had taken so much pains to pro- ' mote. I neither saw nor heard any ' thing of my lover all the next day, ' and this confirmed me in what be- ' fore I scarce doubted. I passed the ' night in anxieties enough; but the ' morning found my condition reversed, ' in a manner which I could never have ' imagined. Soon after breakfast my ' father's footman came in a great hurry ' to acquaint me that my father com- ' manded me to return home imme- ' diately: I was in a strange surprize; ' I knew not before he was in town, ' could not guess by what means he ' was directed where to find me, and ' was in the utmost dilemma whether ' I ought to rejoice or tremble at being ' sent for. I would fain have staid for ' my aunt, who was just gone out, to ' have taken her with me; but the fel- ' low told me that his orders were to ' bring me that instant; so I said no ' more, but obeyed the summons.

' On my arrival, my father met me ' in the parlour; I threw myself at his ' feet, and begged forgiveness. " Rise, " my child," said he, embracing me; " I do forgive you; the hand of Hea- " ven has been in what you have done, " and directed all your steps: your " fears of a second marriage are now " over. Sir Thomas has resigned his " claim to one fitter for your years: " they are both here, and wait your " presence to ratify the contract I have " already made for you."

' Judge, ladies, what I felt: I was ' no longer at a loss for the happy ' event; the sudden surcharge of un- ' expected joy rushing in at once upon ' me, was more than I could well sup- ' port. I was almost fainting when ' my father led me into the next room, ' where sat Sir Thomas Welby and ' his son: the latter, as I have since ' heard, was in much the same condi- ' tion as myself; but the former, pity- ' ing my confusion, took me by the ' hand with these words, delivered in ' the most sprightly tone—" Come, " daughter," said he, " for such you " now are, your father has given you " to me; and the least I can do, to " atone for the troubles I have occa- " sioned you, is to give my son to you, " and hope you will not refuse to ac- " cept the present." As he spoke ' this, he joined my hand with his son's, ' and added—" Take each other, and " be as happy as love and mutual con- " sent of parents can make you." ' Neither of us could speak for some ' time; but when we had recovered our- ' selves enough to do so, the acknow- ' ledgments we made were very well ' received by both the old gentlemen. ' As there wanted but little prepara- ' tions for a marriage so much desired ' on all sides, the ceremony was per- ' formed in three days after: and I ' have now nothing more to acquaint ' you with, but that Mr. Welby still ' persisting in his desires of seeing fo- ' reign parts, I have gladly consented ' to accompany him in his travels.'

CHAP. XXVII.

CONCLUDES THIS HISTORY, AND ALL THE AUTHOR THINKS FIT, AT PRESENT, TO INTRUDE UPON THE PUBLICK.

AFTER Mrs. Welby had finished the account of her adventures, and received the praises due to her con- duct through the whole of them, she returned

returned into the dining-room; where finding Mr. Welby had entertained the gentlemen in much the same manner as his wife had done the ladies, the conversation on this subject became general; and when they discoursed more at large on the odd circumstances of what they had heard related, and considered the generosity of Sir Thomas Welby, the disinterested passion of his son, and the extraordinary discretion of the young lady, they were at a loss to say which of the three characters had the greatest claim to admiration.

These new comers now found themselves so happy in the society of those they were among, that, till the expiration of full three weeks, they seemed not to remember they had any farther course to steer; nor did their friends think it too great an act of complaisance either to revisit with them all the places they had seen before, or to stay in Paris much longer than they had intended, or would have done, but for so agreeable an addition to their company.

At length, however, they were obliged to separate. Mr. Welby and his fair wife began their progress towards the Alps, in order to pass into Italy; and the other gentlemen and ladies, now equally impatient to be at home as they had been to go abroad, set out in a few days after on their return to England, where they happily arrived without meeting any accidents to retard their journey.

This agreeable company now ceased to be of one family. Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove took their ladies home, and Sir Robert Manley and our lovers returned to their respective habitations, to receive the visits of those friends and acquaintance from whom they had so long been absent. Jemmy, however, was seldom from his dear Jenny, and had now a full opportunity to remind her of the promise she had made him; and that amiable lady, thinking they had sufficiently proved the love and sincerity of each other, no longer sought excuses to delay what he desired.

But before we bring them to the altar, it may not be improper to acquaint the reader with something concerning Bellpine, as he was the person who had taken so much pains to hinder their felicity from being ever compleated, and has, on that score, made too considerable a figure in this history to be wholly dropped.

The expences of his way of living having by much exceeded the slender income of his patrimony, he found himself obliged to mortgage for near half the value, in order to discharge several debts which had began to be very troublesome to him, and had exposed him to repeated insults.

But this was a trifling misfortune, when compared with that which soon ensued: Lady Hardy had declared herself pregnant; which so enraged him, that, not remembering the advice given him by the old housekeeper, he plainly accused his aunt of incontinency, and for proofs of his allegation against her, related all the good woman had revealed to him, and also all he knew concerning the passion she pretended to have felt for Jemmy.

But he was presently convinced of the error he had been guilty of in this rash behaviour: Sir Thomas, either not believing, or not seeming to do so, treated all he said as a base forgery, and flew into the extremest rage; forbad him coming any more into his presence, or even to think of him as an uncle; and at the same time bound himself by the most solemn imprecation, that whether the child his lady went with should live or die, to take such measures as should infallibly prevent the villain who had so infamously traduced her, from ever inheriting any part of his estate.

Thus undone in all his future expectations, and reduced to an incapacity of living in a fashion equal to his birth, and much more to that of his ambition, it is not to be doubted but that he suffered all that despair and enervate rage could inflict upon him.

In this condition, the only method his invention could supply him with to avoid poverty, and it's sure attendant the contempt of the world, was to sell an estate which he found by much too inconsiderable for his support, and get into the army. He accordingly did so, paid off the mortgage upon it, and with the remainder of the money he received for the purchase, bought a captain of foot's commission in a marching regiment; which, to add to his misfortune, was presently after ordered to one of the settlements in the East Indies, and he was obliged to leave England, with

all it's dear delights, and embark for the Coromandel coaſt ſome weeks before our lovers returned from France: a puniſhment which his own pride and luxury had brought upon him, and was juſtly due to the complicated vices of ſo bad a heart.

Jemmy was a little affected at this piece of intelligence; but Jenny, who thought him capable of every thing that was baſe and wicked, and had not been altogether free from apprehenſions of ſome miſchief which his revenge and malice might poſſibly be productive of, could not forbear rejoicing, in ſpite of all the good-nature ſhe was endowed with, that a man of ſuch dangerous propenſities was ſo far removed.

Among other occurrences of leſs importance to her peace than this of Bellpine, ſhe was alſo informed, that Mrs. Marlove, whom, if the reader has forgot, he may find mentioned in the beginning of this work, was now ſeparated from her huſband, having firſt made him, by her over-delicacy and capricious temper, heartily weary of a ſtate he had entered into with tranſport, and the proſpect of a laſting happineſs. She heard alſo that the marriage of Rodophil's miſtreſs with the captain having been diſcovered, her father obliged them to live together; but that they agreed ſo ill, that the contentions between them made much diverſion for their neighbours; and that Miſs Chit had quarrelled with her great Lady Fiſk, on the ſcore of a young nobleman, who had made his addreſſes to both, though neither could ſuffer herſelf to believe ſo; and that the animoſity of theſe fair rivals was arrived to ſuch a height, that they made no ſcruple of betraying to the world all the failings each had been guilty of, and of which they had been mutually the confidants.

But our amiable Jenny had now done enquiring into the follies and miſtakes of her ſex, as ſhe had ſeen enough of both to know how to avoid them; and all the preparations for giving herſelf to Jemmy being now ready, their marriage was ſolemnized by her own deſire, in the Abbey-church of Weſtminſter, in the preſence of Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and their ladies; Sir Robert Manley and ſome other friends, among whom Mr. Ellwood and Mr. Morgan were not left out.

It would be needleſs to repeat the ſatisfaction which this happy cataſtrophe gave to every one who took any intereſt in the welfare of our accompliſhed lovers, or the ſincere congratulations the new-united pair received upon it: I ſhall therefore leave them, after the hurry of feaſting and viſiting was over, to enjoy, in calm retirement, the more pure and laſting ſweets of a well-governed and perfect tenderneſs.

FINIS.

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